

Lady's Magazine, Vol. 44. A.D. 1813.



The Triumph of Russia?

THE
Lady's Magazine,
OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION
FOR THE
FAIR SEX;

Appropriated solely to their
USE and AMUSEMENT.

VOL. XLIV. for the YEAR 1813.

L O N D O N:
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THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 44, N^o. 1, for January, 1813.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates :

1. A FRONTISPICE—the TRIUMPH of RUSSIA, including a Likeness of the EMPEROR ALEXANDER.
2. Engraved TITLE-PAGE.
3. Portrait of EARL MOIRA.
4. Fashionable MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
5. New PATTERN for a CHILD'S CAP.

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Printed for G. and S. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row;
where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

In the FRONTISPICE to our present Volume, which displays the TRIUMPH of RUSSIA, VICTORY is seen trampling on the conquered French Eagle, and crowning the Bust of the EMPEROR ALEXANDER, which we can safely present to our fair Readers, as a real and correct Likeness.—The back ground represents the memorable Battle of Krasnoi, on the 17th of November, and Bonaparté fleeing at full speed from the disastrous field, which proved the grave of his ambitious hopes.

To *Carlos's* inquiry respecting remuneration for his intended contributions, we can at present only answer, that, *if they suit our miscellany*, we shall have no objection to a compliance with his wishes.

*Mrs E**** B***** is requested to inform us *where* we can direct a letter, with a *certainty* of its reaching her.

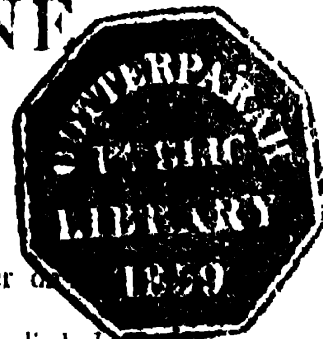
The "*Essay against the Liberty of the Press*" does not suit our miscellany.

The "*Adventures of Pomponius*" are in the same predicament: and we beg that the fair Authoress may not take the trouble of sending us the promised continuation—But, at all events, even if we did not see any objection to the part which we have received, we would not, from a partial view, pledge ourselves for the publication of the unknown sequel: and here we take the opportunity of observing, to all whom it may concern, that we never will, in future, except under some very peculiar circumstances, insert any portion of a novel, tale, or history, until we have actually received *the whole*—and for these two, among other reasons—1st. We wish to have an opportunity of previously forming a decisive opinion respecting the general and aggregate merit, and particularly the *moral tendency*, of what we undertake to present to our fair Readers, lest we be gradually and inadvertently led on, and at length compelled by a sort of *necessity*, to publish a sequel which we do not strictly approve—a necessity, which (to their great regret) has sometimes been thus imperceptibly imposed on unsuspecting Editors.—2dly. We wish to avoid the risk of delay, interruption, discontinuance, and consequent disappointment to our Readers, from sicknesses or deaths of authors, or other unforeseen causes.

The two poems—"The Maniac, or the Maid of the Valley," by *Marina*—and the "*Visit to the Scenes of Youth*," by *Mr. Lacey*—are, from peculiar circumstances, unavoidably postponed till next month.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY, 1813.



The ADOPTED CHILD.

(Continued from page 617 of our last
Volume.)

"Look ye, sir, I am a man of no ceremony: I loves to come to the point at once. My son; it seems, has taken it into his head to fall in love with Miss Marina, your daughter, as you call her; and, as it was never my custom to buy a pig in a poke, I am come to see her, d'ye see? before I consents to the match."

"Marina is much indebted to your son for the honor he intends her," replied Mr. Montague: "but"...

"As for the honor," interrupted old Tudway, facetiously, "she has no occasion to be very proud of that: but, as my boy likes her, if you approves of the match, it's a done thing. I'll give him thirty thousand pounds down: for, though money is the root of all evil, as the saying is, there's no boiling the pot without it; for, when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window:—what say you, Mr. Montague?"

There was something so ludicrous both in the appearance and manner of old Tudway, that Mr. Montague could with difficulty refrain from laughing: but, quickly recovering himself, he thus answered—"Marina, Mr. Tudway, is yet too young to think of marriage.—I shall therefore beg leave to decline your proposal: but, as I have a personal esteem for your son, he may still continue his visits at my house; and, if his affection remain the same a year or two hence, we may then

perhaps talk further on the subject."

"Well! well!" replied old Tudway, "if one won't, another will. There's no harm done.—George must pursue other game: but methinks I should like to see what sort of a taste the boy has.—He's quite a gentleman, Mr. Montague! I've spent a good deal upon his learning—sent him abroad to finish him quite; and, to do him justice, the boy does not despise his ignorant old father: for you must know, Mr. Montague, old English is the only language I ever learned. French gibberish is no lingo for a grocer's shop. I'm not ashamed of what I have been: I have only exchanged my figs for a plum: and, egad, I think, no bad bargain!"

This droll allusion to his former situation so diverted Mr. Montague, that he instantly gave him an invitation to dinner.

Unfortunately for the citizen, the party for that day was larger than usual; which Mr. Montague, in his eagerness to gratify his new visitor with a sight of Marina, had totally forgotten.—When, therefore, he ushered him into the drawing-room, and saw his embarrassment and confusion at beholding so numerous and brilliant a circle, he regretted his ill-timed civility.—Had Hogarth sought a living model for his pencil, he could not, in all his researches, have found a finer subject than the figure which old Tudway at this moment exhibited.

He was short and thick; and the

circumference of his body equalled the dimensions of his height. The mahogany hue of his complexion was contrasted by the snowy whiteness of his little bob wig: each feature of his face was bloated by ease and good eating—his eyes only excepted; and these small orbs of intelligence were almost obscured by the huge projection of his fat cheeks. A scarlet waistcoat edged with sable, and a barry colored coat, which was his favorite and best suit, completed his appearance.

Mr. Montague being suddenly called out, the citizen was left standing in the middle of the 'drawing-room some seconds after the company had resumed their seats, and was an object too ridiculous, not to excite the risibility of a fashionable party, whose feelings are seldom a check to their vivacity. But the humane and gentle Marina felt for his situation; and, starting from the sofa on which she sat, she stepped up to old Tudway, and, with a look of the most winning affability, pointed out to him the vacant seat.—Old Tudway's heart was not insensible to acts of kindness; and this proof of Marina's sensibility operated more forcibly in her favor, than a thousand words.

The countenances of the belles and beaux were scarcely composed, when the entrance of young Tudway again drew their attention.

After paying his compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Montague, and some other individuals of his acquaintance, he beheld, to his utter astonishment, the prominent figure of his father. Had a Gorgon's head presented itself to his view, it could not more effectually have petrified him.—Not all the effrontery which a French education seldom fails to inspire, could prevent him from exclaiming,

in the most mortified accents, "Heavens! what do I see?"

"Why, thy old father," cried old Tudway, "as sure as a gun."

A general laugh quite completed the distress of young Tudway, who, unable to encounter the scene which would most probably follow, precipitately quitted the room: nor could all the entreaties of Mr. Montague prevail upon him to return, who, severely reproaching himself for having thus inadvertently wounded the feelings of his young friend, heartily repented the invitation he had given to his father.

The dinner did not pass without many proverbial allusions on the part of the delighted citizen, who, while he devoured the pike of venison heaped upon his plate, bestowed many significant glances on the blushing Marina, and as many nods and winks on his distressed hostess.—The evident satisfaction he discovered on the appearance of the second course, did not escape the observation of Lord Sparkle, who, considering a citizen as fair game, remarked, with more conceit than humour, that Mr. Tudway ought to be chosen president of the Cannibal club.

"And, when I have that honor," retorted old Tudway drily, "your lordship shall be served up as a whipped syllabub."

The approving smiles of the company at this unexpected reply, for the first time impressed on Lord Sparkle a disagreeable conviction of his own insignificance.—Fortunately for him, Mr. Montague prevented Lady Bell Aston's satirical comments, by ordering two glasses of wine, in which he pledged Mr. Tudway to the health of his son.

Lady Bell felt, as much as a fashionable woman could, this in-

tended check on her vivacity; her great partiality for young Tudway (though the son of a man she despised) being too well known, to render even the mention of his name a matter of indifference.

As soon as the dinner was ended, and a few bumpers had circulated, Mr. Tudway's carriage was ordered; and he took his leave of Mr. Montague, with many hearty shakes of the hand, expressing his admiration of Marina. "Condescend but to come to Strawberry-Hall," said he, "that my old woman may see her; and I shall honor you as long as I live."

To avoid any further importunity, Mr. Montague bowed assent; and the carriage drove off.

When the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room, Lady Bell Aston could not resist the opportunity of whispering Lord Sparkle, that his wit had experienced a total eclipse—Piqued by the observation, and dreading a repetition, he determined to retaliate, by whispering significantly, "Your ladyship's suffered a transient obscurity by Mr. Montague's unfortunate toast:" then bowing affectedly, he walked to the other side of the room.

Lord Sparkle was one of those fashionable characters, who too frequently, without possessing any intrinsic merit, become the admiration of the *beau monde*.—He inherited from his ancestors a good estate, and an elegant taste, for which the Sparkles, for many preceding generations, had been famous. His horses, his phaeton, his house, and himself, were the standard of fashion.—What Sparkle wore, was always the rage: what Sparkle said, was recorded as *bon-mots*; and whatever he did, was universally approved by the ladies.

Marina, he acknowledged, was

beautiful as the Medicean goddess: yet, as that beauty was unadorned by those appendages requisite to render it the idol of the fashionable world, viz. birth and fortune—he thought he did her immense honor, when he condescended (after paying his adoration to Lady Bell) to seize her hand, and, with a familiar stare, to assure her she had captivated old Sancho, who, he made no doubt, would approve her for his daughter. "Indeed," continued he, "the young man is a pretty fellow enough—has made the *grand tour*—and the rust he carried from Milk-Street, has been rubbed off by the polish of France.—It is a thousand pities he has such a brute of a father! I swear, by the Prussian eagle, if such a frightful monster could be found in my family, I would get him transported to the wilds of Africa."

Before Marina could reply to this delectable address, the door opened; and, to the surprise and pleasure of the whole party (his lordship excepted) young Tudway entered, with the celebrated Bellarmine.

Bellarmine was the wonder and admiration of the age,—Three times he had made the tour of Europe; and each time, returning with additional graces and accomplishments, he successfully emulated and practised all those precepts which the witty Chesterfield vainly labored to impress on the mind of his son. He was perfect master of that refined and captivating eloquence, which, while it dazzles the imagination, fascinates the soul: his figure was tall and graceful, his manners elegant, his conversation a happy mixture of the vivacity of the French, the softness of the Italians, and the gravity of the English. In short, he was a pleasing epitome of that easy elegance which characterises the man of fashion;—and he had acquired

in foreign courts such reputation by his knowledge of the *belles-lettres* and the fine arts, that he was known by the appellation of the modern Atticus.—His acquaintance was eagerly sought by men of the highest rank, and his society courted by the literati of England and France.—Women of the first fashion in both kingdoms were ambitious of being distinguished by him; and those who were happy enough to be the subjects of his poetic effusions, were objects of universal envy. No wonder, therefore, that his unexpected entrance at Sedley-House, where his fame was known and celebrated, should produce an instantaneous change in the countenance of every lady present.

The animated eyes of Lady Bell shone with redoubled lustre: the cheeks of Miss Anguish blushed celestial red: the dimples of Mrs. Leo (a blooming widow of twenty-seven) were displayed to advantage by the most winning smiles: the gloves were imperceptibly drawn from the fair hands of Miss Delprat; and even the self-conceited Sparkle shrunk, abashed, behind the chair of Marina, as if conscious of being now in reality totally eclipsed by the appearance of so bright a luminary.

Bellarmino had been introduced to the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Montague by Lord Newdick, and was at this period considered as an intimate by the family. He superintended their little musical parties—usually accompanied Marina (who excelled on the harpsichord) with his violin; and his execution on this instrument was equalled only by the first performers.—At his particular request, the company were each to give a specimen of their skill in a little concert, which Mrs. Montague had projected for that purpose: but, as Bellarmino had

been obliged in the morning to attend his patron at St. James's, Mrs. Montague forbore to mention either him or her design—thinking it almost impossible for him to return. But flying expeditions suited his genius:—he had quitted his patron at two o'clock, and, accompanied by his faithful Le Fevre, had reached old Tudway's before six, where he learned from the old lady, that both her husband and son were at Sedley-House.—That young Tudway was there, he perfectly knew: but the visit of the father astonished him greatly; and, in his impatience to develop the mystery, he was soon equipped for the 'drawing-room.—When he alighted at Sedley-House, his arm was suddenly arrested by his friend Tudway.

"Heavens! Tudway! how could you suffer your father to come here?" exclaimed Bellarmino.

"Have patience," replied Tudway; "and I will tell you:—only come with me into this room for a few moments."

He then explained to Bellarmino the purport of his father's visit—his own distress at finding him there, when he came to dinner—his abrupt departure—and how he had lingered at the house of an old lady in the village, in hopes of seeing his father return home;—that he had not been gone more than a quarter of an hour, when he had flown from his concealment, to behold again his adored Marina: but, hearing that Bellarmino was not there, he had waited in the breakfast-parlour, impatiently expecting his arrival.

Bellarmino expressed his astonishment, that a man of Mr. Montague's penetration should think of inviting Mr. Tudway to dinner, as his presence could not tend in the least to the entertainment of the company.

"Oh! say no more, my friend," cried young Tudway. "Remember, he is my father; and there exists not on earth an honest man.—We are not all formed by the hand of the Graces: but many a homely casket conceals a gem within."

"Forgive me," said Bellarmine. "The gem derives new lustre from your filial piety:—and may no future Isabella"

"Ah! Bellarmine!" impatiently interrupted Tudway—"the passion I feel for the beautiful Marina, bears no similitude to that which disgraced me at Naples, when your friendship saved me from destruction.—Suffer me to forget every circumstance attached to that unhappy story, except the motive which led you to my assistance."

Here the entrance of a servant reminded them that it was time to repair to the 'drawing-room: the return of Tudway was cordially welcomed by Mr. Montague; and the concert, which only waited the arrival of Bellarmine, now began.

The principal performers were Mr. Montague, Bellarmine, and young Manby. Marina reigned sole mistress of the harpsichord, which she accompanied with her voice—a voice, that was "sweeter than the shepherd's pipe upon the mountain."

Young Tudway was lost in rapture: but, when she sang, he could scarcely restrain his transport, and gazed on her with such ardor, that, chance directing her eyes towards him, she was abashed and disconcerted. Her confusion was so great, that her voice faltered, and it was with difficulty she proceeded: but, as the enraptured looks of Tudway were observed only by herself, (so much was the general attention engrossed by her melodious warblings) the tremor of her notes was attributed to her native diffidence.

Tudway, disappointed in his contrivance to sit by Marina at supper, sat silent and chagrined.—Mortified at beholding how studiously she avoided him, and enveloped by his own despondent reflexions, he did not immediately hear how eloquently Lord Sparkle was declaiming on the gross absurdity of vulgar proverbs, till he concluded his criticisms by remarking that they were a commodity which passed current only among men of low birth and confined education.

Marina's frigid coldness was instantly forgotten by Tudway, who, starting from his seat, with fire flashing from his eyes, asked his lordship what he meant by thus insulting him.

(To be continued.)

On the DEPARTURE of the OLD YEAR.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY,

Author of the "Farm-House," &c.

"Thus falls the year, its glowing hon-
nors fled, [dead]"
And mingles with the unremember'd

THERE is something extremely interesting in the departure of the old year. It is a sort of period or pause in the march of time, and bids man look about him. To the child, it is a time of holiday and mirth; and if he thinks at all about the departure of time, he thinks of it only as desirable—as bringing nearer the day of emancipation, either from school, parents, or some such tie. Life, to the child, generally wears a gay aspect; or, at least, the fairy Hope points to joyous hours yet in store; and "Fly away, Time!" is ever the child's ditty.—In youth, it is much the same. Pleasure opens her glowing stores, and youth is enamoured with them; or love steals to the bosom of youth; and Time is little thought of, or only blamed for his lingering pace.—Man, when arrived

at the middle of life, sees the close of the year with very different sensations. Youth no longer puts its gloss upon the face of things; and the hard rubs of the world are keenly felt by him. He looks back on the departed year, and, for one hour of joy, sees the shadows of many hours of misery pass before his mind's eye; and the pangs, produced by their recollection, chill the glow of hope in his heart: he probably has to mourn over the loss of property, the desertion or death of friends; and sighs in bitterness, as the poet sings,

"O'er honor forfeited, o'er fame de-
spis'd, [turn'd.]
O'er love abus'd, and friendship unre-
Yet even over griefs like these,
while man has health for his friend,
Hope will gradually shed a con-
soling balm; and her chosen time
will be when one year has elapsed,
and another dawns upon the world.
She will whisper in his ear, that suc-
cess may yet await his speculations;
that a *real friend* may yet be found
to comfort and advise him; that
his fame shall rise superior to the
aspersions of malignity; and that
the close of the coming year shall
find him a prosperous and a happy
man.

But, in extreme age, what are the feelings which the closing year excites? Various, as the remembrance of the ill or well spent life of him who feels shall dictate! Has his life been one continued scene of fraud, treachery, deception, and guilt?—It is a horrible picture—but, alas! it is a possible one:—then will he shudder at the past, and shrink with horror from the future. The ghosts of his crimes will rise with accumulated terrors to his mental vision: the shriek of innocence, the cry of affliction, or the calm, but piercing appeal of injured friendship, will all sound in his ears, as

the knell to his hopes of mercy. How can he look to the coming year, but with the feelings of despair? Yet may repentance do much, even for such a man. We are all the creatures of error, and serve, or ought to serve, a God of forgiveness!—Now let us look at the opposite picture—of old age marking the departure of time without regret, and looking forward with the highest of all hopes—the hope of heaven!—A man such as this can look back, with the proudest, yet humblest, feelings of gratification and delight, on the life he has spent. No gross or wilful errors mark its progress; innocence has no shriek, affliction no cry, friendship no remonstrance for him. He feels indeed conscious of many faults: but they have been venial ones; and he has long since offered, and still continues to offer, the sighs of a contrite heart to the throne of Mercy for forgiveness.

The sensations of such a man are truly enviable:—may we all feel that they are so, and, by our conduct in youth and manhood, be able to meet the hour of age as he does, and look forward, like him, when time shall be no more, to a smiling eternity!

Thoughts on the NEW YEAR.

By Mr. JOHN WEBB,

Author of "Haverhill," &c.

ANOTHER year of life's contracted term has rolled down the stream of time to the ocean of eternity. Still my little skiff is buffeting the waves, while vessels of ampler size and prouder dimensions are whelmed beneath the tide. During this eventful period, War, that sanguinary daemon, has, with awful strides, traversed devoted Europe; and havoc, desolation, and death, have marked his direful progress: yet,

still unsatiated, like the beast in Daniel's vision, he is desirous of "devouring much flesh."

" 'Tis his, to flit along on blood-stain'd wing,
[peaceful vale;
And spread destruction through the
To hear aloud the shouts of battle ring,
While shrieks of thousands load the
tainted gale."

Since the commencement of the past year, many a warrior, who gallantly fought, and nobly fell, has been stretched on what the annals of heroism term "the bed of honor," and left his sorrowing relatives to lament his fate, clad in the sables of woe—bedewed with the tear that flows from no other source than that of unfeigned sorrow.

But where is the spirit that never expires?

That essence immortal is flown:
'Twas hurried in haste from a turbulent scene,
And traverses regions unknown.

No splendid reward, though the gift of a king,

Can rouse the inanimate frame.
Regardless of glory, the soul wings her flight,

Nor hears the loud trumpet of Fame.
Full oft have the poets, when heroes have fell,

Convey'd them to mansions of rest.
They blush'd not to waft the destroyers of men

To dwell in the courts of the blest.
But reason revolts at the tale which they tell:

Their numbers are meant to deceive.
Even meek-hearted Charity sighs while she reads,

And wishes, but dares not believe.

Author's MIS Poems.

But though the tyrant Death has rioted on the tented plain, and dyed his fateful lance in the blood of myriads; yet, in the crowded city and the sequestered hamlet, the sumptuous palace and the cot of poverty, he has shown his awful front, and dealt the blow of fate. The breast emblazoned with a star has not proved invulnerable to his dart,

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and he has sheathed his dagger in the peasant's unpresuming heart.—

Assuming the assassin's miscreant form, he has closed the political career of a Perceval, and, in milder guise, has unstrung the gentle lyre of the amiable Jerningham.

The beginning of a new year is a solemn interesting æra to an accountable being, who possesses a reflecting mind, and ought to operate as a stimulus to every actor on the world's broad stage—to influence him to examine his heart, and inform himself how matters stand between him and his Maker.

Could the man of pleasure be persuaded to make this review, instead of crowning his temples with rosebuds, and dancing to the sound of the viol, he would aspire to unfading joys, and to more exquisite gratifications than dance and song can yield. Could the drunkard be prevailed on seriously to adopt this plan, he would shun the rosy bowl, as if it were drugged with the poison of asps, and tremble at the idea of sacrificing his health, his property, his temporal and eternal welfare, at the shrine of intemperance. The miser would be ashamed to idolise his gold; and the gamester would renounce the fascinating dice-box, conscious that it contained more mischiefs than Pandora's, without one solitary ray of hope at the bottom.

It would be a rational as well as an improving amusement, if the young, the volatile, and the gay, would pay an annual visit, on new year's day, to the church-yard, and meditate among the tombs. There the heaving mounds of earth, on which the grass has scarcely begun to vegetate, will disclose to the observant spectator the spot where his friends and neighbours, summoned from their much-loved homes, their anxious

cares, and ardent pursuits, repose in peace—escaped from the storms that tempest human life. There perhaps some blooming youth is laid, whose bright expectations and opening prospects were awfully eclipsed: and there some man of business, whose commercial schemes and mercantile plans were rendered abortive by that direful stroke, which glooms the fairest scenes of sublunary bliss, and blights the sweetest flowers of worldly happiness.—There the sight of a father's grave, or a mother's cold abode, may excite the tenderest of sensations—"may smite the rock, and bid the waters flow," and call home reflexion, which long had been exiled from the mind.

'Tis an awful consideration, that most of the victims, who, during the past year, were laid prostrate by the "pale horse and his rider," were, twelve months since, as replete with health, as big with hope, and as qualified to run the race of life, as any of those who may lament their fate, or ruminate over their tombs.

"Oh! would you hear, and tremble as you hear, [exulting leap,
While high with health your hearts
E'en in the midst of pleasure's mad career,
The mental monitor shall wake and weep!" *Mason.*

Of it has the divine descanted upon, the moralist described, and the poet sung, the value of time, compared with which, gold is a useless metal, and the ruby a worthless mineral.

Time's of more worth than kingdoms,
far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain. *Cotton.*

'Tis evident that no possessor of this inestimable gem ever duly appreciated its worth:—it is beyond the comprehension of a finite mind,

to estimate its infinite value. An elegant modern bard, with great felicity of expression, calls every sand in the glass of Time "a diamond spark."

It is customary, in many parts of the country, to bid farewell to the expiring, and to hail the new-born year with a jocund peal. Of the propriety of this custom I have my doubts. It seems to indicate that the elapsing of another period of time is a circumstance that is productive of joy.

"Ye gladsome bells, how misapplied
your peal! [chime.

A day like this requires a solemn
Infatuate mortals! why, with sportive
heel, [Time?

Dance ye exulting o'er the grave of
Is he your foe, that thus you ring his
knell— [flight?

That festive notes announce his awful
Tire ye of day, that sounds of triumph tell
How swift the wing that wafts your
last long night?

While circling years o'er thoughtless my-
riads roll, [shame,

Long folly but to lend, and length of
Ye metal tongues, swing slow with
mournful toll,

Virtue's departed seasons to proclaim.

Sons of delay! whose duties, yet undone,
Await from year to year your hand in
vain, [groan!

Drown, drown that brazen music with a
The years you lost, shall ne'er be yours
again!" *Fawcett*

But, while the vicious would do well to view the lapse of time with serious alarm; and, admonished by conscience, attend to the improvement of the future with the most sedulous care; the virtuous may indulge the pleasing reflexion, that they are one year nearer that rapturous period, when they will be translated to that happy region,

"Where pleasure blossoms in eternal
spring, [less round."

And jocund hours dance on their end.

Modern LIFE delineated

(Continued from page 590 of our last Volume.)

EMMA returned home transported with her visit to Barmoth. The evening of her arrival was spent in recounting the excursions she had taken—the pleasant people she had been introduced to; and she drew, from her lively feelings, an animated picture of the various scenes she had witnessed. Her descriptions were those of a youthful mind, charmed with its first view of life. There were no drawbacks to happiness: for, to her fancy, the friends she had met with were the most perfect beings in the world: the balls she had been at, were far more delightful than any others; and the beautiful country around Barmoth admitted no comparison with the tameness of the scenery in the Vale of Cluyd.

Mr. Lloyd smiled at her account. "I fear, my love," said he, "that you will not easily be reconciled to this stupid vale, and the inanimate beings it contains: and, as for balls, if you are anxious to enjoy them at this season of the year, I believe we must send for a dancing-master from town, to instruct old Winifred and Jenkins in the fashionable mode of stepping and resteping in a Scotch reel, or leading down a country-dance in the first style of elegance. Is it not the mode of the present day to throw your feet far before you, as if they were a very useless incumbrance? But I am asking a strange question, for that fashion must be exploded ere now. Last winter, I remember, it was quite the rage: and an employment of so much importance requires every variation to render it agreeable to the young and volatile."

Emma looked seriously at her father, while the tears in her eyes

convinced him that she was hurt at his words.

"I do not wish, my love," he continued, "to check your happiness: far be it from me to damp the pleasure you have enjoyed."

"I assure you, my dear father," said Emma, "though I have enjoyed every pleasure the world could afford, during the last five weeks, I am not returned home with an alienated mind, but (I hope) with a mind as capable of receiving happiness from domestic pursuits, as from the gaieties of Barmoth.—The impression made upon my heart by the kindness of my friends, I wished to communicate to you, sir, and to my sister Gertrude: and, if I have been too lavish in my encomiums, I hope you will place it to the remembrance of recent kindnesses, and not to a disregard of those duties which I consider as the most important in life."

Mr. Lloyd tenderly embraced his daughter, and assured her that he had not a thought of the kind.—Emma's spirits soon revived: and the evening passed away in the utmost harmony.

In enumerating the pleasures of the preceding five weeks, Emma forgot that her cousin Edward had any interest in her affections: but, the following morning, she impatiently asked Gertrude if her father had received any letter from him during her absence from home.

Gertrude felt inclined to give an equivocal reply; but the certainty that Emma must be acquainted with their cousin's marriage, restrained her. After a short preface to the subject, in as tender a manner as it was possible, she informed her of his sudden marriage, but cautiously avoided mentioning his visit to the Vale. Emma would not believe there was any truth in the report:

but, when she read the paragraph in the paper, she dropped lifeless from her chair. Gertrude raised her up, and endeavoured to restore her to life again. It was a considerable time ere she gave signs of returning reason: and, when she recovered, Gertrude in the most soothing manner tried to assuage the bitterness of her anguish: but her efforts were wholly unavailing.

Though Emma's attachment to her cousin had appeared to her father very trivial, he was now painfully convinced that it was deeply rooted in her heart. She had long indulged the hope of becoming Edward's wife: and to learn that he was irrecoverably lost to her, almost bereft her of reason.—Contrary to her usual mode of expressing her grief—instead of reiterated complaints, it was only from her silence, her absent manner, and her faded looks, that her father and sister learned her misery.

These proofs of her distress awakened the tenderest emotions of sympathy in their bosoms; and Gertrude forgot her own disappointment in her anxiety for her sister's recovery. To mitigate Emma's affliction was the first and most fervent wish of her heart, and the constant endeavour of her life: but all was unavailing. It was not the affectionate tenderness of her father and sister that could restore Emma's mind to its proper tone. Several months elapsed; and her increasing melancholy awakened the most serious apprehensions for her life.

Mr. Lloyd sent for a physician from Chester: and he immediately declared, that change of air was the only mean of restoring her health: but at the same time he said that Mr. Lloyd must take her where there was variety to divert her attention. He advised him to

accompany her either to a watering-place or to London, and to continue there three or four months.—Mr. Lloyd preferred London, and wrote that night to his friend Mrs. Pope, who was then in town, to hire for him a comfortable ready-furnished house near St. James's Park.

The night preceding their departure from their native home, Mr. Lloyd was seated with his daughters by the fire-side, settling their future plans. Gertrude was alarmed at the uncommon seriousness spread over his countenance, and anxiously asked him if he was indisposed.

"No, my love, I am not indisposed," said Mr. Lloyd; "but, as the time draws near for our departure from home, I feel a degree of uneasiness, which I cannot reasonably account for. But I suppose it is the dread I have, of engaging in the bustling scenes of life, after so many years of quiet enjoyment in the country.—If Emma's spirits had not been so materially affected, and her health declining, I should not, even for three weeks, have been induced to quit a retirement so congenial to my feelings, and so requisite for the comforts of old age. But my own gratifications I cheerfully resign, if that sacrifice will prove beneficial to my dear girl.—Nay, do not be affected, Emma! When you have seen as many years as I have seen, you will acknowledge, that domestic comforts are the surest source of happiness. It is in the privacy of domestic retirement, that we feel independent of the world and all its futile concerns. It is here, we are exempt from the impertinent intrusion of people whom we despise, and have leisure to retrace every action of our past life: and it is here, my children, that the sweets of a good conscience give us a pleasing prospect of future

joys.—In the busy walks of life, pious reflexions seldom gladden the heart. Year after year steals away in the pursuit of riches and honors—till death in one moment crushes every worldly expectation, and takes the unprepared soul into the presence of its Creator. Can you then wonder, that, after so many years' residence in the country, I feel, at this period of my life, a sensation of regret at the idea of quitting for some months the home which is endeared to me by so many heart-felt remembrances?—If you ever live five and twenty years in one place, without wandering from it even for three days, you will know what I now feel."

After Emma had retired to her apartment, Gertrude said to her father "You do not know, sir, how uneasy I have been this evening at the dejection spread over your face. I am certain, sir, we may live as retired in London as we do here. I shall never wish to ramble; and poor Emma's low spirits and indifferent health will prevent her encouraging a wish repugnant to your feelings."

"Various reflexions, my love, have made me uneasy this evening, independent of the reluctance I feel at quitting my home.—I much fear, that the change will not restore Emma's peace of mind: and the ingratitude of Edward wounds every feeling of my soul. He has now been thirteen months married, and has never condescended to inform me of it, or communicated any thing relative to his situation in life."

"It is a false delicacy, sir," replied Gertrude "that has restrained him. I am certain he reveres you as much as if he were your own son."

"A virtuous son, Gertrude, never will keep a father in suspense respecting his establishment in life, or

allow any obstacle to prevent his observance of one of the first of filial duties. Next to the great Author of the universe, the person who forms our youthful minds, and tenderly watches over our conduct as we approach toward manhood, deserves the genuine proof of our esteem and love: and he deserves the despicable name of an ungrateful man, who neglects that being who has been every thing in the world to him.—Whatever circumstances may occur to palliate matters, and afford a refined excuse for neglect on this head, to a fashionable man—a man of principle will be guided in his actions by the noble and exalted dictates of his own heart.—Unfortunately, in the world there are certain refinements which delude the senses, and meanings given to expressions, which are both hateful and inimical to the best feelings of the human heart. To ingratitude, the gentle appellation of inattention, or forgetfulness, is given;—for a breach of promise, a mistake is the expression;—and, with your sex, a desertion from the noble duties of a wife and mother is imputed to the unbounded power of passion over reason.—Even the most degrading frivolities are sanctioned as the innocent amusements of fashionable life.—I believe, my love, I have borrowed the last idea from that trifling inconsistent woman of fashion, Lady Jane Braxton—so nervous one moment, that her children dare not lisp forth their little wants: but, if she is mounted on her favorite hunter immediately after the paroxysm of refinement is over, she can halloo with the voice of a ploughman, and ride down the craggy sides of perpendicular mountains with alacrity, and without the least fear. I have indeed observed her, courage, in this respect, rise far superior to

that of any gentleman in her hunting train.—But I am wasting time at present on subjects foreign to my present wishes.—To-morrow, Gertrude, you quit your native place, to partake of the diversified scenes of London: and I fervently hope you may return here, as capable of enjoying its domestic comforts, as you leave it.”

“I hope, my dear father, you do not doubt that I shall.—I certainly expect to be highly gratified with the novelty of the scenes: but, if I dare answer for myself, they will never estrange my heart from my native country. I may witness greater works of art: but the interesting views of nature cannot be more enchanting in the neighbourhood of London, than they are here. To my fancy, in every season this Vale has its charms. In winter, when every tree is covered with snow, or icicles hang in profusion from the boughs—when every mountain is clothed with its silvery garment, and the dumb creation look up to us for succour;—in the spring, when the mountain-blossoms slowly emerge from the bosom of the earth, and the cattle return to their rich pastures;—in summer, when the beauty of nature is displayed in endless variety of flowers and shrubs, and every field and garden revives our spirits, and animates our grateful praise;—in autumn, when the all-creative hand gives unrivalled richness of coloring to the falling leaves, and the setting sun burnishes every cottage window with gold, or gives a stream of glowing crimson through the perspective of clustered trees, whose departing foliage warns us of what we term the closing season;—even in every one of these changes, my dear father, the heart feels delighted with a situation so noble,

and so accordant to our worthiest passions.”

“I find, Gertrude,” said Mr. Lloyd, smiling affectionately upon her, “that you will not forget the Vale of Clwyd in the bustle and endless variety of London.”

(*To be continued.*)

“*Woman! what have I to do with thee?*” *John, ii. 4.*

“WOMAN! woman!” exclaimed Nicodemus, as he read this passage—“Methinks, this is not a very respectful address from a son to a mother—particularly from *Him* who came down upon earth to teach us the practice of every duty, the observance of every commandment, and, among the rest, no doubt, that of honoring our parents.”

I smiled, as I listened to this effusion from the lips of honest Nicodemus, whom I well knew to be untaught in the learned languages, and unacquainted with the usages of antiquity.—Nicodemus, observing the effect which his words had produced on my countenance, asked what I saw to smile at in his remark? was not the term really disrespectful?

“If,” said I, “our Saviour were on earth at the present day, and addressing his mother in English, I grant that the term, ‘*Woman*,’ would be very disrespectful indeed. But, in those ancient times, when the language of mankind was as simple as their manners, there were no ‘*Sirs*’ or ‘*Madams*.’ In Homer, for instance, we find Antenor addressing Helen in the language of respect, and using to her the term, ‘*Woman*!’ Ulysses likewise uses it to Penelopè, while addressing her, not as a husband, but in the disguise of a beggar—and to Nausicaë, whom he had, a mo-

ment before, styled 'Queen!'—But, without going back with Homer to the simplicity of the heroic times, we find, at an æra of greater refinement, a notable example in Xenophon, an accomplished scholar and gentleman, educated in the bosom of polished Athens, and at a period when the Athenian republic shone with its brightest lustre. That celebrated author—who, in his *Cyropædia*, portrays his hero, Cyrus, as a perfect pattern of every thing great and laudable, describes his interview with Panthea, the widow of Abradatès—a prince, who had rendered him very important services—whom he highly esteemed and loved—and who had been literally hewn to pieces, while gallantly fighting in his cause.—Introduced to the widowed princess, whom he finds weeping over the disjointed remains of her mangled husband—and addressing her in the language of friendship, respect, and consolation—he uses the simple term, 'Woman!' which, on this occasion, may be deemed fully equivalent to our modern 'Madam,' 'your Ladyship,' or even 'your Highness.' Hence, my friend Nicodemus, you may clearly perceive that your idea of disrespect in our Saviour's language to his mother is wholly unfounded.—Let me add a specimen of Roman simplicity and unceremonious plainness, which occurs at a period much nearer to our Saviour's day—at the time when Julius Cæsar was uncontrolled master of Rome, and seated on the tribunal, to decide the fate of Ligarius, who had been hostile to his interests during the civil war between him and Pompey.—On this occasion, Cicero, pleading the cause of Ligarius, and exerting all the powers of oratory to excite Cæsar's compassion, and

obtain pardon for his client, does not once use the term 'Majesty,' or 'Highness,' or even 'Sir,' but addresses the all-powerful conqueror in the plain Quaker style, 'Caius Cæsar!' or simply, 'Cæsar!'

ARISTARCHUS.

The POETIC HUSBAND.

To the Editor of the *Lady's Magazine*.
SIR,

As you are the conductor of a Magazine peculiarly intended for the amusement and advantage of the fair sex, I am emboldened to offer my complaints to you, and to crave your advice. "Give sorrow words," says the poet: but, alas! I have no friend to whom I can unbosom myself: for my neighbours are too intensely occupied in ruminating on their own troubles, to give a patient hearing to a recital of mine.—I am a married woman, and the mother of half a score fine children. My nuptial partner is a respectable man, and is generally acknowledged, by all but me, to be a good husband; and I must do him the justice to say that he is a pattern of sobriety, and never treats me personally ill: but he is so fond of reading poetry, and scribbling verses, and so ambitious of acquiring the name of a poet, that these ideas engross nearly the whole of his attention, of which, consequently, I can expect but little.

After what I have said, sir, I need not inform you, that our fire-side is divested of those social comforts that would constitute a happy one. While sipping what he is pleased to call an "infusion of the Chinese plant," instead of solacing my mind with his little agreeable attentions, or of improving my understanding with instructive converse, my spouse usually sits with a book in his hand,

poring o'er its contents, or rapt in contemplation, bending his "eye on vacancy."

His predilection for poetry pervades our whole domestic system. If he ask me a question, 'tis in rhyme: and when, tired of these perpetual jingles, my temper gets the better of my prudence, and I would give the world to quarrel with him—the provoking creature, unmoved by my keenest taunts and bitterest reproaches, coolly answers me with some soothing couplet.

My children also have caught the poetic contagion; and, instead of the engaging broken dialect of infancy, and the artless prattle of innocence, so gratifying to a parent's breast, the veriest nonsense that a child can utter, couched in rhyme, is incessantly assailing mine ear.—When at meals, my husband's mind is so perfectly abstracted, so elevated to the sublime regions of poetry, that he cannot descend to our grosser sphere—the prose of common life; so that the whole burden of carving, and helping him and the children, falls upon me, and seldom allows me to enjoy my own share of the repast with any degree of comfort.

Thus pass my days; nor are my nights free from the persecutions of the Muse.—My spouse, like Milton, has his "nightly visitations." Oft, at the silent hour of midnight, when I lie fast bound in sleep's downy chains, he interrupts my peaceful slumbers, by suddenly starting up, for the purpose of adding perhaps a single line to an unfinished poem, or "arresting" (as he says) "a fugitive idea—a new and brilliant thought—which may be for-ever lost to the world, if not instantly secured upon paper."

But these are not the only evils that flow from "the Castalian spring:"—affairs, of the utmost im-

portance to our family, are frequently neglected, and made to give way to this taste for sing-song. Often have I known him, while enjoying "the sweet converse of the Nine," to delay the operations of shaving and dressing for an appointment, until the appointed hour was past: often, too, have I seen letters on business, and requiring immediate answers, lie for a whole day unopened on his desk; and once, I remember—with grief I shall ever remember it—after having written a letter to a noble lord in office, applying for a comfortable place under government, which he would certainly have obtained by a seasonable application—instead of immediately folding up and dispatching the letter, he wrote on the blank leaf a poetic "*Address to a Kitten!*" and never discovered his unfortunate blunder, until it was too late to transcribe and forward the letter that night. And, when a fresh copy of it reached the noble lord the next day—behold, Mr. Editor! to the inexpressible disappointment of my luckless poet and myself, the place had already been granted to another applicant half an hour before.

These, however, Mr. Editor, are only a part of the evils attached to the union with a poetic husband. I have used every expedient to reform him: I have had recourse to every soft art that affection could dictate:—I have expostulated in angry earnest, and tried the force of ridicule—but all to no purpose:—

"Laugh'd at, he laughs again,
Nor fears the discipline of female hands."
Therefore, as a last resource, I have taken the freedom of addressing you, trusting in your goodness to insert this in your entertaining miscellany; hoping, that, as I regularly take it in every month, and he generally inspects its contents, this

letter may meet his eye, accompanied with a few observations of yours, which, could they cure him of his scribbling mania, or check in some measure his rhiming propensity, would unspeakably oblige, sir, your humble servant,

RACHEL RHYMELY.

January 7, 1813.

. While we cordially sympathise with this unfortunate lady, we cannot consent to see the Muses condemned to bear the whole blame of her misfortunes: for, although her partner *happens* to be an absent man and a poet, it is probable enough that he would equally be an *absentee*, if he were *not* a poet; since it is well known, that, not only poets, but all men of deep thought—philosophers, politicians, mathematicians, calculators in whatever line, speculators, projectors, schemers of every description—to say nothing of that most numerous class of deep thinkers, the enamoured tribe, of both sexes—are much addicted to profound *rêveries*.—With respect to poets in particular. But let us first premise, that, for our own part, not possessing the slightest claim to the poetic character, we have no private personal interest in the question, and therefore cannot be suspected of partiality, when we declare that we have been acquainted with several poets—men of real genius—not one of whom was at all remarkable for that kind of mental abstraction in company. Instead of this, we have uniformly found them as cheerful and sociable as any other description of men, and much more agreeable in conversation, from the lively brilliancy of their ideas, and the animated, energetic language, in which their conceptions were expressed: On the other hand, we have known many of the stupid sons of Dulness very remarkable for

absence of mind, in every sense of the word.

But, granting that the poet should be occasionally absent, his absence is not calculated to excite in us any unpleasing sensation. His disembodied soul is at that moment roaming in the fairy fields of imagination, where, at every step, it discovers, fresh from the plastic hand of Fancy, new beings, new forms, before unkennd by mortal eye—to delight and captivate himself in the first instance, and afterward his readers, when portrayed in glowing, vivid tints, snatched by him from the rain-bow, in the course of his aerial flight.—Even during those mental excursions, his company is agreeable; for his very countenance, animated by the inspiration of the moment, awakes in us a pleasing sentiment of admiration, while we fancy him conversing with the gods; and, on his return from the starry sphere, when he descends to mix again in society with mortals, his conversation has a charm, which none but a poet can impart.

How different the case with a grave, prosaic dullard! His fits of abstraction affect us with the unpleasant sensations of contempt and disgust. For the time, his mind—or instinct, or whatever else that faculty may be called, which raises him a *little* above the quadrupeds of the field—is either bewildered in the dark mazes of perplexity, or lost in the wide vacuum of absolute incogitancy. We fancy him wholly extinct, as to the immortal part: we view him as a senseless mass of inanimate matter; while his vacant countenance excites not in our minds a more exalted idea, than that which is excited by a dead calf in a butcher's shop. At length, when he awakes from his temporary lethargy, and attempts to converse, his conversation

is a downright bore; and, between the *calx* and the *bore*, a woman of sense and delicacy, yoked with such a partner, must, need's, lead a very dull and melancholy life.

Such being the case—we declare, for our own part, that, if we were of the feminine gender, we should, in the choice of a husband, (and with an equality of advantages in other respects) most certainly prefer a poet—though occasionally absent—to a solemn prosaic dullard; and, reversing the case, we further declare, that, if—laying aside our grey beards and hoary locks, and restored by Medean art to the juvenile state—we were to think of once more looking out for youthful brides, we should unquestionably view with partial eye the tuneful vot'resses of the Muse, even though liable to be sometimes absorbed in *rêverie* at the moment when we might wish to enjoy the charms of their enlivening conversation.

But—to return to our fair correspondent—sensibly as we feel for her distress, we are sorry to say that we can afford her little consolation. To the application for our “advice,” at the beginning of her letter, our reply is, that we can only advise her to take patience, and reconcile herself to her fate, by the recollection of the good old saying, that, “what cannot be cured, must be endured.” And, as to her concluding “hope” that any observations of ours could prove efficacious to “cure her partner of his scribbling mania,” it were vain to indulge a hope of the kind: for the genuine poetic spirit—the towering mind, that soars sublime, beyond the sublunary sphere—can no more be checked in its flight, and confined to the sordid concerns of this mean terrestrial ball, than the aspiring eagle can be content to spend his inglorious days in scraping on the dunghill, amid the low-born brood of vulgar poultry: nor indeed

would we wish to clip or clog the eagle wing of genius, or divert him from his laudable pursuit of deathless fame. We too highly revere the character of the real poet—too highly estimate his *utility* in enlightening the minds of successive generations—exciting and fostering in their bosoms all the social virtues, all the finer feelings—and, on the other hand, when patriotism calls forth his song, rousing nations to arms in defence of their liberties*.—But, even if the verse-maker be not really a poet warm with celestial fire—though he feel the influence, not of the Muse, but of the Maggot—his passion for versifying is equally powerful as that of the inspired songster, and equally incurable: for his pleasure in writing is equally great; since, with the fond partiality of a parent, he discovers, in the offspring of his own imagination, as many and as great beauties, as the most discerning critics can discover in the productions of Homer or Milton: and the stimulus of intellectual pleasure operates, in this case, as strongly upon him, as it operated upon either of those immortal bards.—On the whole, therefore, whether her partner be a poet or a poetaster, we recommend to Mrs. Rhimely to reconcile herself, with Christian and conjugal patience, to any occasional *désagréments* arising from his versificatory passion, as she would and must to those inconveniences attendant on the union with a deaf, gouty, or asthmatic partner.

EDITOR.

* Few of our readers, we presume, are unacquainted with the name of Tyrtæus, whose martial strains, of old, inspired the despondent Lacedæmonians with an enthusiasm of valour, which, in the end, was crowned with unhopèd-for victory:—equally few need to be reminded of the astonishing effects produced by songs, during the French revolution, and the late civil war in Ireland.

THEATRIC MISERIES.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

I AM a man about five feet, one inch high, and reside eighty miles from London, whither I come once a quarter, to buy goods, pay accounts, &c. As the town where I live is not frequented by any company of players at all, I generally, in the winter season, treat myself with going once to the play while in town. The pit is my usual resort; and I went thither, the other evening, to witness the representation of a favorite tragedy and a new farce, when I met with nothing but unpleasant circumstances. I placed myself about the middle of the pit, behind the shortest lady I could see, and flattered myself I should be able to get a tolerable sight of the performance; but, just before the rising of the curtain, and when the house was too full to afford a chance of another seat, the lady before me, for the purpose of being nearer to some female friend, changed places with her brother, who was rather more than six feet high. I now began to anticipate a miserable evening, and was not much disappointed.

The play began; and the person before me, whose feelings seemed to be very acute, blubbered so audibly at all the very touching parts of the tragedy, that it totally destroyed any thing like refined feeling in me: and I was positively more inclined to laughter than any thing else; and should have laughed, I dare say, only that I was so totally excluded by his immense size from seeing, that I was vexed beyond measure.

Besides this, on the side of me towards which I leaned, as offering me the best chance of an occasional peep over the young lady's head

who sat next my annoyet, was a loquacious old woman, who seemed to have Shakspeare at her fingers' ends, and who was anticipating every scene, and every fine speech, to a lad—her son, I suppose—who was seated next to her. This was as bad, if not worse, than the other annoyances; and, when the curtain fell, I think my face would have been an excellent one for a personification of theatric misery.

However, I began to hope that the farce would relieve me a little, and at all events restore my good humour: but, alas! sir, I was again disappointed. The large gentleman, whose feelings were in due proportion, and who had wept so loud during the play, now laughed ten times louder, and that at such absolute nonsense, that I got up in a pet, nay almost a passion, and, in my haste to set out, trod on two or three ladies' toes, who looked unutterable things at me as I passed. All the way to my quarters, I felt inclined to kick the link-boys, &c. who got in my way; and the waiter at the inn barely escaped a good scolding, for having brought me a glass of rum and water, instead of gin and water.

Do you not think, sir, there should be some regulation of these things? such as keeping all the tall folk at the back of the pit, and letting the little ones sit forward; laying a fine by act of parliament upon all those who talk about what is coming on, or who cry or laugh too loud, &c.

At all events, if you will insert this letter, it may give such persons a hint, that may have a beneficial influence on their conduct.—I am, sir, yours, &c. ISAAC IRRITABLE.

Notices of RUSSIAN MANNERS.

IN Russia, some of the nobles are much richer than the richest of our

English peers; and a vast number, on the other hand, are very poor. To this poverty, and to these riches, are joined characteristics in which the Russian peasant and the Russian prince are the same: they are all equally barbarous. Visit a Russian, of whatsoever rank, at his country seat, and you will find him lounging about with his collar open, uncombed, unwashed, unshaven, half-naked, eating raw turnips, or drinking *quass* *. The raw turnip is handed about in slices, in the first houses, upon a silver salver, with brandy, as a whet before dinner.

The real Russian rises at an early hour, and breakfasts on a dram with black bread. His dinner at noon consists of the coarsest and most greasy food, the scorbutic effects of which are counteracted by pickled cucumbers, sour cabbage, his favorite *quass*, &c.—Sleep, rendering him unmindful of his abject servitude and barbarous life, he particularly indulges; sleeping always after eating, and going early to his bed. The principal articles of diet are the same everywhere—grease and brandy. The horrors of a Russian kitchen are inconceivable; and there is not a bed in the whole empire that an English traveller would venture to approach, if he were aware of its condition.

Of all Europeans, the Russian noblese bear the greatest resemblance to the nobles of the "Two Sicilies." The Neapolitans, and the grandees of Palermo, are exactly like those of

* This beverage, universal in Russia, is prepared by mixing flour and water together, and leaving the mixture to stand till the acid fermentation has taken place. Its flavour resembles that of vinegar and water: its appearance is thick; and it is, at first, very unpleasant to strangers, who nevertheless become gradually reconciled to, and even fond of it: and, in the houses of the nobles, where due attention is paid to its preparation it is esteemed a delicacy, particularly in summer.

Moscow; and even the peasants of the two countries have a certain degree of resemblance. This similitude may arise from a similarity of government—vicious and despotic, ignorant and superstitious.

A Russian nobleman will sell any thing he possesses, from his wife to his lap-dog; from the decorations of his palace, to the ornaments of his person; any thing, to obtain money; any thing to squander it away. In the shop of a trading mineralogist, a British traveller was naturally surprised to see glass-cases filled with court dresses: but much greater must have been his surprise, on being informed that they were dresses of the nobility, sent to be exposed for sale, as often as they wanted money.—Their plan is to order whatever they can procure credit for—to pay for nothing—and to sell what they have ordered, as soon as they receive it.

As the nobles have rarely any money at command, their traffic in the fine arts, as in other things, is carried on by exchange. This sort of barter is, of all things, that in which they take the greatest delight. They purchase a picture for a carriage or an embroidered suit of clothes, just as they pay their physician with a snuff-box. In every thing, the same infantine disposition is displayed, and, like children, they are tired of their toys almost as soon as they have acquired them. In their choice of pictures, they are pleased only with gay and splendid coloring, highly finished, in gaudy frames; "*quelque chose d'éclatant!*" to use an expression constantly in their mouths; as, from the reign of Catharine II. they have much affected the use of the French language.—By the bye, the practice of paying their physicians with trinkets might seem an inconvenience to the faculty; but it is not so. Dr. Rogerson, for example, who practised

medicine at Petersburg, is said to have regularly received his snuff-box, and as regularly carried it to a jeweller for sale. The jeweller sold it again to the first nobleman who wanted a fee for his physician, so that the doctor obtained his box again; and at last the matter became so well understood between the jeweller and the physician, that it was considered by both parties as a sort of bank-note, and no words were necessary in transacting the sale of it.

Notwithstanding this deficiency of means, however, the Russian nobles are far from deficient in hospitality.—Before the reign of Paul, a stranger, of any figure or consequence, no sooner arrived in Moscow, than the most earnest solicitations were made for his regular attendance at the table of this or that nobleman. If his visits were indiscriminate, jealousy and quarrels were the inevitable consequence. During the reign of Paul, Englishmen were guests likely to involve the host in difficulty and danger; yet, notwithstanding the risk incurred, it is but justice to acknowledge, the nobles felt themselves so gratified by the presence of a stranger, that, having requested his attendance, they would close their portals upon his equipage, lest it should be discerned by the officers of the police.

The curious spectacle presented at their dinners has not a parallel in the rest of Europe. The dishes and the wines correspond in gradation with the rank and condition of the guests. Those who sit near the master of the house, are suffered to have no connexion with the fare or the company at the lower end of the table. In barbarous times, we had something like it in England; and perhaps the custom is not even now quite extinct in Wales; or in English farm-houses, where all the family, from

the master to the lowest menial, sit down together. The choicest dishes at a Russian table are carefully placed at the upper end, and are handed to those guests stationed near the owner of the mansion, according to the order in which they sit; afterwards, if any thing remain, it is taken gradually to the rest. Thus a degree in precedence makes all the difference between something and nothing to eat; for persons at the bottom of the table are often compelled to rest satisfied with an empty dish. It is the same with regard to the wines: the best are placed near the top of the table; but, in proportion as the guests are removed from the post of honor, the wine before them is found gradually inferior in quality, until at last it degenerates into simple *quass*.—Few things can offer more repugnance to the feelings of an Englishman, than the example of a wealthy glutton, pouring forth eulogiums upon the choice wines he has set before a stranger merely out of ostentation, while that stranger sees, sitting at the same table with himself, a number of brave officers and dependents, to whom he is unable to offer a single glass. A humane and liberal-minded English traveller, who visited Russia about a dozen years since, and who found his British feelings shocked by this degrading distinction, sometimes ventured to attempt a violation of the barbarous custom, by taking the bottle of better wine which was placed before himself, and offering to all the glasses of those below him: but the offer was generally refused, through fear of giving offence by acceptance; and, from repeated experience, the benevolent traveller found that it was a mode of conduct which could not be tolerated, even by the most liberal host. Two tureens of soap usually make their appearance, as is often

the case in England: but, if a stranger should ask for that which is at the bottom of the table, the master of the house regards him with dismay: the rest all gaze at him with wonder; and, when he tastes what he has obtained, he finds it to be a mess of dirty and abominable broth, exclusively intended for persons who never dare to ask for soup from the upper end of the table.—The number of attendants in waiting is prodigious. In a single house—that of the young Count Orloff—at the period of the above-mentioned traveller's visit, there were not fewer than five hundred servants, many of them gorgeously attired, and many, on the other hand, fluttering in rags; so that it was no uncommon spectacle to see, in the rank of menials attending at table, one spruce lacquey glittering with gold-lace, and, close by this beau's side, a scarecrow tatterdemallion, who might well be mistaken for a beggar picked up in the streets.

Remarkable as is the feasting of the Russians, not less remarkable is their fasting. There is no nation in Christendom, who observe the Lent fast with more rigid strictness than the Russians. Examples have been witnessed of peasants in wretched hovels by the road-side, who appeared in a state of actual starvation; yet, if a compassionate traveller charitably offered them a share of his provisions, they would shudder at the sight of it, and cast it to the dogs; dashing out of their children's hands, as an abomination, any food given to them; and entirely removing from their sight every particle that might be left. The same privation takes place among the higher ranks: but, in proportion as this rigor has been observed, so much the more excessive is the degree of gluttony and relaxation, when the important intel-

ligence that "*Christ is risen*" has issued from the mouth of the archbishop. During Easter, they run into every kind of excess, rolling about drunk the whole week.

As soon as Easter is proclaimed, drinking, dancing, and singing, incessantly prevail through the night and day. But, in the midst of all these excesses, quarrels hardly ever take place. The wild, rude riot of a Russian populace is full of humanity. Few disputes are heard; no blows are given; no lives endangered, but by drinking. No meetings take place of any kind, without repeating the expressions of peace and joy, "*Christ is risen!*" to which the answer always is the same, "*He is risen indeed!*"

On Easter Monday, begins the presentation of the paschal eggs: lovers to their mistresses, relatives to each other, servants to their masters, all bring ornamented eggs. Every offering at this season is called a paschal egg. The meanest pauper in the street, presenting an egg, and repeating the words "*Christ is risen,*" may demand a salute, even of the empress. All business is laid aside; the upper ranks are engaged in visiting, balls, dinners, suppers, masquerades; while the boors fill the air with their songs, or roll drunk about the streets. Servants appear in new and tawdry liveries; and carriages in the most sumptuous parade.

The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale,
(Continued from page 586 of our last
Volume.)

• CHAP. 22. •

Heav'n—forming each, on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend—
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally

The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love
sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here:
Yet from the same, we learn, in its de-
cline, [to resign.
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests,
Pope.

THE body of surgeons, thus collected together, were surprised to find that no consultation was necessary—no difficulty in the case, and very little remaining to be done. Their patient, however, would not part with his first friendly assistant, till a composing draught was administered, and quiet enjoined: and it was then with a strenuous request, that he would again come to him early in the next day.

The Rossford family had been brought over by an indisposition of her ladyship, for which she was advised to try the Bath waters: and, now quite recovered, she was one of the happiest wives to the best of husbands: for, on finding herself the unvaried object of his tenderest attentions—that, in sickness or in health, in society or in retirement, her comfort was the sole wish of his mind—her gratitude laid the foundation of an affection, which daily augmented with her knowledge of his heart. She had long been convinced, that a man devoted to the world, and addicted to its pleasures, could not have rendered her equally happy; and she ultimately blessed those circumstances, which had led her to make choice of Mr. Herbert.—In her maternal prospects for two lovely boys and a girl, she had also the fairest hopes; and, without one embarrassing sensation, she now met the first possessor of her heart.

On his part likewise, the general amelioration of his feelings softened the recognition of Lady Rossford. 'Tis true, he had not always been so

stoical, as not to have regretted the good things he should have possessed through her means: but now—when the height of his ambition was a competency with his Julia—he reflected, that, if her ladyship had testified the same disinterested affection which he was conscious that he should in a similar situation have evinced for her, he should never have known the chosen possessor of his heart; or perhaps, at this period, he might have been merely the unfeeling dissipated man of the world, lost to the noblest purposes of existence, and without the self-applauding sense, which now cheered him, even under the heaviest privations and distress.—At the same time, considering the light in which he had once stood with Lady Rossford, he felt that there would be some indelicacy in thus seizing an occasion to resume the acquaintance, upon his rendering an accidental service. He therefore wrote a note to Mr. Herbert, apologising for not making personal inquiries, and expressing his anxiety for a good account.

Mr. Herbert felt disappointed at not again seeing a young man to whom he was so highly obliged, and for whom he already felt so great an interest: but, giving the billet to his wife, he said, it must be fear of the potent influence of her charms that kept the poor youth away.

"As if you did not well know," replied she smiling, "how forcibly he had proved his indifference to them. But tell me, Herbert! is it uncharitable to suppose, that a consciousness of being an unworthy guest restrains him from visiting you—and that he is afraid of your having heard such accounts as should oblige you to give him a denial, rather than a welcome?"

"You are uncharitable, my

dearest love!" said Mr. Herbert. "When you recollect his impetuous, uncontrolled temper, and his early misfortunes, some of his errors may be attributed to them, and much perhaps to misrepresentation. No friend or favorer of his ever named him to you; and you well know I have always declared my opinion, when I have heard Sir Everard, or any one else, condemning this young man, that, however great were his imprudencies, his good qualities must have been many."

This was a delicate compliment to his wife's early taste, which Mr. Herbert had always and sincerely paid, and of which she was fully sensible. When, therefore, after a short pause, he resumed the subject, and said, "My gratitude to him is boundless, when I ought to estimate his service of yesterday as the least part of it. If, therefore, Saint-Villiers's company will not renew any unpleasant retrospections, write, my Theodosia, and request him to spend the day with us *en famille*."

"Have you yet to learn, my love, that I can now never have any separate pains or pleasures from you?" returned her ladyship, with a tender pressure of his hand; and, taking a pen, she immediately fulfilled her husband's wishes.

When *thus* invited, Richmond hesitated not to comply; and never perhaps did he appear to greater advantage at any period of his life, than at the present. His vivacity was now tempered by reflexion: the former unsteadiness of his manner was corrected by the great object which he had constantly in view; while the uncertainty of his situation, and his ardent affection for Julia, gave a pensive cast to his countenance and deportment, which already bespoke him acquainted with misfortune.

The Rossfords were at all times of a domestic turn, rarely seen in the circles of high life; and, while Mr. Herbert, from his late accident, was unable to put on a coat, it was only a select few that were admitted to his dressing room. In this interval, Frederic was much with him; for gratitude, blended with curiosity, prompted Mr. Herbert to show attention to, and learn the real character of, one who, but for the most extraordinary combination of circumstances, would have stepped between himself and what he regarded as the most enviable lot that could have fallen to the portion of man.—During this familiar intercourse, he attentively studied Frederic's disposition and sentiments; and the more he discovered of them, the higher he daily felt him rise in his estimation.

Lady Rossford, thus unexpectedly thrown into a society which she had once preferred to all others, insensibly found an interest revive, which she believed never could have returned for one, of whose behaviour she still supposed she had had the utmost reason to complain.

When Mr. Herbert's recovery was completed, his new friend had invitations to meet some large parties at his house, but constantly declined them. "I have (for the present, at least) wholly given up the gay world," was the invariable reply on those occasions.

"But yet," said Mr. Herbert, in repeating it to his wife, "I cannot coincide with your ladyship's first idea, that some motives of conscious impropriety withhold him from society. There are high notions of honor, and a dauntless independence in his modes of thinking and acting, which are never found in a depraved mind, or in one sensible of such causes, as should throw the

diffidence of criminality over his manner. Let us try, my Theodosia, to wrest the secret from his bosom. We may possibly be of service to this interesting young man; and, in my heart, I am sure, such obligations as I owe him, and the wish of returning them, are very closely united."

A part of every day, and many entire days, this worthy pair had the society of their new friend; and by degrees his reserve insensibly yielded to their kindness. Mr. Herbert first sapped it, by speaking of her ladyship, declaring himself the most fortunate of men, and expressing his wonder at Frederic's having neglected such a prize.

"I do not regret it," rejoined the other; "and I can, with perfect sincerity, rejoice in your better fortune. I always liked and esteemed Lady Rossford: and, had I been honored with her hand, I should have made a civil and a kind husband: but I could not have studied her taste and comforts as you do, and consequently should not have experienced a similar return. Yet, however hurt I might be at the time, I have not, upon mature reflexion, thought her blamable in giving up an alliance which would have been universally condemned. A female certainly ought to be swayed by the opinion of the world."

"*Giving it up!*" repeated Mr. Herbert. "You astonish me. for I well know that no woman ever suffered more from the desertion of a man, than she did from yours."

"Is not *desertion* too strong a term?" resumed Richmond.—"I only followed the path to which her ladyship pointed.—I beg your pardon," added he, after a short pause—"But the subject was of your own bringing forward: and I now wish to vindicate myself. Your lot has

been easier and happier than mine. Perhaps you may not fully appreciate my perturbed feelings at the time alluded to: yet, had our situations been changed, I am inclined to think you would have acted as I did.—In addition to this, you must also understand that I never felt that violent passion for Lady Rossford, which defied the caprices of fate. Our's just went on like any other projected fashionable alliance of family and fortune. I was gratified by the flattering advantages it possessed: but my felicity was never dependent on its accomplishment."

From this, the discussion proceeded still further, till every circumstance connected with it was fully explained: and, as Frederic represented his own feelings and situation, the construction he put upon Lady Rossford's request of delaying their nuptials seemed the natural offspring of them.

After this conversation had been detailed to her ladyship, they both found a sort of calm satisfaction in the acquittal it conveyed of each other; and, though she still rejoiced in the prevention of her early choice, she no longer, as formerly, found any self-reproach accrue from having made it.

A mutual confidence prevailed among the trio thus wonderfully brought together; and, before Richmond quitted Bath, her ladyship and Mr. Herbert were fully informed of every thing relative to him, except the name of the fair one to whom he had dedicated his heart: "For, should fortune still frown on our union," said he, "I would not, for her sake, reveal *who* it was that had condescended to listen to hopes and projects, which could never be realised."

(To be continued.)

*The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.**(Continued from our last Volume, page 605.)**Sequel of Mrs. D'Anville's History.*

"OH! my father!" I exclaimed in an agony of grief—"if ever my voice sounded pleasing in your ears, hear me! listen once more to your child! Oh! do not more than kill me by those horrid imprecations! Never did your Fanny entertain the most distant thought of disposing of herself in opposition to your will.—Perhaps I was too incautious in encouraging the affection of a deserving and amiable man: but, as soon as that inclination appeared to be reciprocal, the man whom you thus condemn, immediately determined to make an open avowal of his sentiments to you. Do not, then, my father, my dearest father, apprehend any thing from Mortimer. You know not the integrity of his mind. Henceforward he will no longer think of Fanny Seymour, but as his friend. Instead of cursing your child, let me on my knees entreat you once more to bless her: for I here solemnly vow never to give my hand in marriage to any man on earth who is displeasing to you.—Oh! look upon me again with those smiles of paternal love that ever gave joy to your Fanny's heart."

"Faint and pale, my head here sunk on the knee of Lady Byron.—My father was softened: he raised me up, and pressed me to his bosom. 'Promise me but two things,' said he, 'and you shall be my child again. Never see this Mortimer any more; and accept of D'Anville for your husband.'—'Most readily, sir, will I consent to avoid the company of Mr. Mortimer, though I cannot so far dissemble as to deny his being very dear to me. But press not too hard upon your child. I cannot, indeed I cannot, give my hand, where it is not in my power to give my heart.'

"My father continued to importune me to comply with his wishes, when Sir Thomas Byron joined us; and he was, in an angry style, accused by my father of having endeavoured to seduce his daughter into a connexion with his paltry parson, as he termed him. Byron calmly reasoned with him; and, by gently soothing his warmth of temper, he gradually brought him into tolerably good humour.

"At length, by the interposition of these truly deserving friends, my father was brought to something like a compromise with his daughter. He made me promise, in the presence of Sir Thomas and Lady Byron, never to see or hear from Mortimer: and he, on his side, was so far prevailed on, as not to command me to give my hand to D'Anville. But he insisted on my not absolutely discarding him—that I would give him time to plead his suit—and that I would listen to him with patience.—Disagreeable as this was to me, I was forced to comply; for I thought that a certain degree of self-denial on my part was due to the wishes of a parent.

"Before the Byrons quitted us, I inquired of Sir Thomas whether he knew the particulars of the conversation which had passed between Mortimer and my father.—He replied that his friend Mortimer was very reserved in his answer to him on that subject: but he could understand that my father had grossly insulted him—and that his language was too illiberal to be repeated.—I sickened at the thought, and turned away my face from Byron, to conceal the tear that trembled in my eye.

"When those affectionate and beloved friends bade me adieu, I seemed as if at once deprived of every thing that could make life desirable.—As I had parted with Mor-

timer in compliance with the wishes of my parent, I strove to think as little of him as possible, and endeavoured to find my happiness where it once centred—in the society of my father, and that of the poor friends about me, whom it was in my power to make happy : and, as my conduct originated from an idea of duty that was strongly impressed on my mind, I think, that, in time, I should have succeeded, had I not been teased and persecuted by D'Anville's addresses.

“ He made love to me with such an assured air, as if he had not a doubt of meeting with success, that I did not feel myself in the least hurt in disappointing his expectations.—I thanked him for his professions of regard, and ingenuously told him I could not return them, as my affections had been engaged long before I became acquainted with him ; and that I should think myself infinitely obliged to him, if he never again mentioned to me the subject of love.

“ He answered, that he should be happy if he could give me pleasure, but that he could not so far mortify himself, as to give up all hopes of success, particularly as he had so powerful a mediator in his favor, as my father. He would still hope that his influence, and his own endeavours, would in time make him an interest in my heart.

“ I was disgusted at his manner, and repeatedly assured him, that time could make no alteration in my sentiments for him. I told him he discovered no delicacy in his love ; that it was evident he preferred his own gratification to the happiness of the object he professed to regard ; that true love was superior to all selfish considerations.—I added, that he might make me miserable by alienating from me the affections of

my parent ; but that, dear as that parent was to me, yet I never would sacrifice my own ideas of nuptial happiness to his ; since I looked on matrimony as the worst of sacrifices, where there was not a union of sentiment.

“ But I had here got on a subject which the soul of D'Anville could not comprehend.—I, one day, when more than commonly irritated by his incessant persecution, told him, I would to God that my father would give him possession of those acres he sighed for : they might contribute to his happiness ; but I much feared they never would to mine.

“ D'Anville was not to be reasoned with ; nor was he to be hurt by the sarcasms which, in the moments of impatience, I sometimes could not forbear to throw at him : but his heart was callous to every generous or refined sentiment.

“ Thus circumstanced, I passed my time far from happily.—The only alleviation I experienced, was in the letters I frequently received from Lady Byron, from which I understood that she was in a way to increase her family ; and she very earnestly expressed her wishes that it might be in my power to come to her ; for, as we had seldom, from our infancy, been long separated, she could not be happy if I were not with her, to sooth and alleviate by my converse her approaching hour of danger.

“ Gladly, very gladly would I have attended her : but Mortimer's dwelling was too contiguous to Byron-Place, for my father to consent to my going there.—I often sighed at the sad necessity there was for my being excluded from the society of all that was dear to me. At length, after many letters had passed between us on this subject, Lady Byron wrote me word, that she now

flattered herself that she should soon see me, as the objection, so disagreeable to my father, was removed. Mortimer had quitted his parsonage, and would not return for some time. A slight indisposition had long hung about him, which he hoped that a change of air might remove.

"A kind of chillness seised me at this intelligence; and my foreboding spirit gave birth to the most gloomy apprehensions. The paper fell from my nerveless hand, and the big drops traced each other down my cheeks.

"In this condition my father surprised me: he was alarmed at seeing me so distressed, and anxiously inquired what had occasioned my sorrow.

"I could not speak; when, seeing the letter at my feet, he took it up, and read it. When he had perused it, he looked at me attentively; and 'Infatuated girl!' he cried—'this man, I perceive, still hangs about your heart. But, Fanny Seymour! you do not mean to deceive me? This is not a concerted plan between Mortimer and you to meet each other?'

"For Heaven's sake, sir, do not distress me by so cruel a suspicion. Mortimer is incapable of deceit. I never shall see him more," cried I in an agony; 'his unfortunate attachment for your wretched daughter will soon be buried with him in the grave.'

"As my Father's fondness for me was extreme, he dreaded the violent emotions I endured might injure my health; and he therefore endeavoured to sooth and calm my perturbed spirits—promising, that, if I could be composed and easy, he would himself accompany me to Lady Byron's.

"This instance of his tenderness and indulgence affected me greatly: and I repeatedly assured him, that my

affection for him, and the sense I had of his goodness, was so great, that I would not offend him for worlds.

"My father kept his word; and in a few days he conducted me to Byron-Place.

"When we arrived there, Sir Thomas and his Lady flew to receive me. Never, oh! never did I receive so little pleasure from the sight of my Laura. There was a weight of woe about me, that deadened every joyful sensation: and in my friends, I could perceive, amid their grateful exclamations on seeing me, a gloom which they vainly endeavoured to hide.

"My father staid but a short time with us: and, when he took his leave, he told Sir Thomas, that he left his daughter to his care, and from his hands he should expect to receive her in safety. Byron replied, with unusual solemnity in his manner, that he might depend upon his honor.

"I had as yet received no satisfactory answer to my questions relative to Mortimer's health, and perceived, with anguish, that they strove to evade my inquiries.—They told me, indeed, that he was very unwell when he left the parsonage, but that they had heard several times from him that he was better. I could not be satisfied with these vague answers, and, suspecting that they concealed the real state of his health out of tenderness to me, I flew to my poor friends at the cottage, where I was sure of hearing every particular relating to one so dear to them.

(To be continued.)

Biographic Sketch of EARL MOIRA. (With a Portrait.)

THE subject of the present brief memoir, Francis Rawdon Hastings, Lord Hastings, Baron Rawdon, and Earl Moira in Ireland, is the son of John, first Earl Moira, by his third

Lady's Magazine. January, 1813.



Marsh.

Earl of Moira.

Published Feb^y 1st 1813 by J. C. B. and sold most Part

wife, Elizabeth Hastings, daughter of Theophilus Earl of Huntingdon, and was born on the 7th of December, 1754.

In his boyish days, he is said to have given strong indications of the bent of his genius to the military life, in which he has since so eminently distinguished himself; and, agreeably to those prognostics, we see him, with juvenile enthusiasm, eagerly pressing forward to enter the martial career, before he had reached the age of twenty one. At that period—after having received a very liberal education, and acquired every accomplishment requisite to constitute the complete scholar and the finished gentleman—he was abroad on a continental tour, in which he visited the courts of France, Germany, and Italy: but, though eminently qualified, both by nature and education, to shine in a court, the camp had more powerful attractions for him: and, on the first sound from the trumpet of war, he instantly determined to obey the summons; for, no sooner was he apprised of the commencement of hostilities between Britain and her transatlantic colonies, than he hastened home from the continent, immediately entered the army, and embarked for America early in the year 1775.

The noble youth—at this time, Lord Rawdon, and filling no higher rank in the army, than that of lieutenant in a grenadier company—soon had an opportunity of signalising his military prowess in the sanguinary battle of Bunker's Hill; on which occasion, his conduct was such as to merit for him the very warm approbation of the British commander, Gen. Burgoyne, who, in his dispatches to government, made most honorific mention of his services on that trying day, with this additional remark, "Lord Rawdon has, this

day, stamped his fame for life."—Nor was the young warrior's good fortune in that battle less remarkable than his valour: for, while the American riflemen—noted for being most expert and accurate marksmen—industriously selected the British *officers* as objects of their aim, and succeeded in killing and wounding an uncommonly great number—his Lordship received no personal injury, though he received two shots in his cap, and was among the very foremost who forced their way into the enemy's works—being preceded only by a single individual, a brave serjeant, on whom his Lordship, in generous admiration of a courage so congenial to his own, bestowed a gratifying mark of his liberality.

At the storming of Fort Clinton, likewise, and on various other occasions, he so conspicuously distinguished himself, as to be deemed justly entitled to rapid promotion: and, accordingly, in 1776, before he had yet completed his twenty-fourth year, he was appointed Adjutant-general to the British forces in America, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In that capacity, he exhibited further proofs of his military science and activity, and rendered important services to the British army, during their harassing and perilous retreat through the Jerseys, from Philadelphia to New York; after which, he reaped fresh laurels in the battle of Monmouth.

Subsequently to that event, he embarked for South Carolina, where he served during the siege of Charleston, and so much to the satisfaction of his superiors, that, after the successful termination of the siege in May 1780, he was appointed to the independent command of a separate corps in that province, which was invaded by the republican general Gates, with a force much superior

to that which his Lordship had to oppose against him. But, notwithstanding this numerical inferiority, Lord Rawdon's courage and skill compensated for the scantiness of his muster-roll; and he successfully maintained all his principal positions against every attempt of an active and enterprising opponent.

At the battle of Camden, which took place between Lord Cornwallis and Gen. Gates, on the 16th of August in the same year, Lord Rawdon commanded one wing of Lord Cornwallis's army, and, by his promptitude and intrepidity, materially contributed to the gain of the most brilliant victory that crowned the British arms during the whole course of the contest in America.

To follow so active a warrior through all the mæanders of his military motions would not be very entertaining to our fair readers: suffice it therefore to say, in general, that, in various positions, and some of them very critical, he accomplished every thing that *could* possibly be accomplished by superior judgement and sagacity, undaunted courage, and enterprising activity; insomuch that the very name of "Lord Rawdon" carried with it, at the time, an impression of terror, and is, to this day, well remembered by the Americans.

After the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and his army, at Yorktown, to the allied American and French forces, in October, 1781—the temporary tide of British success being now fallen to a very low ebb—Lord Rawdon found it expedient to withdraw his troops from the interior of Carolina to Charleston; during which march—though laboring under a severe and dangerous illness, caused by excessive heat and military exertion, so that it became necessary for him to travel in a cart—he still per-

severingly accompanied the army, and continued issuing his orders, and directing the route and disposition of the troops.—At length, however, the alarming increase of his malady forbade his longer stay amid the pestilential exhalations from the swamps of Carolina, and imperatively demanded his return home, to inhale the more salubrious air of England.

With that view, therefore, he embarked, but had the misfortune to be captured, on his homeward passage, by a French frigate, and carried prisoner into Brest. He was, however, almost immediately released, and, on his arrival in England, was received with flattering marks of distinction by the sovereign, who, in reward for his eminent services, created him a British peer, and appointed him one of his *aides-de-camp*.

In the latter part of the year 1793, his Lordship—who, since the death of his father in June of the same year, was now Earl Moira—received an appointment, as commander in chief of a body of troops destined to co-operate with the royalists in Bretagne: but the utter discomfiture of those ill-fated insurgents by the republicans having rendered the prosecution of that design impracticable, he remained in England till the following year, when he was sent with a re-inforcement of ten thousand men to the assistance of the Duke of York during his campaign in Flanders, where his R. Highness, closely pressed by the French general Pichegru, labored under considerable difficulties, and was encompassed with dangers in every direction.—Eager to afford him speedy aid, the Earl embarked his troops with unexampled dispatch, and landed them at Ostend on the 30th of June; after which, by a

succession of masterly manœuvres, he covered the retreat of the Duke's army—effected a junction with him at Malines [or Mechlin] near Antwerp—completely rescued him from the perils of his critical situation—and enabled him to bring back safe to England the remainder of his forces.

Since that period, the gallant Earl has never had an opportunity of displaying his military talents against the foes of Britain; but, in 1795, he was intrusted with the temporary command of a body of troops at Southampton, intended for a descent on the coast of France—a command, which entailed on him a very considerable expense, while his delicacy and disinterestedness prevented him from accepting any pay, emolument, or patronage whatever.

After the departure of those troops under the conduct of Major-general Graham, the earl remained inactive at home until the year 1803, when he was appointed commander of the forces in North Britain; in which station, he has acquitted himself of its important duties in a manner that has uniformly given equal satisfaction to his superiors and to those under his control.

His Lordship had long enjoyed the friendship and confidence of the Prince of Wales, who, in his capacity of Regent, has recently nominated him governor-general of Bengal, and commander in chief of the British forces in India; and, before his departure for the scene of his intended command, he will, no doubt, receive (though too late to be recorded in our present Number) some distinguished mark of honor from the Masonic order, to whom he has long acted (for the Prince Regent) as Grand Master, and who have called a general meeting of their body for

the 27th of this present January, to testify their high opinion of his merits in that office.

In politics, his Lordship has, on all occasions, shown himself perfectly independent, and free from party bias, though he has generally voted with what is called “the Opposition.”

We conclude this article with the following brief sketch of his Lordship's character, from a recent publication—“The parliamentary conduct of Lord Moira has displayed a continued scene of patriotism and ability, and his domestic life an enviable pattern to English noblemen.—It may with justice be observed, in delineating the character of this officer, and with every sentiment of impartiality, that Great Britain does not contain a veteran more patriotic and liberal, in whom the social virtues, the ornaments of polished manners, and general talent, have more conspicuously appeared. Temperate, yet liberal and hospitable to an excess—possessing the qualifications of a mind so honorable as even to escape the distractions of slander—lord Moira stands on a proud eminence—respected, honored, and revered, by all who have the happiness of his acquaintance, or a knowledge of his merits.”

The OLD WOMAN.—No. 14.

A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

As the present season of the year may be considered as the inspirer of sociability, and as I have not yet descended so far into the vale of years, as to be what is termed, “thrown aside upon the shelf,” I received an invitation to pass the Christmas in London, with the son and daughter of a very old friend.—The tender attachment I felt for the mother of these young people,

united to the almost filial affection which I have invariably experienced from them, induces me to consider them as my own offspring, in point of tenderness.—As I was aware, that, from the mercantile concern the young man is engaged in, an invitation on my part would have been fruitless, I determined, that, as the mountain could not go to the mouse, the mouse should make an effort, and go to the mountain.—This resolution once formed with the decision of a Persian potentate—I made Betty, my grand visier, acquainted with my determination—“Going to *Lunnon*, ma’am!” she exclaimed: “Lord be good unto me! Why you *sartinly* will get your death there!”

“No, Betty,” I replied smiling: “I hope, by this journey, to lengthen my existence; for, as cheerfulness is allowed to make the heart glad, I think, that, by this journey, which strikes you with so much astonishment, I shall obtain a new stock of cheerfulness, and enliven my spirits, if I do not improve my health.

As Betty has always been treated by me as a privileged person, she at all times considers herself at liberty to express her sentiments; and, having muttered out something about the “odd fancies of folks when they once take to *that there* writing,” she quitted the room—not failing to give me the well-known testimony of ill-humour or discontent, by slapping the door after her, as if she was desirous of separating it from the hinges.

Though past the age of giddiness, yet, knowing myself to be very forgetful, I always make a point of travelling with very little luggage; and, for this purpose, I wear mourning, when I venture to undertake a journey; agreeing with Dean Swift,

that there are many cheerful hearts in mourning coaches, and believing that the state of mind is not affected by the color of the apparel.—Betty, finding me immovably bent on my intended excursion, unwillingly set about the business of packing; and, having carefully folded my best black silk gown into a small compass, and aired the one in which I always travelled, she put the former into a small portmanteau, with the necessary number of other articles; and, with a face as rueful as the knight’s of woeful memory, inquired whether I intended taking her to *Lunnon*.

“Not, if you think any dreadful consequence will arise from your accompanying me, Betty,” I replied, with great gravity of countenance.—In reply to this, Betty, having expressed a supposition that I could not go by myself, retired to her own apartment, for the purpose of collecting her wardrobe for the formidable undertaking.—As Betty is one of those drowsy beings, who could, I believe, sleep sixteen hours upon the stretch, she had a new calamity to encounter, when she heard that the stage set out precisely at six.—I entertained no fear, however, of her not being punctual to the moment; as I was persuaded, that the interest which she takes in my concerns, would prevent her from sleeping with her accustomed soundness; and, had it really happened that she had slept beyond the appointed minute, I am convinced she would have walked to London, rather than put me to any additional expense.

As the stage passed my door, I enjoyed the convenience of being taken up by it. The coachman was punctual, as a lover, to his appointed time; and, perceiving, by the light of a candle, that there was only one front seat vacant, I squeezed myself

between a very corpulent man, and a young female. My attendant had a greater space allotted to her, as there was only one person on the back seat; and, having passed the usual complimentary salutation of "Good morning," a general silence prevailed.—The almost total darkness by which we were surrounded, proved favorable to reflexion; and, until Aurora began to move her chariot-wheels, my thoughts were occupied in reflecting upon the various vicissitudes of human life. As soon, however, as there was sufficient light for me to view the countenances of my companions, they passed into a different channel; and, with all the scrutiny of a Lavater, I began taking a physiognomonic sketch.—The lady who sat on the opposite seat to me, did not afford me either a picturesque or a beautiful object. Starched preciseness was imprinted upon her countenance; and it appeared to me actually impossible that any feature of it could relax.—Turning my eyes from this uninviting being, I directed them toward my right-hand associate, whose broad ruddy face might have been portrayed by an artist, in the combined characters of good-humour, plenty, and peace.—Having surveyed this apparently happy creature for some moments, I directed my attention to my left-hand companion, in whose lovely and interesting countenance I fancied I could trace the most marked dejection.—My faithful Betty's phiz it would have been unnecessary to analyse; for five and twenty years' association had made us pretty well acquainted with each other; and, though the contour of her face was not altogether prepossessing, yet, in spite of Nature's steril hand, Lavater would have discovered in it the indications of innate worth and virtue.

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—She has, it is true, some few peculiarities of temper: but these are counterbalanced by real goodness of heart; and the ill-humour she displayed at my undertaking this journey, proceeded from a mixture of solititude and regard for her old mistress.

As we were proceeding at a pretty rapid pace, a sudden crack of one of the springs called our communicative powers into action. "What's that?" said Peace-an'-plenty, jerked out of his snug corner.—"Lord have mercy upon me!" exclaimed the lady of starched features, without moving a single muscle; while the young woman, whose countenance had interested my feelings, let down the glass, and inquired what had occasioned the crack.

"Dash it, Miss! why the spring's broke," said the coachman: "but we ben't above two hundred yards from a blacksmith's shop; and, if the gentlefolk will be pleased to get out, and walk so far, I can soon get it mended."—To this proposal the party readily consented; except the lady with the rueful countenance, who declared that she would not wet her feet, and by that means hazard her life, to please all the careless drivers in the whole world.

"Nay, as to the matter of *pleasing*," rejoined the coachman, who had descended from his elevated station, and was in the act of opening the carriage-door, "you may stay in, if you like: but, may-hap, you may get a bit of a tumble; though, if you do, it will be your own fault."—"No impertinence, fellow! I beg of you,"—said the indignant traveller, darting at him a look of the basilisk kind—"I'd have you to know, I am not accustomed to be talked to in that manner, by persons of your inferior rank in life."—"If nobody liked talking to you better

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than I do," retorted the coachman, "you might hold your tongue, mistress, a pretty long while."—By this time, the party had descended; and my contented-looking companion offered me his arm, while the interesting young female presented hers to Betty; and we soon reached the blacksmith's habitation.

(*The sequel in our next Number.*)

MEDLEY

Of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

Tea and Monkeys.—Some of our fair readers are probably little aware of the obligation which they owe to the monkey tribe, to whose industrious agency they are sometimes indebted for the enjoyment of that favorite and social beverage, which, while it exhilarates their spirits, surpasses even the waters of the Castellan spring, in supplying an unfailling flow of eloquence. Yet certain it is, that the monkeys annually contribute to furnish a portion of their tea—particularly that of the best quality: for, the tea-tree thrives much better in high and dry situations than in low and damp ground, is frequently found in greater perfection on the steep sides of abrupt precipitous hills, which it would be either impossible, or at least extremely dangerous, for man to climb. To gather the leaves from the trees thus situated, the Chinese employ the aid of monkeys.—These animals, regularly trained to the business, and sure of being rewarded for their labor with some favorite food, climb the precipices, with the assistance of ropes where necessary, and strip the trees of their leaves, which are carried down either by their own weight or by the impulse of the wind, and carefully gathered below by the owner of the trees.

Napoleon humbled.—The following anecdote—strongly illustrative of the altered feelings of the French soldiers, who had been taught to look up to Napoleon as a tutelary deity—has been related on the authority of a letter from Russia.—For a long time, he rode in a close carriage, surrounded by his half-famished and dispirited troops. At length the men, indignant at seeing him sitting at ease, and feeling no part of the calamities he had so wantonly brought on them, cried out "*à bas l'empereur!*" [*down with the carriage!*] This call was not to be slighted: Bonaparte instantly quitted the vehicle, and mounted his horse, covered with his cloak, and

muffled with fur. This condescension did not, however, appease his followers, half naked and famishing with cold: they again cried out "*à bas le manteau!*" [*down with the cloak!*] The great Napoleon, in compliance with the mandate of his soldiery, immediately threw off his cloak and fur, and, in common with his men, exposed his person to all the inclemencies of the season. However, profiting by experience, the "*sacred squadron*" was immediately formed, to protect the great Emperor from the rising indignation of his own army, till an opportunity should be afforded him of making his final escape.—See the *Chronicle* in our present Number, under the date of December 24.

Poisonous River.—The White River, in the isle of Java, presents a phenomenon singular in its kind, and almost incredible, while the cause remains unknown.—According to a report presented to the French National Institute by M. Leschenhault, travelling naturalist, the water of that river, in its natural state, and flowing, appears of a yellowish white; which color, however, is not perceivable, when the water is put into a glass, as it there appears perfectly pellucid. It is naturally tasteless, salubrious to man and beast, and friendly to vegetation. At times, however—and those times quite irregular, and uncertain as to their arrival and duration—the water assumes a dark green color, with a very acid taste, and suddenly becomes inimical to animal life and to vegetation. The fish in the river die: the terrestrial animals of the brute creation, which happen to drink of its water, find it deadly: to human beings it proves noxious by the production of violent colics; and even the vegetables on its banks are seen to perish.—This wonderful and mischievous change in the waters of the White River is, however, only the natural consequence of the accidental and occasional influx of a streamlet, which rises at the foot of a volcano about three leagues from the source of the river, and which is strongly impregnated with sulphuric acid. In dry weather, this streamlet is so inconsiderable, as to be sometimes totally absorbed by the sandy soil over which it flows, before it can reach the White River; and the latter, at those periods, remains in its natural salubrious state. But, when the streamlet is swollen by the rains, it rolls its noxious waters into those of the river, and produces in them the effect above described.

Irreparable Loss.—The learned and ingenious author of the "*Esprit des Loix*,"

the President de Montesquieu, had written the history of Louis the Eleventh, including the transactions of Europe during the very important and interesting period of that prince's reign. The work was long and laborious; and some literary men, who had seen parts of it, have declared that it was even superior to his other writings. During his last illness, a day or two before his death, recollecting that he had two manuscripts of that history, one of them perfect, and the other extremely mutilated—and fearing that this imperfect copy might fall into the hands of some ignorant and avaricious bookseller—he gave his *valet de chambre* the key of his *escrutoir*, and desired him to burn that manuscript which he described to him. The unlucky valet burned the fair copy, and left that from which it was impossible to print; and thus the work is for-ever lost to the world.

The Fider-Duck. Mr. Hooker, in the Journal of his tour in Iceland, thus notices those curious birds, so numerous on the solitary shores of that island, and the neighbouring uninhabited islets—and so profitable to their owners—"We were shown, with great pleasure, the immense number of eider-ducks which breed on Vidoe, and which were now sitting on eggs or young ones, exhibiting a most interesting scene. The *Stiftsamptman*" [or governor] "made us go and coax some of the old birds, who did not on that account disturb themselves. Almost every little hollow place, between the rocks, is occupied with the nests of these birds, which are so numerous, that we were obliged to walk with the greatest caution, to avoid trampling upon them; but, besides this, the *Stiftsamptman* has a number of holes cut in the smooth and sloping side of a hill, in two rows; and in every one of these, also, there is a nest. No Norfolk housewife is half so solicitous after her poultry, as the *Stiftsamptman* after his eider-ducks, which, by their down and eggs, afford him a considerable revenue; since the former sells for three rix-dollars (twelve shillings) a pound—Cats and dogs are, at this season of the year, all banished from the island, so that nothing may disturb these birds."

Parsnip-Wine.—To enjoy another excellent home-made wine, in addition to those varieties already in general use, is certainly an object worthy of the housekeeper's attention: and our common parsnip affords to mistresses of families a good opportunity of displaying

their skill in housewifery, and treating their friends to a glass of so delicious a beverage as was the result of an experiment tried by Mr. Culham, of Henley-upon-Thames, whose success we here relate in his own words.—"Being recommended by a friend to try an experiment with the common esculent root, the parsnip, in making wine, I made a small tub, of about twelve gallons, by cutting the root in thin slices, boiling, straining, and fermenting it in the usual way: and I have the satisfaction to say, the wine is of a rich and excellent quality, and bids fair to exceed most English-made wines."—We regret, however, that Mr C. has omitted to specify the quantity of parsnip and of water—the length of time employed in boiling—whether, and in what proportion, it requires the aid of foreign brandy, &c.—but perhaps, in some future Number, we may be able to furnish our far-readers with satisfactory information upon those different heads.

Tiger.—A short time since, a royal tiger made his appearance in the fields of Wagra, near Bombay. Information having been given to the judge at Cera, a guard of ten persons, armed with muskets and swords, were sent to discover and kill the animal. This service they bravely performed: but, having, in their advance upon the ferocious animal, been taken partly by surprise, by his springing and alighting in the midst of them, they were reduced to the necessity of attacking him with their swords; when four of them were so torn and bitten, that they died a few days after.

A Miser.—William Lakeland, an excise-officer, recently deceased at Southampton, though worth near £4000 in funded property, latterly lived so parsimoniously, as to deny himself even the common necessities of life—A few days before his death, some neighbours, hearing of the deplorable condition in which he lived, endeavoured to render his latter days comfortable, by administering to him the sustenance necessary for a person in his situation, and occasionally sent a few bottles of wine, &c. the whole of which they found, after his decease, remaining in the same state as sent. On inquiry, they were informed by the people of the house where this penurious man lived, that, on his being requested to partake of the articles thus gratuitously provided for him, his answer was, "No! I shall get better soon; and then they will be worth something to me."

POETRY.

BOUTS RIMÉS,

or *Ends of Verses*, proposed to our poetic Readers, as an amusing Exercise for their talents, in completing the lines on any subject, at their own option,—the rhymes to be arranged either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhymes, of the writer's own choice.—Any approved Completions, with which we may be favored, shall, in due time, appear in our pages.
Borrow, sorrow, tender, off'ender; Treasures, measure; Payment, raiment; Token, spoken; Feeling, revealing; Hector, protector; Scorning, warning.

Completion of the BOUTS RIMÉS proposed in our Magazine for November.

By J. M. LACEY.

The ruined FARMER'S LAMENTATION, on revisiting his Home, after the Retreat of an Enemy.

AND is it so?—are all the joys I knew,
Thus sunk in ruin by that hated crew?
Yon heap of ashes was my humble cot:
There have the smiling hours of peace
been mine,
There bright Felicity had found a shrine,
And bless'd with her fair smile my happy lot!
Around—all blasted now by War's fierce hand—
I see what once I call'd my smiling land.
In yonder field I fed my flock of sheep,
Where oft with merry pipe I've charm'd
the day, [gay,
Or mark'd the lambs, as, full of gambols
They climb'd the verdure of yon hilly steep.
Or, where my herds were fed by yonder stream— [summer's beam,
Now stain'd with blood—I've mark'd, 'mid
The giddy gallop of the fly-stung ox;
Or where the distance show'd the hay-
field's toil, [wing smile,
Where rustic beauty charm'd with win-
Or where my neighbours fed their fleecy flocks.
Those were my days of peace!—The joys
that shone,
Were not in gloominess enjoy'd alone.
A gentle partner shar'd my lightsome
yoke;
Still is she left, to sooth my hour of pain,
And with me now has sought this spot
again,— [oak!
Yonder she droops beneath our fav'rite

War pour'd its ruin o'er my native land!—
Hither was led a due, ferocious band.—

We fled, and left our homes and happy
hours. [came;
With them the fiend-like form of famine
Their course left desolation, death, and
flame.

Deserted cities, and their blazing tow'rs!
But my brave country's sons have taught
the foe, [glow;
That home and beauty bade their blossoms
And recreant thousands low in dust are
laid.

The foe has fled!—and once again we seek,
While tear-drops steal o'er ev'ry furrow'd
cheek,
The desolated farm, the ruin'd glade!

Almost distracted—hunger in each eye—
No house to hide—no friend to help us
nigh— [crook:—

Without a flock, the shepherd takes his
Yet pause!—there is a friend—a heav'nly
pow'r, [joy's fair hour,
Who with time's balm shall bring back
And deck with smiles the hill, the vale,
the brook!

Again with patience let us seek the farm.
A spring will bloom again, a summer
charm, [pure ray.

While harvests rich shall wave to Sol's
Trust but in Heav'n; and plenty's hour
will come,
To bless the farmer in his humble home;
For Heav'n must still be man's untail-
ing stay!

The CLOG-MAKER and the CAT.

A true Story.

By J. M. LACEY,

Author of "The Farm House, and other
Poems."

SPORTSMEN are fond of partridges and
hares,

And other game. [with, spares:—
The sportsman seldom, what he meets
Cats are the same. [sporting;

I mean, that cats are sometimes fond of
And, when 'mong rats and mice resorting,
Those little rogues no quarter think of
meeting, [eating.

Unless the cat should quarter them in
But to my tale.—A cat there was—I
trow, . . .

A cat of spirit— [know,
Who, but for thieving, was, for aught I
A cat of merit; [tell,
And, though it does not matter, I will

What the man was, with whom this cat
did dwell, [shoes:
His trade was that of making clogs and
This he attended to, nor car'd for news:
'Tis true, upon the honor of a poet;
For truth inspires my tale, and you shall
know it.

This cat was very like my Lord May'r's
For she lov'd what was good; [fool;
And so did he, or hist'ry is a tool
For those who like rich food.

Grimalkin liv'd full well; for she was fat,
And look'd more comely than did many
a cat. [lights;

She fed on liver, and sometimes on
Oft had some milk to lap, was quite a
pet; [met,
And sometimes mice she in her rambles
And snapp'd them up o' nights.

All this good living—'twill not cause
surprise— [than wise.

Made mistress Pussy much more nice
Now this good person, who made ladies'
clogs.

Lik'd birds as well as cats; [dogs;—
The race canine he lov'd not—kept no
Grimalkin kill'd his rats.

Canaries were his fav'rites: those he
bred; [head,

And, when a young one rear'd his little
He was most pleas'd. [mind:

Birds were his glory; they employ'd his
Taxes and politics no room could find;

Of course they never teas'd. [eye
Now Miss Grimalkin long had cast her
On one that hung just by;

*And, having grown quite tir'd of com-
mon food, [her good.

Thought a tit-bit like this would do
She watch'd her time; and, when the
coast was clear

As Tabby thought, [rear,
She storm'd the fort—was taken in the
And caught!—

'Twas the Clog-maker,
Who thus did take her. [dealing;

No hasty passion mark'd his mode of
But, like a tender-hearted man of feeling,

He let her go:
And thus within himself he justly
thought— [caught;

"'Tis true, the cat was in her mischief
I know 'twas so;

And, did I ask what punishment to fix,
One would say, 'hang her';

Another 'hang her':
But I'll do neither:—I will cure her
tricks."

With this, when one short week had
pass'd away, [day,

Puss, who'd forgot the dang'rous storming

Yet hanker'd for the food in feather.
He took a trembling songster from his
cage,

And, to secure him from Grimalkin's rage,
In a snug corner tied him with a tether;

While, that to Puss a cage it yet might
seem, [dream,

Who, what was going forward, did not
A gridiron he took;

And, that his purpose it might answer
well,

To make it very hot he then did tell
His cook.

When hot, (I cannot tell you the de-
grees— [freeze)

'Twas many points above the point to
He plac'd it 'gainst the corner;

Then left the room, where Puss was
plac'd before, [the door,

And thought, as slow he seem'd to shut
"I now shall warm her."

Grimalkin thought to gain her heart's
desires;

And, seeing such a cage, with open wires,
To pull her victim through,

She rush'd, as tigers rush upon their
foes— [wore,

But burn'd the skin completely off her
And let paws too:

When finding herself somewhat heated,
Quicker than she advanc'd, retreated.

The Clog-maker thus sav'd his poor
Canary, [wary;

And taught miss Puss, in future, to be
For never more would she approach
a cage; [winc.—

Much less, molest a bird behind its
The proverb says, "a burnt child dreads
the fire." [gaze.

So will a cat that's burnt, I dare en-

INVOCATIONS, serious and comic.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY,

Author of "The Flan-House," &c.

The reforming SINNER'S Invocation to REPENTANCE.

REPENTANCE, gentle pow'r! oh! heal my
soul, [soul stain'

My aching soul, deep-dy'd with guilt's
Pour on it thy soft balm of sweet con-
trol, [and pain.

And sooth each anxious throb of fear

Long have my wand'ring steps, by error
led, [shame,

Sought ev'ry scene of wickedness and
Till my too-callous heart, to virtue dead,

Detested all that bore a virtuous name

Nine ears delighted in the scream of woe,
The cry of innocence, the orphan's
smart.

Long, long unknown was pity's lenient glow;
[heart.]

For guilt reign'd absolute within my

Oh! how I shudder now, when, looking back,
[head uprear,

The ghosts of long past crimes their
Each than the other still more foul and black,
[guilty fear.]

More fraught with all the pangs of

But, when the first repentant tear I shed,
When my breast heav'd the first repentant sigh,
[dead!]

I felt as one just rescued from the
For, oh! I felt I was not fit to die!

I felt that I had deeply err'd; and shame
Pour'd all her throbbing terrors o'er my breast.

I felt that I had earn'd a guilty name,
And rob'd my soul of peace, mine eyes of rest!

-I felt all this, and shudder'd at the thought,
[for me;

That Hope herself had scarce a balm
Yet did she whisper, "Heav'n with mercy's fraught,"
[knee.]

To Heav'n then bend a true repentant

I did: and, oh the joy! that even then
Shed o'er my frame a more than mortal glow,
[men,

Taught me to feel, that e'en the worst of
By true Repentance, comfort yet might know.

Oh! then Repentance! linger still with me:
[giv'n:

Be all my moments to thy dictates
Be all my thoughts suggested still by thee,
[heav'n.]

And fill'd with hopes of mercy and of

Let active good fill all my future days:
Be mine to check the orphan's falling tear,

To sooth the drooping widow, or to raise
The man of worth from mis'ry's chilling fear.

So may my latter hours be fraught with peace:
[doom;

So may I shun the guilty wretch's
And, when my life and cares together cease,
[the tomb!]

May dare to look with hope beyond

To the SNOW-DROP—

"The first pale blossom of th' unripen'd year."
Mrs. Barbauld.

SNOW-DROP! I hail thee to my snug
parterre,
[the spot,

Though not a bloom, save thine, adorn
And Winter, with his frigid terrors arm'd,

Scatters his hoary frosts, and fleecy
snows.
[flow'r!]

Yes, I will bid thee welcome, scentless
Who wear'st the garb of white-rob'd Innocence,
[though the North

And, like that sylph, art fearless—
Pours forth his angry legions, whose keen breath
[liest child,

Would tarnish soon gay Flora's love—
And lay its crimson glory in the dust.

Pale flow'r! no florist greets thy snowy
charms,
[thee.]

No gadding Zephyr pays his court to
While his rough sire enjoys his ruidian sports,

Wisely he sleeps within his tiny cell,
Till vernal suns, and skies of azure tint,
Bid him explore the lily's silver bell,
Or nestle in the bosom of the rose.

While thou, prime flow'r, on Janus'
icy crest
[bow'r,

Dost hang thy snowy blossoms, see my
Whose umbrage eist has screen'd me
from the rays
[sense

Of potent Sol—whose blooms regal'd my
With sweets more grateful than Arabia's gales—
[horn—

Stripp'd of its leafy honours, looks for—
A naked shell—nor other tenant knows,
Save the poor redbreast, whose disorder'd
plumes,
[drear.

And tuneless pipe, proclaim the season
Plac'd in the cold, sequester'd, sterile
vale,
[fair flow'r!]

And doom'd to blossom there, like thee,
By thy example may I learn to bear,
With fortitude unshaken, the rude storms
That tempest human life.

Haerhill.

JOHN WEBB.

The MIDNIGHT PEAL,

at the Commencement of the NEW YEAR,
From the "Farm House," &c.

By J. M. LACEY.

At this late hour, how many a wakeful eye
Upturns its heavy lid in anguish'd fear!
How many a mourner heaves the bitter
sigh,
[ear!]

As these loud tones salute the timid

Another year is come!—To them no joy
Is borne upon the gale that wafts
these sounds.
[ploy—

Dull misery, only can their minds em-
Anguish and grief, that seem to know
no bounds.

Yet, surely, hope, the balm that Heav'n
bestows
[his wind—

To man, when heaviest sorrows
Oh! surely, hope, with smile that fervid
glows,
[fort find.]

May bid the trembling sufferer cum-

May, at this still hour, with affluence
blest, [merry peal.
And friends around them, wait the
Prosperity has set each fear at rest;
Perchance, has check'd those thoughts
they ought to feel.

Another year is come! and, on its wing,
To such as these, while time conducts
its range,
May unexpected woe and ruin bring—
Unthought of now, but not unlikely
change.

Hope, then, to these should be as wel-
come still,
As to the mourner in his lonely cot;
Should e'er the praise-fraught pray'r of
homage fill, [be forgot.

The thankful pray'r, that ne'er should
How varied are the thoughts this hour
inspires! [bliss.

To him who loves, it is an hour of
Though cold its gales, they fan the lover's
fires, [ing kiss.

As ice would warm by beauty's burn-
It brings the time that weds him to the
fair

Nearer and nearer, as the minutes fly.
Their pace seems slow to him, whose
only care

Is, that the day of union may be nigh.
But, ah! how diff'rent are its moments
known [her pow'r!

To him whom crime has drawn within
They show him peace, once his, for ever
flown, [hour.

And nearer bring his last and dreaded
No hope to him can send a cheering ray:
No smile again can lighten up his brow:
Yet he may hope for heav'n's eternal day,
If true repentance mark his moments
now.

Now the lone miser, stretch'd on pallet
mean, [gold—
With eye unslumb'ring ponders on his
Gold, that to mem'ry gives no bliss se-
rene— [unfold.

Gains, that no feeling, but of shantic,
Yet he, as yonder peal salutes his ear,
Grasps to his heart the keys that
guard his store; [pray'r;
Whispering to Plutus an unhallow'd
That the new year may make his riches
more.

Oh! worst of fools! oh! man, to reason
blind, [thy knee?

Forget'st thou, then, to Heav'n to bend
Thou on this warning—'tis a warning
kind— [of thee."

"This night thy soul may be requir'd

How diff'rent now the thoughts of folly's
child! [breast.

No anxious hope of gain employs his
Madly he seeks each joy, each pleasure
wild, [dom's vest.
And steep in wine neglected wise-

He gazes only on the coming year,
As it shall give his fancied joys increase:
But he will one day find a throb of fear,
And vainly woo the smile of injur'd
peace.

Some breasts there are, unwarm'd [with
feeling's pow'r,
That, coldly apathetic, hear this peal,
With no emotion at the changing hour,
That ev'ry thinking mortal ought to
feel.

Unblest are they!—I envy not the man,
That shots out mild reflexion's sooth-
ing sway, [scan
Whose pow'r is sent, that he may safely
The passing hours of life's uncertain
day.

Long as Omniscience shall permit this
form [pow'r
To meet the coming year, reflexion's
Shall guide me through life's sunshine
or its storm, [hour.
Till wearied nature seeks her final

The SUICIDE'S GRAVE.

From "*Haverhill, a descriptive Poem*,"

By Mr. J. WENN.

..... HERE lies a suicide!
Who, void of nature's salutary dread,
Enter'd, uncall'd, the precincts of the
dead; [unknown,
Rush'd, with a frantic haste, to worlds
And read his sentence in his Maker's
frown. [tain

Here, mortal! learn with patience to sus-
The load of life, though life be nought
but pain.

Cherish existence!—'tis a blessing giv'n;
And nobly "fill the circle mark'd by
Heav'n." [should prove unkind?

What, though the friend thou lov'dst
Though conscience with her scorpions
sting thy mind? [vitals tear?

Though fortune frown, and pain thy
To touch the sacred springs of life for-
bear.

If bosom confidants perfidious prove,
Live! and secure a friend that dwells
above! [spent days,

If conscience wound thee for thy mis-
Oh! live! repent! the future spend in
praise. [fly,

If Fortune, changeeful goddess, from thee
Live! and expect a portion in the sky.

If past and present prove one scene of
 care, [fair.
 Still live! and hope to-morrow may be
 Short, at its utmost length, life's little
 span: [man?
 Then why curtail that period, thoughtless
 Why, with bold arm, Almighty vengeance
 dare? [spair?
 Why plunge thy soul in fathomless de-
 Taught by celestial wisdom, may no shock
 Drive thy light bark upon this fatal rock!
 Safe may it ride before a prosp'rous gale,
 And weather ev'ry storm, should storms
 prevail— [driv'n,
 Secure, though oft by adverse tempests
 To cast its anchor in the bay of heav'n.

The CHARMS of SOLITUDE.

By Mrs. TIGHE.

Oh! have you never known the silent
 charm, [soul,
 That undisturb'd retirement yields the
 Where no intruder might your peace
 alarm, [trol,
 And tenderness hath wept without con-
 While melting fondness o'er the bosom
 stole?

Did fancy never, in some lonely grove,
 Abridge the hours, which must in absence
 roll? [prove?
 These pensive pleasures did you never
 Oh! you have never lov'd! you know not
 what is love.

They do not love, who can to these prefer
 The tumult of the gay, or folly's roar;
 The Muse they know not; nor delight in
 her [store,
 Who can the troubled soul to rest re-
 calm contemplation: yes, I must deplore
 Their joyless state, ev'n more than his
 who mourns

His love for ever lost: delight no more
 Into his widow'd heart indeed returns;
 Yet, while he weeps, his soul their cold
 indifference spurns.

But, soft hope illumine fancy's dream,
 Assuring him of love and constancy,
 How exquisite do then the moments seem,
 When he may hide himself from ev'ry eye,
 And cherish the dear thought in secrecy!
 While sweet remembrance soothes his
 thrilling heart, [ness night,
 And brings once more past hours of kind-
 Recall the look of love, when forc'd to
 part, [sadly start,
 And turns to drops of joy the tears that

RUSTIC PHILOSOPHY.

NEAR beautiful Tivoli's romantic rocks,
 A shepherd blithely pip'd, and watch'd
 his flocks.

Thither by chance a friar bent his way,
 At whose approach the rustic ceas'd his
 lay;
 And thus the dialogue was soon begun:—
 "Save thee, O father!"—"Save thee, O
 my son!" [cries.—
 "What weather shall we have?" the father
 "Such weather as I please," the swain re-
 replies [return'd,
 "Presumptuous man!" the pious monk
 While holy anger in each feature burn'd,
 "How dost thou thus, blasphem'ring, dare
 pretend,
 At thy vain will, the elements to bend?"—"O
 holy father! do not rashly chide!"
 The swain, with conscious innocence re-
 plied: [see;
 "We shall have such, as God may proper
 And what God pleases, always pleases me."

The MATRIMONIAL STRING.

Addressed to a married Lady.

You say you've a string, that will quickly
 bring home [to roam.
 The man of your heart, should he venture
 Yet remember, all strings are expos'd to
 mishap:— [will snap.
 Those of harmony, pull'd up too tightly,
 But believe me, I doubt not your talent
 or skill, [will.
 To attach and retain, and to mould at your
 The force of good-humour and beauty I
 know: [her bow.
 And she that has these, has two strings to

Epitaph on Mr. COOKE, the Player.

Pause, thoughtful stranger! pass not heed-
 less by,
 Where Cooke awaits the tribute of a sigh.
 Here sunk in death those pow'rs the world
 admir'd,
 By nature given, not by art acquir'd.
 In various parts his matchless talents
 shone:
 The one he fail'd in, was, alas! his own.

Le REMÈDE contre l'ENNUI.

Vous avez des trésors; et l'ennui vous
 poursuit! [faites.
 Je ne sais pas, parbleu, comment vous
 Je n'en éprouve, moi, ni le jour ni la nuit;
 Et j'ai, pour tous autres, la perle des
 recettes:—
 Donnez moi cet or qui vous suit;
 Et prenez seulement mes dettes.

* * A poetic Translation or Imitation by any
 of our Readers will be esteemed a favor.

Lady's Magazine. — January, 1813.



Fashionable Morning & Evening Dresses.

proprietor of the County Chronicle was tried for libel in the Court of King's Bench yesterday; when he clearly proved the receipt of the annuity, but could not prove the consideration for which it was paid. The judge, therefore, (Lord Ellenborough) was of opinion that the jury ought to find him guilty: but they thought otherwise, and acquitted him.

[24] *The 29th Bulletin of the French grand army*, dated at Molodetschno, near Wilna, Decemb. 3, partly acknowledges the distresses endured by that army, during their calamitous retreat of fifty days. It says, "The cold weather began on the 7th" [of November]. "From that date, we, every night, lost several hundred horses, that died in consequence of bivouacking" [passing the night in the open air].—"The cold suddenly increased: and, on the 14th, 15th, and 16th, the thermometer was 16 and 18 degrees" [of Réaumur] "below the freezing point. . . . The cavalry, artillery, and baggage horses, perished every night, not only by hundreds, but by thousands. . . . In a few days, above 30,000 horses perished. Our cavalry were on foot: our artillery and baggage were without conveyance. It was necessary to abandon and destroy a good part of our cannon, ammunition, and provisions. . . . Destitute of cavalry, we could not reconnoitre a quarter of a league's distance: destitute of artillery, we could not risque a battle, and firmly await it. It was requisite to march, in order to avoid being forced to a battle, which the want of ammunition prevented us from desiring."—It is, however, more than probable that, in the preceding statement, Bonaparte has greatly exaggerated the effects of climate, in order to palliate his own disgrace.—*See Decemb. 31.*

[24] Bonaparte, escaped from the dangers of his disastrous flight, arrived safe at Paris, on the 18th of December, at half past eleven at night, after having travelled about 1200 miles in twelve days. In the earlier part of his journey, until he had reached a place of safety, he travelled under the escort of a body-guard of six hundred officers: for the bulletin, above quoted, after describing the motions of the army, down to the time of its date, says, "In all these movements, the Emperor has continually marched in the middle of his guards. . . . Our cavalry was dismounted to such a degree, that it was necessary to collect the offi-

cers who still had horses remaining, in order to form four companies, of one hundred and fifty men each—in which, generals performed the functions of captains—and colonels, those of subalterns. —This sacred squadron did not lose sight of the Emperor in all those movements."—After his arrival at a place of safety in Poland, he travelled (according to a Paris newspaper) "*incognito*, in a single sledge, with, and under the name of, the Duke of Vicenza."

[24] A subscription, for the relief of the Russians, was yesterday commenced at the Crown and Anchor tavern, by a meeting of nobles and gentlemen: when £1,468. 12s were subscribed on the spot — £2000 of that sum by the Duke of York in the Regent's name, and 300 in his own.

[25] Yesterday, being Christmas Eve, the parish officers of the parish of St. Bride's distributed, among the indigent inhabitants of that parish, 25 chaldrons of coals, the produce of a voluntary subscription among the more opulent inhabitants. The quantity of coals, thus furnished to each individual, amounted to two bushels.

[25] *Christmas Day.*—The Lord Mayor has ordered every prisoner in Newgate, Ludgate, and the two Compters, to receive this day one pound of beef, one pint of porter, and half a three-penny loaf. Ten chaldrons of coals have also, by his lordship's order, been distributed among the prisoners. The sheriffs have, as usual, ordered the like donation on new-year's day next.

[26] The American Commodore Rodgers has taken, and sent into an American port, the British packet, Swallow, with specie on board, to the amount of \$60,000 dollars.

[26] A hurricane did considerable damage in Jamaica, on the 12th and 13th of October. In one part of the island, "every cane was swept down, with almost every description of property on the ground."

[26] The amount of unclaimed dividends, on the 10th of October last, was £1,055,943. Of this there had been advanced to Government, at various periods, the sum of £876,739.

[28] Recent intelligence from Nuremberg says, "Several parties of robbers are at this moment desolating many districts of Silesia. Their cruelty and audacity have, in a few towns, struck terror into the civil authorities, so that they

have not exerted themselves sufficiently to apprehend them. This pusillanimity has emboldened them to commit fresh outrages.—They are well armed; and their retreat is in the mountains between Silesia and Bohemia.—Our government has sent detachments of troops in pursuit of them, furnished with two pieces of artillery.

[28] The Lord Mayor has ordered to be distributed to the poor freemen confined in Ludgate, ten stone weight of meat weekly, during the remainder of his mayoralty, and at his own expense.

[28] For *hawking* stockings, &c. from house to house, without a hawker's licence, and without his name on his pack, a man was fined ten pounds, with costs, at Union Hall, on Saturday.

[29] The crew of the brig *Giffon* (the vessel in which Lieut. Gainage murdered a man, as noticed in our last Vol. pp. 482 and 531) lately *mutinied*, and carried her over to France.

[30] Oct. 25, the British frigate, *Macedonian*, was captured by the American frigate, the *United States*, after a sharp action of above two hours, in which the *Macedonian* had thirty-six men killed, and sixty-eight wounded.

[31] The French did not succeed in their attempt to blow up the cathedral of Smolensko at the time of their flight—the match having failed, before it reached the mine.

[31] Dispatches from Lord Cathcart at Petersburg, to the date of December 7, represent the Russians in close pursuit of the discomfited grand army of the French—attacking them at every favorable opportunity—and killing and capturing numbers. In the eight days, preceding Novemb. 24, they had taken above eleven thousand prisoners, and twenty-four pieces of cannon. Notwithstanding these and all the preceding losses, the French force was, on the 29th of November, still estimated at seventy thousand men—by no means destitute of cavalry or artillery.—But we caution our fair readers that there *must* be exaggeration *somewhere*; for the French force, at the commencement of the retreat from Moscow, was only 85,000 strong, and the Russian bulletins assert that nearly that number has since been made prisoners, exclusive of the killed.

[31] A subscription for the relief of the Russians was yesterday opened at the City of London tavern, by a meeting of merchants and other inhabitants of London.

[January 1] A letter from Smyrna, of October 26, says—"The plague at present destroys 3000 persons a day at Constantinople.

[1] Decem. 11, *primroses*, in full bloom, were plucked near the William Pit colliery, in Cumberland.

[2] It appears by the American papers, that the American ships of war and privateers had captured, up to the 15th Nov. 218 British vessels, carrying, all together, 574 guns, and manned with 3100 men; among these, were *two frigates*!

[2] Advices from Canada, of Novemb. 20, mention that seven American vessels had attacked Kingston upon the margin of lake Ontario, and bombarded it during fifteen hours—but, meeting a spirited resistance, had retired unsuccessful.

[2] The adoption of German dresses in the British army has produced two unlucky mistakes:—in Spain, General Paget was made prisoner by a party whom, from the similarity of dress, he mistook for British troops; and, in Russia, Sir Robert Wilson was fired upon by some Cossacks, who mistook him for a German.

[2] Yesterday, Mr. Luken's drying house for timber, in Woolwich Yard, blew up, by the bursting of the immense *steam-er*. Six men were killed, and two are missing, supposed to be blown up: fifteen or sixteen were badly wounded, and sent to the hospital.

[2] The *frame-breaking* has been recommenced in and about Nottingham.—In the town of Mansfield, a poor woman, denying a frame which was demanded by the rioters, was stabbed in several places, knocked down, and left for dead.

[2] The *paupers*, in a single parish of Nottingham containing a population of twenty-four thousand souls, amount to between nine and ten thousand; and, in the other parishes, the numbers are nearly in the same proportion.

[4] A letter from an English settler at Christiansand, in Norway, of the 12th ult. says—"In consequence of the failure of the harvest in this country, the peasantry are reduced to a state of starvation. We are endeavouring to afford every relief to the poor in the interior; but, owing to their having lived some time on skins, putrid fish, and bread made partly of the bark of trees, a dreadful mortality has broken out, and carried off, in six weeks, upwards of 5000 souls. Many thousands are now dying for want of food. The King of Denmark has ordered some relief from Zealand."

[4] Notwithstanding the extreme fatigues of his late extraordinary journey, Bonaparté has affected to exhibit his person in public in a striking manner. Accordingly, on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of December, he was seen receiving deputations, presiding at councils, reviewing his troops, and even attending public spectacles. But it was remarked by intelligent observers, that those efforts were forced, and of short duration, and that he appeared extremely harassed and indisposed.

[4] *Fatal Winnings*—At Alicant, Oct 30, a Spanish officer—having lost, at billiards, 3000 dollars to a British officer—way-laid him in a dark passage from the billiard-room to the street, and stabbed him through the heart.

[4] December 28, at Roddenbury-hill, near Frome, Somersetshire, Mr. Webb and his female servant were murdered. The next day, he was found sitting in his chair, covered with blood—ashot through his arm, and his head dreadfully shattered. The servant was found in a well in the garden, with her throat cut.

[5] Bonaparté has lately granted 250 more licences for the importation of colonial produce; and these licencees are a source of considerable profit to himself and his favorites. Instead of granting to one of these a pension or a sinecure, he gives him a few licences, which the latter sells at exorbitant prices—so high, for example, as 75 livres (£3. 2s. 6d. sterl.) for every hundred weight of sugar imported; from which sugar Bonaparté himself afterwards derives a high duty, as he does from every other article so imported:—a pound of coffee, for instance, purchased here for *eight pence*, pays him a duty of *four shillings*. In addition to these burdens, besides exorbitant charges for freight, there is another imposition, which renders the colonial produce enormously expensive to the continental consumer, viz. that the persons importing it under those licences are bound previously to export from France a stated proportion, in value, of wrought silks and other articles utterly prohibited in England, which therefore they are obliged to throw overboard on the passage, and afterwards indemnify themselves for this loss by an additional charge on the articles imported. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, near twenty millions of pounds weight of sugar have gone from England to France during the last year.

[6] Eighty licences have lately been

issued by Bonaparté, for the importation of colonial produce, without the usual injunction of exporting any thing to this country.

[6] *Unlettered Bread*.—On Monday, at Hatton Garden office, a baker was fined in the penalty of one shilling each loaf, for having in his house for sale one hundred and twenty-six loaves, *not marked with the letter W.*

[8] The latest accounts from the British head-quarters in the Peninsula, state that the allied army had withdrawn into the interior of Portugal, for the sake of better accommodations, and of being nearer to the supplies.—It is added, that a very large portion of the British troops (nearly one third) are inefficient, through sickness or fatigue.

[9] *Peninsular Army*—We feel considerable regret in quoting the following passages of a circular letter from Lord Wellington to the commanding officers of battalions, dated Novemb 28—"I am concerned to have to observe that the army under my command has fallen off in this respect" [discipline] "in the late campaign, to a greater degree than any army with which I have ever served, or of which I have ever read. Yet this army has met with no disaster."...."From the moment the troops commenced their retreat from the neighbourhood of Burgos on the one hand, and from Madrid on the other, the officers lost all command over their men. Irregularities and outrages of all descriptions were committed with impunity; and losses have been sustained, which ought never to have occurred.—Yet, the necessity for retreat existing, none was ever made, in which the troops made such short marches; none, on which they made such long and repeated halts; and none, on which the retreating armies were so little pressed on their rear by the enemy".... "In regard to the food of the soldier, I have frequently observed and lamented, in the late campaign, the facility and celerity with which the French soldiers cooked, in comparison with those of our army."—See Jan. 14.

[9] *The frame breakers*, in great force, visited the town of Melbourn in Derbyshire, on Christmas night, and destroyed ten frames.

[10] *The Accuser accused*—At the Mansion-house, lately, W. Hardman, servant to a sea-captain, accused an orange vender of having, in conjunction with other persons, robbed him of *forty-one pounds*. While in court, the captain came in for a warrant against the servant, for having

stolen from him upwards of forty pounds on the morning of the same day, on which Hardman said that he had himself been robbed by the orange merchant. Hardman was, of course, detained, as well as the orange-merchant.

[12] An earthquake was felt through the whole island of Jamaica, on November 11. Many houses were much damaged, but none thrown down, nor any lives lost.

[12] An American paper states, that, on November 27, the crews of five armed American boats, amounting to about 110 men, successfully attacked a number of British batteries on the border of Lake Erie—spiked the cannon, and captured three officers, with about 50 privates.

[12] Official notice has been given, that the Board of Trade will issue no more licences for commercial intercourse with France. There are, however, about one hundred already issued, which are said to be, on an average, worth five thousand pounds each, to the persons who have obtained them.

[12] At Bath, a respectable meeting of ladies and gentlemen lately resolved on establishing in Bristol a society for the prevention of indigence by provident institutions; and the suppression of mendicants in that city and neighbourhood.

[13] A tremendous hurricane did very considerable damage in the isle of Cuba, on October 17th. In the town of Trinidad, five hundred houses were either thrown down or left in a tottering state: and, in the country, great numbers of cattle were destroyed.

[14] The Morning Chronicle states, that the British army in the Peninsula [See Jan. 9] was kept many months without pay, and that, on one occasion, the troops "were three days without their rations, prowling for sustenance in the woods, drenched with rain, and finding scarcely any thing but acorns, or unground corn, to eat."

[15] Potatoes, in some of the midland counties, have fallen from £10 to £5, the ton.

[15] A special commission—which was opened at York on the 2d inst. for the trial of offences connected with the late disturbances in the West Riding—closed its sittings on the 12th; when (besides three persons already hanged on the 8th, for the murder of Mr. Horsfall [See our Mag for last May, p. 240])—fifteen were sentenced to death—six to transportation—sixteen were discharged on bail, and sixteen without bail.

[15] The Princess Charlotte has a new governess appointed for her. Lady De Clifford having resigned her charge, the dowager Duchess of Leeds has been named by the Regent as her successor—appointed for two years.

[15] A female Swindler, pretending to be housekeeper to a titled lady, lately took a furnished house in Berkeley-square, in that lady's name; and, having secured possession, obtained goods from various trades-people, to a considerable amount.

[16] That entire portion of Bonaparte's auxiliary Prussian force, which was under the immediate orders of General D'York, near Tilsit, capitulated to the Russians on the 30th December; and, next day, a part of the Prussian force under Gen. Macdonald, at Tilsit, deserted him, marched off under the conduct of Lieut. gen. Massenbach, and joined Gen. D'York. By the terms of the convention, the capitulating Prussians were, as a neutral corps, to occupy Eastern Prussia, now in the power of the Russians: but the king of Prussia has refused to ratify the convention, and declared D'York a traitor.

[16] The French Conservative Senate has, by a decree of January 11, ordered a levy of 350,000 men.

[18] Porter rises, this day, to sixpence a quart throughout London.

[18] Mutton rose two pence per pound in the London markets on Saturday—in consequence (as is alleged) of the rot having swept off whole flocks of sheep in the country.

[18] Cow-Pox.—A report was lately made to the Class of Physical Sciences of the Imperial Institute, in which it is affirmed, that, out of 2,671,662 subjects, properly vaccinated in France, only seven authenticated cases appear of patients having afterwards taken the small-pox; which is as 1 to 381,666.

[18] A boy, about twelve or thirteen years old, was charged, at Bow-street office on Saturday, with stealing a watch. He was regularly tutored by his father to enter houses, and, if unobserved, to carry off whatever he could steal—if met by any of the family, to present a fabricated petition, stating some fictitious case of great distress.

[19] An appeal against the assessment for the poor-rates was brought forward at the Surrey sessions, Jan. 16, on the ground that a Dissenters' chapel had not been assessed: but the appeal was dismissed, because a previous appeal had

not been made to the church-warden and overseers, as by law directed.

[18] The remnant of the French grand army reached Wilna about the 10th of December. The Russian advanced guard arrived in the neighbourhood about the same time; and the French were obliged to continue their retreat, almost without a halt; their rear-guard being actually attacked and taken. During the latter part of their retreat, the French had been obliged to march by night, and halt during the day, in hollow squares.—The Russians, on entering Wilna, are said to have found there provisions sufficient for a month's subsistence of 150,000 men, which the French had not been able to forward to their starving grand army, for want of conveyance and of roads.

[19] *Of the rioters*, lately tried at York, (See Jan. 15) fourteen more were hanged, on Saturday last.

[20] Early in December, a new levy was ordered in Russia, of 300,000 men, to be raised within a month.

[20] *Fingeres*, to the amount of above £100,000, are stated to have been lately committed by a Mr. Parry, of Devonshire-square.

[21] Advices from Lord Cathcart, Petersburg, December 31, represent the Russians still in pursuit of the scattered reliques of the French grand army, gaining over them various advantages, and taking a number of prisoners. The captures, made by the Russians, are officially stated to be 41 generals, 1293 officers, 107,510 non-commissioned officers and privates, and 1131 pieces of cannon.—His Lordship mentions a report that another body of Bonaparte's Prussian auxiliaries had laid down their arms; and he adds, that the Prussian peasants kill the French stragglers, wherever they meet them.

[21] Advices from Malta, of Decemb. 26, state, that, notwithstanding the advance of the season, so favorable in epidemic diseases, the plague still raged with unabated violence at Constantinople, and between 2 and 3000 persons daily fell victims to it.

[22] Jan. 9, about five acres of Swedish turnips were sold by public auction near Perth, at the rate of £31. 10s. 6d. per acre, and the expense of carriage to be paid by the purchaser. This very high price was given by the contractor for the *dépôt* of French prisoners.

[22] *The herrings* have not yet abandoned the shores of Sussex; they are

still caught in great abundance, to the no small surprise of the fishermen, the oldest of whom does not recollect a similar instance to have occurred. The harbour at Newhaven was, a few days since, literally alive with fish.

[23] *Moscow, Dec. 21.*—The number of inhabitants who have returned hither increases from day to day. Some houses are almost entirely repaired, and there is no place capable of furnishing room for a residence that is not occupied. Trade and manufactures revive in an extraordinary manner: 2500 shops are already built, and the market-places every day thronged with a prodigious number of buyers and sellers.

[24] *For preaching in the open air*, at Worthys, near Winchester, a person was lately sentenced to a fine of £20, and, being unable to pay it, was committed to Bridewell.

[25] *Stuttgart, Jan. 12.*—An attempt has been made to destroy the King of Württemberg, by blowing up a small house in which he had taken his station for the purpose of shooting game. Happening to quit the house just before the explosion took place, he escaped.

[25] On entering the Prussian territories, Marshal Kutusoff issued a proclamation, declaring that he came not with views of conquest, or as an enemy, and offering, in the name of the Russian monarch, peace, independence, and assistance, to every people who should abandon the cause of Bonaparte.

[25] *A tremendous hurricane* raged, on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of December, from Gibraltar to the Baltic.—In the Sound, it broke the ice, three quarters of a yard thick.

BORN.

[December 21] On Thursday, of Lady Bagot, a son.

[24] Yesterday, of Mrs Harvey Combe, a daughter.

[31] December 27, of the lady of Lieut. col. Bird, George-street, Portman-square, a daughter.

[January 4] Jan. 1, of the lady of Col. Patten, Harley-street, a still born child.

[4] Saturday, of the lady of Arthur Morris, esq. High Bailiff of Westminster, a daughter.

[5] Decem. 30, of the lady of J. Archer Houlton, esq. M. P. a daughter.

[11] January 7, of the lady of T. Harvie Farquhar, esq. St. James's-street, a daughter.

[12] Wednesday, of the lady of W. Dickenson, esq. M. P. a son.

[15] December 30, of the lady of Dr. Lambe, King's road, Bedford row, a daughter.

[16] Tuesday, of Lady Grantham, a still-born child.

[16] Wednesday, of the Hon. Mrs. Vaughan, Montague-place, Russell-square a daughter.

[19] Sunday, of Lady Caroline Anne Macdonald, a daughter.

MARRIED.

[December 22] Yesterday, Edward John Littleton, esq. of Teddesley-park, Staffordshire, to Hyacinthe Mary, daughter of Marquis Wellesley.

[23] Yesterday, William Bromley, esq. of Gray's Inn, to Miss Catharine Taylor.

[24] December 19, John Furber, esq. of Prince's-court, Westminster, to Miss Lucy Dalley.

[24] Saturday, Charles Gibson, esq. of Quernmore park, near Lancaster, to Miss Stanley, sister of Sir T. Stanley, bart.

[29] December 19, W. John Bridell, esq. of Guildford-street, to Miss Margaret Gosling.

[January 2] December 29, Henry Burrows, esq. of Hadley, Middlesex, to Miss Maria Rothwell.

[12] Saturday, Viscount Jocelyn, to the Hon. Maria Stapleton, daughter of Lord Le Despencer.

[12] Yesterday, John H. Tremayne, esq. M. P. to Carolina Matilda, daughter of Sir W. Lemon, bart.

[12] Thursday, the Rev. Edward Graves Meyrick, vicar of Ramsbury, to Miss Myra Howard.

[15] Thursday, Mr. J. R. Beddome, of Romsey, to Rebecca, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Robert Winter.

[16] Jan. 11, Thomas Gunning, esq. of Woodbridge, Suffolk, to Charlotte, daughter of Lieutenant-general Fuller.

[19] Yesterday, George Gowan, esq. of the East India Company's service, to Miss Harriet Emma Chamier.

DECEASED.

[December 22] December 19, the relict of W. Belchier, esq. formerly M. P. for Southwark.

[28] Thursday, Isaac King, esq. of High Wycombe, Bucks.

[29] Friday, Edward Willes, esq. eldest son of the late Bishop of Bath and Wells.

[30] Saturday, Lady Rowley, mother of Sir W. Rowley, bart.

[30] Saturday, in Leicester-square, aged 85, Mr. John Moody, late of Drury-lane theatre.

[January 1] Tuesday, Mrs. Daniel, mother of the late Rev. Charles Barker, canon of Wells.

ther of the late Rev. Charles Barker, canon of Wells.

[1] Wednesday, Sir Denzil Cope, bart.

[5] Thursday, Sir T. Musgrave, bart.

[5] In December, the relict of the late Robert Smart, esq. of Spindleston, North-umberland, in her hundredth year.

[11] Friday, the Countess of Aylesbury.

[12] Tuesday, Col. William Hodge, of Bolney-court, near Henley-upon-Thames.

[12] Jan. 8. John Viscount Torrington.

[13] Lately, Lord Woodhouslee.

[14] Jan. 5, the Lady of Sir Richard Gibbes, bart.

[14] Lately, Anne, daughter of the late Sir Walter Bagot, bart.

[14] Saturday, at Taunton, the lady of W. Corfield, esq.

[15] Lately, at Bath, General Agnew.

[15] Jan. 12, the lady of Lieut. gen. Grose, of the 102d regiment.

[16] Tuesday, at Coombe-Lodge, Oxfordshire, the Lady of Sam. Gardiner, esq.

18 Monday, Lazarus Venables, esq. of Woodhill, Shropshire.

APPENDIX.

Matrimonial Caution.—The marriage of a Mr. Yorke to a Miss Thistleton lately took place at Spalding: but, very soon after the sacred ceremony was over, some person informed the officiating clergyman, that Miss Thistleton had two Christian names; and, as the banns were only published in one of them, the marriage was deemed illegal; and it became necessary to pass again through the tedious routine of asking in church, previous to a second marriage.

Happy Thought.—Among other ventures which were sent to Buenos Ayres after the successes of the British forces, were a considerable number of hearth-rugs. For these, however, as there were no fire-places, no purchaser could be found, until at length the supercargo of the vessel in which they were sent, hit upon the expedient of placing one of the most showy upon a horse, as a sort of saddle. The hint was immediately taken; the rugs were soon sold off; and in a few days every horseman was provided with an English saddle.

A Noun of Multitude singular.—After a battle, in which Lord Tyrconnel's regiment was (with the exception of a single man) completely cut off—on a muster of the different corps, when that regiment was called forth to parade, the solitary survivor (who appears to have been an Irishman) immediately stepped forward, saying, "Here I am—I am Lord Tyrconnel's regiment."

Nº 2.

Lady's Magazine.. February, 1813.



MATTHIEU PLATOFF,
Heitman of the Cossacks,
and
Lieutenant General in the Russian Army

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 44, N^o. 2, for February, 1813.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

- 1 Portrait of the Cossack Chief, PRIZOFF.
- 2 Fashionable MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
- 3 NEW PATTERN for the FRONT of a DRESS.

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NOTICES.

In our present Number, we give a correct Likeness of the Cossack Chief (or Hettman) PLATOFF, of whom our fair Readers have occasionally seen honorific mention made in our pages, under the head of "Foreign Affairs;" and,

in our Number for April, we intend to give (with a Biographic Memoir) an accurate and highly-finished Portrait of MISS SMITH, of Covent-Garden Theatre, which is now in the hands of an eminent Engraver.

Mr. Webb's "Solitary Musings," which came too late for insertion in our present Number, shall appear in our next; as likewise his "Address to the Primrose," and "Address to a Violet."

The "Ode to Pity," by Miss Squire—and the "Responsive Valentine," from a Medical Gentleman—came likewise too late for our present Number, but shall appear in our next.

Mr. Lacey's Completion of Bouts-rimés—"the Money-Lender," in our next.

The "Disciple of Munchausen, and the Pulpit Plagiary," intended for insertion this month, is unavoidably postponed till the next.

The "Old Woman's" essay "on Love" is come to hand.

Juvenis's Verses "on Earl Moira" would, we fear, not be much admired, either by his Lordship or our fair readers.

The Stanzas by Georgiana are too inaccurate for publication.

T. W.'s Acrostich has nothing to recommend it, except that it is an acrostich: but that is not a sufficient recommendation, unless accompanied with sense, grammar, and poetry.

Gulielmus's Enigma may be very good: but, as we do not trace our pedigree to Œdipus, or pretend to any great skill in the solution of Enigmas, we must beg to be favored with the answer, before we can decide whether it be entitled to admission.

*F. R. S.'s "Great little Oddity" we do not recollect to have seen: but if he will favor us with a copy of it (*post paid*), it shall receive such attention as it may appear to merit.*

The intended communications from Acastus may perhaps prove more acceptable than his first essay, which, we confess, we do not much admire in its present state, though it might be rendered unobjectionable by a little revision and correction.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1813.

Modern LIFE delineated.
(Continued from page 14.)

MR. Lloyd and his daughters quitted home with different sensations:—he was attached to it from a long experience of its excellency. In the early part of his life, he had mixed among the first circles in town; and the remembrance of them was usually accompanied with sensations bordering upon disgust. In retirement, he had, for many years, been blessed with the society of a lovely virtuous woman; and, after her death, he found a refuge from sorrow in the mental perfections and innocent manners of his daughters and nephew.

His daughters were pleased, and perfectly satisfied with their home; though at the same time they enjoyed the idea of seeing London—that mart for trade, learning, amusement, and dissipation.

As the carriage slowly drove round the base of the mountain, the young people caught the last glimpse of their habitation. An involuntary sigh escaped their bosoms: but the impression was soon effaced by the swift succession of new objects. They were delighted with the ride to Chester: but the antiquity and novelty of that city excited surprise and admiration within their bosoms. As they walked around on the broad walls, the history of other times recurred to their minds; and, when they went into the cathedral, and heard the evening prayers, and the children melodiously chanting forth their praises to God, they felt their minds deeply

impressed with religious awe and veneration.

"Surely," said Gertrude, as they returned from the cathedral, "the inhabitants of this place have not one plea for neglecting their duty; for it is here that veneration and obedience to the Almighty pervade the heart. While I was in the church, every worldly thought was erased from my mind: I considered that I was as nothing, without God's kind protecting care."

"I am induced to think," said Mr. Lloyd, "that the inhabitants of this city are not of so volatile a nature as the inhabitants of most populous places are. They do not rudely stare us out of countenance; and there is an air of modest reserve in their eyes, which I greatly admire."

"I admire," said Emma, "the beauty of the females, and the neat simplicity of their dress.—I never saw so many handsome lovely women, as we have met within the last hour."

"This is easily accounted for, my love," said Mr. Lloyd.—"The salubrity of the air, and the exercise they take, give a lustre to their complexions; and their present mode of dressing gives an interest to their appearance. If they were deprived of these walks, they would lose a very great inducement to exercise; and confinement would soon rob them of their charms. You will find a striking difference between the enjoyment of pure air, and the want of it, when you reach London."

At Coventry, Emma asked her

sister if she remembered the amiable Quaker, and his parting words to Edward?—Gertrude certainly had thought of them: but she evaded giving a direct reply to her sister; observing that the street was dirty and very narrow.

On the fourth evening after they left Llanarth, they arrived in London, and found their friend Mrs. Pope, with her daughters, waiting at the house which she had taken for them.—After mutual congratulations were over, Mrs. Pope expressed her surprise at the great change in Emma's person: but she was concerned beyond measure, when Mr. Lloyd informed her that it was Emma's want of health which had induced him to visit London.

"I cannot forgive you, my friend," exclaimed Mrs. Pope, "that you did not acquaint me with my young favorite's indisposition: for that friendship is merely nominal, which with-holds a proper confidence; and I have always flattered myself, that you had too much of the natural warmth of our countrymen in your composition, to treat an old acquaintance with contempt.—It is the privilege of people who breathe in this vaporous atmosphere, to live for themselves alone: but the characteristic feature of the Welch, I hope, will always be, to live for our friends and countrymen."

"On this subject," said Mr. Lloyd, smiling, "we must disagree. It is absurd to trouble our friends with the indifferent health of any part of our family, when we are confident that it is not in their power to remedy the evil.—On those occasions, our physicians are the most proper persons to be intrusted with the knowledge of our complaints."

"But it is in the power of friendship to mitigate many of the evils in

life:—and, if we have not taken out our diploma to cure the body, we have a thousand composing medicines for the mind.—With your leave, therefore, I shall take upon myself the office of nurse and physician to my young charge; and I venture confidently to predict, that the regimen, which I prescribe without any fee, will prove more effectual in restoring Emma to health, than all the Latin prescriptions of Doctor Pangloss, or the celebrated Doctor Wiseman."

"I thank you, madam, for your kind attention to me," said Emma. "I think the journey has already been of service to me; and the society of my friends, I hope, will completely restore my health and spirits."

Mrs. Pope soon discovered that Emma's illness was the consequence of a disappointment of the heart; and, for the first time, it occurred to her, that Edward Lloyd was the faithless lover.—This increased her tenderness toward the fair invalid, and made her anxious to promote every cheerful amusement likely to check the corroding canker within her bosom.

For several days after their arrival in town, they were stunned and confused by the incessant rattling of carriages, and the constant crowd by whom they felt themselves incommoded, whenever they ventured from under the shelter of their own roof. Their proximity to St. James's Park gave them a frequent opportunity of enjoying a pleasant walk: their friend Mrs. Pope, and one or two of her daughters, generally accompanied them. But Gertrude's favorite lounge was Westminster Abbey.—She could not avoid fancying that it much resembled the cathedral at Chester: the monuments of departed greatness

impressed her mind with sentiments similar to those which she had experienced during the night her father was from home; and, as her thoughts glanced to the past, the idle dream of life seemed too trivial to excite the least uneasiness. When she was with her father alone, her thoughts were never disguised; and he was always delighted with that ingenuousness which proved the innocence and goodness of her heart. —It is a just observation, that a father's affection for his daughter is of the most pure and heavenly nature. In fact, it is one of the most perfect and noble propensities of the human heart. It awakens the soul to virtue, and shines with brightness upon every beholder. It has not any selfish passions to oppose its operations, but is, in every sense of the expression, the essence of perfect goodness.

When Gertrude traced the noble exploits of departed heroes, or the more noble emanations of the heaven-inspired poet, her concluding observations were generally drawn with reflexions upon the shortness and uncertainty of life, and the inefficacy of worldly greatness toward the prolongation of our existence here. "These cold monuments," she would say, "and the ingenuity of the printer, record the divine spirit of a Milton and a Shakspeare: and it is to these that we are indebted for our knowledge of the bravery of our countrymen, and their undaunted firmness in the cause of virtue. But the countenance which sparkled with glory, and the eyes of intelligence and virtue, are now closed in the awful sleep of death. Can these godlike powers shine only for a few short years?—I am convinced, my dear father, that they will be renewed with greater brightness in a better world. We should doubt the justice of the Supreme Be-

ing, if we fancied that he endowed the soul with so many perfections, only for a transient superiority in this world, and then, as the dying embers of a fire, to be extinguished, never to revive again."

"The soul," said Mr. Lloyd, "is far above our weak and finite comprehension: it is indescribable, and beyond every other treasure; for it is great, noble, and inexhaustible: and we may depend upon this truth, that God has not formed it for this transitory scene alone. The greatest infidel existing, when his eyes are closing upon all the vain pursuits of this world, must within his own bosom feel a conviction that an after-existence awaits him in a different sphere."

Emma's spirits gradually recovered their proper tone: the exertions of her friends, and the constant succession of fresh objects to please her fancy, imperceptibly erased the impression which grief had made in her bosom. If the idea of her cousin's marriage recurred to her mind, it did not excite those painful emotions which she had so many months experienced. In every scene, Gertrude combined the idea of her cousin. In the poor outcasts of society, she fancied she beheld the objects of his bounty; and, in every noble manly countenance, she imagined she could trace a similarity of features. But, when a gay carriage rolled past her, she involuntarily bent her eyes toward the ground, as if they would avoid witnessing the triumph of Edward's wife. Gertrude frequently blamed herself for indulging these whims: but the idea, that Edward and his wife were in town, haunted her in every public place, and made her feel a degree of reluctance, when Mrs. Pope insisted upon their accompanying her either to the theatre or the opera-house; though, on this

subject, she was ashamed to acknowledge, even to her beloved father, the motive which actuated her.

Mr. Lloyd and his family had been in town six weeks, when Mrs. Pope requested he would have the goodness to accompany her to Richmond, to settle some affairs with a gentleman there, relative to one of her daughters, who was on the point of being married. Mr. Lloyd cheerfully assented, desiring that Gertrude and Emma would take a walk in the neighbourhood, or amuse themselves with reading, during his absence.

When the young people quitted the house, Emma proposed taking a walk in the Park, declaring that the gloom of Westminster Abbey always gave her the vapors.—“Only oblige me one half hour,” said Gertrude; “and I will afterwards go with you to any part you please. I think we run less risk in the Abbey, of being annoyed by impertinent coxcombs, than in a public walk.”

Emma laughed at her sister's fears, and declared her spirits were so much exhilarated, she should not mind if the beaux condescended to admire her; but at the same time observed, that, if they were anxious for admiration, they ought to have dressed in a more light and airy style. “I am convinced,” added she, “we have clothes on, that would be sufficient to cover half a dozen goddesses. I assure you, I should have discarded some of mine, if my father had not so severely expressed his disapprobation of the present fashion.”

“If we constantly attend to his advice,” replied Gertrude, “we shall seldom err; for he is a discerning and accurate judge of propriety in female dress and manners: and I confess, that, on this subject, I am perfectly of his opinion. At the opera, on Saturday evening, I was disgusted at

the ladies' want of clothes. Even in the presence of a female domestic, I would not have been seen in a state so derogatory to modesty. But the presence of hundreds of the other sex did not tinge their faces with a blush.”

“Because, Gertrude, there were only a few antiquated ladies, and ourselves, that were muffled with handkerchiefs across the neck. For my part, I felt quite ashamed of our unfashionable figures; and I think you are too scrupulously exact, to find fault with the lightness and elegance of their dress. Has not some author observed that modesty in our sex is solely purity of mind? The external appearance, therefore, cannot influence the heart; or the poor blacks in Africa must be the most immodest people existing.”

“You have a happy method of vindicating your sentiments,” said Gertrude: “but the present mode of dressing, though it may excite admiration, will, I am convinced, never create respect; without which, the female sex are scarcely of more importance in society, than a set of well-dressed dolls. My father observes that modesty is the irradiating charm in domestic life, and that it adds uncommon loveliness to those who shine in the most distinguished circles.—You must have observed, Emma, the insignificant manners of the beaux who flutter round the goddesses, as you are pleased to style them—the vacancy of their stare—the indolent mode they adopt of lolling against the forms, and even against the divinities who attract their notice.—I fancied, on Saturday, that even a Zephyr would demolish their feeble frames; and I blushed for those degrading passions in our sex, which inspired them with a wish to please beings so effeminate.—Men of noble sentiments are always supe-

rior to the frivolity of fashionable manners, when they degenerate into idiotism, or must be displayed in an affectation of sensibility. But I condemn our sex for their fondness for these trifling animals. If they treated them with the contempt which they merit, pride would rouse them to a proper exertion; and every place of fashionable resort would be filled with well-bred men, and—I will venture to add—with well-bred women."

The sisters were so much engaged by the subject, that they had entirely forgotten the public situation they were in. They might indeed have fancied themselves in the retired Vale of Cluyd—so indifferent were they to the objects around them.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 28.)

Sequel of Mrs. D'Auvill's History.

"POOR Martha saw me before I reached the house, and came as fast as she could to meet me.—Joy lighted up her honest features, while she looked upon me with the most grateful and affectionate attention. But, the moment we entered the house, and she had seated me in her wicker chair, the pleasure that had animated her looks was fled: her countenance fell: she laid her hand upon my arm, and looked wistfully in my face. An attempt she made to speak; but her words died in murmurs on my ear.

"Oh! I know thy sorrow, Martha," cried I. "Thy friend, thy benefactor" . . . I could say no more, but anxiously sought to read a confirmation of my fears in her care-worn face.

"My dear young lady!" replied she, bending over me, "Mr. Mortimer will never accompany you to this poor hovel again. Never more will his soothing conversation make me forget my pains and infirmities.

—You will pardon, madam, what I am going to say. How often have I seen his fine eyes gaze upon you! and sure I am he dearly loved you; and frequently have my poor old father and mother prayed that they might live to see you happy in each other: for you only, we knew, could reward him for his goodness to the poor and afflicted. But this will never, never be: for Mr. Mortimer is hastening to his grave."

"Martha," said the poor old woman, while she passed her hand across her eyes, "let us hope the best."

"Mother! he will die: he will never more enter this cottage again," replied Martha, in a faltering voice.

"Shocked beyond expression, I had hardly power to ask if their benefactor was really so ill, as I had not understood from the Byrons that his complaint was dangerous.—Martha assured me that she thought he would never recover, and mentioned so many signs and omens, that, if we had been conversing on any other subject, I should have smiled at her simplicity. But, oppressed as my spirits were, a thousand gloomy ideas crowded on my imagination; and I was near fainting, when a violent flood of tears relieved me.

"This poor affectionate creature was very much hurt at seeing me so afflicted, and blamed herself for terrifying me with her apprehensions.—I endeavoured to calm her fears on my account, and departed from the cottage in a state of mind that beggars all description. Martha's eyes followed me till I was out of sight.

"On my return, I met Sir Thomas and his lady coming in pursuit of me.—My swollen eyes told them where I had been; and they endeavoured to convince me, that Mortimer's health was not in so bad a state

as Martha's fears had represented; and, by every argument in their power, they strove to awaken more cheerful ideas in my mind. I listened to them indeed: but their words had not efficacy to calm my apprehensive heart: peace and joy were fled for ever. Alas! how altered to me was this charming place! My soul now sickened at scenes that had formerly given me such inexpressible pleasure.

"In this manner some time passed, and Byron began to think it extraordinary that he did not hear from his friend; when, one day, as we were sitting after dinner, and Laura with her usual gentleness was endeavouring to divert my melancholy, and I was striving to conceal from her my emotions, a servant entered, and delivered a letter to his master.—My eyes devoured the superscription, which I knew to be Mortimer's writing. I sat motionless, and, with the most anxious attention, watched Byron, as he read the paper. I saw his countenance change; and he was hurrying the letter into his pocket, when I started from my chair, and caught hold of his arm. 'Byron! Mortimer is dying,' I cried with quickness. 'If you would not wish to see me expiring at your feet, give me that fatal paper.'

"He was terrified at the wildness of my manner; and, taking my hand, 'My dearest Miss Seymour!' said he, 'do not let me see you so cruelly alarmed. By all that is sacred, Mortimer is alive: he is returning to his parsonage; and I flatter myself he will yet be restored to us.—Compose yourself, my dearest friend! you shall see this letter.'

"I stood in a kind of stupor, insensible to all he said.

"For your own sake,' continued Sir Thomas—'for my Laura's sake,

let me hear you speak! Why do you not weep? This wild expression of terror shocks me.—See how Lady Byron's tears flow,' continued he, leading me to her:

"Her audible sobs roused me from a kind of insensibility: I flung my arms around her neck, and burst into tears.—I was fearful that her apprehensions on my account would hurt her health, and entreated her to quit the room, while I read the letter: but she assured me that nothing could affect her so deeply as the pain of seeing me in such violent distress.

"I again asked Sir Thomas for the letter: he gave it to me with reluctance. 'Would to Heaven, my dear Fanny,' said he, 'that it were in my power to sooth or mitigate your sorrows—to speak comfort to a soul like yours! But, for Mortimer's sake, assume, if possible, some degree of fortitude.'

"I heeded him not; but, with a dim and heavy eye, I read the following lines, which will never be erased from my memory—

"My life is drawing to a period, Byron.—By slow degrees I purpose to return to the rectory. You will then see all that is left of the fallen, emaciated Mortimer; and, ere long, you may perform the last sad office of a friend, to close my eyes in eternal sleep. More out of complaisance to the wishes of my friends, than with any hopes I myself entertained of receiving benefit, I have dragged this poor sinking frame of mine from one place to another, and have experienced such temporary relief as is common, in such disorders as mine, from change of air, medicine, and other expedients. But, my friend, I apprehended that my symptoms would prove fatal, at their first approach. A decline is hereditary in

my family. It has ever been superior to the skill of the most eminent physicians; and I think, if I can reach my parsonage, it will be the last of my mortal peregrinations;—and then I have nothing to do but to die. There is something awful and tremendous in the thought; yet I trust I shall meet the King of terrors with a fortitude becoming a Christian and a man.—Thousands with false bravery seek a premature death, actuated by motives which disgrace them. Shall not *I*, then, with a magnanimity suitable to the importance of the occasion, resign my life, when demanded, into the hands of him that gave it? I do not profess to be superior to the frailties, the passions of mortality, or not sometimes to feel that love of life so strongly implanted in human nature. But, as, from my situation, my thoughts are necessarily fixed on eternity, these sentiments have raised a kind of enthusiasm within me, that has softened my pains, and filled my bosom with hopes, which otherwise it could not know.—But, Byron, feebly as the blood now flows around my heart, there is still warmth enough to cherish one fond idea.—Fanny Seymour! that dear name still sounds harmonious in my ear: her fine form still swims before my faded eye. I would, if possible, see her before I die. Here I feel all the weakness of my nature; the sentiments of tenderness, with which my heart beats for that beloved maid, will flutter in its last pulsation. I can no longer be an object of hatred to Mr. Seymour: he will not surely refuse to let me see his daughter. You will manage this affair for me: I have no time to lose: the lamp of life now faintly sheds its last expiring gleam. Merciful Heaven! permit me once more to press that dear maid to my bosom:

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let me endeavour to prepare her mind for this earthly separation: and, oh! when I am gone, do you and your Laura sooth and comfort the trembling mourner.—My strength fails me—Ma- that Almighty Being, into whose presence I am hastening, bless you and your amiable wife! May you live long, and happy in each other! Adieu! and believe me, that, even in my last moments, I shall not forget the friendship with which you have honored

MORTIMER.

“Oh! why attempt to describe the situation of my mind, when I came to the end of this paper? My whole frame was agitated: I sunk on my knees. ‘Merciful Father!’ I cried—‘sustain and support me in this sad interview; and, if it seem good in thy sight, let the soul of the wretched Seymour accompany the pure spirit of Mortimer to the realms of everlasting happiness!’

“My head fell on the shoulder of my friend; and I was for some time lost in unutterable anguish. The Byrons felt and respected my sorrow too much to attempt at that time any consolation. I will not, I cannot, attempt to describe what I suffered, till Mortimer arrived at his parsonage; nor what I felt, when Byron went to see him, and returned to accompany me thither. All the exertion that my poor frail nature was capable of, I assumed at this moment: but, as I came near the house, the thoughts of the many happy hours I had spent there, and the miserable reverse I was going to experience, pressed so heavy on my mind, that a kind of chillness shook every limb.

“Sir Thomas saw, by the change of my countenance, the workings of my frame. He endeavoured to sooth and compose my perturbed spirits, and entreated me, for his poor

H

friend's sake, to assume at least the appearance of fortitude. I somewhat recovered myself before we came to the house: but, the moment I entered the parlour, though I had been prepared to expect a great alteration, yet I was inexpressibly shocked at the sight of the emaciated sufferer. He was supported with pillows in an easy chair: death was visible in his fallen features; and a kind of quickened lustre darted from his fine eyes.

"As I approached him, by the assistance of his servant, he arose from his chair.—'Is it thus,' he cried, 'my friend! my dear Fanny! is it thus we meet?'—Nature, quite exhausted, now gave way to the anguish of my mind; and I fainted, as he pressed me to his trembling bosom.—When I recovered, he was hanging over me with the most tender attention, and endeavoured to sooth and comfort me with a voice that, even in death, was inexpressibly sweet. 'Arouse yourself, my adored Seymour!' cried he: 'and think that mine is but a passage, an easy passage, I will say, from this life to a better: and could I but with less reluctance part from you, death has made such gradual approaches, that I think I could obey his last summons without a sigh.—Remember, my dearest Fanny, your parent, your friends, have claims upon you, which a heart so good, so rightly disposed as yours, will comply with. Exert your superior understanding; and, as Providence has so liberally endowed you with the gifts of fortune, think what is expected from you. The poor and the unhappy have claims upon you; and to your care I leave my poor Benson and his family. These employments, my beloved friend, will soften your sorrow, and in time make you patiently submit to the dispensations of

that Providence, whose decrees are always just. And remember, my Fanny,' he added, with a glow that animated his sunk features—'remember, we shall meet again.'

"At that moment, a spark of his enthusiasm warmed my breast:—I turned my eyes to heaven: I felt its all-cheering influence; and, if my sorrow was not mitigated, it was at least more rational than it had been; so that I continued to attend upon him, and to converse with him, with a placid kind of resignation that evidently gave him pleasure. His attendance Byron and I constantly paid, and had every day the melancholy prospect of seeing Mortimer grow weaker and weaker; while all his care was to prepare me for a final separation.

(To be continued.)

The ADOPTED CHILD.

(Continued from page 7.)

MEN like Lord Sparkle are seldom at a loss for a subterfuge; he positively declared he had intended no reflexion, and could not possibly conceive how a general observation could be construed into an insult. "Your having made the grand tour, Mr. Tudway," continued he, rather sneeringly, "certainly exempts you from any personal application."

"And that tour," indignantly replied Tudway, irritated by his evasion—"teaches me to chastise the insolence of any man who shall dare, in my hearing, to cast any oblique reflexions on my father."

Bellarmino now interposed: but Lady Bell Aston, piqued by Tudway's attention to Marina, maliciously whispered the peer that he ought not to put up with the affront, at the same time rallying young Tudway on his unconstitutional attack upon the *noblesse*.

Here his lordship ventured to

smile, and added, "Mr. Tudway has only given us a polite specimen of the Rights of Man."—"And I shall assert those rights,"—furiously retorted Tudway, (as he was hastily quitting the room) "by calling upon your lordship to-morrow morning."

Here Bellarmine again interposed, and, drawing Lord Sparkle aside, endeavoured to persuade him to evade the intended challenge of Tudway, whom he represented as the most expert duellist in all Europe.—But there needed not this insinuation to intimidate the peer: he was already sufficiently terrified, and joyfully accepted the proffered interference of Bellarmine.

Marina, whose mind recoiled with horror at the idea of a duel, seised the arm of Tudway, as he was hastily passing her, and entreated him not to go.—The heart of Tudway vibrated to her gentle touch:—his anger vanished in an instant; and, while listening to her peaceful accents, grateful smiles succeeded the indignant flush of passion.—Bellarmine now approached with Lord Sparkle, who stammered out something like an apology; and Tudway, sensible that his impetuosity often carried him beyond the bounds of good manners, readily offered his hand, in token of reconciliation.—Harmony being thus happily restored, Tudway seated himself by Marina, who, delighted with his courage and filial affection, conversed with him with more than her usual freedom; and, at two o'clock, (when the company amicably departed) he returned to Strawberry Hall, more enamoured than ever.

The heart of Marina had, this day, experienced many painful sensations; and, when she retired to rest, the recollection of Lord Sparkle's familiarity (which she imputed to his knowledge of her dependent

situation) revived a train of melancholy ideas.—His address to her had convinced her in what estimation she was held by the fashionable world; and she secretly regretted her introduction to a society, in which she was likely to experience many mortifications.

The next morning, William Manby announced the pleasing intelligence of his mother and sister's expected return to Hindon Park; from which place they had been absent four years: and as, during that period, Sir William had become possessed of a considerable addition to his fortune, and those plans of economy, which he had practised in the early days of his marriage, were no longer necessary, he determined to celebrate the approaching birth-day of his son Charles by a gala; and the splendor and magnificence of the preparations began already to be the subject of general conversation through the country.

Lady Manby had buried her second son, and two youngest daughters; and these successive losses had so affected her spirits, that she had been for some time at Montpellier for the recovery of her health; when the beauty of Louisa, her eldest daughter, had captivated the heart of Lord Delafonte, an English nobleman. He was at this time four and twenty, as unexceptionable in person as in character, and was beloved and esteemed by all who knew him. Besides the estates which he inherited from his father and mother, who had been dead many years, he was considered as sole heir to the immense wealth of his uncle, the Marquis of Ormville.

Lord Delafonte's proposal was, therefore, deemed by Sir William the most advantageous offer that Louisa had ever received: and, as passive obedience had hitherto been

the constant rule of her conduct, she cheerfully, at his command, admitted his lordship as a favored lover. He had written to his uncle, and obtained his consent; and Lady Manby being now sufficiently recovered to return to England, Lord Delafonte accompanied them to London, where he introduced his uncle to the family of his intended bride. But how agreeably was Sir William surprised at beholding, in the person of the marquis, that fellow collegian, whose extravagance he had so generously supplied!—The recognition did not altogether so much delight the marquis, who had long forgotten the friendly exertions of Sir William; and the recollection was so mortifying to his pride, that he never even mentioned the circumstance. As the family of Sir William had for many centuries been distinguished for their loyalty, the marquis, who affected a particular esteem for those who adhered to monarchy, expressed, with many courtier-like compliments, his approbation of the alliance.

Every preliminary to the intended union being amicably adjusted, the marquis requested that the nuptials might take place immediately: otherwise, it would not be in his power to pay that respect to his nephew's choice, which the beauty and merit of the lady entitled her to—being under the necessity of attending the marchioness to Spa in a few days.—It was therefore agreed, that the ceremony should be performed in town, and that, immediately afterwards, the new-married pair, accompanied by the marquis, should attend Sir William and his family to Hindon Park, to celebrate the birthday of Charles.—On the third of March, the village bells announced their arrival: and, the following day, Marina received a most affectionate billet from her old friend Caroline,

requesting her to be present at the gala given in honor of her brother, which had been previously fixed for the fifth of March.

Not even the anxious desire of beholding again the favorite of her youth, could conquer the reluctance with which Marina promised to be present at an entertainment which her benefactress would not participate.—Her grateful affection rendered every amusement in which *she* did not share, dull and insipid. In *her* society, (according to her ideas of happiness) she experienced every rational gratification.—The maternal tenderness of Mrs. Montague consoled her for the early loss she had sustained; and, by her example, she was taught to reduce to action those maxims which others only inculcate by precept.

Mrs. Montague had for many years avoided appearing in public. The secret grief, which preyed upon her heart till she became acquainted with Marina, had rendered even society irksome.—In solitude she nourished her sorrow; and every effort to withdraw her from this melancholy indulgence proved abortive.—A mind unhappy in itself, when no circumstance occurs to enforce exertion, soon becomes languid and inactive; and Mrs. Montague had long lost both the power and inclination to rouse her torpid spirit—when Mrs. Mackintosh presented, in the form of Marina, an object too attractive not to interest her feelings, and revive that philanthropy, which her misfortunes had alone suffered to remain dormant.—Soothed by her affectionate assiduity, her heart was gradually restored to a state of tranquillity: yet still it was solely on her account, that she had consented to enter again into parties, which possessed no charms for her.—Marina knew the

effort she had made; and no sooner discovered how solicitous she was for her acceptance of Lady Manby's invitation, than she prepared to accompany Mrs. Leo, (who undertook to be her *chaperon*) with that pleasing alacrity which she always testified, when gratifying the wishes of her revered mistress. — Fain would Mrs. Montague have decorated her fine form with all the splendor of fashionable attire: but Marina, too sensibly alive to the feelings of her orphan state, refused every superfluous ornament. — Robed in simple white, the emblem of her spotless purity, she looked, "thus unadorned," more beautiful, than if arrayed in all the whimsical variety of fashion. Her father and mother's pictures, set in diamonds, encircled her wrists: yet even these ornaments she carefully concealed beneath her gloves; so sedulously did she avoid every appearance that did not, in her humble ideas, perfectly correspond with her dependent condition.

When Marina beheld the variegated splendor of lamps which illumined the winding road from Hindon Lodge to its elegant mansion—which, by their brightness, created an artificial day—she could not refrain from expressing her wonder.—In consequence of the absence of its owners, she had never before been at Hindon Park: every thing, therefore, that she now saw, was entirely new to her; and what the darkness of the night would have concealed from her view, the lamps revealed.—Here she beheld Nereids of polished marble, that stood as guards to a beautiful grotto, which fabulous story might have termed the bower of Thetis, and seemed, by their commanding aspect, to direct the stream of a spacious canal, and turn its meandering course from a shrub-

bery, whose cypress shades half encircled the grotto: and so well had the sculptor's art contrived to deceive the eye, that they appeared like living figures just risen from the flood.—Here also towering oaks, intermingling with the lofty beech, formed an avenue, which led to a distant wood. But the rapid wheels soon took from Marina's view the grotto and the stream, which having left far behind, she passed a wood, through whose leafless shades she discerned, by the aid of the same favoring light, a monumental vase.—The vase was black; and a statue of white marble, in a pensive attitude, seemed to mourn over the ashes it contained.

This was too striking an object, not to call forth the inquiries of Marina; and the communicative Mrs. Leo informed her that both the figure and the vase were erected by the late Sir William, to perpetuate the memory of a niece he dearly loved, who had fallen a martyr to the cruelty of her relatives.—"Some hidden mystery," continued Mrs. Leo, "lurks beneath her story.—The marble statue represents Virtue, in the attitude of lamentation over the vase; which, as you justly imagined, is supposed to contain the ashes of his niece."

The conclusion of this speech brought them to the door of the mansion, and left no time for a reply, had Marina been disposed to make one: but the similarity of her mother's fate conveyed to her mind sensations too painful for utterance.

(To be continued.)

The Shipwrecked Boy.

(Concluded from page 599 of our last Volume.)

Four months elapsed before the humane physician received any letter

from his Jamaica correspondent ; and, when the letter did arrive, it contained no satisfactory intelligence ; for his friend informed him he could not learn that any West India vessel had been lost ; though he had caused the particulars to be advertised in the public papers in several of the islands.

Thus year after year rolled away in a state of uncertainty ; and the little Thornton, as his godfather particularly wished to have him called, gradually became the admiration of all who knew him, from the sweetness of his disposition and the liveliness of his parts.—Though his friend and benefactor was extremely anxious to see him ; yet, as he was aware that his health might suffer by a removal to London, he resolved to let him remain with the worthy Morgans, until he was old enough to be sent to a public school.—From Dr. Thornton's letters, he found that his education had not been neglected, and that he passed two hours in study every day ; “and I have the happiness of informing you, my dear sir,” (said the worthy divine in one of his epistles) “that his thirst for knowledge exceeds that of any child I have ever seen.”

When this promising child had completed his eighth year, his affectionate preceptor informed Doctor Gilman, that he thought him sufficiently acquainted with the Latin language to be sent to a public school ; adding, that, as some law business would compel him to visit London, he should take that opportunity of delivering up his charge.—With feelings almost parental, the amiable protector of George Thornton received him ; and, though he had pleased himself with the idea of his being a very fine boy, yet he was so extremely struck with the manly beauty of his countenance, that he

could scarcely avoid expressing his admiration.

The Morgans had been particularly cautioned never to mention the subject of the wreck : and, when he was old enough to make inquiries after his parents, he was merely informed that they were both dead ; but that, as Doctor Gilman had promised to supply the place of a father, it was necessary he should always treat him with a mixture of gratitude, affection, and respect. It was evident that the little fellow felt the force of the obligation which he owed to his benefactor, as he took every opportunity of testifying his gratitude ; and he seemed no less sensible of the kindness he had received from Dr. Thornton, who declared that he loved him with an affection equal to that which he felt for his own sons.

As six more years elapsed without the slightest circumstance occurring which could throw the least light upon a subject of so much consequence, the amiable Doctor Gilman indulged the idea, that, after a lapse of so many years, no person would rob him of the society of his adopted son.—Though he had considered it as a duty incumbent on him to make every inquiry that could lead to the interesting discovery, yet he could not avoid feeling a secret satisfaction that he had not succeeded ; for, having lost a beloved wife and child a few months before he took his western excursion, he fancied that he traced a likeness to the latter, in the features of the little foundling ; and, as he increased in years, he loved him with truly paternal affection.

George—or rather Thornton, as he was generally called in compliment to his respected godfather—had been arrived a few minutes in Hanover-square at the Christmas

vacation, when the being who had displayed a truly fatherly affection received a hasty summons to Fladong's Hotel.—“You must come directly, sir, if you please,” said the waiter; “for we fear the poor gentleman, who is just landed from a West Indiaman, is dying.”

Though the humane Doctor Gilman never wanted a stimulus to urge him to exert his professional skill, yet, knowing that the friend of his youth had long been in a precarious condition, the idea occurred that the invalid might perhaps prove to be him; and, snatching up his hat, he followed the waiter without uttering a word.—In less than five minutes he was in the sick man's chamber:—but the features of the invalid were totally unknown to him. He appeared extremely ill, and very much exhausted, but not so near death as the waiter had apprehended.—A prescription was immediately sent to an apothecary's, which, in the course of half an hour, effected a surprising and happy alteration in the patient, Mr. Grosvenor, who declared he had never taken a medicine that produced such an instantaneous and invigorating effect.—“Would to Heaven, my dear sir,” said the invalid, impressively, “that you could as easily relieve my mental sufferings, as you have my bodily complaint! But, alas! my sorrows seem renewed by the very means, which, I had flattered myself, would disperse them: for I feel myself an isolated being, upon returning to my native soil!”—Here the violence of his emotion checked the power of utterance; and he burst into a flood of tears, which the judicious Doctor Gilman did not attempt to check by any common-place remarks.

“Fourteen years are now elapsed,” continued the agitated stranger,

“since an adored wife and beloved infant, one or both, perished beneath the waves.”—“Fourteen years!” repeated the almost breathless physician—“Was the child, who accompanied his ill-fated mother—oh! tell me, was that child a boy?”

“Oh! a boy! yes, a boy—and the finest little fellow that ever blessed a father's sight.”

“Compose yourself, my dear sir.—I would not raise your expectations; but my adopted son was found about that time.”

“In mercy, in pity, let me instantly behold him!” exclaimed the agonised stranger, appearing ready to faint.—A servant was immediately dispatched to Hanover-square, who returned in a few minutes, accompanied by the being on whose appearance depended the agitated sufferer's peace.

With a smile of conciliation beaming upon his expressive countenance, blended with a look of surprise, the animated boy entered the apartment, and instantly heard the stranger pronounce, “My child! my child!”—Overpowered by those feelings which nature implants in the parental bosom, the agitated father sunk apparently lifeless into the sympathising physician's arms, while the being who had called forth these overwhelming sensations, was himself affected by those of tenderness and alarm. At length, turning to the Doctor, he said, in a voice scarcely audible, “My friend and father! tell me, oh! tell me, did I hear the truth? Have I indeed found a parent? though, God knows, I have never felt the loss of one.”

“You have, my dearest boy, indeed found a father; but I—alas! I have lost a son!”—The returning sensibility of the agitated sufferer prevented the amiable boy from replying to this information; and,

seising the hand which was extended toward him, he dropped upon his knees, and burst into a flood of tears.

"O! let me press thee to this throbbing bosom—thou living image of my lost Maria!" said the delighted father, raising and pressing him to his agitated heart:—"How inscrutable are thy ways, O thou preserver of the innocent!" he added, fondly gazing upon his newly discovered son. Then raising his overflowing eyes to heaven, "Receive," said he, "the grateful tribute of praise and thankfulness, I beseech thee, O my God! My son, participate in the emotions of thy delighted father, and on thy knees implore his benediction!"—So saying, he grasped the hand of the no less agitated object of his affection; and both prostrated themselves before their Creator, and offered up their fervent thanks.

It was not only the resemblance which the lovely boy bore to his deceased mother, that instantly identified his person, but a large mole under his left eye, which, upon his entering the room, caught the attention of Mr. Grosvenor, and proved, beyond a doubt, that he had found his surviving child.

Vain and imperfect becomes the power of language to express the varying emotions which Mr. Grosvenor experienced, as he listened to the interesting history which his son's benevolent protector related.—"To you, my dear sir," said he, "I owe more than the restoration of a beloved son; for, if I may judge by his appearance, he possesses virtues, which will dignify him as a man—Half of my fortune would ill requite you, I am persuaded: but let me implore you to share it with me: let us in future live together, and united watch the opening virtues of our darling

boy.—The Morgans—those worthy people, whose humane propensities taught them to protect and cherish my friendless child—shall then become objects of our joint attention. I have abundant wealth, and shall feel it an addition to my own happiness to make them happy in a participation of it."

"Most cordially, my dear sir, do I in part embrace your proposal," replied the doctor, shaking Mr. Grosvenor affectionately by the hand: "for I have long thought of retiring from the bustle of the metropolis, and the fatigue of my professional practice.—Fortune I do not want: I have more than sufficient: but the society of your son is necessary to my happiness; for, from the moment he has been under my immediate inspection, he has uniformly been to me a source of pleasing gratification, without ever having occasioned me one anxious pang."

The delighted boy alternately embraced his new-found parent and his long-tried friend: "but, father," said he, "you have not named the Thorntons, whose kindness I can never forget."

"Heaven forbid you ever should, my dear boy!" replied Mr. Grosvenor. "My heart and my purse will ever be open to them, and every other individual who showed you any kindness when you were in need of it."

When a night's sleep had composed the ecstatic emotions of Mr. Grosvenor, he gave the protector of his beloved son an epitome of his life—a life, which, in point of fortune, might justly be said to have been invariably prosperous, though he would willingly have exchanged situations with the humblest slave upon his estate.—At an early period of life, he came to the possession of a large estate bequeathed to him by an uncle

in the island of Antigua;—a circumstance, to which he ascribed that envy and malevolence which actuated his brother's mind—a brother, to whom he had supplied the place of father, and whom he had treated with as much fondness as if he had been his child.—The beloved Maria—the wife of his bosom—whose loss he deplored with such unceasing sorrow, was the daughter of that generous uncle: but, the climate not agreeing with her constitution, she set sail for England in an American vessel, which accidentally came to touch at Antigua, and was commanded by a humane and gentlemanly captain, with whom her husband happened to be personally acquainted.

That the vessel had been lost, was evident to the owners in America;—but, where or how she had perished, remained a total secret; and the newspapers, which had so correctly described the fate of the infant and his sable attendant, Mr. Henry Grosvenor had contrived to hide from the sight of his wretched brother. The latter, it is true, was for many months in too distracted a state of mind to take the slightest interest in any thing that occurred; and therefore the other found little difficulty in concealing a circumstance which would have frustrated his future prospects of wealth.

A few weeks, however, before Mr. Grosvenor's arrival in England, that unprincipled brother was seised with a dangerous illness; and, when informed by his medical attendants that his recovery was hopeless, he felt the utmost contrition for the part he had acted, and endeavoured to atone for the past by a candid confession of his cruel and criminal conduct, and a disclosure of every circumstance within his recollection. The disclosure, however, was defective.

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tive and unsatisfactory: for he had destroyed the papers—forgotten the name of the child's preserver—and did not even recollect on what part of the British coast the melancholy event had occurred.—Yet, from this imperfect account, the anxious father determined to quit the island, and make every possible inquiry after his son.—The agitation of his mind during the passage threw him into a violent fever; and it seemed to have been the immediate hand of Providence that guided him to Fladong's Hotel.

As soon as Mr. Grosvenor was sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigue of travelling, the happy trio set off in a chariot and four for Carnarvonshire, where the first act of our young hero's father was to render the Morgans independent, and to make a comfortable provision for all their children.—The mantle, which the worthy Peggy had preserved with the greatest care, was immediately recognised by Mr. Grosvenor, as his beloved Maria's shawl; which, after bathing it with tears, he pressed to his bosom, declaring that he would ever wear it near his heart.—Two of Dr. Thornton's sons were recommended to West India merchants, and established by Mr. Grosvenor in most desirable situations:—in short, every individual, who had paid attention to the little foundling, received an ample reward.

The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.

(Continued from page 25.)

CHAP. 23.

Guard, while 'tis time, thy philosophic
ease; [peace:
And ask no joy but that of virtuous
That bids defiance to the storms of
fate:—

High bliss is only for a higher state.

Thomson.

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated, was her mind;

I

A spirit, that, with noble pride,
 Could look superior down
 On Fortune's smile or frown ;
 That could, without regret or pain,
 To virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or interest or ambition's highest prize ;
 That, injur'd or offended, never tried
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain ;
 A prudence, undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little nor too much believ'd ;
 That scorn'd unjust suspicion's coward fear,
 And, without weakness, knew to be sincere.
Lord Lyttelton.

DURING this period, Mr. Saint-Villiers made a rapid progress in the favor of all at Manningdale. Julia suspected not his wishes. Sir William at times fancied he did ; yet neither words nor actions were sufficiently explicit to confirm his opinion.

Had only the baronet and his daughter been in the way, Mr. Saint-Villiers might perhaps have been even less tardy in his declarations : but the fulsome civility of Lady Monson, with her artful though evident lures to learn his intentions, kept them in check, by occasioning a fear that they were paid rather to his situation, than to himself, and he felt that any doubts upon the subject would for ever embitter an acceptance of his offers.

From the representation that has been given of Saint-Villiers's character, it may easily be supposed that it was not one with which his father's could assimilate : and, their relationship being once avowed, their subsequent intercourse was more civil than intimate. In a long fit of sickness, by which his lordship was attacked, and in which the companions of his gayer hours came not near him, he however recollected, not merely the comfort, but the utility, there would be in his son's being with him. He was therefore written to for that purpose, and re-

ceived the summons, when sitting with Miss Monson. As he communicated the intelligence, she replied, " Are we then indeed to lose your society ? Deeply, I am sure, shall we all feel it ; and greatly will my father lament it."

She uttered this in a tone so sweet, so soft, that it vibrated to his heart. His reserve, his caution, abandoned him ; and, in the same words that his brother had first used upon the subject, he almost impulsively exclaimed, " Julia ! I love you !" and, without hesitation, she replied, " I can sincerely say, I esteem you"—"*but cannot do more,*" she would have added, had not Lady Monson's entrance at that critical moment interrupted the conversation. She dreaded any further reference to the subject before her mother ; and, unable to remain longer in the room, she unfortunately left Saint-Villiers under a deception, which she would not willingly have suffered him to harbour, even for a moment.

Had he been better versed in the female heart, he would have known, that not even the frankness, which he adored in Julia Monson, could at once have surmounted that feminine delicacy, from which such an avowal, as he sought, must be rather stolen in confidence, than thus abruptly given. Esteem, he thought, comprised what he wished ; and, where *that* was acknowledged, all else, he hoped, might be expected. He even felt, that, to have then followed her, and pressed a further confession, would have been an encroachment more selfish than flattering ; and therefore, instead of pursuing the conversation with Julia, he went to her father, who was just then confined to his apartment, by a slight attack of the gout.

To Sir William he fearlessly re-

vealed his wishes. "With my whole heart," returned the worthy baronet, "would I give her to you: for, of all the young men I have seen, you are the only one on whom I could confidently bestow such a jewel.—But, alas! Mr. Saint-Villiers, *that* is all I can do. My Julia will be a portionless bride: and, till pressed by paternal apprehensions, I felt not that my providence might debar my beloved girl of such a connexion as her merits entitle her to expect."

He then candidly disclosed the situation of his affairs, and added, "If, thus impoverished, you will receive my child, my soul's blessing will await your union.—If otherwise, seek not to engage her affections."

The sequel of this conversation, on Saint-Villiers's part, may be easily conjectured. He was under an absolute engagement, from which he could not with propriety recede, to dine at the gentleman's house where he nominally staid. He therefore took his leave, with hopes of such a nature as he had long since ceased to cherish: and Sir William, in his absence, so earnestly besought his daughter to accept Mr. Saint-Villiers, that her resolution began to flag; for she felt, that the denial, which she could so easily have given to her lover, she wanted fortitude to utter to his advocate.

When she began to express her reluctance, Sir William's former caution against mentioning her supposed attachment no longer influenced him. His hopes of her having conquered it were vanquished by his apprehensions; and he stopped her, by saying, "Is it then true, as I have been told, that your heart, nay even your promise, is secured by a showy adventurer, who dares not even avow to a fond

father the hopes he has presumed to entertain? Should this be so, then indeed will my cup of bitterness be full; and the child of my fondest hopes will bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.—Is it for this I have stored your mind, and embellished your manners?—Oh, my darling!" exclaimed he with increasing agony—"tell me the truth:—yet I implore the almighty God, it may not be that you have engaged yourself unworthily."

"And, as that God is to be my judge," returned Julia, "I solemnly swear, I am not engaged, nor ever will marry against your approbation."

Sir William then made her fully acquainted with the state of his affairs, which she had before but partially learned from the passionate sarcasms of her mother. He told her, that the constitutional disorder, to which he was subject, rendered his living till her brother was of age doubly precarious: but his principal care would be lightened, could he see her under Saint-Villiers's protection, and think that such a valuable friend was secured to the younger branches of the family. "You may, at some time, be a parent yourself," continued he: "and you will then, my Julia, comprehend a parent's anxieties. Yet 'tis not from selfish considerations, that I thus urge you. Remember, I entreated you not in behalf of Lord Blenmore: but a connexion like this would equally gratify the wishes of ambition and affection; and I should not then have the mortification of hearing, what will otherwise be perpetually dinned in my ears, that worldly advantages and parental admonitions are equally disregarded, in favor of an attachment which you blush to own."

This was perhaps the most afflictive hour of Julia's life: for it was the first in which her father had spoken with harshness, or in which she had felt herself a cause of pain to him. She now saw that she had an opportunity of relieving his latter days from a load of affliction which weighed upon him—of becoming the benefactress of the family—and, above all things, of securing its respected master from those taunts, which her ladyship, in her fits of peevishness, would always throw out, on those points where she knew his feelings to be most poignant.—Was she therefore justified in standing out, where she could urge no one plausible objection? Saint-Villiers, too, she had distinguished by a marked regard:—by refusing to confirm it, she would incur the stigma of caprice; and, while she now felt all the impossibility of confessing her preferable attachment for Richmond, she felt, more forcibly than ever, the necessity of conquering it. Then again, when fancy would portray the affliction which she would occasion him by bestowing her hand on another—and when she felt conscious of her incapacity to reward that other's affection—her agitated mind was involved in confusion and dismay.

Unable to resolve on any thing, Julia passed a night of most painful meditation. Tears were in her eyes, and her pallid cheeks bore powerful witness to the uneasiness she sustained, when Mr Saint-Villiers was announced. He was evidently shocked by the alteration in her appearance; and, with a less collected manner than usual, informed her that he had just received a second letter, which had not been detained by contrary winds, as the other, and was of a later date by four

days, acquainting him with a most rapid alteration for the worse in his father's complaints, and that his presence in Dublin was instantly required, as his lordship's surviving the crisis seemed very doubtful. "May I therefore," pursued he, "press upon you the subject of yesterday? May I define the sentiments of my heart, in hopes that they are reciprocal in yours? May I then consult you on my future plans—and, though I depart in a couple of hours, flatter myself that the sweetest recompense awaits my return?"

While he was proceeding in this strain, the mild gentleness of his manner inspired Miss Monson with a courage which her own reflexions had failed to supply; and she said, "I feel you so much my friend, Mr. Saint-Villiers, that I entreat your candor and patience, while I open my heart with a sincerity which I think equally due to your generosity and to my own situation. Once, I must confess, my views were different: but their accomplishment is now more than ever doubtful; and I know not that happiness would attend their being realised. For you, sir, I scruple not to avow the highest esteem: but the suddenness of your declaration makes it impossible for me to investigate my feelings so fully, as to say, whether I could, with a heart devoted to you alone, receive your hand. I need not tell you, how much your alliance is the wish of my family, or that, in declining it, I should (perhaps justly) incur their reproaches. Will you therefore, Mr. Saint-Villiers, with the disinterested generosity that seems inherent in your character, bear with me in this delay; or, with my unfeigned acknowledgements for a preference equally unsought-for and

unmerited, let the subject now cease for ever?"

The candor of this confession, and a sort of similarity, though a distant one, in their sentiments, seemed to endear her to him more strongly than ever; and, while he assured her that her felicity was the predominant wish of his soul, he saw not, (he said) from her avowal, that their union would be incompatible with it. The urgency of his summons, he added, would secure her from being precipitated into any determination; and he should feel himself bound to await the event of a decision which lay wholly in her own hands. He promised to put the affair on such a footing, that, whatever might be the result, no blame should attach to her; and wished to give every proof of compliance with her wishes, that could conquer her fears of placing her happiness in his care. He then endeavoured to explain both the former and present state of his mind, and to convince her, that, by a unity of interests, by habitual association, and a desire to replace past sorrows by future hopes, they might be happier together, than asunder: and he addressed her with such feeling, yet such kindness, that her gratitude, if not her love, was powerfully awakened in his favor. In short, while their conference lasted, he omitted nothing that could influence her in his behalf, and only conditioned, that, however she might subsequently decide, she would never swerve from the frankness which she had hitherto evinced, and that she would soften the present suspense to him, by consenting to receive and reply to his letters, by which, he said, he might perhaps, even at a distance, have some criterion by which to model his hopes.

Matters being thus compromised,

he was forced to hurry over his adieux; and, having briefly stated to Sir William the footing on which matters now stood between them, he hastened to obey the mandate of a suffering parent.

Sir William, conscious that his Julia had made every sacrifice in her power to oblige him, devoted his attention to sooth and bring her to such a determination, as was not only congenial to his own wishes, but also (he thought) the best security for her happiness, by affording her a desirable establishment, and saving her from throwing herself away on a less respectable lover.

(To be continued.)

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS
of the Sixteenth Century.*

*(Continued from page 608 of our last
Volume.)*

FIGHEROA at length opens his lips, and, addressing Granvelle, "It is too true," said he, "that Spain has caused streams of blood to flow in the old world: and, when she acquired new subjects beyond the ocean, new torrents of blood have flowed at her command. But those deeds, which nature views with horror in both hemispheres—deeds, which will be remembered to our eternal infamy—tell me, Granvelle, are they to be held out as examples for our monarch's imitation? and, if the advice be followed, who will be the victims of it?—Provinces, which constitute a part of the Spanish empire, and are its greatest glory—men, who have vested Philip with his present power over them for no other purpose than that of promoting their happiness! Does it beseem you, the minister of the altar, to wish to cover his states with tombs and with ruins? Do you wish to render the kingly name and authority detestable to mankind?"

"But policy, you say, requires such rigorous proceedings! Ah! though humanity should not hold them in horror, true wisdom ought to prohibit them. In the infancy of society, the laws erected the throne, as the asylum of the nation: those laws, affording protection to the subject, are the most faithful guardians of the prince. The eternal laws of society have defined the rights of the people, and those of their rulers, whether seated on a throne or assembled in a senate: 'tis on the mutual guaranty of those rights that the duration of states and the public felicity depend. An oath to promote the general happiness, either tacitly implied or solemnly pronounced, reciprocally binds both parties to the faithful observance of that most sacred of all compacts. The king has publicly taken that oath: and there are who dare advise him to violate it! and thus they absolve the Belgian, the Batavian—nor them alone, but all the subjects of his extensive empire—from the allegiance which they have sworn to him!

"The hand of power may drive the laws into banishment, but cannot annihilate them. Emanations of the eternal wisdom, and immortal as the source from which they flowed, they mock the course of time, and, unchanged, survive the lapse of ages: the voice of the oppressed is their sublime interpreter; and, from their exile, they are themselves heard to speak in loud and terrific accents.

"The name of religion is assumed as a cloak to palliate the violation of oaths, and the perpetration of the most atrocious crimes! Gracious God! I cannot consider as thy altars those devouring pyres smoking with human gore—lively images of the eternal flames which

barbarous mortals would wish to kindle: hell resides in their hearts, and they are its ministers. Religion! lovely daughter of the immortal Sire of the universe! from thy eyes sweet peace sheds her mild, enlivening beam: gentle, beneficent, thou seek'st to enlighten mankind, to conduct them into the paths of virtue, and to form of the entire human race one happy family.

"This is the first time, O Philip! that truth has ever dared, within these walls, to pour her harsh accents upon thy ear. For thy own sake, I conjure thee—in consideration of the dangers that hang over thy head—in the name of justice—in the name of all the kings on earth—be not deaf to her warning voice.

"Helvetium threw off the yoke of thy ancestors, and triumphed over their power.

"I do not wish to look beyond the dark veil of futurity: but I cannot forget that the Batavians are engaged in the defence of those objects which are dearest to their hearts—their liberty and their religion: the most cruel deaths have not been able to terrify them: they display a courage, which will increase under the pressure of misfortune: every citizen will become a hero.

"Reject with scorn the sanguinary laws which have been offered for your sanction: revoke the murderous orders which have been obtained from you by surprise: repair in person to Belgium—not to brandish the sword of war, but to display in your paternal hands the balance of the laws and the sacred olive of peace.

"After having pleaded the cause of a whole nation, I am not afraid to raise my voice in favor of an unfortunate youth, who cannot have incurred any guilt, and who, if he de-

served any punishment, would be sufficiently punished by languishing in the gloom of a dungeon, at a distance from his relatives and his native land.

"When death is inflicted with any other view than that of retribution for a crime committed, it becomes murder. Ah! Granvelle! how widely does policy stray from her mark, when she transgresses every law established among mankind! Have you reflected on the dreadful consequences of the deed which you have imprudently advised your sovereign to perpetrate? In the son, you wish to wound the father! But know that those who are enlisted under the banners of liberty are willing to die in her cause; and their dearest relative is their country. Nassau is not ignorant that his son is in the hands of Philip: nevertheless he displays the standard of war. But, as a father, he will shed tears for the fate of his son; as a father, the blood of that son will cry to him for vengeance, and goad him on to the combat. Have you considered, moreover, that you will thus insure to him the support of all nations, who will be incensed by an action, which, if suffered to pass with impunity, may serve as a precedent for endless imitation? Have you anticipated the lengths to which the efforts of just vengeance may proceed, when united with those exertions which are justified by the vindication of lawful rights—combined also with courage, perhaps too with ambition—and continued through the fear of those misfortunes inevitably attendant on the defeat of a party who have dared to draw the sword, and maintain a contest against superior power?

"Excluded by thy profession from the first, the softest ties of nature, permit me to tell thee, that

thou art less capable of conceiving their energy and their charms. If the most savage beasts, mollified by the wailings of an abandoned infant, have tended him with maternal care, and, forgetting their ardent thirst of blood, have nurtured him with the aliment of their milk—be not thou more cruel than they; but assume the feelings of a father toward an unfortunate child"

Strong marks of rage, glaringly portrayed on Philip's countenance, obliged the venerable Figheroa to suspend the sequel of his discourse.—"My frankness," said he to the monarch, "has displeased you. But, standing here as the organ of justice and humanity, my only care was to fulfill the sacred duties which they impose on me. Weary of witnessing daily slaughter—already arrived at the brink of the grave—let me be thrust into it; and may my head be the last which shall ever fall a sacrifice to fanaticism and pride!"

"Old man!" said Granvelle—"the fate which you seem to court, would be the just reward of that discourse, which Nassau himself might have dictated to you. But that head, which its hoary locks, the debility of age, and perhaps the recollection of former prudence, screen from such danger, is an offering which the king will disdain.

"Philip! my anxious concern for your glory might perhaps carry me too far: but the zeal of faith, which fires my bosom—my detestation of factious rebels—and, I again repeat, the dangers with which they threaten you—render me deaf to every other consideration. Pursue, great king, the glorious cause traced out by your own prudence and courage: tread in the paths of your ancestors. Your august sire—that emperor, who was feared by the whole universe—

deigned at times—excuse in me this boast—he deigned to listen to my advice.

“The brilliant conquests of your progenitors are the steps by which you may mount to the pinnacle of glory; and such is your power, that, if ever monarch could entertain the idea of erecting his throne on the ruins of all the other thrones of Europe, that brilliant achievement, the ambitious dream of so many former kings seems peculiarly reserved for you. While designs of the most exalted importance should alone claim your thoughts, you will not surely suffer the insolent revolt of your subjects! you will punish them for retarding you in your victorious career. Let your own wisdom, therefore, alone determine, on the spot, what measures it is most advantageous to pursue. While you here deign to consult your ministers, lo! heresy and rebellion, whose interests are united, accelerate their progress. What! America lies prostrate at your feet; and the Batavian is heard to murmur, and rises against you in arms! A whole continent willingly pours forth her treasures, to enhance the splendor of your diadem; and a petty nation, a handful of men, enriched under the government of your fathers, assume such audacity under your reign, as to refuse you their tribute and their homage!

“Liberty and the sceptre are inseparable. Innovating on points which stand sanctioned by the reverence of so many centuries, those people affect to adopt a mode of worship different from that of their monarch and of the whole state. By this grand act of daring licentiousness, they disturb the peace of your empire, and plainly announce that they aim at independence. But you have not sworn to suffer an inva-

sion of your authority, by showing yourself the slave of a few antiquated prerogatives. The revolt of the Batavian evidently demonstrates that a uniformity of government in every state is indispensably requisite for the general maintenance of the public tranquillity, and that a power derived from heaven ought to be held sacred by the people, unless they will suffer themselves to be hurried into the chaos of anarchy by a delusive phantom assuming the name of liberty.

“It is the voice of Religion herself that you hear from my lips, great monarch! to whom heaven has intrusted the sceptre, that you might become her firm supporter: fulfill therefore your glorious destiny. Behold! on every side her temples are invaded: that monster, Heresy, long concealed from her sight in the secrecy of profound darkness, now dares, in the face of day, to attack her on her throne. Conspiring kings fight under the banners of that monster. 'Tis thine to conquer them: 'tis thine to lay it in chains, and send it back to hell, whence it first broke loose upon earth. As a reward of thy pious exertions, Religion will adorn thy brow with an immortal crown, and compel the vanquished monarchs to bend submissive at thy feet: she will re-edify her prostrate temples—will blast the tombs of Luther and of Calvin: the ashes of those heresiarchs shall be given to the winds—their names blotted out from the face of earth . . .

“But these triumphs are yet distant:—while we sit deliberating within these walls, and a daring voice is heard to recommend clemency, Nassau and the Batavians are fighting in the field—cities rise in rebellion—forts are surrendered—the Scheldt and the Meuse no

longer flow subject to your control: and perhaps the day may come, when that arch-rebel, supported by the aid of princes who are jealous of your glory, shall carry revolt and war into the bosom of Italy, and even of Spain herself. Then, Figheroa! while you crown the victor with laurels, and in return receive from him the reward of your moderation, we shall conjure you to exhort him not to abuse his victory—we shall implore your eloquent clemency! But do thou, Philip, impose eternal silence on the tongue that would suggest such unmanly counsels, such rash projects: take the arms of religion and those of war, and let the Batavian and his defenders fall prostrate at thy feet."

"Yes," said Philip, "I will chastise the Batavians! yes, rebellious men! perfidious chiefs! the most dreadful punishments shall soon fall on your heads: but I will not so far degrade the majesty of kings, as to go fight in person against my subjects: from the recesses of my palace I shall be able to reach them. Another measure, too, is suggested to me by policy:—the fear of losing a son, whom I knew he dotingly loves, is the only motive which can arrest the progress of Nassau in the criminal career into which he is hurried by his blind rage: the life or the death of Buren must be equally serviceable; and, if it be not yet too late, I revoke the order for his death."

"As to you, Figheroa, let your own option determine the place of retirement where you choose to spend your remaining days: meanwhile, be gone from my sight: at this moment, and for the time to come, I consent to remember only your past services rendered to Spain and to my father."

He said, and, while Figheroa retired, dismissed the council.

(To be continued.)

VOL. 44.

A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

(Concluded from page 34.)

WE found the son of Vulcan a very civilised being: he kindly invited us into a small back room: hot rolls were smoking upon the table; and an inviting steam issued from the coffee-pot.—"Will you be pleased to take a cup, ladies? or you, sir?" inquired the hospitable mistress of the humble abode.—"What think you, madam, of our taking breakfast here, instead of at the Falcon?" said Peace-and-Plenty: "we can but pay for it, you know; and these rolls look very tempting:—how is your butter, my good woman?"—The blacksmith's wife having informed us that the butter was a present from her daughter, who had married a farmer in the neighbourhood, we all readily agreed to the proposal, and sat down to breakfast.

"Will not our fellow traveller condescend to join our party?" I asked, directing my eyes toward the young woman.—"I will ask her, ma'am, with your permission," she answered, and, immediately rising, proceeded to the coach, which, by this time, was come up to the blacksmith's door.

On her return, I perceived a faint smile upon her features.—"Well, ma'am! is the lady sensible of your polite attention to her?" said I, smiling.—"I believe, ma'am, she considered it rather as an insult; for she asked me, what I took her for, by inviting her to breakfast in a blacksmith's shop."

"Just what I expected!" exclaimed our jolly companion—"God help her silly head, and proud stomach! But she shall not think to keep us all waiting while she gets her breakfast;—and I'll feed honest Coachey with plenty of hot rolls." So saying, he drew a shilling from his pocket, desiring a little girl to fetch a dozen quite hot.—The rolls

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were light, the butter delicious, and the coffee extremely good: in fact, I never recollect having taken a more comfortable breakfast. — A large basin of this wholesome beverage was poured out for the coachman, who was plentifully supplied with buttered rolls; and my ruddy-faced fellow traveller requested him to mortify "*Madam Pride*," as he termed her, for not choosing to join our social party, by declaring he could not wait a sufficient time for her breakfast — Having liberally rewarded our civil entertainers for their accommodation, we all stepped into the coach, and, in less than a quarter of an hour, reached the Falcon, where the passengers generally take breakfast.

"Quick! quick, hostler!" exclaimed the coachman, as we drove up to the gate: "bring out the horses in a moment; for I am too late by an hour." — So saying, he descended, and began to unharness his steeds. — "You will wait until I have had my breakfast, sir, I assure you!" said the lady, as one of the waiters was letting down the step. — "I would not wait five minutes for the queen of England, madam," replied the coachman: "if I did, I know I should never drive this coach again." — "Very well, sir! at your *peril*, go without me! The time, allowed in these vehicles for breakfast, is half an hour at least; and, if you dare set off before the expiration of it, I will take a post-chaise at your master's expense."

"Oh! you dare me to it, do you, madam? Then I tell you, I'll be off in five minutes. Why could not you get your breakfast with the other gentlefolk, while the blacksmith was repairing the spring?" To this interrogatory the indignant lady did not condescend to make

any other reply than a contemptuous toss of the head. The horses were brought out, immediately put to the carriage; and the coachman, having examined his watch, appealed to the master of the inn; — describing, with great accuracy, his passenger's fine-lady airs, as he termed them, when the accident happened to the spring.

"She's some upstart Abigail, I'll be bound for it!" exclaimed the landlord: "but she sha'n't have to say she was not warned of the consequence; and, if she don't choose to come directly, do you drive away without her, Jack." — The landlord instantly directed his steps toward the room which this unaccommodating being had entered, but returned in a few moments, exclaiming, "The lady chooses to travel post, Mr Coachey: but that is none of our business."

A crack of the whip put us into instant motion, and excited a burst of laughter from Mr. Best — which, I understood, was the name of my companion, from the salutation of the master of the inn.

"Thank God, we have got rid of her!" he ejaculated with great fervency, as soon as he had composed his risible faculties. — "Why, madam, such a woman as that must, in my opinion, be a perfect pest among her acquaintance. — Lord bless me! what were we sent into this world for, but to reverence our Creator, and be kind-hearted to each other? What say you, my little blue-eyed nun, to my doctrine?" he added, tapping her upon the shoulder.

"I say, sir," she replied, with an air of timidity, "that, if all were inclined to follow *your* precepts, this world would present a scene of heart-felt enjoyment: but, alas! I fear, too many of its inhabitants resemble the lady who is going to travel by herself."

"No, no, child! you are mistaken, I assure you," said he emphatically: "and 'it is too early for you to form such an unfavorable opinion.'"—"I have had too much reason, sir," she replied, in a voice rendered almost inarticulate by agitation; "for I have been the victim of cruelty and oppression from my cradle."

"God help thee then! God help thee!" he repeated, in a tone of commiseration, while the tear of sympathy started into his eye—"I tell you what, child, I am not a man of professions; yet there is something in your appearance that pleases me; and, if I can render you any service, you have only to point out the way."—This generous proposal was made with such an air of sincerity, that no language can do justice to it; and the being to whom it was addressed, evidently felt the full force of it.—Clasped and uplifted hands, however, were the only reply made to it.—"Come, come, my dear!" said he—"open your heart to me; for there is only this old lady and her maid to hear the secrets of it; and, if I guess right, she is as much taken with you as I am myself."—I assured the worthy Mr. Best he was right in his conjecture, and offered my services, in conjunction with his, when the unhappy young woman expressed her gratitude towards us in the most eloquent language.

"In my life, sir," said she, "there are but few incidents. My father, who was a clergyman, died when I was very young; and my mother, who had offended her family by marrying him, survived his loss until I was ten years old.—The tedious illness of this dear and ever to be lamented mother was attended with such heavy expense, that, when she died, I was at once as destitute of

fortune, as I was of friends.—My pitiable condition was represented to my maternal uncle, who, to prevent me from going to the parish, condescended to receive me into his house, where, for near eleven years, I have never heard the voice of kindness, but from my cousin's governess.—That amiable woman, pitying my situation, at stolen intervals gave me instruction; for I was not permitted to receive lessons with my imperious cousins.—The best years of my life passed away in this manner; and, had it not been for the maternal kindness of Mrs. Nelson, the governess, my spirits must have sunk under the misery of my situation; for it was indeed most deplorable! About six months ago, the second son of my uncle returned from the East Indies, where he had been stationed with his regiment upwards of nine years.—Unfortunately my person happened to please him:—his mother's penetrating eye discovered his partiality; and, though I neither encouraged his attentions, nor felt a prepossession in his favor, her indignation knew no bounds; and, not satisfied with accusing me of the most treacherous conduct, she insisted upon my sacrificing my own liberty, to insure that of her son.—The man she fixed upon for my future husband was libertine in his conduct, and irreligious in his ideas—in short, sir, a man devoid of every sentiment that does honor to human nature.—I rejected the proposal in a respectful but decided manner; which so completely provoked my relatives, that they informed me, I must either consent to marry Mr. Barker within a fortnight, or forever quit their house.—The amiable Mrs. Nelson consoled me, by suggesting the possibility of my obtaining the situation of governess; and, for this purpose, wrote

to a sister who resides in London, to whose house I am now going: but Heaven only knows, whether my endeavours to obtain the desired object will be crowned with success."

Here the unfortunate narrator ceased.—I took her hand with an air of affection, and assured her that I would do every thing in my power to promote her wishes; adding, that I did not doubt, that, during my residence in London, I should be able to accomplish them.

When the coach drove into the inn-yard, a very respectable woman approached it, and inquired whether a young lady from Mrs. Nelson was in it. As soon as we alighted, I entreated her to indulge me with five minutes' conversation; when, professing myself warmly interested in Miss L***'s future welfare, I gave her a direction to the place of my intended residence during my stay in London, and entreated both to favor me with a visit on the following morning.—While making this request, I heard the well-known voice of my adopted children inquiring which room I was in; and, the next moment, I had the happiness of pressing both to my aged breast.

I accompanied them to their home, where a blazing fire, and a nice yet frugal repast, awaited me. We passed the remaining part of the evening in mutual communications and friendly chat; and, when I retired to my chamber, I found Betty warming my night-cap, with a countenance beaming with satisfaction.—
 "Well, Betty!" said I—"we, neither of us, appear to have suffered from this formidable journey."—"For my own part, ma'am," replied Betty, "I never felt better in my whole life; and I am *sartin*, that, if I had been queen of England, I could not have been treated with

greater respect, than I have been this very night."

"Servants, Betty," I observed, "naturally imitate the conduct of their masters and mistresses; and, as they perceive the heads of this family always pay respect to age, they naturally follow the amiable example; and I have no doubt that we shall pass a very comfortable three weeks."

The next morning, at breakfast, I introduced the history of my travelling companion; and, the moment I had concluded it, my young friend exclaimed, "My dear madam, you know not the real happiness I feel in telling you, that Mrs. Manby's governess was yesterday married; and she is, at the present moment, distressed for a proper person to supply her place."—The carriage was instantly ordered, and we drove to Mrs. Manby's; to whom I simply related Miss L***'s affecting tale; and, though neither of us doubted the truth of it, she thought it prudent to apply to Mrs. Nelson, before she positively engaged.—The reply to her letter of inquiry was highly satisfactory: Mrs. Nelson described Miss L*** as one of the most amiable of human beings; and, in less than a week after her arrival in London, she was established as governess*.

The gratification I received in having been accessory to this establishment, would, of itself, have been

* As a caution, however, to some of our youthful readers, we beg of them to observe that Miss L***'s good fortune was the consequence of a singularly happy and extraordinary concurrence of fortuitous events, such as no young woman in her circumstances has the smallest reason to hope for; and which, therefore, ought not to operate as an incentive to any young unexperienced female to quit her friends—and, big with delusive hopes, hurry up to London, where every class of candidates, for employment of

sufficient to compensate me for the fatigue of travelling: but, in addition to it, since my arrival in London, I have been a daily partaker of social happiness.—A few well selected friends compose our evening parties: cheerfulness and good humour preside at our unostentatious board; and the master of the house's motto seems to be, "No song, no supper"

The Ghost.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

I AM a young lady about the age of eighteen, and live with my mamma, a widow lady, and my sister, who is two years younger than myself. Our residence is at the extremity of a pleasant village, a few miles from London, where we have but little society, and are therefore obliged to have recourse to a circulating library for part of our amusement. Unfortunately, our village librarian's collection consists chiefly of novels and romances; and, partly from necessity, and partly from choice, my sister and myself have acquired a taste for that species of any kind, is so disproportionately over-numerous, that, for *one* who succeeds, *many*, very many indeed, *must* necessarily *fail* of success, *because* there is *no room* for them. The heart-rending appearance of our streets at night, and even in the open day, bears melancholy witness to the multitudes of hapless females, who have been cruelly disappointed in their golden dreams of making fortunes in London—And then the number of femalesuicides! . . . But our blood curdles at the recollection—We drop the subject, and return to our youthful readers. Beware, then, young ladies! beware! If you are tolerably well circumstanced in the country, or can better your condition in the country, stay there! stay where you may be safe! London is a dangerous place: and, if you venture to it without a well-grounded *assurance* of success, too late you may rue your visit to the metropolis.

EDITOR.

reading, perhaps not altogether to our advantage. Be that as it may, I have to relate a circumstance that happened to me a few evenings since, while engaged in reading a most delightfully-horrifying novel, that has a good deal damped my ardor, and given me a hint or two, which, I trust, may be of service to me, and to some other of your young readers.

On the evening above mentioned, my mother, who is an early wonian, had been gone to bed nearly two hours: my sister and myself had, each, got a volume in our hands; and, just about the time when the church clock announced three quarters past eleven, my sister, who had finished her volume, declared she was so sleepy that she must retire. I told her, that, by the time she had put her hair in paper, I should be with her; for I was, just at that moment, in such an interesting part of my romance, that to go to bed without finishing that chapter was impossible. She shut the door, and left me.

I was seated at a table a few feet in front of a piano-forte, which had been left open; and I was deeply musing over the situation of a heroine, who had been working her way to escape from a horrible confinement, through cells, and vaults, and chapels, with all their various accompaniments, such as large rusty keys, grating hinges, heavy doors, reverberating echoes, clanking chains; and distant noises; till my poor brain was stretched to its utmost tension of horror and pity. If the door had opened, I should have started from my seat, even though I had expected it to open. Judge then, sir, of my situation, when, just at the very "witching time of night," (for it was not five minutes since the clock had struck twelve)

I heard a violent crash upon the keys of the piano-forte behind me; and, before I had even time to think, something rapidly whisked by me, and overturned the candle!!

I knew that no one but myself was in the room; and I was petrified with horror!—How loud I screamed, I cannot tell you: but that I did scream, is very certain; for my sister, who had not yet got into bed, returned with her candle, on hearing me scream, and found me in a state of insensibility, with my head upon the table close to the extinguished candle; and, just by me, on the table also, the innocent cause of my present condition—a favorite young cat, that was sometimes in the habit of sitting on our work-table, and who had now travelled to her present seat, by an unfortunate route, viz. a chair by the piano-forte, across the instrument; and, in her way, striking a few discords, which had no doubt frightened and hurried her so much that she overturned the candle.—Here was a tissue of circumstances, luckily well explained, which might otherwise have been handed down as a most unquestionable story of a ghost.

I need not tell you how much hartshorn, water, &c. was lavished in recovering me, nor whether mamma was called up or not: but this I will tell you—and I hope it may not be thrown away upon some of your readers—that I have resolved, in consequence of this accident, to read as few novels as possible, and those only that shall have been recommended to me by some person of better judgement than myself, and never to read them so late at night, and alone; for it might very easily have happened, if the cat had not extinguished the light, that, in fainting, I should have set myself on fire; and the consequences then

would have been dreadful.—I am, Sir, your constant reader, ELLEN.

Masonic Fête to EARL MOIRA.

IN the biographic notice of Earl Moira in our last Number (page 31) we mentioned an intended meeting of the Masonic Order, with reference to him. Accordingly, on the 27th of January, a most respectable meeting of that mystic fraternity entertained the noble Earl with a grand Masonic *fête* at Freemasons' Hall. The Duke of Sussex, as deputy Grand Master, occupied the chair; and the plan of the entertainment (which at once united accommodation and comfort with splendor and magnificence) evinced a polite and gallant attention, on the part of the brotherhood, to the gratification of their female friends: for, although the Masonic proceedings are invariably conducted under the veil of the most profound secrecy, and females are utterly excluded from all participation in their mystic rites*; the business, on this occasion, was so arranged, that a considerable part of it wore the usual forms of a public *fête*—accessible, of course, to ladies, who, from one of the galleries, poured on His Lordship's eye the radiance of concentrated beauty, while, from the other, his ear was greeted by the music of the Duke of York's band.

Toward the conclusion of the entertainment, the Duke of Sussex rose to propose the Earl's health—

* We are given to understand—for, not being initiated in the mysteries of the Craft, we do not profess to know any thing of the business ourselves, and can therefore only repeat what has been told to us—that the exclusion of females, by the Masonic Order, arises not from a sense of distrust, but from considerations of delicacy, lest improper motives should be attributed to secret meetings of the two sexes.

prefacing his motion with a handsome eulogium on his meritorious services as a soldier and a statesman. The health was enthusiastically drank with three times three, and accompanied with the following song, written, for the occasion, by Walter Rodwell Wright, esq. and adapted

to the German air of "Ershall o gefuhl."

Thou soft-breathing lyre! for a while
be suspended [impart;

The social delight which thy numbers
While signs of regret with our raptures
are blended, [the heart.

And strains of affection flow warm from
Hail! hail! hail! to ev'ry bosom dear,
Thou, to whose honor'd name

We consecrate the parting tear.

Ye realms where the day-star first springs
from the ocean, [throny's ray:

Now welcome the dawn of Philan-
Ye nations that tremble in abject devo-
tion, [sway.

By Ganges or Indus—rejoice in her
Hail! hail! hail! &c. &c.

Go on, noble spirit! still guerdon'd with
glory, [has assign'd;

Pursue the bright track which thy fate
For thus shall thy name live ennobled in
story, [of mankind.

Of Britain the pride, and the friend
Hail! hail! hail! &c. &c.

Oh! deem not, our hearts can e'er cease
to revere thee, [dwell,

Or still on thy virtues with rapture to
Recalling those scenes, to our souls that
endear thee, [thee farewell!

And the pain of that hour, when we bade
Hail! hail! hail! &c. &c.

E'en then, while between us wide oceans
are rolling, [renew,

Whene'er we assemble these rites to
With magic illusion 'our senses control-
ling, [view.

Shall fancy restore thee again to our
Hail! hail! hail! &c. &c.

And when on that breast (where bright
honor, still beaming, [bestow)

Sheds lustre, excelling what kings can
The pledge of fraternal affection is gleam-
ing, [shall glow.

With kindred emotions thy bosom
Hail! hail! hail! &c. &c.

Oh! think, while glad millions, their gra-
titude breathing [shall adore,

For freedom and justice, thy name

Fond friendship and joy rosy chaplets
are wreathing, [shore:
To greet thy return to thy lov'd native
Hail! hail! hail! &c. &c

After an eloquent and pathetic speech from Earl Moira, expressing his deep sense of the honor this day conferred on him*, the ladies withdrew; and the Duke of Sussex—in the name of the fraternity, and as a testimony of their gratitude for the services rendered to the order by the noble Earl during twenty-five years that he had acted (for the Prince of Wales) as Grand Master—presented to him a splendid and magnificent jewel, blazing with a profusion of diamonds, and bearing a Masonic emblem, to be worn pendent from the neck.

On the 29th of January, His Lordship was introduced to the Court of Directors at the India House, and took the usual oaths on his appointment to the high office of Governor General and Commander in chief of the Company's forces in India.—And here we take our leave of the noble Earl, but not without congratulating the oppressed natives of Hindostan on the cheering prospect opened to their view by the selection of such a man for their ruler—from whose wisdom and humanity they may confidently hope for every practicable melioration of their degraded and deplorable condition.

*Letter from the PRINCESS of WALES
to the REGENT.*

THE history of this interesting letter, as related in the public papers, is, in substance, as follows—

On the 14th of January, it was sent, sealed, to Lord Liverpool and Lord Eldon, by Lady Charlotte Campbell, expressing the Princess's pleasure that it should be presented to the Regent; and it was accompanied with an open copy

* For a *modest simile*, used on this occasion by the noble Earl, see the *Medley*, in our present Number.

for their perusal.—On the 15th, the Earl of Liverpool returned it to Lady Charlotte, unopened, with an intimation, that, as all correspondence between the Regent and the Princess had ceased for some years, it was his Royal Highness's determination not to renew it.—On the 16th, it was again sent by Lady Charlotte, with an intimation, that, as it contained matter of importance to the state, she relied on their laying it before his Royal Highness.—It was again returned unopened, with the Earl of Liverpool's compliments to Lady Charlotte, saying, that the Prince saw no reason to depart from his determination.—On the 17th, it was again sent in the same way by command of her Royal Highness, expressing her confidence, that the two noble lords would not take upon themselves the responsibility of not communicating the letter to his Royal Highness, and that she should not be the only subject in the empire, whose petition was not to be permitted to reach the throne. To this an answer was given, that the contents of it had been made known to the Prince.—On the 19th, her Royal Highness directed a letter to be addressed to the two noble lords, desiring to know whether it had been made known to his Royal Highness, by being read to him, and to know his pleasure thereon.—No answer being given to this letter, the Princess, on the 26th, directed a letter to be written, expressing her surprise, that no answer had been given to her application for a whole week.—To this an answer was received, addressed to the Princess, stating, that, in consequence of her Royal Highness's demand, her letter *had been read* to the Prince Regent on the 20th, but that he had not been pleased to express his pleasure thereon.—Here the correspondence closed; and, in a few days after, the contents of the letter were circulated in manuscript, and soon found their way into the public prints.

The Letter.

SIR,

It is with great reluctance that I presume to obtrude myself upon your Royal Highness, and to solicit your attention to matters, which may, at first, appear rather of a personal than a public nature. If I could think them so—if they related merely to myself—I should abstain from a proceeding which might give uneasiness, or interrupt the more weighty occupations of your Royal Highness's time. I should continue, in silence and retire-

ment, to lead the life which has been prescribed to me, and console myself for the loss of that society and those domestic comforts to which I have so long been a stranger, by the reflexion that it has been deemed proper I should be afflicted without any fault of my own—and that your Royal Highness knows it.

But, Sir, there are considerations, of a higher nature than any regard to my own happiness, which render this address a duty both to myself and my daughter—may I venture to say—a duty also to my husband, and the people committed to his care? There is a point, beyond which a guiltless woman cannot with safety carry her forbearance. If her honor is invaded, the defence of her reputation is no longer a matter of choice; and it signifies not, whether the attack be made openly, manfully, and directly—or by secret insinuation, and by holding such conduct towards her, as countenances all the suspicions that malice can suggest. If these ought to be the feelings of every woman in England who is conscious that she deserves no reproach, your Royal Highness has too sound a judgment, and too nice a sense of honor, not to perceive, how much more justly they belong to the mother of your daughter—the mother of her who is destined (I trust, at a very distant period) to reign over the British empire.

It may be known to your Royal Highness, that, during the continuance of the restrictions upon your royal authority, I purposely refrained from making any representations, which might then augment the painful difficulties of your exalted station. At the expiration of the restrictions, I still was inclined to delay taking this step, in the hope that I might owe the redress I sought to your gracious and unsolicited condescension. I have waited, in the fond indulgence of this expectation, until, to my inexpressible mortification, I find that my unwillingness to complain has only produced fresh grounds of complaint; and I am at length compelled, either to abandon all regard for the two dearest objects which I possess on earth, mine own honor and my beloved child, or to throw myself at the feet of your Royal Highness, the natural protector of both.

I presume, Sir, to represent to your Royal Highness, that the separation (which every succeeding month is making wider) of the mother and the daughter, is equally injurious to my character and

to her education. I say nothing of the deep wounds which so cruel an arrangement inflicts upon my feelings, although I would fain hope that few persons will be found of a disposition to think lightly of these. To see myself cut off from one of the very few domestic enjoyments left me—certainly the only one upon which I set any value, the society of my child—involves me in such misery, as I well know your Royal Highness could never inflict upon me, if you were aware of its bitterness. Our intercourse has been gradually diminished. A single interview weekly seemed sufficiently hard allowance for a mother's affections.—That, however, was reduced to our meeting once a fortnight; and I now learn that even this most rigorous interdiction is to be still more rigidly enforced.

But, while I do not venture to intrude my feelings, as a mother, upon your Royal Highness's notice, I must be allowed to say, that, in the eyes of an observing and jealous world, this separation of a daughter from her mother will only admit of one construction—a construction fatal to the mother's reputation. Your Royal Highness will also pardon me for adding, that there is no less inconsistency than injustice in this treatment.—He who dares advise your Royal Highness to overlook the evidence of my innocence, and disregard the sentence of complete acquittal which it produced—or is wicked and false enough still to whisper suspicions in your ear—betrays his duty to you, Sir, to your daughter, and to your people, if he counsels you to permit a day to pass without a further investigation of my conduct. I know that no such calumniator will venture to recommend a measure which much speedily end in his utter confusion. Then let me implore you to reflect on the situation in which I am placed; without the shadow of a charge against me—without even an accuser—after an inquiry that led to my ample vindication—yet treated as if I were still more culpable than the perjurers of my suborned traducers represented me, and held up to the world as a mother who may not enjoy the society of her only child.

The feelings, Sir, which are natural to my unexampled situation, might justify me in the gracious judgement of your Royal Highness, had I no other motives for addressing you but such as relate to myself. But I will not disguise from your

Royal Highness what I cannot for a moment conceal from myself, that the serious, and it soon may be, the irreparable injury, which my daughter sustains from the plan at present pursued, has done more in overcoming my reluctance to intrude upon your Royal Highness, than any sufferings of my own could accomplish; and if, for her sake, I presume to call away your Royal Highness's attention from the other cares of your exalted station, I feel confident I am not claiming it for a matter of inferior importance either to yourself or your people.

The powers, with which the constitution of these realms vests your Royal Highness in the regulation of the royal family, I know, (because I am so advised) are ample and unquestionable. My appeal, Sir, is made to your excellent sense and liberality of mind in the exercise of those powers; and I willingly hope that your own parental feelings will lead you to excuse the anxiety of mine for impelling me to represent the unhappy consequences which the present system must entail upon our beloved child.

Is it possible, Sir, that any one can have attempted to persuade your Royal Highness, that her character will not be injured by the perpetual violence offered to her strongest affections—the studied care taken to estrange her from my society, and even to interrupt all communication between us? That her love for me, with whom, by His Majesty's wise and gracious arrangements, she passed the years of her infancy and childhood, never can be extinguished, I well know; and the knowledge of it forms the greatest blessing of my existence. But let me implore your Royal Highness to reflect, how inevitably all attempts to abate this attachment, by forcibly separating us, if they succeed, must injure my child's principles—if they fail, must destroy her happiness.

The plan of excluding my daughter from all intercourse with the world, appears to my humble judgement peculiarly unfortunate. She, who is destined to be the sovereign of this great country, enjoys none of those advantages of society which are deemed necessary for imparting a knowledge of mankind to persons who have infinitely less occasion to learn that important lesson; and it may so happen, by a chance, which, I trust, is very remote, that she should be called

upon to exercise the powers of the crown, with an experience of the world more confined than that of the most private individual. To the extraordinary talents with which she is blessed, and which accompany a disposition as singularly amiable, frank, and decided, I willingly trust much; but, beyond a certain point, the greatest natural endowments cannot struggle against the disadvantages of circumstances and situation. It is my earnest prayer, for her own sake as well as her country's, that your Royal Highness may be induced to pause before this point be reached.

Those who have advised you, Sir, to delay so long the period of my daughter's commencing her intercourse with the world and for that purpose to make Windsor her residence, appear not to have regarded the interruptions to her education, which this arrangement occasions; both by the impossibility of obtaining the attendance of proper teachers, and the time unavoidably consumed in the frequent journeys to town, which she must make, unless she is to be secluded from all intercourse, even with your Royal Highness and the rest of the royal family. To the same unfortunate counsels I ascribe a circumstance in every way so distressing both to my parental and religious feelings, that my daughter has never yet enjoyed the benefit of confirmation, although above a year older than the age at which all the other branches of the royal family have partaken of that solemnity. May I earnestly conjure you, Sir, to bear my entreaties upon this serious matter, even if you should listen to other advisers on things of less near concernment to the welfare of our child?

The pain, with which I have at length formed the resolution of addressing myself to your Royal Highness, is such as I should in vain attempt to express. If I could adequately describe it, you might be enabled, Sir, to estimate the strength of the motives which have made me submit to it. They are the most powerful feelings of affection, and the deepest impressions of duty towards your Royal Highness, my beloved child, and the country, which I devoutly hope she may be preserved to govern, and to show, by a new example, the liberal affection of a free and generous people to a virtuous and constitutional monarch.

I am, Sir, with profound respect, and an attachment which nothing can alter,
Your Royal Highness's

Most devoted and most affectionate

Consort, Cousin, and Subject,

(Signed) CAROLINE LOUISA,

Montague House, Jan. 11, 1813.

The Closing SCENE.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

Montgomery.

How variously is the approach of death anticipated!—by most people, with a feeling, if not of absolute dread, at least with a sort of shuddering apprehension; by some with callous apathy; and with anxious desire by others, who would gladly use the language of the poet forming the motto to this article—such as the heart-broken widow, the unprotected orphan, the penniless victim of age, disease, and want; or the unhappy prisoner! But, alas! how few, even of these, would be prepared for such an event!

The observation is trite and very old, but it is nevertheless an observation that ought frequently to be made, that, though we, every day, see friends and enemies, young and old, rich and poor, sinking together to the grave: though we feel, either from slight illness, loss of strength, or the gradual decay of our frames, that the same lot inevitably awaits us in our turn, we yet go on, day after day, and year after year, without making any thing like a preparation for so awful an event. The preacher and his congregation, the master and his servants, the father and his children, are alike unmindful of it; and perhaps the mind which is at this moment dictating these remarks, is as much or more so than any of its fellows. We talk of it, and we hear it talked of, properly and pathetically: but—like seeds sown on barren ground, that take not root—the observations made are lost upon us: they fall indeed upon our ears; and for a short time we remember them; but the very first call of business or pleasure drives away the recollection of them, till the death of a friend again recalls them; though such an event is too often passed over slightly. We shun the house of

Death: we like not to gaze on him in his terrors; and, with a sorrowful countenance put on for the moment, and a common-place remark, such as, "Ah! it is what we must all come to," we turn again into the bustle of the world, and forget it.

We ought to make ourselves rather more familiar with death than we do, awful as it unquestionably is; not that it is necessary, or even proper, to be solicitous in gaining admission to the chambers of the dying: but, in the case of a parent, a wife or child, or some dear and much esteemed friend, it is our bounden duty to seek their bed-side; to join them in their last prayers; to take their last requests as sacred, and to be executed with our best ability; to sooth, as much as weak humanity can, their dying moments; and to close their eyes, when the soul finally quits its earthly abode, for the blissful mansions of eternity. Much too often we avoid this; and a parent, a wife, a child, or a friend, is left to die, with only strangers about their bed. Oh! it is cruel! Let us ask our own hearts, if we should like such treatment in such a moment; and the answer must be, "No!"—Let that answer then be our guide; for, of all the remembrances which the human mind may have, that of having attended the dying bed of a near relative or a dear friend is the sweetest; for, if it is the departure of a good man that we have witnessed, we shall, besides the satisfaction of having done a good deed, have beheld Death robbed of half his terrors; and may hoard up the recollection, as a powerful ally against the apprehensions of our own minds, till drooping nature sinks to the tomb.

J. M. LACEY.

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(Continued from page 620, of our last Volume.)

To know the character of a man, is only to have discovered the point in vice at which he would stop. Every legatee desires the death of the testator; but every legatee is not capable of poisoning him. A man will fail of his word, who would shudder at the idea of taking a false oath. It is the same with acts of positive virtue. We give to our friends; but we give little. No man is always wicked, and no man is always virtuous. Enthusiasm alone is the source of great crimes and great virtues; particularly the enthusiasm of religion.

The imagination proceeds in a gallop; the judgement, in a walking-pace.

If we bear in our heart the conviction that all men are equal, and in our head that the exterior distinguishes them, we shall have made a compromise that will carry us smoothly through the world.

It is said of beggars, that they are never out of their road, because they have no fixed abode. It is the very same with persons who dispute without being possessed of determinate notions.

There is no miser alive, who has not formed the intention of living expensively at some future time: death comes, and consigns the execution of his project to his heir.

(To be continued.)

MEDLEY.

A modest Simile.—After an elegant eulogium on Earl Moura, pronounced by the Duke of Sussex at the Masonic fête, noticed in our present Number, page 78—the noble Earl, with that modesty which ever characterises genuine merit, observed, in his address to the brotherhood, that, if he really possessed in any degree the virtues which his royal brother had so graciously ascribed to him, they were no more than an emanation from the principles of the fraternity to whom he addressed himself; and that he could not better illustrate the fact, than by relating to them an Eastern apologue. It was the practice in Asia to use a perfumed clay in the bath, instead of soap or almond powder, as practised here. On one occasion, a caliph, delighted with the grateful scent, in a rapturous exclamation, spoke to the clay, and extolled its perfume. The clay became animated, and immediately replied, "I am, please your Highness, a piece of common and ordinary clay: but mark the benefit of good association! I came into contact with a rose; and I imbibed its odor."

Mourning-Rings, and Preachers' Portraits.—Mr. Nichols, in his "Literary Anecdotes of the 18th Century," notices a remarkable deviation from the custom of presenting mourning-rings to the relatives and friends of a person deceased. It was in the case of Capt. W. Locker, Lieut. governor of Greenwich Hospital; after whose decease, a good portrait of him (engraved by an eminent artist, as a private plate, at the expense of his family) was distributed to his relatives

and friends, in lieu of mourning-rings—"an example" (observes Mr. Nichols) "worthy of imitation, and infinitely to be preferred in every case where the person deceased has acquired a right to be perpetuated:" to which we would add, that, whether he have, or have not acquired that right, we should, in all cases, wish to see the portrait adopted, instead of the ring. Many an individual, of little note at present, may become an object of importance in the eye of posterity, as the progenitor of some person eminently distinguished by rank or talents in a future age. But, setting posterity out of the question (since, according to the sapient remark of a civic orator, "*posterity has done nothing to benefit us*") we shall, by this plan, benefit the existing generation: we shall encourage the arts of drawing and engraving, and give bread to a greater number of inferior workmen in different branches, than the manufacture of the rings would employ; for which reason, we are much pleased with the zeal displayed by certain sects of Dissenters in procuring portraits of their preachers—a zeal, that has, in many cases, produced good engravings, which otherwise would never have seen the light. We wish the example were followed in the established church—at least, that, whenever a sermon is to be published, "*at the particular desire of the congregation*," the congregation may add a request to have it embellished with the preacher's portrait.

Irish Roads.—An Englishman having once asked an Irishman "If the roads in Ireland were good?"—"Yes," said he, "so fine, that I wonder you do not import some of them into England. Stay, let me see—there's the road to Love, strewed with roses—to Matrimony, through nettles—to Honor, through the camp—to Prison, through the law—and to the Undertaker's, through physis"—"Have you any road to preferment?" said the Englishman. "Yes; but that is the dirtiest in the kingdom."

Spontaneous Fire.—From a number of casual observations and actual experiments, it has been clearly proved that spontaneous combustion takes place in a variety of substances—as, for example, candle-wick made of hemp-yarn, and accidentally impregnated with oil—cotton goods, on which linseed oil had been spilled—vegetables, boiled in oil or fat, and left to themselves, after being pressed—damp hay or corn—heaps of linen

rags in paper-manufactories—cuttings or filings of iron wetted with water, &c. &c.—and we have been informed by a respectable Yorkshire clothier, that the heaps of damp woollen cloths, if suffered to lie undisturbed, soon become so hot in the inner parts, that a man could not bear to keep his hand in them.

Strong Petitions.—On the petitions against the Roman Catholics, which lie for signatures at different public houses in every quarter of London and Westminster, a facetious gentleman archly observed—that "*the No-papery petitions, which lie at public houses, must acquire considerable strength from the smell of gin and tobacco; and therefore cannot fail to produce a powerful effect on the sense of Parliament.*"

Gardening made easy.—From the report of a curious experimentalist, it appears that the seeds of various plants, sown in pure river sand, and without any other nourishment than distilled water, have germinated, increased, and produced their leaves, blossoms, and fruit, in full perfection, as if they had been regularly sown in a garden.

Domestic Potatoes.—That excellent vegetable, the potatoe, may be raised even by those who have neither field, garden, nor garden pot, provided that they only have a cellar.—This is successfully done in Swabia; where a bed is made of two thirds of fine river sand, and one third of common mould: on this bed, potatoes for seed are simply laid, without the smallest covering; and, without any subsequent culture or attention, they produce in due time a crop of excellent potatoes.

Washing by Steam.—In our last volume, page 37, we noticed an invention for washing linen by means of steam:—we now have the pleasure of adding, that Mr. Bill, of Rathbone Place, has contrived a steamer on an improved principle, which may be applied to the purposes, either of cooking, or of the laundry. But, as a verbal description of it, unaccompanied with drawings, would not prove quite satisfactory to our fair readers—and as Mr. Bill has secured his invention by patent—we think sufficient thus briefly to mention it.

Presence of Mind.—A short time since, as the Armide frigate, Captain Temple, was coming out of Quiberon bay, she grounded on Point St. Jacques; and the tide, which was ebbing rapidly, receded from her, leaving little probability of her

floating again. At this time she was within point blank shot of two batteries, and was hailed from one of them, demanding her name. The pilot, with happy presence of mind, answered "The President frigate, Commodore Rodgers." The Frenchmen then asked if they wanted any assistance, and very kindly offered to send them boats and a pilot. This generous offer, however, was politely declined by "Commodore Rodgers," who answered, that the captain and pilot were then taking soundings, and that they should easily get off at the flowing of the tide. The Frenchmen were content: and, at the rising of the tide, after having been nine hours on the rocks,

the ship fortunately floated, though with several feet of water in her hold, got under weigh, and undeceived the enraged enemy by hoisting her colors.

Preservation of Turnips —The following simple and efficacious method of preserving turnips has been practised with success for some years, by an intelligent farmer in Scotland. He pitches on some convenient field, not to be ploughed before winter sets in; and, as the plough goes round, the furrow is nearly filled with turnips, with shaws and roots to them; the plough, on returning, covers them entirely; and in this manner the common sort have been kept in perfection till the first of May.

POETRY.

BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed.

[*** See page 37 of our last Number.]

Void, cloy'd; Bear, despair; Steel'd,
wield; Knife, life; Hand, stand; Flight,
night; Shade, afraid; Hell, rebel.

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed in
our Magazine for December.*

The LOVERS' PARTING.

By J. M. LACEY.

Oh! beam again one lovely look,
To bless my soul, with sorrow smarting.
No oath, though sworn on holy book,
Can equal mine, at this our parting.

I swear, that all the storms of fate
Could not my love from thee e'er
sever, [state;
Nor proffer'd pow'r, nor gem-crown'd
For love like mine must last for ever.

If Pleasure show her brightest road,
It shall not lead my steps to error;
Or Folly her unblest abode, [terror.

My soul shall shun her haunts with
Should other beauties ever claim
This heart's best homage,—oh! be-
lieve it—

One gentle thought of thy sweet name
Would from inconstancy retrieve it.

By fortune high, nor mis'ry low,
Could my firm faith from thee be
driven:

No other love my soul can know:
It is its life, its hope, its heaven!

I go where War, in ev'ry shape, [glory:—
Spreads death around, and calls it
Thy pray'rs shall rise for my escape;
And Heav'n will hear thy tender story!

But, though kind mercy yet may save,
To fear my heart shall never listen;
For love will bid that man be brave,
Whose eye with pity's tear can glisten.

E'en though the sword, by Valour worn,
May carry terror in its gleaming;
And, while through battle fiercely borne,
His eye with vengeful wrath is beaming;

Yet, when (the hour of havoc o'er)
He sees the dead, and hears the dying,
Pity shall ornament him more,
And shouts of triumph yield to sighing.

Then, fare thee well! believe my truth:
Repress the bitter sigh of sorrow;
For we are young; and Hope, for youth,
Still gilds with bliss some promis'd
morrow.

That morrow still our love shall bless:
Thy breast will hail me, fond returning;
And that one moment's soft caress
Shall pay for hours of anguish burning!

INVOCATIONS, serious and comic.

By J. M. LACEY,

Author of "The Farm-House," &c.

The ANGLER'S Invocation to PATIENCE.

AN angler once, beside a river's brink,
Who had but little sport, had time to
think;

And, while his float of porcupine lay
Having nor bite nor nibble to amuse,
He fear'd, his temper it might soon con-
fuse: [soaking,
[voking—

So thus mild Patience he began in-
"I pray thee, modest, passion-cooling
dame, [flame,
To keep my temper down, and cool the

That else might make me swear, and
 spoil my angling; [catch no fish!
 For well 'tis known, ' who swear shall
 And, as I fondly hope to have a dish,
 I like not with myself to set self
 wrangling.

"Wherefore, for once, forsake thy fa-
 v'rite haunt— [aunt,
 The blow of Quaker mild, or maiden
 Or him who waits for peace to bless
 the nation; [wishes:
 And, for one day at least, attend my
 Thus I may conquer temper, and the
 fishes, [station.

If thou wilt take with me thy friendly

"Nor deem me idle in what thus I ask;
 For, truly, angling is a tedious task,
 A task that well might plague a saint
 or sinner;

Whether we fish to fill up vacant time,
 (As I now fill up this—a vacant rhyme)
 Or fish, as some folk do, to get a dinner.

"Think, how the hours must hang, as
 time glides by, [fly,
 From early morn'g when cooling breezes
 To noon's hot moments, with perhaps
 one nibble: [till night,
 And if, from noon, the angler stands
 His sport improv'd by only one poor bite,
 'Twould make a parson swear, or
 Quaker quibble!

"Still, angling has its charms, sweet
 passive dame! [shame;
 And this to own I think nor sin nor
 Though wits have said, our gentle tribe
 to bother,

That, if a line was baited at one end,
 They had no doubt, whether 'twas foe or
 friend,

A fool had got possession of the other.

"Then deign to smile on me—in pity, do;
 So that of fish I may but take a few,

To carry home, and set my cook to
 frying;

For she, like Pegasus, is kept quite low;
 And, if I take not some, full well I know,
 The smile of hope will turn to bitter
 sighing."

VISIT to the SCENES of YOUTH,
 after long Absence.

By Mr. J. M. JACEY.

AGAIN I tread the vale of peace: again
 I hail the spot so long held dear by me!
 The hills around, the trees that grow on
 them, [roof'd cot,
 The distant village spire, the thatch-

Seem all to welcome me; and I must
 own, [mine;
 I hold them all as ancient friends of
 And fancy dearly loves to recognise
 The scene of long-past joys.

But sadly chang'd
 I find the neighb'ring town, where once
 I knew

The smile of peace to sit on ev'ry brow;
 Where industry once spread her busy
 arms,

And competence or comfort smil'd on all.
 Now gloom alone—deep and despondent
 gloom— [wont to dwell.

Sits on the brows where peace was
 Comfort and competence have pass'd
 away; [be found.

And scarce a shadow of them can be
 Dwellings deserted meet the aching eye,
 Or haunted by Mis'ry's squalid form!

"These are thy doings, War!" I inward
 cried: [maid,

Here the staid matron, and the simple
 Once turn'd the nimble wheel, and, as
 they spun, [fringed song:

Cheer'd their light labors with some love-
 Here the loom rattled, as the artisan

Plied his incessant task with anxious
 care [wheel stood still!

War war'd his hand!—the spinning-
 The loom forgot its labors! while the
 hands, [motion,

Whose active touch had set them oft in
 Became as useless as the palsied arm!

Of all the horrors incident to War,
 A pillag'd town stands first:—but next
 to that, [town

In horror's catalogue, must stand the
 Whose trade, in war's wild vortex, is de-
 stroy'd; [gone,

And such a one is this: its men are
 To feed the fiend-like appetite of War;

To die on foreign shores by sword or
 pest, [home,

As mad Ambition wills; far from their
 Far from the child they love, the wife
 they dote on; [at all,

No friendly hand, perchance no hand
 To close their dying eyes. Left on the
 field, [begin,

Some bird of prey its blood feast may
 Ere sense has fled the anguish'd form of
 man!— [Alas!

Said I some bird might do this deed?—
 'Tis told that human beings have been
 found, [field,

Who, seeking plunder in the carnag'd
 (A trade that makes our curdling blood
 creep back) [extinct,

Have found a form where life was not

When 'tis silent as death—save, at inter-
vals drear,
When the scream of the night-bird
strikes harsh on the ear?
Who is she—the poor wanderer, weary
and worn— [borne;
Whose sighs on the breezes of ev'ning are
Whose raven hair floats on the wild pass-
ing gale, [is pale?
And her cheek, as the surf on the billows,
That her mind is disorder'd, is seen in
her eye: [her sigh.
Her bosom's deep anguish is told in
That bosom, unshelter'd, is bare to the
storm; [her form.
And wild is the garment that circles
A chaplet of straw on her temples is
bound; [land around,
And the briar and rose weave the gar-
Combin'd with the willow, the cypress,
and yew, [rowful rue.
And, wreath'd in their branches, the sor-
At night, on the blasted heath sadly she
strays, [dark maze.
Or forces her way through the forest's
On the brink of the torrent she pauses in
dread— [her head!
Lest the sin of self-murder be heap'd on
And though death, as the only relief to
her woe,
She calls on the mercy of God to bestow;
Yet sufficient of reason enlightens her
mind, [find.
To forbid that relief in self-murder to
When the shadows of night fly the
beams of the morn, [the thorn,
When glistens the dew-drop that hangs on
When the birds' lively carols awaken the
day, [ray,
And nature is cheer'd by the sun's golden
She flies in despair to the lake's lonely
side, [rows to hide!
'Midst the haunts of the bittern, her sor-
Though now, wand'ring far from the
happier plains, [from the swains;
She avoids the gay maidens, and flies
The Maid of the Valley, once lovely as
young, [theme of each tongue.
Was the pride of each heart, and the
No nymph with Annette could in beauty
compare; [fair.
And Annette was as innocent, as she was
Her favor to gain, the young shepherds
all vied: [for his bride.
And many a youth woo'd the maid for
To the forest the wood-cutter took his
lone way, [lingering day:
And with songs of Annette cheer'd the
The shepherd, at noontide, reclin'd in the
shade, [the maid:
Neglected his flocks, while he thought of

The farmer forgot, as he mus'd on the
fair, [his care;
That the plough or the harrow demanded
And resolv'd in his heart to solicit the
boon [of the moon.
Of a dance with Annette, by the light
Thus priz'd was Annette; and thus
spotless her fame; [came.
When the Lord of the Castle too fatally
When, struck by her beauty, he smil'd on
the maid, [and afraid.
She curtsied and trembled—was pleas'd,
By his flatt'ry soon taught to be haughty
and vain, [the plain;
She look'd with contempt on the joys of
And, by splendor surrounded, forgot, in
her pride, [side.
That happiness never with guilt can re-
Alas! soon forsaken—abandon'd to
scorn— [lorn!
A poor despis'd outcast, she wanders for-
'Midst sedges and reeds seeks her damp
chilling bed, [terless head;
Where winds whistle wild round her shel-
Where whilst the sad wreck of her once
lovely form [less storm;
Shrinks shiv'ring and cold from the piti-
While transient and broken the slumber
she knows, [her repose.
No sweet thought of innocence cheers
But mem'ry recalling the days of her
shame, [feited fame—
Of guilt-purchas'd grandeur, and for-
Or retracing the scenes of her earlier
youth, [virtue and truth—
When the guides of her actions were
Too strong for the faint ray of reason
that beams [ful extremes
On her woe-wilder'd mind, are the dire-
Of remorse and despair, that, with
changeable control, [nis'd soul,
Usurp their wild sway o'er her ago-
'Till the bitter remembrance, that causes
her grief, [lief!
In fits of distraction finds transient re-
Oh! when shall the head of the wan-
d'r'er lie low? [bestow?
When shall Heaven in mercy oblivion
Cannot sufferings like hers plead to soft-
en her doom? [the tomb?—
Cannot penitence purchase the peace of
Yes, soon shall the Maid of the Valley
repose [her woes.
In death's happy slumber, releas'd from

A LADY BOUNTIFUL'S Prescription.

NOT many weeks ago, a worthy lady
Came to the cabin of poor Thady,
Who, at a fair, indulg'd in whiskey frolic,
And got the colic.—

The good old gossip, in the usual strain,
Felt Thady's pulse,—“Poor Thady,
where's your pain?”—

“The Heav'n's preserve you, madam—
that I'll tell you—

* * * * *

“That is a dang'rous symptom!—You're
his wife— [life!—

I've serious fears about your husband's
Put cabbage-leaves and treacle on his
back,

And give him some *bole-almanac*.

Unhappy woman! I can feel your sor-
row:— [morrow”

I lost three husbands!—I'll drop in to-
morrow came, and so did Mrs. Dow-
ling, [howling—

And found poor Judy, Thady's partner,
She had an Irish grief, and so express'd
it. [rise:

“Och! my poor man!—I fear he'll never
All this good might he never clos'd his
eyes— [it!”—

Och! no! he never, never will digest
“Digest it!—What?—You put me on
the rack!

What's simpler than *bole-almanac*?”

“Ah! there's the grief, my lady, on my
mind.

The dev'l an almanac myself could find:
And (sure it was *Ould Nick* that made me
do so!)

I boil'd our Pat's Robinson Crusoe;
And my poor Thady swallow'd ev'ry leaf,
Without experiencing the least relief.”

Ev'n Mrs. Dowling stood aghast awhile:
But, soon resuming Ignorance's smile,

A cure upon the instant she discovers—
“You boil'd the leaves?”—“Yes, madam,
sure enough!”— [stuff,

“Why, then, to rid him of this paper
With bacon, Judy, you will fry the
covers:

This ev'ning, with warm punch he'll
wash them down. [crown.”

He's mending rapidly.—There's half a
The recipe was duly taken:

And, whether 'twas the punch or bacon,
We cannot venture of ourselves to say:

But * * * * *

* * Thady, in a week, was making hay.

The Poet's ADDRESS to his LYRE.
FOND plaything of my brighter hours,
Vibrating once in notes of gladness—
By flatt'ring Hope once crown'd with
flow'rs— [ness.

Thy master's heart now sinks in sad-
That heart, which once in deepest gloom
Watch'd for a more auspicious morrow,
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Now deeply mourns its final doom—

Unmingled grief and endless sorrow.

Oh! then, if in some happier day
Thy chords awake the song of pleasure,
Now pour a soul-dissolving lay,
A mournful note, a plaintive measure.

If ever this presumptuous hand
Crown'd thee with flow'rs, those flow'rs
are faded;

Henceforth, by Mis'ry's stern command,
Be with congenial cypress shaded.

No more, at Autumn's placid eve, [ing,
Shall softest Zephyrs, round thee play
With dreams of fancied bliss deceive
A heart, on which despair is preying.

But, pendent on some leafless tree,
Through which November's blasts are
mouning,

Thy higher sounds a dirge shall be,
For hours of joy no more returning.

If, at that hour, by fortune led,
Forgetful Julia should pass by thee,
May howling gusts, portentous, dread,
With saddest notes of grief supply
thee.

Who knows, but, from that plaintive sound,
Her heart some sympathy may borrow;
And on that brow, where anger frown'd,
Be seen some transient gleam of sor-
row?

Yet, O my Lyre! if down that cheek
One soft relenting tear be stealing,
In softest tones of pity speak,
And blunt each harsher, keener feeling.

For still to me her peace is dear:
Still this distracted brain remembers
The hours when bright-ey'd Hope was
near,
And fann'd expiring passion's embers.

Nor can those embers ever die,
Though ev'ry dream of Hope be ended:
Still Julia then shall prompt the sigh,
Of tend'rst love and sorrow blended.

*A une jolie FEMME, qui fait continuelle-
ment du FILET.*

QUAND vous tenez de la nature
Les plus agréables filets,
Devez-vous lui faire l'injure
D'en fabriquer de moins parfaits?

Esprit, douceur, et regard tendre,
Tels sont les filets, que sa main
A tendus dans vos yeux, pour prendre
Dans vos filets le genre humain.

* * A poetic Translation or Imitation by any
of our Readers will be esteemed a favor.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Morning Walking Dress.—A round robe of cambric muslin with long sleeves. A high lace ruff. A robe pelisse of mulberry-brown cloth, made plain in front, with broad trimming of sable fur down the front and round the feet and wrists, with pointed capes of the same, and high collar of fur. The pelisse ornamented with silk cord in long stripes round the body, feet, and sleeves. A Cossack cap, composed of cloth of the color of the pelisse, turned up in front, and bound round with sable fur, to correspond, with a small silk tassel on the crown. The hair divided in front, falling in large curls on each side. Gloves of tan colored kid. Ankle boots of brown cloth, bound round the top and down the front to correspond.

Evening full Dress.—A robe of mull muslin over a satin coat, with low front and long sleeves, ornamented round the bosom with a broad inlaid border of roses, and round the feet and wrists to correspond. A broad bracer of Russia flame-colored ribbon tied in a large bow in front of the waist, with small bows of ribbon of the same color on the shoulder. The hair divided in the centre of the forehead, falling on the temples in small curls, flat on the sides, and confined at the back in full curls, with one or two ringlets falling negligently on the shoulder. An occasional silk scarf of Russia flame color. Gloves of white kid. Slippers of flame-colored satin, with gold rosettes. Necklace, a triple gold chain confined in the centre with pearls. Ear-rings and bracelets of pearls.

Opera Dress.—A round robe of superfine cloth of amber or tan-color, with full sleeves. A bodice of crimson velvet, ornamented round the bosom with a triple row of small pearls—the robe ornamented at the bottom with a wreath of vine-leaves in silver foil. A turban cap composed of the same material as the robe, wreathed round the edge with small pearl, with a rose on one side; the hair full on the temples, with a stray ringlet falling on the shoulder. Slippers of amber-colored satin, with gold rosettes. White kid gloves. Tippet of ermine.

General Observations, and Description of the Fashion.—The carriage costume—the Cossack and Prussian cloak of blue velvet, or brown cloth, trimmed with Angola or sable fur. The pelisse of blue or crimson velvet, made in the plain robe manner, bound with swansdown fur. The

turban hat or hussar cap is the general appendage to this order of costume, with half boots to correspond. The morning walking dresses are pelisses of flame, mulberry-brown, or olive cloth, made high in the neck, with close collar of fur, bound down the front with broad binding of sable or Angola fur; a broad bracer to meet in front, with a plain buckle. The Cossack cap and turban cap are generally worn.

The evening dresses are robes of white satin, with bodice of pink, with long sleeves of white crape or net. The white satin robe with crimson velvet bodice, with lace draperies tastefully festooned, is in much request. The white satin frock to lace behind, ornamented with embroidery of roses or oak-leaves in front, and round the feet, is generally worn. The Cossack cloak of Russia flame-colored Georgian cloth, with high collar, bound with swansdown fur, and occasional silk scarf, is the general appendage to this order of costume. Gloves of white kid. Slippers of white satin, with gold rosettes.

The head dresses—the hair twisted up behind in large full bow, divided in front, and much fuller on the temples, flat on the sides, with one or two stray ringlets falling negligently on the shoulder, with a gold net cap. The lace cap, with small front, turned up all round, with flat puckered crown drawn to a point in the centre, is much worn. There is little novelty in jewellery—the necklace, the triple gold chain with pearl cross in front, the bracelets and ear-rings of pearl. Flowers are still general, as decorations for the hair. Fan of carved ivory, or silver crape.

The morning in-door dresses are cottage stuffs of Sardinian blue, olive, or fawn-color, made to lace in the cottage form, or buttoned behind like the simple frock, or in the robe manner, and to button down the front. The blue are ornamented with a triple row of gold buttons down the front, and with buttons at the back of the waist—the olive and fawn-color, ornamented with buttons of silver, with trimmings of ribbon of the color of the dress, with ribbon bracer of the same. Lace caps, with small wreath of winter flowers in front. Shoes of black velvet or kid. There is no alteration in jewellery since our last, except the introduction of the hoop ear-rings, which are becoming in fashionable request.

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Lady's Magazine.—February, 1813.



Fashionable Morning & Evening Dresses.

CHRONICLE.

His Majesty.—The Bulletin of February 6 says—"In the early part of the last month, His Majesty was under some degree of excitement: but he has since resumed his former tranquillity." and this is the latest information respecting him, which has yet been communicated to the public—Feb. 25.

Price of Bread.—Quartern wheaten loaf, January 26, eighteen pence, half-penny—February 4, 11, 18, and 25, the same.

[London, January 19] *Irish Catholics.*—The following paragraph is quoted from the *Kilkenny Chronicle*—"In the town of Fintona, and county of Tyrone, on Friday evening, the first of January instant, a banditti of Orange-men, armed with bludgeons, swords, and bayonets, paraded opposite the house of Mr. Hugh Reilly, a respectable Roman Catholic inhabitant—and, in order to induce the young men of the family to come into the street, they threw a volley of stones against the windows, and roused vengeance against the Papists!!! Mr. Michael Reilly, alarmed at this extraordinary and unprovoked attack, rushed out of the house, and, on his coming into the street, he was violently assaulted by several ruffians, who knocked him down, and stabbed him with a bayonet in several places. His father, seeing his child bleeding, and left for dead by the assassins, called upon the people of the town for assistance. He was answered by an attack from the same persons, who, regardless either of his feelings or of his age, knocked the old man down, and beat him in the most savage and inhuman manner. The assassins, not content with leaving the father and son covered with wounds, then proceeded to the dwelling-house, where they committed several depredations, and broke all the windows in the first and second story. Not one of them was taken into custody. They deliberately marched out of town, singing loyal songs, and threatening to extirpate the Papists."

[26] A few days since, the tenters of Mr. Joseph Mellor, of Dungeon, near Huddersfield, one of the witnesses against the murderers of Mr. Horsfall, were cut, and a piece of cloth in the shape of a heart, which had been cut from them, pricked full of holes, and hung on the

latch of his door, with an inscription upon it, "Blood for blood," says General Ludd," and an intimation that his heart should soon be in the same situation.

[26] Miss Patterson, the American wife of Jerome Bonaparté, has been divorced from her husband by an act of the Maryland legislature.

[26] Mr. Botterton jun. of the Regency theatre, Bristol, was taken into custody on Monday last, upon a warrant granted upon an information founded on an act of George II. which designates persons performing plays, &c without due licence, as rogues and vagabonds, and subject to be committed at the discretion of the magistrates. He was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment.

[26] Letters from Petersburg mention that the plague has lately raged at Odessa and numerous other places on the Black Sea.

[26] The corn-mills near Kirkburton, Yorkshire, in the occupation of Mr. Hurst, with the contents, were entirely destroyed by fire, on Friday morning.

[27] We learn from Admiral Tchichagoff's dispatch, that Bonaparté fled on horseback from Oshmiany, in disguise, and with only a few followers. We are now informed, that, at the next small town, on the road to Wilna, called Syziesk, he was still nearer being caught. No sooner had he alighted, and entered a miserable house for refreshment, than a party of Cossacks rushed in after him. The Emperor leaped through the window, while his faithful followers were fighting for his life.

[27] The rain in the midland counties was a third more than usual last year; and, in the last month, is stated at six inches!

[27] A numerous meeting of the noblemen and gentlemen of the county of Kildare was held at Naas, on the 7th inst. the Duke of Leinster in the chair, for the purpose of establishing a farming society in that county. Resolutions, for carrying it into effect, were adopted.

[27] The coals, imported into the port of London in the year 1812, amounted to 1,071,361½ chaldrons.

[27] A mendicant, known for many years about the west end of the town, died, a few days since, in a wretched hovel at Paddington. After his decease, there

were found in a deal box, wrapped up in a piece of sacking, 170 guineas in gold, upwards of £20 in curious coins, and £10 in bank notes. A paper was also found, in which the profits arising from begging in different streets were stated.

[28] The marshal of the United States for the district of South Carolina has, it is said, detained in custody twelve British subjects, as hostages for the lives of six American seamen, who have been taken out of the privateer *Sarah Ann*, at Nassau, New Providence, and sent to Jamaica to be tried for treason.

[28] Letters from the French coast, of the 22d instant, state, that the French government has adopted new regulations with regard to the English papers. Until they furnished such elaborate details of the French disasters in Russia, a certain number of morning and evening papers were allowed to be received into France, although the perusal of them was limited to the members of government and their select friends. But now it is ordered, that this indulgence shall no longer be continued, even to the favorites of the Emperor. The French officer, into whose hands the English papers first fall, is charged with the duty of destroying them.

[28] From the report of the commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of education in Ireland, it appears, that, in 17 dioceses, out of the 22 that are in Ireland, there are 3,737 schoolmasters, who educate 162,367 pupils. Of the masters, 1,271 are Protestants, 2,466 Catholics—of their pupils, the Protestants are 45,560, and the Catholics 116,977. These 17 dioceses comprise about five sixths of the superficial extent of Ireland, but it is doubted whether they contain more than four fifths of its actual population. It is concluded, that if similar returns from the whole of Ireland had been made, the number of pupils would appear to be upwards of 200,000, and of the masters to be above 4,600.

[28] Yesterday, at a meeting at Lloyd's, the sum of a thousand pounds was voted for the relief of the Russians.

[29] It is asserted that a single *American privateer*—the *Rossie*, Commodore Bauey—lately took, in a cruise of ninety days, eighteen prizes—making an aggregate of 3,698 tons of shipping, with 217 prisoners, and cargoes worth above a million and half of dollars.

[30] For placing goods on the public path,

a broker was convicted, yesterday, at Bow-street office, in the penalty of forty shillings, and costs.

[30] The Earl of Carlisle has recently given a cart-load of coals to each poor housekeeper in Brompton.

[30] The *East India Company*, in the resolutions passed at their general court, on the 26th instant, assert, "That, since 1791, British industry has been encouraged by the employment of £46,000,000;—that the produce and manufactures of India, purchased with this sum, together with those of China sold in England, realised, in sale amount, nearly £140,000,000;—that the purchase of the produce and manufactures of England amounted to £29,200,000;—that the employment of British shipping amounted to £25,000,000,—and that the duties on imports, collected through the company, at a trifling expense to government, amounted to £39,300,000; and, on exports, to £600,000;—making together, £39,900,000."

[31] December 15, a Polish corps of 700 men, having taken shelter for the night in a large cattle-shed, near Setzen in Courland, lighted a fire in it, which communicating to the building while they were all asleep, 400 of them fell victims to the flames.

[31] *Marriage Extraordinary*.—On the 16th of last August, John Gilbert and Rebecca Styles were called in church at Baston. On the second Sunday, Rebecca repented, and forbade the banns. On the 15th of November, her name was again called with that of a William Robinson: but Gilbert thought himself entitled to forbid the banns, and would not consent to their marriage, until Rebecca paid him a guinea for his *licence*.

[31] From a printed account of the battle of Borodino, lately circulated in Petersburg, it appears that the Russians had in the field 105,000 effective men, exclusive of at least 21,000 militia—that the French army amounted to 130,000—that the loss of the Russians was 25,000 men killed or wounded—(above one half killed)—and that of the French was (by the French themselves) estimated at 35,000 men, besides seven generals killed, and twenty-one *hors de combat*.—See our last Vol. p. 477.

[31] A *maggie*, twenty-two years old, is now living at Shobdon in Herefordshire, in very good health, and fine plumage.

[31] *Begging petitions* have of late

been successfully used by thieves, who, sending the servants to present them to their masters, carry off, in their absence, great coats, hats, or whatever else they can seize.

[31] *Salmon out of season*—On Wednesday, at the Mansion-House, six or seven salesmen, to whom a cargo of unseasonable salmon had been consigned, were fined twenty shillings each, and the salmon was forfeited.

[February 1] *Herrings* were taken in such plenty at Brighton, on Friday last, as to be sold on the beach at the rate of a shilling a hundred.

[1] Last Sunday night, *Sydney college*, Cambridge, was again on fire.—[See our last Vol. pp 191 and 243]—The fire broke out in two of the upper rooms; and a young student, who supped with a party on that night, and was not absent from them above ten minutes, was seen, during that time, to go to the two apartments, which soon after burst into flames.—He has been committed for trial at the next assizes.

[1] A gang of *swindling informers* have lately been very successful in extorting money by means of forged *warrants* and *summonses* on pretended informations. Two of them, recently convicted at the Middlesex sessions, have been sentenced to the pillory.

[2] A letter from Messina, of Decemb. 10, says, "Courts martial are constantly sitting in the citadel, for the trial of Sicilians convicted of holding correspondence with the enemy; but no example has hitherto been made of these traitors. Unless this is done, we can never hope securely to retain possession of the island: the *Sicilian Vespers* may be again repeated."

[3] *Petersburg*, December 29.—The loss of cavalry horses in the Russian army appears to be nearly equal to that sustained by the French. None but Cossack horses, which are accustomed to be in the open air in all changes of the weather and season, and to find their food under the deepest snow, can hold out in such campaigns as the present. The cold here is unexampled for the month.

[3] A great number of French prisoners had reached the neighbourhood of Petersburg: but they died so fast when the comforts of existence were restored to them, that the ordinary mode of burial was found insufficient; and chantries were cut in the ground, into which

their bodies were thrown, which were progressively covered in.

[3] The Royal Bank at Copenhagen has stopped payment, but will (it is said) recommence business with an issue of paper.

[3] It has been stated by good authority, that, in consequence of the refusal of Government to grant commercial licences, Bonaparte will be deprived of the immediate command of five millions sterling.

[3] It is said to have been "ascertained, from accurate inquiry," that more than one million and a half sterling, in guineas and inferior gold coin, are literally deposited with the pawnbrokers of the metropolis, at 10 per cent. interest.

[4] *Petitions against the Catholic claims* were, last night, presented to the House of Lords, from certain meetings, and individuals, of the Protestant clergy; on which occasion, the Bishop of Norwich strongly reprobated the interference of the clergy in this question, and expressed his deep regret "that those illiberal and uncharitable sentiments which petitions of this nature upheld, and which had been banished from the rest of the world, should leave their last footsteps in the sanctuaries of our religion, and our temple of literature."

[4] For a *libel on the Regent*, John and Leigh Hunt were, yesterday, sentenced to a fine of £500 each, with two years' imprisonment in different jails, and then to give securities for good behaviour during five years.—See our last Vol. p. 577.

[4] Three vessels arrived from France yesterday, laden principally with cambrics, and intended to return, under the sanction of their licences, with cottons, &c. from this country.

[4] Several of the Luddites, taking advantage of the Regent's proclamation of pardon, appeared before Joseph Scott, Esq. of Woodfome, during last week, to confess, and take the oath of allegiance.

[4] In a long, but cool and temperate *Address to their Protestant Brethren*, published in the "Morning Chronicle" this day, the *Roman Catholics* have stated their principles, and the oaths by which they are bound.—An interesting extract will be found in the concluding page of our present Number.

[5] Yesterday, Henry Gawler, convicted of various frauds on the treasury of Greenwich Hospital, [See our last Volume, page 45] and already under sentence of

transportation for another offence, was sentenced to the pillory, and to be publicly whipped in front of that hospital. Five of his accomplices were sentenced to nine and twelve months' imprisonment.

[5] After several private conferences between Bonaparté and the Pope, at Fontainebleau (where the latter at present resides), at length, on the 25th of January, the Emperor and the Pontiff, in presence of several cardinals and other prelates, signed a *Concordat*, or agreement, which (it is said) "has terminated all the differences that had arisen with respect to the affairs of the church."

[5] Yesterday, in Doctors' Commons, a wife obtained a *divorce* from her husband, for cruel treatment.

[5] *Smuggling*.—On board a French vessel, destined, under licence, for London, was lately found concealed a considerable quantity of French silks, in tin cases, well soldered, ready to be privately sunk in the river, and afterwards clandestinely fished up.

[5] Yesterday, being the day appointed for the celebration of the Queen's birthday, Her Majesty held a 'drawing-room, which was one of the most crowded that can be recollected.—*For a Description of the Ladies' Dresses, see page 97.*

[8] The *fall of stones* from the atmosphere has, this year, been remarked by one of the French generals, Dorsenne, in Catalonia; and by M. Pictet, also, on board two ships at sea.

[11] Six hundred *black recruits*, for the West India regiments, arrived at Barbadoes, from Sierra Leone, on the 23d December.

[12] Advice from Berlin, of Jan 23, state, that the King of Prussia had set out for Breslaw, in company with, or perhaps, speaking more correctly, in custody of, the French minister—leaving a commission at Berlin, to exercise the royal authority in his name.

[14] A *leg of mutton* was lately exhibited in Shrewsbury market, weighing above 33 lbs.

[15] One of the powder-mills on Heston Moor blew up on Monday, and a man and boy were killed. The shock was felt at the distance of several miles.

[15] Dispatches from Col. Gillespie, in the isle of Java, dated June 25, 1812, announce his having completed the subjugation of that island, by the reduction of a strongly fortified palace, or citadel, which the Sultan of Djocjocarta occu-

pied with a garrison of 17,000 men. Although the colonel's force did not amount to quite a thousand, he (with very little loss on his part) took the citadel by assault, on the 20th of June, and made the Sultan prisoner.—The Sultan was formally deposed, and a successor appointed under the authority of the British government, who was publicly installed on the 22d of June.

[16] Yesterday, Henry Gawler was exposed on the pillory, in front of the Admiralty.—*See Feb. 5*

[16] Last night, in the House of Peers, Lord Melville declared, that the Directors of the India Company, in granting licences to go to India (whither no person can go from this country without their licence), make a distinction in the cases of spiritual persons, and usually confine their licences to clergymen of the church of England.

[17] It is asserted, that, from a late accurate calculation, the Roman Catholic population of Ireland amounts to five millions.

[17] *English Bishoprics*.—The following has been given as an accurate statement of the value of the different sees, according to the present rentals.—Canterbury, £20,000 *per ann.*—York, 14,000—Durham, 24,000—Winchester, 10,000—Ely, 12,000—London, 9,000—Bath and Wells, 5,000—Chichester, 4,000—Litchfield and Coventry, 6,000—Worcester, 6,000—Hereford, 4,000—Bangor, 5,000—St. Asaph, 6,000—Oxford, 3,000—Lincoln, 5,000—Salisbury, 6,000—Norwich, 4,000—Carlisle, 3,500—St. David's, 5,000—Rochester, 1,500—Exeter, 3,000—Peterborough, 1,000—Bristol, 1,000—Llandaff, 900—Gloucester, 1,200—Chester, 1,100.

[20] *Poison in wild Honey*.—Two persons were, last month, poisoned in New York, by eating wild honey. Dr. Hosack, of that city, who visited them, said that wild honey was poisonous in consequence of the bees feeding upon the flowers of poisonous plants, such as the dwarf laurels, with which the American woods abound.

[22] *Relief to Paupers*.—At the meeting of the *Irish Charitable Society*, on Thursday last, Earl Morra stated, that, a few months ago, two Irish laborers were returning home to their families from the Fens of Lincolnshire, where they had worked during the summer, and that, in passing through Leicestershire, one of

them was seized with a violent fever and ague, which confined him until his little stock of money was gone; and that his faithful companion remained with him, until he also had expended his last farthing. In their extreme distress, they prayed relief from a magistrate, who was sensibly touched by their situation, but at the same time applied to him (Lord Moira) for advice how to unite humanity with law; for he found, on consulting the statutes, that he could not relieve those unfortunate men, until they had been first publicly whipped as vagrants!

[23] *Petitioning Boys.*—The “Leeds Mercury” asserts, that the anti-catholic petition from that borough was taken to a school of about eighty boys, from ten to fourteen years of age, all of whom, except two, signed their names to it.

[23] *Canal Shares.*—On a trial in the Court of King’s Bench, yesterday, it was decided, that canal companies, sanctioned by act of parliament, are empowered to enforce the payment of subscriptions from the proprietors of shares.

BORN.

[January 21] Last Sunday, of Lady Caroline Ann Macdonald, a daughter.

[20] Yesterday, of the lady of Dr. Sutherland, Great George-street, Westminster, a daughter.

[February 2] Friday, of the lady of George H. Barnett, esq. Wimpole street, a daughter.

[4] Yesterday, of the Hon. Mrs. Archibald Macdonald, a son.

[11] Feb. 3, of the Lady of Sir William George Parker, bart. a son.

[11] Feb. 8, of Lady Sarah Murray, a daughter.

[11] Feb. 8, of the lady of M. G. Prendergast, esq. M.P. a son, since dead.

[12] Feb. 9, of the Marchioness of Bath, a son.

[13] Sunday, of the lady of S. Mendenham, esq. of Camberwell, a son.

[13] Feb. 7, of the lady of G. Weld, esq. Rookcliff House, Haunts, a son and heir.

[17] Feb. 12, of Lady Mary Long, a daughter.

MARRIED.

[January 21] On Tuesday, the Rev. Thomas Whately, of Cookham, Berks, to Isabella Sophia, daughter of Sir William Pepys, bart.

[26] Jan. 4, Wm. Wright, esq. of the Navy, to Miss Theophila Hall, of Chew-magna.

[29] Wednesday, Richard Pulston,

esq. of Emral, Flintshire, to Annette, daughter of the late Lieut.-gen. England.

[20] Yesterday, the Rev. H. J. Ridley, to Miss Eliza Ellis, of Mamhead House, Devon.

[February 4] Tuesday, Viscount Neville, to Miss Mary Ann Bruce Elcock.

[4] Wednesday, Mr. Henry Uddie, of Carey-street, to Miss Georgiana Thel-lusson.

[8] Yesterday, Henry Elliott, Esq. to Mrs. Carr, of Cheshant.

[13] Yesterday, I. J. Masquerier, esq. of Edward-street, Portman square, to Mrs. Scott.

[16] Saturday, Mr. J. J. B. grave, of Burnham Wyck, Essex, to Miss Harriet Hargrave.

[16] Sunday, Lieut. J. J. Arrow, of the Navy, to Miss Kew.

[17] Monday, W. Thompson, esq. of the Stamp-office, to Miss Johnson.

[17] Lately, the son of the Lord Charleville, to Miss Ellis, of the Isle of Wight.

DECEASED.

[January 20] On the 20th of December, at Wilna, Lord Tyrconnel.

[23] Jan. 14, Mrs. Harriet Pryse, sister to Viscount Ashbrook.

[25] Wednesday, Isaac Schomberg, esq. Commissioner of the Navy Board.

[26] Sunday, Miss Cornwallis, daughter of the Bishop of Litchfield.

[28] January 20, the Hon. Augusta Vaughan, wife of Mr. Serjeant Vaughan.

[31] Wednesday se’night, the Duchess Dowager of Chandos.

[February 1] Saturday, Maria Bridget Frances Smyth, daughter of the late Right Hon. John Smyth, of Heath, Yorkshire.

[2] Feb. 28, Henry Redhead Yorke, esq.

[2] Tuesday, W. Hussey, Esq. M.P. for Salisbury.

[2] Saturday, Francis D’Arcy, esq. next heir to the title of the Earl of Holderness.

[4] Wednesday, Lady Helen Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Galloway.

[15] Friday, the Marquis of Buckingham.

[15] Lately, Lord Molesworth

[16] Sunday, General James Ogilvie.

[16] Sunday, Lady Wentworth

[17] Friday, Maria, daughter of the Bishop of Carlisle.

[17] Sunday, Mrs. Mary Humberton Mackenzie, mother of Lord Seaforth.

[19] Jan. 26, Maria, wife of Major Aylmer, of the 9th regiment of foot.

APPENDIX.

Smuggling Stratagem.—About the end of January, a party of smugglers, who had landed a valuable cargo near Dungeness, being informed that a party of dragoons from Hastings were on the lookout for them, sent word that they would resign one half of the goods, to be permitted to carry away the other half. At the same time they gave notice that they had left 150 tubs of gin in a chalk-pit, well known to the officer of the troop.—The dragoons rode off immediately to seize the smugglers' present; and, in the mean time, the goods at Dungeness were completely cleared off. The tubs were found in the pit, and safely conveyed to the custom-house: but, when the quality of the liquor came to be examined, it appeared that the contraband traders had insidiously filled the kegs with salt water, instead of gin.

Extraordinary Accumulation of Wealth.—A person, of the name of Baldock, who died lately at Canterbury, exhibited an instance of the accumulation of wealth from very small beginnings, in fact from nothing. He died at the age of little more than sixty, possessed of one million and one hundred thousand pounds! He was originally a poor boy employed to look after cows, and remarkable for dirtiness and slovenliness. He afterwards carried the hod as a bricklayer's laborer; and, at length, by dint of industry and parsimony, with some assistance, he amassed money enough to build the barracks at Canterbury, which he let to Government at the rate of 6d. per week for each soldier. This proved to him a very profitable speculation; in addition to which, he continued to acquire wealth in various other ways, till, at the time of his death, it amounted to the enormous sum above stated.

A cane, said to have once belonged to Voltaire, was, at a late auction in Paris, knocked down for 1650 livres, or £68.15s. sterling.

Books lately published.

*** To gratify such of our fair Readers as wish for early notice of new literary Publications, we present them with the following Catalogue—to be continued monthly—pre-mising, however, that we do not give it as a complete general List of ALL the new Publications, but designedly omit many Works, which (though important and valuable) might not appear sufficiently attractive to the female Reader.

Biographical Dictionary, by Alexander Chalmers, vol. 7th. Price 12s.

Journal of a Residence in India, by Maria Graham. £1. 11s. 6d.

History of the Azores, or Western Isles. £1. 11s. 6d.

The Character of Moses established for Veracity, by Rev. J. Townsend. £3. 3s.

Sermons for parochial and domestic Use, by Rev. Richard Mant. 18s.

Sermons for Schools, selected and abridged from Blair, &c. &c. by Rev. S. Barrow. 6s. 6d.

Discourse on parochial Communion, by Rev. Thomas Sikes. 10s.

Travels of St. Paul, by Mrs. Sandham. 2s. 6d.

Essay on the Mind, and its moral Education. 4s.

Conseils à ma Fille, par J. N. Bonilly. 6s.

Father's Advice to his Daughter, or Instructive Narratives from real Life. 6s.

Parent's Offering, or Tales for Children, by Mrs. C. Barnard. 5s.

Difficult Pronunciation, with Explanations of the Words, &c.

Picture of Society. 5s. 6d.

Ancient Lore—a Selection of passages on interesting subjects, from eminent English Authors. 7s.

String of British Pearls. 12s.

Verses on several Occasions, by Edward Lord Thurlow. 8s.

Rokeby, a Poem, by Walter Scott. £2. 2s.

Don Emanuel, a Poem, by Matthew Newport. £1. 1s.

Fitz-Gwaine, a Ballad of the Welch Border, &c. by J. F. Dovaston. 7s.

The noble Foundling, a Tragedy, by Thomas Trotter, M. D. 4s.

Poetical Register for 1808 and 1809. 12s.

Battle of Salamanca, a Poem, by J. R. N. Jefferson. 3s.

Fables in Verse, from Aesop, &c. by Mary Ann Davis. 5s.

Popular Romances. £1. 6s.

Loves of Eudorus and Cymodocè, a moral Tale, from the French of Chateaubriand. £1. 1s.

Classic Tales, serious and lively, by Leigh Hunt. £2.

Galatea, a pastoral Romance, from the Spanish of Cervantes, by W. M. Craig. 6s. 6d.

She thinks for Herself, a novel. 16s. 6d.

Aretas, a novel, by Emma Parker. £1. 4s.

Alinda, or the Child of Mystery, a novel. £1.

The French Bulletins relative to the Russian Campaign. 4s.

COURT DRESSES, worn by Ladies,
at the 'Drawing-Room held in celebration of
Her Majesty's BIRTH-DAY,
on the 4th of February.

Her Majesty wore a dress of coquelicot velvet, ornamented with rich gold tissue, intermixed with beautiful dark sable in alternate festoon draperies, and looped together at each point with elegant gold cords and tassels, and finished with borders of sable at bottom, separated by thin gold rollo. This dress was rich, magnificent, and striking. Robe coquelicot velvet and gold tissue, trimmed with point lace, sable, and diamonds.

The Princess of Wales displayed her elegance of taste by a rich amber colored court train and petticoat, embroidered all round in a rich fancy border, forming Guernsey lilies and vine leaves, in dead and bright gold foliage, with a rich gold Spanish fringe round the train and petticoat, surmounted by a superb garter, and gold brocade drapery of tissue velvet festooned by a rich triple row of gold Spanish fringe; body and sleeves of garter and gold velvet; pocket-holes tastefully ornamented to correspond, with Spanish gold fringe interspersed across the drapery, with wreaths and festoons of magnificent diamonds and other costly gems, producing a brilliant and beautiful effect. head-dress of superb diamonds and ostrich plume.

The Princess Elizabeth—a dress of dark green velvet embroidered with gold. This dress was composed of two magnificent draperies, meeting at the waist, and opening down the front, to display the petticoat underneath, which was embroidered all over with large spangles, and terminated at bottom with a broad fancy border in bows of ring spangles and branches of large oak-leaves in dead and bright foil: the ground of the draperies, spangles and small leaves, with borders of large branches of foil, with drooping flowers and bunches of the same, tied together with gold cords, and terminated at the edge with bouillon and spangles, and finished with a broad spangled net fringe, with tassels at each corner, the whole completed with large handsome tassels and gold rollo. Robe, green velvet embroidered with gold, and trimmed with point lace and diamonds.

The Princess Mary—a dress of vermillion-colored velvet, superbly embroidered with gold, and ornamented with draperies of the same, one large full drapery crossing the whole front, and form-

ing a point at the side, with borders of spangles entwined with bouillon and bunches of foil, with flowers dropping from the centre, and interwoven with branches of fancy flowers; smaller draperies falling from the sides embroidered with borders of vine and oak-leaves in foil, and spangled flowers; the whole completed with large gold cords and tassels: robe, gold and velvet tissue, trimmed with point lace and diamonds.

The Duchess of York was most splendidly dressed; a sky-blue velvet petticoat and train richly embroidered in gold; the draperies, a most superb gold Spanish net, trimmed with gold Spanish fringe, the body and sleeves entirely covered with diamonds; likewise the head-dress, with a plume of blue feathers.

The Princess Sophia wore an elegant petticoat of pink satin, richly embroidered in silver sprays; train of pink satin, beautifully ornamented to correspond; head-dress, feathers and a profusion of diamonds.

Princess Castelcicala—a dress of blue satin, ornamented with draperies of Chantilly blond net, embroidered with white silk, and trimmed with blue satin ribbon; robe, black velvet, trimmed to correspond.

Princess Dorothea Ruffo (daughter to the Princess Castelcicala)—a dress of white crape over satin, trimmed with festoons of white beads, and ornamented with satin beads, cords, tassels, &c.; robe, green velvet.

Duchess of Beaufort—an elegant white satin petticoat, surmounted with handsome embroidered lace; draperies ornamented with beads and lilies; train of lilac satin, trimmed to correspond; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Duchess of Dorset—a green velvet petticoat, trimmed with lace, and train to correspond.

Duchess of Montrose—a white satin petticoat, with net drapery, richly embroidered in gold lama; train, ruby-colored satin, trimmed with lace.

Duchess Dowager of Leeds (presented on her appointment to the Princess Charlotte)—petticoat of white satin with a rich border, beautifully worked in gold lama, forming bunches of wheat-ears and grass; draperies of lace, richly embroidered in gold lama, and superb border the same as the petticoat, confined with handsome gold rollo and tassels: a vest and tunic of emerald velvet trimmed with gold; body and sleeves of white sa-

tin, elegantly embroidered in gold lama, with epaulettes of rich gold: head-dress, lama, diamonds and ostrich.

Marchioness Stafford—a lilac velvet petticoat and train, embroidered with gold; head dress, feathers and diamonds.

The Marchioness of Winchester—a white satin petticoat, with deep vandyke border, in silver lama, and blue silk embroidery; deep draperies of crape, covered with sprigs of blue and silver lama, also a very elegant border of the same, ornamented with rich silver cords and tassels; blue velvet train, trimmed with silver and point lace; the new Parisian sleeve, tastefully looped with diamond broaches; head-dress, diamonds and feathers. This dress was very splendid.

Marchioness Cornwallis wore a splendid dress of royal purple velvet, richly embroidered in gold; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Marchioness of Northampton—body and train of granium mole velvet, richly trimmed with beautiful point lace; petticoat of rich white satin, with draperies of white crape, elegantly embroidered in full-blown tulips, and tastefully fastened with gold.

Marchioness of Hertford—petticoat of white satin, with draperies of patent net, richly embroidered in gold bouillon and patent pearl, elegantly looped up with bouquets of carnation and wheat; train of rich Turkish gold and scarlet brocade, trimmed with rich and elegant borders of gold bouillon and pearls, and superb Brussels point lace; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Marchioness of Lansdowne—petticoat of rich white satin, draperies of white crape, with elegant borders of laurel-leaves, embroidered in gold lama, and ornamented with a profusion of rubies and diamonds; train of rich crimson velvet, trimmed with rich gold borders, superb Brussels point, and ornamented with rubies and diamonds; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Marchioness of Camden—a green velvet petticoat and train, with gold tissue; draperies looped up with rich gold band and tassels.

Marchioness of Clanricard—body and train of gold-colored satin, trimmed with Brussels point; petticoat of the same, with draperies of white crape, ornamented and fastened up with beads; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Westmoreland—an elegant and tasteful dress of lilac silk, with a rich

silver lama border over a white satin petticoat; train of the same; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Countess of Cholmondeley.—This dress was superb; the petticoat of white satin, with a rich border worked in gold lama. The real gold draperies were of a most elegant pattern, tastefully drawn up, with gold trimmings and tassels to correspond; the train of purple velvet, embroidered with gold; head-dress feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Effingham—a purple figured velvet body and train, trimmed with point lace and gold; white crape petticoat, embroidered with gold; draperies of white satin and velvet, ornamented with gold fringe.

Countess Mountnorris—in a dress of white satin, with draperies of fine net, superbly embroidered in gold, ornamented with rich cord and tassels; head-dress to correspond.

Countess of Besborough—a white satin petticoat, with an elegant border; a purple velvet train and draperies, with the same border and costly point lace.

Countess of Chatham—a most superb petticoat of white satin and gold, embroidered in a new and elegant style; draperies of moss and gold borders richly worked; train richly embroidered to correspond.

Countess of Pembroke—a blue satin petticoat, embroidered in gold; train to correspond.

Countess of Jersey—a white satin petticoat, with deep silver lace border, draperies drawn up with bunches of real silver flowers; lilac velvet train, trimmed with Brussels point and silver, the front studded with diamonds; diamond girdle, &c.; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

The beautiful and interesting *Countess Leven*, privately presented to Her Majesty, in full court dress—a petticoat of white satin, superbly embossed with silver shells, in stripes forming a scroll, intermixed with bunches of lilies. The design was perfectly novel, each stripe very broad at the bottom; regularly decreasing at the top, covering the entire pocket-hole, and terminating at the waist; robe and stomacher the same, very richly embossed; blind sleeves; very full triple ruff round the bosom, divided with a row of diamonds, head-dress, feathers and a circular coronet of diamonds.

Countess of Liverpool—train and petti-

coat embroidered in silver draperies of state, colored crape richly embroidered to correspond, and tastefully ornamented with diamonds; head-dress, ostrich feathers and a profusion of diamonds.

Countess of Dysart—a petticoat of ruby velvet very richly embroidered in gold; draperies embroidered to correspond, and ornamented with rich gold tassels; head-dress, ostrich feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

Countess of Buckinghamshire—a white satin petticoat, with draperies of scarlet Turkish silk, embroidered in gold; train scarlet and gold.

Countess Guilford—a lilac satin petticoat, with draperies of black, trimmed with Spanish fringe; train, black velvet.

Dowager Countess of Mansfield—petticoat of white satin, with draperies of brown crape, richly appliqued with silver; at the bottom a superb border to correspond; robe and stomacher of the same.

Countess of Coventry—a rich dress of white satin, embroidered in gold; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Cornwall was beautifully dressed in rich blue velvet, ornamented and trimmed with otter-skin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Orkney wore a handsome dress, richly embroidered in gold; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess Guildford was most elegantly dressed in rich velvet, curiously embroidered in colored silks and gold, which had a most charming effect; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess Ashburham wore a rich dress of crimson velvet most beautifully ornamented with patent pearls; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Albina, Dowager Countess of Buckinghamshire—petticoat of white satin, with a superb drapery of lace, border richly appliqued in gold and floss silk tufts; amaranthus velvet train, trimmed with gold; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Viscountess Grimstone—a white satin petticoat, with draperies of purple velvet, richly ornamented with fringe; train, purple velvet.

Viscountess Melbourne—a purple velvet petticoat, with draperies of the same, ornamented with pearls and gold fringe; train, purple velvet.

Viscountess Hampden wore a handsome dress of brown and silver; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Baroness Frome (presented on her mar-

riage)—petticoat of white satin, ornamented with sable; robe of royal purple velvet, trimmed with point and sable; head-dress, diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Lady C. Duncombe—white satin petticoat; net draperies, embroidered in floss silk; train, maroon satin.

Lady Parker—a pink crape petticoat, trimmed with pink satin, silver and point lace; train, pink satin.

Lady Easton dress, Spanish brown satin beautifully ornamented with black velvet draperies, trimmed with fringes of gold-colored beads, and festooned to correspond, with strings of the same and bead tassels; robe, Spanish brown satin, trimmed the same.

Lady Charlotte Leveson Gower—a white satin petticoat, trimmed with silver and yellow roses, gold-colored crape; draperies ornamented to correspond; the whole finished with beautiful silver fringe; train of ditto, crape of silver; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady Ann Calleg Smith, sister to the Earl of Wellington—This lady, as usual, wore a dress worthy her well-known taste; the petticoat white satin, with a magnificent gold border on geranium velvet; the draperies, geranium white velvet, with a border same as the petticoat; velvet train of the same. The whole dress appeared magnificent. Head-dress, plume of ostrich feathers.

Lady Charlotte Cholmondeley—a pink satin petticoat, richly trimmed with silver vandyke trimming; the draperies of patent net, worked in silver lama, with a rich and elegant border, embroidered on pink satin, to join the net, which had a brilliant effect, and did credit to the deviser; train of pink satin to correspond; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. This dress was very much admired.

The Hon. Lady Dorchester—green satin petticoat, trimmed with black lace.

Lady Malpas, on her presentation, was elegantly attired in a dress of white and silver, body and train richly embroidered in lama, and trimmed with Brussels lace; draperies of lace, superbly worked to correspond, tastefully drawn up with handsome bouillon cords and tassels; white satin petticoat, with a magnificent border of leaves in silver lama; head-dress, a most beautiful plume of ostrich feathers, and diamonds.

Lady Knighton wore an elegant presentation dress, made of rich white satin; the petticoat very superbly embroidered

in festoons, with purple and violet chenilles, intermixed with silver; a white crape drapery, suspended with ropes and tassels, made of chenilles and bouillon to correspond, and richly trimmed with lace; the train of white satin, embroidered with the same, and a superb lace body. Her ladyship's dress, with her profusion of diamonds, was particularly admired for its simplicity and elegance.

Lady Frances Pratt—a white satin petticoat and train, lace draperies, ornamented with grenade flowers.

Lady Georgina Pratt—a pink satin petticoat and train, lace draperies, tastefully ornamented with white lilies.

Lady Caroline Pratt wore a dress of the same pink satin and lilies as her sister, Lady Georgina Pratt.

Lady Arran—body and train of blue velvet, trimmed with point lace and silver; petticoat of the same, with a light embroidery of liburnums and silver wreathing, tied up with handsome silver cords and tassels; head dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady Diana Herbert.—This beautiful and interesting young lady wore an elegant petticoat of amethyst satin, embroidered in silver; draperies of net and silver, tastefully ornamented with bouillon tassels; train to correspond.

Lady Elizabeth Compton—an elegant English Brussels lace dress over the Provence rose satin, tastefully ornamented with silver; head dress, pearls and feathers.

Lady Frances Compton—a handsome English Brussels lace, embroidered drapery, richly completed with emerald green velvet sashes, and robe to correspond.

Lady Langham—a petticoat of white satin, with crape draperies, richly embroidered with stars of beads and willow border sashes, and robe of silver dove; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Lady M. Walpole—rich silver spotted white crape petticoat, fancifully trimmed with orange satin, and swandown train and drapery of rich orange satin, tastefully ornamented and trimmed with rich swan trimming; body, sleeves, and pocket-holes, ornamented to correspond, and trimmed with rich Brussels point lace.

Lady Ann Hamilton—rich silver tissue court petticoat, richly trimmed in wreaths of silver and orange satin rollers, rich orange and silver train and drapery; bod., sleeves, and pocket-holes tastefully

ornamented, and trimmed with rich Brussels point lace.*

Lady Mildmay was handsomely dressed in crimson velvet, richly embossed in silver; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady Dundas wore a beautiful dress of crimson velvet, richly ornamented in patent pearl; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady C. M. Leod wore a rich dress of purple velvet, most beautifully embroidered in gold; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady M. Deerpark was elegantly dressed in white satin, with net draperies, most richly embroidered in patent pearls; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady J. Conenry was beautifully dressed in white satin, most richly ornamented with patent pearl; head dress, feathers and ornaments.

Lady M. Perry wore a handsome dress of white satin, trimmed with blond; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady C. Ansley was dressed in white satin, with net drapery, looped up with patent pearl; head-dress, feathers and pearl ornaments.

Lady C. Scott was elegantly dressed in lilac velvet, richly ornamented in silver; head dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady C. Moul—a rich dress of white satin, trimmed with blond; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady Liddel—petticoat of rich white satin, draperies of sprig patent lace, with rich and elegant festoon borders, embroidered in silver and patent pearl, tastefully ornamented with wreaths of silver flowers; train of rich silk and crimson tissue, trimmed with silver borders and rich Brussels point; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Lady William Gordon—petticoat of rich white satin, with draperies of maroon velvet, elegantly looped up with white silk tassels, and trimmed with sable fur; train of maroon velvet, trimmed with sable fur, and rich Brussels point lace; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Lady Sidney Smith—petticoat of rich white satin, with draperies of white crape, bordered with crimson satin, and elegantly looped up with bouquets of flowers; train of white crape, elegantly trimmed with rich Brussels point lace, and ornamented with diamonds; head dress, diamonds and feathers.

Lady Robert Seymour—petticoat of rich buff satin, with draperies of spring patent

lace, elegantly looped up with festoons of beads; train of rich buff satin, elegantly trimmed with beads and rich Brussels point; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Lady Longford—a gold-colored satin petticoat, with draperies of grey velvet, trimmed with ermine; train, grey velvet.

Lady Chas. Graham—a blue satin petticoat, with net draperies, embroidered in beads; train, blue satin.

Lady Caroline Graham—a white satin petticoat, with crape draperies, embroidered in beads; train, white satin.

Lady Fitz. Sackville—a lilac satin petticoat, net draperies, embroidered with beads; and lilac satin train to correspond.

Lady A. M. North—a white satin petticoat, with a chequed drapery, embroidered in patent pearls, suspended by wreaths of patent pearl and fringe; train, white satin.

Lady Fitz. Ashburnham—a white satin petticoat, with net draperies, decorated with satin rosettes; train, white satin.

Lady E. Edgcomb—blue satin petticoat, superbly ornamented with gold fringe and tassels; train, blue satin, trimmed with gold.

Lady Isabella Thynne—a white satin petticoat, richly embroidered in gold; train and draperies of violet velvet, richly embroidered to correspond.

Hon. Lady Caroline Murray—blue crape petticoat, trimmed with pearls, tastefully drawn up in draperies, and fastened with rich ropes of the same; train trimmed with blond and pearls.

Hon. Mrs. Charles Murray—white satin petticoat, covered with amber crape, richly trimmed with pearls; robe and stomacher of the same; head-dress, pearl tiara and feathers.

Hon. Mrs. Lionel Damer—a white satin petticoat embroidered in gold; train and draperies of pure velvet, very richly embroidered to correspond.

Hon. Mrs. Lasle—petticoat of rich white satin with border of rich gold fringe; draperies of patent net with rich and elegant border, and grounding in gold lama; train of black velvet, trimmed with gold borders and rich Brussels point lace; head dress, diamonds and feathers.

Hon. Mrs. West—body and train of amaranthus velvet, trimmed with point and gold; petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered in gold, and drawn up with cords and tassels; head dress, feathers and diamonds.

Hon. Mrs. Nicholson Calver—body and

train of rich green velvet, trimmed with gold and Brussels lace; white satin petticoat, ornamented with rich gold Spanish fringes, covered with a drapery of fine Brussels lace, and tied up with handsome cords and tassels; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Hon. Mrs. Walpole—a variegated satin petticoat, with yellow satin draperies, trimmed with sable and silver fringe; train to match.

Hon. Mrs. C. Long—a dark lilac satin petticoat, with rich gold embroidery; train of the same.

Hon. Mrs. Gosling—a dress of white satin, ornamented with draperies of gold net, and trimmed with rich robes and handsome gold cords and tassels; robe, ruby velvet trimmed with gold and point lace.

Hon. Mrs. Needham—petticoat of white and gold; a robe of scarlet velvet, richly embroidered in sprigs of gold; head-dress, diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Mrs. Beaumont—petticoat of rich white satin; draperies of patent lace, with rich and elegant borders embroidered in silver, and elegantly looped up with silver flowers; train of rich Spanish brown velvet, trimmed with elegant silver borders and rich Brussels point lace; head dress, a profusion of diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Mrs. Udney—petticoat of white satin, with a border of rich gold fringe; draperies of gold tissue, tastefully looped up with gold flowers; train of pure velvet, trimmed with elegant Circassian border and rich Brussels point; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Mrs. Osborne—a white crape petticoat and draperies, embossed in pink velvet, ornamented with bunches of flowers; head-dress, a plume of feathers and diamonds.

Mrs. Bragge Bathurst—a handsome embroidered crape tunic coat of ruby velvet and gold, the robe to correspond.

Mrs. Sandford—a fountain-blue satin robe and coat, with draperies of crape, elegantly embroidered with convolvuluses.

Mrs. Humphreys—body and train of amber satin, trimmed with black lace; petticoat of the same, trimmed with lace, and ornamented with ribbons; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Mrs. Taitan—a white satin petticoat and train, with beautiful draperies, trimmed with swan down, fur, and point-lace. The whole had an elegant and tasteful effect.

Mrs. Boehm was presented by Lady

Castlereagh, in a superb dress of lilac velvet and gold, embroidered in a most magnificent and novel style, with a rich suit of lace and a complete set of diamonds.

Mrs. Egerton appeared in a beautiful dress of rich amethyst satin, with elegant draperies of fine Brussels lace, and richly ornamented with pearls.

Mrs. Hammond (presented by the Countess of Bathurst)—a rich and elegant dress of pink velvet, tastefully ornamented with beautiful fringes in the Spanish style. The whole appearance of this dress was truly elegant and conspicuous.

Mrs. Wharton—garnet-colored velvet body and train; petticoat of white satin, with beautiful silver fringe at the bottom, over which were draperies of lace most superbly embroidered in plumes, and matted silver leaves, with rich cords and tassels to correspond.

Mrs. Gen. Campbell—body and train of scarlet velvet satin; petticoat, with lace draperies, interspersed with handsome bunches of mountain-ash berries.

Mrs. Jodrell—body and train of rich yellow satin, ornamented with silver and Brussels lace; white crape petticoat, applied with branches of silver wheat-ears and yellow roses.

Mrs. Delisle—body and train of white satin, covered with silver lace; white satin petticoat, with elegant silver fringe at the bottom; lace draperies, superbly embroidered with silver lama in wreaths of lilies, and brilliant grounding of stars.—The whole of this dress evinced great taste.

Mrs. G. Dyke—Spanish brown velvet body and train, handsomely trimmed with lace; petticoat of white satin, decorated in wreaths of carnations, painted with elegance and precision on white velvet.

Mrs. Needham—body and train of white satin, trimmed with lace; petticoat of the same, ornamented with ribbons and poppies; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Mrs. Randolph wore a handsome British lace, with small white embroidered flowers.

Mrs. Dalrymple wore a splendid dress of white satin, with net drapery, richly embossed in silver; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Mrs. Littleton wore a beautiful dress of white and silver lama, looped up with rich cords and tassels; head-dress, feathers and diamonds, which was particularly becoming to the lovely wearer.

Mrs. Gen. Gwyn wore a rich green velvet dress, with yellow satin drapery, ornamented with patent pearl; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Mrs. James Huller wore, over white satin, a petticoat of azure blue crape, richly embroidered with white French beads and leaves of white satin; robe of blue satin, with the body and sleeves also embroidered; head-dress, a bandeau of diamonds, with a beautiful plume of white and blue feathers.

Mrs. B. Paget—white satin petticoat, with a very beautiful embroidered border of gold, ivy, and green lama, round the bottom; with a rich Indian gold drapery, tied up with rich gold tassels; the body and train of green velvet, and gold trimmings.

Mrs. Long Wadlesley—petticoat of white satin, tastefully ornamented with shells of blue and silver lama, with draperies of white and silver, trimmed with fine Honiton point; border of silver lama, richly worked en cornucopia, enriched by a superb silver fringe; robe of blue velvet, border round, en cornucopia, of silver lama; epauletts and stomacher studded with diamonds, and trimmed with Honiton point; head-dress, a profusion of diamonds, and blue and white ostrich feathers.—This dress was singularly beautiful.

Mrs. Beeston Long—a white satin petticoat, with net draperies, embroidered in gold and patent pearl; train, white satin.

Mrs. Ross—a white satin petticoat, with net draperies, train, scarlet velvet.

Mrs. Montague—a white satin petticoat, with rich draperies, looped up with scarlet velvet bands, embroidered in gold.

Mrs. Gwynore—a white satin petticoat; crape draperies, embroidered in beads; train, white satin.

Mrs. G. Rose—a primrose satin petticoat, with crape and bead draperies; train, primrose satin.

Hon. Miss Brudenell—a green velvet petticoat, trimmed with ermine and gold fringe, and train to correspond.

Hon. Miss Townshend—buff satin petticoat, with net draperies and white satin shell string; train, buff satin.

Hon. Miss Courtney—pink satin robe, trimmed with blond lace; petticoat of the same, with silk fringes, tasteful draperies, and sash ends ornamented with Chinese roses, painted on velvet.

Hon. Miss Scott was attired in a petticoat of rich white satin, over which was a beautiful robe of crimson velvet, magnificently embroidered with massy gold,

in the Grecian style. The appearance of this dress was in the highest degree elegant and attractive.

Hon. Miss Addington—a blue satin petticoat, richly embroidered in pearl and bugles; draperies embroidered and tastefully ornamented with fringe and tassels; train to correspond. This dress was much admired for elegance and novelty of style.

Hon. Miss Gordon—an elegant petticoat and train of rich lilac satin, elegantly trimmed with swandown and rich Brussels point; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Hon. Miss Chetwynd—petticoat of white satin, with draperies of sprigged patent lace, elegantly looped up with bouquets of flowers; train of white satin, trimmed with lace; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Miss Vanneck—a blush white satin petticoat and train, silk net draperies embroidered in floss silk, and ornamented with bunches of roses.

Miss Sutton—petticoat of rich pink satin, with elegant draperies of pink crape and patent lace, tastefully ornamented with bouquets of flowers; train of pink satin trimmed with rich lace; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Miss C. Sutor (presented by Lady Borslase Warren)—the same as Miss Sutton.

Miss Maria Gifford—petticoat of white satin, with draperies of white crape, richly embroidered in silver spangles, and elegantly looped up with silver festoons and tassels; train of white satin, trimmed with silver borders and rich Brussels point; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Miss Beaumont (presented by Mrs. Beaumont)—petticoat of rich pink satin; draperies of patent lace, with rich and elegant festoon borders, embroidered in white floss silk and patent pearls; train of rich pink satin, elegantly trimmed with patent pearl and superb blond lace; pearl necklace, with superb diamond clasp, diamond ear-rings, &c.; head-dress, superb diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Miss Trail wore a handsome dress of lilac velvet and silver; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Miss Blunt was dressed in white satin, with net drapery, trimmed with blond; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Miss Mildmay wore a handsome dress of pink and white, looped up with cords and tassels; head-dress, feathers and pearls.

Miss Garth—rich garnet velvet petticoat, ornamented with a rich vandyke white satin and gold border, interwoven with gold sprigs, with a rich gold fringe trimmed round the vandykes; train of garnet velvet, trimmed round with gold fringe; drapery, sleeves and pocket holes richly and fancifully trimmed with a superb white and gold fringe; rich velvet and satin Spanish sleeves, trimmed with Brussels point lace.

Miss Rathurst—a pink satin robe and coat, trimmed with patent sprigged net, elegantly ornamented with chains and sprays of beads.

Miss Randolph—white lace tunic over a Provence rose coat, tied up with gold; head-dress to correspond.

Miss Popham—white crape petticoat, handsome trimming of lace and beads, embroidered draperies; train to correspond.

Miss Montague—white satin puckered petticoat, with crape draperies, looped up with bunches of grenades; train, white crape.

Miss Digby—a white satin petticoat; crape draperies, spotted with satin appliqué, fastened up with gold bands and fringe; train, green velvet, trimmed with gold.

Miss Knight—a dress of orange-colored satin, with draperies of silver gauze tastefully separated with rich silver rollo, forming a lacing between each, through which the color of the satin under-dress was discovered; the whole trimmed with handsome silver cords and tassels; robe, black velvet.

Miss G. Morgan, presented by her Grace the Duchess of Beaufort, wore a body and train of white satin, trimmed with silver and lace; petticoat of white satin, with draperies of rich silver tissue, ornamented with a superb trimming, and tied up with cords and tassels; at the bottom a wasty silver trimming of net-work. This dress, as well as Miss Morgan, displayed infinite taste, and was much admired for its simplicity and elegance. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Miss West, presented—body and train of blossom-colored satin, trimmed with lace and beads; petticoat of the same, with a drapery of white crape, richly embroidered with pearl and edged with lace; at the bottom a rich bead fringe; drapery fastened up with rich cords and tassels. This dress was much admired for its richness and elegance. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Miss Needham—body and train of pink gauze, trimmed with lace; petticoat of white crape, trimmed with pink ribbons; head dress, feathers and diamonds.

Miss Goldsworthy—body and train of purple satin, trimmed with point; petticoat of purple satin, with draperies of black lace, ornamented with purple ribbons; head-dress, purple satin and lace and diamonds.

Miss Humphreys—body and train of white satin, trimmed with lace; petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered in silver and green silks, tied up with ribbons; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Miss Morgan—body and train of white satin, trimmed with lace and silver; petticoat of white satin, with draperies of rich silver tissue, ornamented with a superb trimming of silver, and fastened up with handsome cords and tassels; at the bottom a massy silver trimming of network. This dress evinced a peculiarly elegant taste, and was greatly admired for its simplicity.

Miss Jennings—a lilac satin petticoat, with festoons of gold, and lilac satin train.

Miss Bankes—a white satin petticoat, with blue satin draperies, richly embroidered in silver; train, blue satin.

Roman Catholic's Oath.

AT the present interesting moment, when our island teems, in every quarter, with meetings and resolutions and petitions on the subject of the Roman Catholics' claim to be permitted to enjoy, in common with their Protestant brethren, the natural right to serve God according to the dictates of their own conscience, without being subject to any disparagements or disadvantages on account of their creed—it may be gratifying to our fair readers to see the following one of several oaths by which they are bound.—It was framed and enacted by the Irish Parliament in 1793; and no Irish Catholic has ever yet refused to take it, when required; on which subject, the Marquis of Lansdowne, in a late public meeting at Devizes, argued to the following effect—"Either the Catholics are bound by oaths, or they are not:—if they are, this oath is as strong a tie, as human ingenuity can devise:—if they are not, they have no occasion to petition; for they may, at any time, in spite of their opponents, hold high offices, and sit in both Houses of Parliament, since oaths alone at present stand in their way."—The oath is as follows—

"I, A. B. do hereby declare, that I do profess the Roman Catholic religion.—I, A. B. do swear, that I do abjure, condemn, and detest, as unchristian and impious, the principle that it is lawful to murder, destroy, or any ways injure any person whatsoever for or under the pretence of being a heretic; and I do declare solemnly before God, that I believe, that no act, in itself unjust, immoral, or wicked, can ever be justified or excused by or under pretence or color that it

was done either for the good of the church, or in obedience to any ecclesiastical power whatsoever. I also declare, that it is not an article of the Catholic faith, neither am I thereby required to believe or profess, that the Pope is infallible, or that I am bound to obey any order, in its own nature immoral, though the Pope, or any ecclesiastical power, should issue or direct such order; but, on the contrary, I hold that it would be sinful in me to pay any respect or obedience thereto. I further declare, that I do not believe that any sin whatsoever, committed by me, can be forgiven at the mere will of any Pope, or of any priest, or of any person or persons whatsoever; but that sincere sorrow for past sins, a firm and sincere resolution to avoid future guilt, and to atone to God, are previous and indispensable requisites, to establish a well-founded expectation of forgiveness; and that any person, who receives absolution without these previous requisites, so far from obtaining thereby any remission of his sins, incurs the additional guilt of violating a sacrament. And I do swear that I will defend, to the utmost of my power, the settlement and arrangement of property in this country, as established by the laws now in being. I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present church establishment, for the purpose of substituting a Catholic establishment in its stead; and I do solemnly swear, that I will not exercise any privilege to which I am or may become entitled, to disturb and weaken the Protestant religion and Protestant government in this kingdom.—So help me God."

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 44, N^o. 3, for March, 1813.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates :

1. The Visit to WESTMINSTER ABBEY.
2. Fashionable Morning PROMENADE and OPERA DRESSES.
3. NEW PATTERNS for BORDERS.

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where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

Our Number for April was intended to contain a Portrait of MISS SMITH, of Drury-Lane theatre: but, the Plate not having been executed to our satisfaction, we have given directions for a new one, which shall appear in our Magazine as early as circumstances will permit, and which we trust our fair Readers will unanimously approve, both as an accurate Likeness and an elegant engraving.—We likewise intend to give, as soon as practicable, a Portrait of the late DUCHESS of BRUNSWICK, which is already in the hands of the Engraver.

“*Going into a genteel house,*” &c.—This rhapsody is utterly inadmissible into the Lady’s Magazine, which never yet has been, and is never intended to be, the vehicle of personal abuse and scandal.

“*F. H. S.’s “Great little Oddity”* does not suit our miscellany.

The communication from *S. F.* is in the same predicament.

We thank “*S. A.*” for the offer of his correspondence: but, from the specimens now before us, we beg leave to decline it.

Before we answer the letter of our *Colchester* correspondent, we beg to be favored with his *real name*. Meantime, we are sorry to say that his late communication is not approved; though his future productions might possibly be more acceptable.

Mr. Webb’s communications are safely come to hand, and shall experience our early attention.

Lady's Magazine. — March, 1813.



The Visit to Westminster Abbey

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE

FOR MARCH, 1813.

Modern Life delineated.

(Continued from page 56, and accompanied with an illustrative Plate.)

THE voices, however, of several persons approaching, reminded them that they were now in a different scene; and Gertrude, dropping the subject of their conversation, hastily exclaimed, "Come, Emma! let us avoid this crowd, by taking shelter in the Abbey."—"Yes, Gertrude: I now *must* consent," replied her sister, turning to the portal of the venerable dome.

As they entered it, a gentleman passed them, and afterwards made a full stop—pretending to be looking for some person—but, every moment, fixing his eyes upon them.—They did not notice the particularity of his manner: but, when they were opposite to Milton's monument, they paused to look at it.

"There is not," said Gertrude, "any monument in the Abbey which I contemplate with such a mixture of reverence and admiration as this. I always fancy the delightful emotions that his daughter experienced, when she was engaged in writing the harmonious and exalted lines which so copiously flowed from the lips of her sightless parent. With what reverence and love must she have watched the changes of his countenance, as he expressed the heaven-inspired theme!"

Here Emma drew her sister's arm under hers, and, in a low voice,

begged her to retire from the Abbey.—Gertrude was amazed at Emma's manner: but, turning her eyes around, she observed the gentleman who had followed them into the Abbey, standing at a small distance, and earnestly viewing them.—As they walked out of it, he kept near them, and looked at them with the greatest anxiety, as if he had something to say to them. When they turned into the Park, he followed them, first at a distance; but, after a while approaching them, and bowing with the utmost politeness, requested they would not be uneasy at a stranger's speaking to them.

"What is it, sir, you wish to say?" exclaimed Gertrude, with a look of dignity and contempt.

"I have only one question, madam, to ask; and I am sorry that the most urgent necessity requires this improper intrusion."

Gertrude was moved by his manner, and, fancying it was a pecuniary request, drew her purse from her pocket, and began to open it.—The stranger smiled. "I thank you, madam," said he, "for your noble intention; but all the favor I request is one monosyllable. Will you have the goodness to answer this simple question—Is your name Lloyd?"

"It is, sir: but I cannot imagine what has instigated a stranger to ask so singular a question."

"It is not,—believe me, madam—an impertinent curiosity, that has

prompted the inquiry, but the highest esteem for an unfortunate young man!"

"I do not comprehend your words, sir. There is not any young man who has a right to commission another to ask that question, or any one that has an interest in our names."

"Pardon me, madam: There is one, who has an interest in your names, and in your happiness; and that person is your cousin, Edward Lloyd."

"My cousin Edward!" exclaimed Emma with breathless impatience—"Oh! where is he?"

"He is at Kensington, madam," replied the stranger. "But, before I enter into any particulars, permit me to appease your apprehensions with respect to myself. Be assured that I am your cousin's particular friend.—I make no doubt that you have heard of Frederic Manville."—As he said this, he made a polite bow to the young ladies.

"I sincerely thank you, sir, for this proof of respect to my sister and myself. I am now well convinced that you are not assuming a fictitious character, to impose upon our credulity."

"I thought you were convinced of that," said the stranger, smiling, "when I declined the offering you were going to make."

"But how came you to fancy, sir, we were Edward's cousins?"

"Several circumstances, madam, led me to form the opinion. Three weeks ago, I went into the vale of Cluyd for the express purpose of seeing your father: but I was there informed that you were gone to London. The old housekeeper could not say what part of the town you were fixed in: but she fancied she had heard her master say something

of living near St. James's Park, that Miss Emma might walk there.—I have rambled over this part of the town for a whole fortnight, endeavouring to find some clue by which I might trace you: but I had no kind fairy to guide my steps—no genius or magician capable of giving me a glass, to view the place of your retreat. Fortunately, however, chance has been as favorable to me as a legion of magicians; and the bare names of Gertrude and Emma have fully answered my purpose. In your conversation, as you entered the Abbey, I accidentally heard both those names: and I blessed the sound of the voices which uttered them; for I hope this meeting will conduce to your cousin's happiness."

"What, sir, was the motive of your visit into the vale?" said Emma with impatience. "I hope my cousin is not indisposed; for, though he has forgotten and deserted his best friends, we shall never cease to remember him with the affection of sisters."

"You are acquainted, I presume, madam, with your friend's rash matrimonial engagement," said Captain Manville: "but you are probably ignorant of the unpleasant consequences resulting from it."

"We are ignorant of every thing relative to him during the last fourteen months," said Gertrude.

"Unfortunately, the object of your cousin's hasty selection was ill calculated to promote his happiness. The voice of fashion had proclaimed her unrivalled in the art of charming mankind: her levity was considered as the essence of wit; her dress and manners, as the standard of elegance and refinement. Her beauty was judged (by those who are allowed to possess taste and discrimination in a point so

important as female charms) to combine all the attractive graces and perfections of the Medicean Venus. In fact, her admirers avowed that she was the most fascinating creature in the world; and, if others had spoken of her without enthusiasm, it was deemed almost tantamount to a personal affront. The week Lloyd arrived at Bath, she had discarded four suitors; but the commanding dignity of his manner, and the uncommon fineness of his person, pleased her. Perhaps I may add, that the indifference with which he treated her, inspired her with a wish to please him. But what motive could so hastily lead to the altar two persons, of dispositions so opposite, I am not philosopher enough to determine. I can only say, that their union was one of those uncommon events in life, which excite astonishment, but are of too intricate a nature to unravel.—I am persuaded that my friend has paid dearly for his rashness: and, ere he had been married two months, he would have given worlds to have been disunited. I have no occasion to enumerate the thousand causes he had for bitter regret. His wife's levity, in short, exceeded the bounds of propriety; and, at the expiration of eleven months, a divorce gave him that liberty which he had so long sighed to obtain. But, unfortunately, seven weeks after he had regained his liberty, he met with the gentleman who had dishonored him, at one of the taverns in Richmond. A quarrel (highly disgraceful on the aggressor's side) ensued: a challenge was given; and I am concerned to add, that my friend was severely wounded. But he is now rapidly recovering; and the information I shall this day be enabled to give him, will, I trust, perfectly re-establish his health; for I am confi-

dent, that, within the last fortnight, his complaint has rather been uneasiness of mind than debility of body."

Emma sighed heavily at the information, but endeavoured to repress the violent emotions which agitated her frame.—The stranger and Gertrude observed her varying countenance, and anxiously entreated her to sit down for a few moments on one of the seats: but this she declined, assuring them it was only the heat of the morning, that had, for a moment, slightly affected her.

In Captain Manville's countenance the utmost solicitude and tenderness were depicted. He felt charmed with her sensibility, and almost envied his friend for being esteemed by a woman so lovely.—It was scarcely possible for a stranger to look at Emma without being pleased with her: her figure was uncommonly graceful: light flaxen hair shaded a forehead of dazzling whiteness: her features were regular, and beautiful: but it was the pleasing expression of her soft blue eyes, that charmed more than her person.

Gertrude, on the contrary, was a small neat figure—brown complexion—dark eyes, with long curved eye-lashes—a noble forehead, graced with a pair of fine arched eyebrows—a wide mouth, with teeth of pearly whiteness—and a small turned up nose. It was impossible to class Gertrude among beauties; and at the same time it was impossible to be two hours in her company, without feeling sensations of greater pleasure than mere beauty excites. It was the charm she possessed of pleasing others with ease and gracefulness. When listening to their conversation, there was an expression of soul spread over every feature, far more eloquent than words; and, when she had occasion to express

her own sentiments, the sweetness of her voice gave interest to every word she uttered.

When the sisters and Captain Manville arrived at Mr. Lloyd's house, Gertrude politely thanked him for the trouble he had taken, and requested he would have the goodness to call, that evening or the following morning, to see her father. He assured her he would not fail to call in the evening, and observed that it was his intention to go immediately to Kensington, to communicate the pleasant tidings to Captain Lloyd.

The moment Emma reached the 'drawing-room, she gave free vent to her emotions. Her sister anxiously urged her to retire to her own room, and lie down for an hour or two—assuring her that Mr. Lloyd would be hurt, if he saw her eyes red and swollen with weeping.

When Mr. Lloyd returned from Richmond, he was alarmed to hear that Emma was indisposed, and gone to bed: but, when Gertrude informed him of the occurrences of the morning, his anxiety visibly increased. "I fear, my love," said he, "that our journey to town will not restore Emma's health: at least, the intelligence she has this morning received, will renew her uneasiness. But it is very strange that we had not been informed of Edward's divorce; for people are generally more prone to communicate unpleasant intelligence, than those things which will afford us pleasure."—"I hope, my dear father," said Gertrude, "you will visit Edward at Kensington. His sufferings have amply atoned for his neglect: and I have heard you remark, sir, that it is far more laudable to forgive an injury, than to resent it."

"True, my love: but you know

what one of your favorite authors asserts—

"He that's ungrateful, has no guilt but one:
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him."

"But the inquietude I feel at present, arises from various sources. I sincerely lament that Edward is now in town, and particularly that his rash conduct has led him into such complicated distresses; and I now am more firmly persuaded than ever I was, that an imprudent action is generally followed by many others fatal to the happiness of the individual who gives up his reason for the indulgence of passion. And, as one of our moral writers justly observes, 'society is linked with one chain; but if one part is snapped in twain, it endangers all the rest.'"

"I fear, sir, I am the only person to be censured in this affair," said Gertrude. "I was not unacquainted with Edward's warmth of temper; and it was my duty to have softened the pang of disappointment. If my cousin's life had been lost in the conflict with his dishonorable adversary, dreadful indeed would my sufferings have been."

"I certainly censured you, my love, at the time; but, as the motive was good which instigated you, my disapprobation was mingled with forgiveness. But I confess that your conduct this morning has greatly surprised me. From your own confession, you have treated the stranger with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. Was this prudent? What reason had you to be certain that the person, who communicated the unpleasant news of Edward's divorce, is not an impostor? In this populous city, there are thousands who assume characters to which they have not any just claim; and it

behoves every female to be guarded in her behaviour to strangers, and particularly cautious to avoid any approach toward intimacy."

"But, my dear father," said Gertrude, "the information which the stranger communicated, convinced me he was not an impostor. Even if that had been less correct, I could not have disputed the sincerity of his address, or the noble truth which beamed in his intelligent eyes. His countenance was a letter of recommendation, sufficient to gain for him my immediate confidence."

A loud knocking at the door prevented Mr. Lloyd from replying.—Gertrude hoped it was the stranger; and the moment he entered the room, she exclaimed, in a manner which her father perfectly understood, "This, sir, is Captain Manville, my cousin Edward's friend."—The fears, which had been awakened in Mr. Lloyd's bosom, were instantly dissipated. He walked up to him, and expressed his pleasure at seeing him. Gertrude's eyes sparkled with the noble animation of virtue, and exultation in the victory she had obtained over her father's prejudices. After the ceremony of a first meeting was over, Captain Manville informed them he had been with his friend, and was sorry to add that he was more indisposed than he had been the three weeks preceding, and requested, as a particular favor, that Mr. Lloyd would have the goodness to accompany him to Kensington the following morning.

"If Edward was particularly anxious to see me," said Mr. Lloyd, "he would have sent more than a verbal message. Neither have I any reason to think it is a duty on my part to pay any attention to him, since he has, during fourteen months, considered my family as not in the least entitled to his remembrance."

"I wish, sir, you could read the noble sentiments of his soul," exclaimed Captain Manville. "You would not then doubt his unlimited affection for all your family.—What is *your* opinion on this subject, Miss Lloyd? Do *you* think your cousin is incapable of remembering his best friends?"

"I do not," replied Gertrude with infinite embarrassment, "doubt his unalterable attachment to my father: but I undoubtedly think him culpable in continuing so many months silent. He must have been convinced that my father's ignorance of his health and pursuits in life has created various painful conjectures, and excited apprehensions for his welfare."

Mr. Manville fixed his eyes, with a look of scorn, upon Gertrude's face; but, when he observed the crimson which dyed her cheeks, he highly blamed himself for the opinion he had formed of her disposition.—Emma's appearance interrupted the chain of his thoughts. In admiring her languid interesting countenance, he, for a few moments, forgot Gertrude, and all the world.

(To be continued.)

The ADOPTED CHILD.

(Continued from page 62.)

THE splendor, which now presented itself, banished for a while every painful recollection.—Columns, which, to her deceived imagination, seemed embossed with gold, supported a saloon, whose coved ceiling was adorned by the painter's pencil with many a curious device.—The lustres reflected their dazzling rays on the artist's blooming tints, and discovered with perspicuity each emblematic figure.

From this enchanting apartment, they passed to another, where Mr. Burnaby, with Charles, William, and

Caroline Manby, were waiting to receive them.—Caroline embraced Marina with all the ardor of youthful friendship, and, presenting her to her brother Charles, she exclaimed, with that vivacity which animated her whole behaviour, “ Say, thou infidel ! have I said too much ? ”

Charles, with an expressive smile, declared himself a willing proselyte.—“ Ah ! did I not tell you,” said Bellarmine, who had entered unperceived by them,

“ Her matchless person ev’ry charm combin’d,
Form’d in th’ idea of a painter’s mind ? ”

Caroline saw a rising blush suffuse the modest cheek of Marina at these extravagant encomiums ; and, turning with a lively air to Bellarmine, in the same theatric tone, she replied—

“ Praise from a friend, and censure from
a foe,
Are lost on hearers who our merits know : ”
and, immediately taking her hand, she led her to the drawing-room, where a numerous party were already assembled.

Lady Manby received Miss Cavendish as the friend of her favorite Caroline ; but Lady Delafonte contemplated, with haughtiness and envy, a form that dared to vie with her own.—Vanity was the predominant foible of Lady Delafonte ; and that foible had been so nurtured in the soil of French flattery, that every rival in beauty she beheld with a jealous eye. Marina she considered as a destitute orphan, who was contracted to the son of a Milk-street grocer ; and she had therefore no conception that so obscure a being could possibly attract any of that admiration which she expected solely to engross.—She now secretly reproached herself for not having opposed her introduction, and determined that this should be her last appearance at Hindon Park.

A whisper of “ How divinely you look to night ! ” from the elegant Sparkle (who, this evening, blazed in a suit of coquelicot satin, with buttons of orient pearl) allayed for a moment the envious pang.—It was again excited, with redoubled spleen, by the Marquis of Ormville, who, though seated by her side, seemed lost in admiration of Marina’s figure. “ What an angelic countenance has that lovely girl, my dear Lady Delafonte ! ” said the marquis—“ never but once did I behold such an assemblage of charms centred in one woman : and what renders her still more captivating, is, that she appears totally unconscious of the admiration she excites.”

“ You are extremely mistaken,” replied her ladyship. “ She is the veriest coquette in nature : for, though contracted to that grocer’s son whom you see fixed at her elbow, she encourages a tribe of dangles, and, by her intriguing spirit, frequently gives great uneasiness to her benefactors.”

“ It is impossible ! ” interrupted the marquis. But, while Lady Delafonte was thus maliciously endeavouring to sully the spotless purity of Marina, *she* (unconscious of the slander) was surveying the elegance and magnificence which on every side surrounded her.—The silver fringe which ornamented the sofas and curtains—the glittering chandeliers, whose pendent drops were supported by a chain, that made them appear like crystalline pebbles issuing from a silver rock—most forcibly struck her attention ; and the fabled scenes of eastern magnificence seemed to pass in review before her.—Thus occupied, she perceived not the approach of Lord Newdick, who (escorted by Bellarmine) had brought his two daughters, to introduce them to her—till she was roused by Tudway.

The simple elegance of Marina's dress was a striking contrast to the brilliant attire of these ladies, who were profusely laden with all the fashionable embellishments of foil and jewels, feathers and flowers.—William Manby advanced almost at the same time, to lead her to the cotillon-room, whither she was followed by a number of gentlemen, who in vain contested for the honor of her hand; Charles and William had already engaged her for the whole evening; and it was with great difficulty that Lord Delafonte prevailed upon her to accompany him in a minuet, in which the uncommon gracefulness of her movements increased, if possible, the admiration which she had before excited.

Young Tudway, intoxicated with the praises universally bestowed on the performance of his fair enslaver, was unusually animated; and, regardless of the frigid air with which Lady Delafonte was surveying him as he rapturously expatiated on the merits of Marina, he vehemently exclaimed—

“No form so graceful can your eyes behold;
For Nature made her, and destroy'd the mould.”

Lady Delafonte, unable to conceal her vexation at these repeated mortifications, turned to Lord Sparkle with a sneer, and asked, if he had no bombastic allusion to echo in praise of this new divinity.—Sparkle was afraid of encountering, a second time, the fiery spirit of Tudway, and therefore cautiously conveyed the satire of his reply in a low whisper.—But the flattery of Sparkle was robbed of its power to charm: the demon of envy had planted a thorn in the breast of Lady Delafonte, which his adulation could not remove.—Tudway's de-

voting his whole attention to Marina, and beholding those charms with indifference, which had received the homage of half the nobility of France, was so sore a wound to her vanity, that her chagrin became but too apparent, even to the person from whom she wished it most concealed.—The marquis had been watching every turn of her countenance:—and, soon perceiving that her cruel aspersion of Marina originated solely in mortified vanity, he resolved, by his attention to the object whom she had so injuriously traduced, to complete her mortification.

With that view, when the hour of supper arrived, he advanced to Marina, and offered to conduct her to the saloon.—She had never before been absent from her pillow at so late an hour, and felt herself fatigued with dancing. Her eyes ached with perpetual gazing; and so variously had her attention been engaged, that, although the marquis had been pointed out to her on her first entrance, she had scarcely bestowed a glance upon him. Neither did she perceive his approach, till Tudway, rising as he advanced, pronounced the name of the marquis.

She arose, as he spoke, and, for the first time, contemplated his features. She saw—and sickened at the sight:—her trembling limbs could scarcely support her to the room, where every delicacy which art and nature could produce was arranged with the utmost taste and elegance. She saw them not, and was no sooner seated at the table, than she fainted in the arms of the marquis, who had placed himself next to her. Those who were most interested in her recovery, flew to her assistance. Caroline Manby applied the usual restorative of salts and hartshorn. Young Tudway and William Manby endeavoured to take

off her gloves, while Bellarmine stood gazing in the attitude of admiration, declaring she was a subject for the pencil of Apelles.

When the gloves were taken off, a sight was revealed to the marquis, which for a moment chased the color from his cheeks. But he was too great an adept in the art of concealment, to suffer his feelings to betray the effect which the bracelets had produced. Therefore, as soon as Marina opened her eyes, he, with much seeming concern, advised her being sent home, lest the heat of the room should occasion a relapse.—The terrified Marina gladly availed herself of this proposal, and earnestly requested to be immediately conveyed home.—Mrs. Leo's chariot was instantly ordered: and, attended by Mrs. Leo and Tudway, (who, in spite of Marina's remonstrances, insisted on being their escort) she reached Sedley House in a state of apparent insensibility.—Mrs. Leo committed her to the care of Mrs. Montague's maid, with an account of her recent indisposition, which her pallid countenance too evidently denoted. She was no sooner conveyed to her chamber, than the maid awaked Mrs. Montague, by abruptly telling her that Miss Cavendish was brought home half dead.

These alarming words were sufficient to have roused Mrs. Montague from the soundest slumber. Her nightgown was soon slipped on; and she flew to the chamber of her darling favorite, whom she found seated in an arm-chair (into which she had thrown herself) the pale image of despair. But she no sooner beheld her benefactress, than she flung her arms around her neck, and burst into tears. This was rather a token of sorrow, than of illness; and, with her fears half removed, Mrs. Montague ordered her maid to quit the room, and

began to inquire, with every soothing expression of tenderness and affection, what it was that made her thus apparently miserable.

When Marina told her, that, in the person of the Marquis of Ormville, she had traced the features of her father, nothing could equal Mrs. Montague's astonishment: but, when she found, upon further inquiry, that the marquis had discovered no token of surprise on seeing his own picture, she thought it probable that Marina might be mistaken in her conjecture, and endeavoured to persuade her, that a similarity of features was frequently found between persons who were perfect strangers to each other; and that, as she had always understood from Jeannette that her father was a private gentleman, it was scarcely possible she should find him in the person of the Marquis of Ormville.

Though the arguments of Mrs. Montague soothed, they could not convince, the mind of Marina: she was positive that she had beheld the destroyer of her mother; and this idea, by awakening the remembrance of her sufferings and death, was sufficient to banish peace from her bosom. But, as Mrs. Montague declared that she would not quit her till she was more composed, she feigned—what she did not feel—a conviction that her eyes might possibly have deceived her; upon which declaration, her kind benefactress, with many entreaties that she would be careful of her health, left her to seek that repose, which, in the present distracted state of her mind, it was impossible for her to enjoy.

(To be continued.)

*The DISCIPLE of MUNCHAUSEN,
and the PULPIT PLAGIARIST.*

THERE is a species of lying, (if I may be permitted to make use of so

unpolished an expression) which custom in some degree authorises, and which, instead of producing that detestation which every deviation from truth ought to excite in the mind of the hearer, is considered rather as an agreeable accomplishment.

The practice to which I allude, is known by several different appellations: some represent it under the archer-like description of "*Shooting with a long arrow*," or "*drawing the long-bow*," others, under the simple term of "*Stretching*;" and some under the more polished phrase of a "*Fertile imagination*."—These soft-sounding expressions convey no censure on the person, whose unhalloved lips are continually uttering untruths; and at length we accustom ourselves to listen to the repetitions of falsehood, with an appearance of satisfaction. But, for my own part, I confess, that, whenever chance throws me into the company of persons of this description, I feel almost as much displeased with the listeners as with the relator, whom I always consider as an artful character, who has some interest in endeavouring to impose upon my understanding. Yet, that there are exceptions to this rule, I am persuaded; and a gentleman of my acquaintance—whose real name I shall conceal under the fictitious appellation of Mr. Tattle—is, I believe, one of those exceptions; for I have known him from the age of fourteen; and, to make use of a common expression, I do not think he would hurt a worm.—Yet Tom Tattle, unfortunately, is not satisfied with relating marvellous adventures, but always makes himself the hero of his tale.—He is not content with assuring his auditors that a "particular friend" was an eye-witness of the adventure; but it must be his own arm which achieved the exploit. Munchausen himself never overcame

greater difficulties than the celebrated Mr. Tattle; and, though I know he is addicted to this habit from the mere desire of rendering himself entertaining, I can never listen to his conversation with common patience.

As Tom's family and my own are connected, not only by relationship, but by mercantile concerns; I am occasionally under the necessity of submitting to a kind of friendly intercourse; the consequence of which is, that I never part from him without feeling myself completely out of temper.—I have written, or been the occasion of writing, several anonymous letters to him, not only pointing out the danger of the practice, but detecting him in the assertion of the grossest falsehoods.—In addition to this trouble, I put myself to the expense of buying the well-known Adventures of Baron Munchausen, and had them privately conveyed to him, with a few lines in an unknown hand, explaining the motive and intention of the anonymous friend who sent him the present. But Tom unfortunately appears to have mistaken the meaning; and considers the baron as a pattern worthy of imitation; for I really think, that, since he received it, he has attached an additional string to his bow.

To describe this weak, this wicked, and ungentleman-like practice, in terms sufficiently expressive of that contempt and abhorrence with which it inspires me, is absolutely impossible; for it exceeds the power of language.—The man who has once been convicted of lying, for ever loses the confidence of all his acquaintance; and, even if he speaks truth, his veracity is doubted, and his report discredited.

Though my cousin Tattle possesses one of the necessary qualifications for this detested practice, namely, an excellent memory; yet I have seen

him rather disconcerted by the remarks of some of the company, who perhaps have observed that they had heard the same story told in a very different way.—Tom, however, generally wades through the detection, by the introduction of some other excellent tale, which diverts the attention of the party to the last-related fabrication.

There is something so dignified in truth, and so disgraceful in falsehood, that it is astonishing any human being should deviate from the former; for, merely to view it as a moral excellence, it never fails to attach respectability to a character.—Can a higher compliment be paid to an individual, than to have it asserted that his word is his bond? and in mercantile concerns, or business of any kind, a man celebrated for his integrity is at once esteemed and beloved.—Without a strict adherence to truth, confidence degenerates into insecurity: not the slightest dependence can be placed upon a promise; and that which ought to be deemed as binding as a written contract, is known to be as uncertain as the wind.—A person, who, in common conversation, accustoms himself to the habit of exaggeration, or “shooting in the long-bow,” cannot of course be depended upon in more serious concerns.

I remember, about five years ago, relating a circumstance to Tom Tattle, which happened in Northamptonshire, while I was on a visit in that county, which I had flattered myself would have acted as a wholesome medicine, and effectually cured him of a practice which degrades him in my esteem.—A young curate, who evidently possessed the necessary part of oratory, namely a judicious command over a naturally fine-toned voice, preached a sermon, which he had taken *verbatim*

from the works of Dr. Horn, late bishop of Norwich.—By a singular coincidence of circumstances, the worthy bishop, happening at that very time to be on a visit in the neighbourhood, attended divine service, and heard his own composition; but made no remark upon the subject to his host, who had accompanied him to church.—In passing through the church-yard, the bishop and his friend overtook the curate; and, “Mr. C****” said the latter, “I have to thank you for a most excellent discourse: in fact, though I always like your sermons, I never heard any that I admired so much before.”

The curate, bowing, expressed his satisfaction; then, turning to the commendator, said, “You think it the best I ever composed then—do you, really, sir? Well, would you then believe it, Mr. ***? I actually wrote that sermon in less than three quarters of an hour.”

“How partially bestowed, sir, is human intellect!” exclaimed the bishop, in a grave, yet dry tone of voice; “for I assure you, Mr. C****, that I spent near three weeks in composing the very sermon which you this morning preached—or, more properly speaking, in revising and amending it, before I ventured to present it to the public.”

The embarrassed curate was too much confounded, to be able, for some moments, to make any reply; but at length he stammered out, that he believed he had the honor of addressing the bishop of Norwich: who, pitying his confusion, said very good-humouredly, that he was “highly flattered by the compliment paid to his writings.”

This matter-of-fact circumstance I related to Tom Tattle, who, instead of benefiting by the relation, laughed heartily at Mr. C****.

embarrassment, declaring that he would not have been in his situation for five thousand guineas.

M——.

True CHARITY.

"When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Matt. vi. 3.

CHARITY, we are told, covers a multitude of sins: but I do not apprehend that any man or woman of real good sense would be benevolent only from the operation of such a sentiment upon their minds. True Christian charity feels for all who are in distress, and cannot, even to the unworthy, when it knows them to be destitute and wretched, refuse the boon of benevolence. Yet, in this metropolis, great prudence is necessary in the distribution of charity. To give indiscriminately is wrong, very wrong; for I believe I may assert, without fear of contradiction, that, of the beggars who infest our streets, nine out of ten are impostors, or at least a description of beings, who would not, if it were offered them, accept parochial relief. To give to such is a fault, though undoubtedly an amiable one. Too often they extort money merely by their importunity, and that the pestered person may get rid of them.

Those who have the means to be amply charitable, may find, either in town or country, other and better objects to relieve, than such as I have mentioned. Let them seek the cot of the poor peasant in the country, or the humble habitation of the laboring man in town: let them see the meal of potatoes, or bread and cheese, spread before a numerous family; and they will feel where relief would be best applied. In such persons as these, and in all objects who are worthy of being re-

lieved, there is mostly a shrinking modesty that chains their tongues; while some would sooner perish than publicly ask relief—those, for instance, who have been respectable tradesmen: and I fear there are too many such now to be found. With them, a delicacy in relieving is necessary; for, by ostentatiously assisting, you lay a weight of misery upon them; and yet it would seem cruel to cast such persons into a workhouse, where the relief, though in most cases sufficient, would in theirs be hardly so; to say nothing of their mingling with beings for whose society they are unfit, and to whose manners they cannot descend. The national Benevolent Institution, however, is now likely to remedy, in a great degree, such cases as this; for, if I understand rightly, its funds are chiefly intended for decayed persons, who have been, in different degrees, respectable.—That it may flourish to a very great extent, should be the sincere wish of every person whose heart is not tainted by the worst prejudices of our nature.

All genuine charity will seek to exercise itself in as private a manner as possible. What a beautiful instance of this is the character of the *man in black* in Goldsmith, who went about, railing at the whole tribe of beggars, yet was perpetually relieving them by stealth, and who felt ashamed, as it were, at being discovered doing good. The feeling which one experiences after doing a good deed, is well worth whatever it may cost; and it often costs but little. Even if it be afterwards discovered that the person relieved was an impostor, still the consciousness of a benevolent motive remains to bless and comfort the inmost recesses of the soul.

J. M. L.

*Solitary MUSINGS
in a COUNTRY CHURCH.*

*By Mr. JOHN WEBB,
Author of "Haverhill," &c.*

*(Continued from page 594 of our last
Volume.)*

WHILE the sumptuous dome was illuminated by the festal rites of Christmas, and the straw-clad cot resounded with the voice of rustic merriment, I retired, not to the tavern,

"Where boon companions, void of ev'ry
care,
Crown the full bowl, and the rich bumper share,
And give a loose to pleasure"—

nor to the festive domestic circle, where the fire bright blazing, the smoking viands, and the mantling glass, seem to conspire in bidding defiance to the rigors of the season:—but to the cold, unsocial, uninviting recesses of a country church, to pass in serious musings a solitary hour.—How solemn, how awfully impressive was the silence!—Every echo was asleep—undisturbed by the bay of the watch-dog, or the hooting of the owl.

"Sweet be your slumbers," I exclaimed—"ye unconscious dead, free from the harassing turmoils which agitate the human breast, and pierce it with the keen thorn of anxiety.—Yes, ye subjects of the realm of peace, you have weathered the storm, have crossed the troublous ocean of life, and are safely moored in the harbour of the grave. Ye sheeted ghosts (if such there be) who are permitted to visit the spot, wherest the mouldering frames you once animated—here may you take your awful station, or sweep along in solemn majesty—here enjoy that solitude you love, and preserve your sullen dignity and pertinacious silence—uninterrupted by the intruding foot, unseen by the prying eye. Say, ye dread visitants, what is your

errand? Why quit those unknown abodes; where your state is irrevocably fixed? The dead you cannot serve: why not communicate with the living? Why not draw aside the veil that hides the mysterious concerns of futurity from ignorant mortals? But, perhaps, "this eternal blazon must not be, to ears of flesh and blood."—Well—it matters not:—curiosity about the mysteries of the invisible regions is not a prevalent sentiment of the present day.—The gay world is too eagerly pursuing the visionary amusements of time, and chasing the gilded phantom, pleasure, to spend a thought on the important realities of eternity; and the happy few, who are anxiously solicitous about their best interests, wish not to dive into forbidden secrets, and are fearful of trespassing upon hallowed ground.

"Yes, there's a few, whose philosophic
eyes
Look through, and trust the ruler of the
skies,
To him commit the day, the hour, the
year,
And view their last dread change, without
a fear." *Pope.*

On the wall of the chancel is affixed an ancient monument, to perpetuate the names, and commemorate the virtues, of some exemplary branches of a worthy family. It appears, by the inscription, that they were ministers of the establishment: and, by the following sententious remark on their characters, "Lights here, stars hereafter," it may be inferred, that they were burning and shining lights in their day and generation, and that they were some of those, who, (as the prophet Daniel says) after turning many to righteousness, "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever, and ever."

There is not a doubt that they

were ornamental members of religious society, whose faith and practice, in amiable communion, walked hand in hand. They did not,

“as some ungracious pastors do,
Point out the steep and thorny way to
heaven;
Whilst they the primrose path of dalliance
trod,
And heeded not their goings.”

Shakspeare.

On either side of the monument is placed that significant word, “Watch” — a short impressive admonition, big with meaning, and replete with practical import.

How similar in the sense, though the term is amplified, are the following lines of Young—

“Be thou fix’d,
Fix’d as a centinel—all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouse! stand in arms; nor lean upon
thy spear,
Lest slumber steal one moment o’er thy
soul,
And fate surprise thee nodding.—Watch!
be strong!”

The stream of time has nearly swept away all remembrance of this family, who were a blessing to the neighbourhood; no biographer has enrolled the virtues of its happy members: no Muse has embalmed their memories with her “melodious tears:” yet their names are registered in the book of life—inscribed by the pen of the recording angel, in characters of gold.

At the foot of this monument, lies a gentleman, who, possessed of a mild carriage and engaging manners, passed the even-tide of life in serenity; and, free from the bustle and parade of superior station, kept “the noiseless tenor of his way.” As the purling stream—intercepted by no locks, agitated by no cataracts—murmurs through painted vales and flowery solitudes, so glided along his tranquil days.—He was a stranger to the cares that keep their watch around

the couch of ambition, and encircle the brow of royalty. The monarch, from his glittering eminence, might look down with envy on the calm enjoyments of such a character, and sigh to exchange his purple robe and impearled tiara for the unpoluted joys and solid satisfactions that strew with flowers the placid course of private life. It is a common, though erroneous idea, entertained by the lower orders of society, that riches and happiness are synonymous terms; and they fondly believe that this captivating sylph perches only on the pinnacle of the temple of wealth: but ’tis an egregious mistake; for happiness, born of sylvan race, loves the calm sequester’d vale.

“The happy peasant there, in rural innocence,
Lives on with liberal frugality,
In envied health, to his allotted day—
While peaceful plenty crowns his honest
toils—
Nor sighs to see his eve of life descend.
There, rapture echoes through the list-
ning groves:
Contentment sparkles in the virgin’s eye;
And truth and pleasure, festive dance
and song,
Fill up the happy hours, the same for
ever.”

Yes, sacred solitude! thou gentle nurse of every moral and religious virtue! to thy flower-enamelled avenues and quiet recesses, the contemplative philosopher, the tuneful poet, and the pensive sage, full oft retires—to scan the wonders of creation, to sing the charms of nature, and to commune with his heart.—But, to return—In an adjacent tomb—as a small tablet informed me—repose, in “cold oblivion,” the inanimate relics of a young gentleman who was arrested by death, in the midst of his gay career, at the age of twenty-seven. ’Tis more than probable, that, when the solemn mandate came, he was gaily drifting down the flattering tide of pleasure, indulging

sprightly visions of future enjoyment. —And, if at any time an idea of the period of dissolution glanced across his mind, it was viewed through a long vista of coming years, at an almost immeasurable distance. —Perhaps he was anticipating the happy moment, when he should lead the object of his affections to the temple of Hymen—to enjoy that consummate felicity, experienced by those whose hearts and hands are bound by the silken fetters of love. But, alas! how deceitful are earthly expectations! The loveliest wreath of human happiness, how soon it fades!

“Death at a distance marks our anxious
toils,
And at our schemes of future comfort
smiles;
And, when we hope the cup of joy to sip,
He strikes the chalice from th’ unmois-
ten’d lip.”

The Author’s Poem of “Haverhill.”

How frequently is the melancholy Muse called to sing “of blasted hopes, and of short withering joys,” and to hang in sables the happy fire-side, where the awful visitation of nature’s foe leaves a chasm in the domestic scene, and impoverishes the fund of terrestrial comfort!

“How oft does sorrow bow the head,
Before we dwell among the dead!
Scarce in the years of manly prime,
Oft have I wept the wrecks of time!”

Logan.

Modern Feminine Education.

By MARINA.

Delightful task! to rear the tender
thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o’er the
mind,
To breathe th’ enliv’ning spirit, and to fix
The gen’rous purpose in the glowing
breast. *Thomson.*

“And how is this delightful task executed,” said I to myself, “in this age of refinement, when education is the rage; and a man spends

as much upon his daughters before they quit school, as would, in the days of their grandmothers, have established them in life? Have ethics kept pace with science, and religion with philosophy? Are the Lady Louisas, and Carolines, and Harriets, of the present day, who attend lectures on chemistry at the Royal Institution, better women than the Lady Bettys and Bridgets, who, in their time, gave lectures upon cookery in their kitchens? As dress has been fast returning to its pristine simplicity, have manners likewise gone back to the purity of the primeval ages? Has the culture of the mind increased in proportion as the body has thrown off its superfluous clothing? In fine, have the clouds of ignorance vanished before the sun of knowledge, since ruffs and farthingales have given place to bare necks and invisible petticoats?”

Such was the fanciful inquiry that followed a long train of thought, in which my mind had, for the last two hours, been engaged, respecting the very expensive style of female education now so generally adopted, and the variety of attainments it embraces. I could not help feeling very anxious to know if the benefit was commensurate with the expense. Upon calling to my recollection my young female friends, I was inclined to be a little skeptical. In general, the sum of their attainments seemed to be a tolerable skill in dancing, a little smattering of French, and a trifling acquaintance with music; to which some of them added a slight knowledge of drawing. In religion and morality I did not see that they had made any extraordinary progress. Indeed, I could not help fancying, that the latter appeared to be every day held in less estimation. Yet, whenever my course was directed to any of the avenues leading

out of this great city, I was inclined to think I must have been extremely unfortunate in my acquaintances. I continually saw houses, some simply neat, others highly respectable; and not a few even splendid; whose owners, by some means or other, contrived to let the world know that there young ladies were genteelly boarded and educated. I could scarcely enter a house, in which I did not encounter cards of seminaries, recommended by some friend or other, in all of which I found that great attention was paid to their morals. The list of accomplishments astonished me; and I was led to entertain a very high respect, accompanied by profound admiration; for the "very first masters," who condescended to attend these repositories of instruction, when I found that want of genius in the scholar was no impediment in the way of the master; and that young ladies were taught to play upon the harp and piano-forte, who not only had no taste for music, but so imperfect an ear, that they could not keep time in a country-dance. Drawing and painting were proclaimed equally open to general attainment: but what astonished me more than all, was, that immense sums were expended upon singing-masters, in cases where nature had denied the advantage of a good voice. I once ventured, upon one of these occasions, to hint a doubt of success to an old lady with whom I was particularly intimate, and whose daughter was the pupil of a very celebrated man; but was stopped with, "Oh! ma'am! Henrietta will sing very prettily to the instrument."

I observed that education was the mania of all ranks, and that not only the wealthy merchant and opulent farmer sent their children to the same seminaries as those of our first no-

bility and gentry, but that tradesmen and mechanics in the humblest walks of life frequently abridged the number of those comforts which their industry might have procured them, to give their children what they called a genteel education. Mine being a plain unsophisticated understanding, I felt perplexed and dissatisfied by the different lights in which the subject presented itself to my mind. Still, as I sincerely loved my own sex, and felt an honest desire to see them fill that respectable station in society which I was convinced their mental powers so well qualified them to occupy, I pursued the inquiry in the best manner that my opportunities of observation and power of judging enabled me to do.

On one side, I heard it universally asserted, that feminine education was never before conducted upon so liberal a scale; and, as far as expense was concerned, I was convinced that the assertion was well-founded: but, as to the moral and intellectual advantages that were to be the result of all this boasted improvement, I could not so easily discover them. I had not the barbarity to consign at once so many of my unfortunate friends, who had been educated under the fashionable system, to the censure of extreme want of capacity; and, generally speaking, I knew their dispositions were amiable. What, then, was to be done? I looked abroad; but my wishes were there disappointed. In high life, licentiousness and immorality appeared to have risen to a height unknown in former times. Divorces were multiplied to a most alarming degree; and a general contempt of the restraints of modesty and decorum seemed to be rapidly gaining ground.

In that large proportion of the people called the middle class, cer

tainly the most important members of the community, there evidently prevailed a general inclination to imitate the follies, and, in many instances, the vices, of their superiors. Never, I believe, did extravagance in dress, indulgencies of the table, with the use of carriages, country-houses, and numberless other luxuries, rise to a height equal to what has been the case within the last few years.

The complaints against the lower orders, for a want of honesty, &c. have also, during that time, been continually increasing. A starving family, the high price of provisions, and the scarcity of work, cannot be pleaded in excuse for servants; and yet I believe it will be generally acknowledged by the masters and mistresses of families, that fidelity, and many other estimable qualities, essential to the character of a good servant, are now much less frequent than was formerly the case.

I believe much of the mischief may be traced to the foolish ambition and misguided efforts of ignorant and injudicious parents, desirous of giving their children an education superior to their station. It is no uncommon case to hear parents, who cannot conceal either from themselves or the world that they have no pretensions to bring up their daughters to be *ladies* themselves, *modestly* declare they only intend to enable them to make others so, by educating them for governesses. In the limited circle of my own observation, I have met with a few instances of the rage for accomplishments in low life, that, even in the unreflecting days of childhood, struck me as ridiculous, and fixed themselves in my memory. I recollect my mother having a nursery-maid, who, possessing a tolerable voice, had been regularly taught to sing, by a music-

master; and a sister of hers, who likewise lived as a servant in the house, and who was a few years older, had received the same kind of instruction. This latter was fond of reading; but her reading was confined to plays and novels. Being possessed, however, of refinement superior to her station, she was considered rather as an humble friend than as a servant, and enjoyed the entire confidence of her master and mistress. But I am sorry to add, that, after having lived many years with the family, she was guilty of the grossest ingratitude, and was seduced by a young man who soon deserted her; and I have been informed she afterwards became one of the most profligate of her sex.

I once had occasion to seek the dwelling of a woman who took in needle-work. I found her living in a single room up two pair of stairs, in Holborn, surrounded by children, as disgusting as unwashed faces and dirty rags could make them. A part of the room was appropriated to the business of her husband, who was a watch-maker; and in this place, which was at once parlour, kitchen, bedroom, and workshop, and which, from the accumulation of dirt and the number of its inhabitants, contained an atmosphere so impure as to appear suffocating to a person just coming out of the open air—in this place, I say, stood a spinette, open, as if some one had just been playing! What might have been the elegant figure of the nymph who had last risen from the instrument, or whether the strains were those of “harmony, celestial harmony,” I will not pretend to determine.

Two more recent instances, the truth of which I can assert from my own knowledge, may serve still further to illustrate the subject. The children of a friend informed me,

that the maid by whom they were attended, told them, she had at home a much handsomer piano-forte than theirs, with many other things equally ridiculous and unbecoming. She lived but a few weeks with the family, having been detected in robbing them to a considerable amount.

A lady, residing in the vicinity of London, was applied to, while I was a visitor at her house, to know if she wanted a young woman of superior manners, to be about her own person, or to attend upon her children. I know not for what reason my friend declined the offer, as it appeared rather hard that in a large establishment no place could be found for the exercise of such various powers; as she professed herself to be competent and willing to undertake any of the situations of upper house-maid, nursery-maid, lady's maid, or preparatory governess!

So many and so various had been the views in which the subject had presented itself to my mind, that I remained in the same state of uncertainty and indecision at the end of my two hours' meditation, as I had commenced with. Though the spirit of inquiry reigned as strongly in my mind as ever, I began to find my pillow more favorable to repose than to the interests of the rising generation; and, resigning myself to the influence of sleep, I closed my eyes; but the images of ladies' schools, governesses, &c. were still floating in my mind; and it is to their operation that I attribute the vision I am going to relate.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 58.)

Sequel of Mrs. D'Anville's History.

"IN the last sad visit which I paid to the poor sufferer, I found

him uncommonly cheerful: he repeatedly recommended me to the care of Sir Thomas; and, when I took leave of him for the evening, he, with more than common fervor, bade me good night: he bade God bless me: thrice he called me back, and thrice he pressed me to his feeble bosom.—Merciful God! never may I again know such a night! The sun's cheering rays broke in upon a wretch forlorn and lost in woe. I arose, and stood for some moments, absorbed in thought, at the window; when, lifting up my heavy eyes, early as it was, I saw Byron returning from the parsonage. I flew down stairs like lightning, and met him just as he entered the hall.—He turned from me. I caught his arm: 'It is all over!' I cried—'Mortimer has breathed his last!'

"Sir Thomas hung his head in silent sorrow.—'See you not that I am composed, Byron? Do you want more resolution than a woman?' I gazed at him with such an intenseness, that my brain felt quite disordered.—Byron turned to look at me, and was so shocked at the dreadful condition I appeared to be in, that he burst into a flood of tears; but not one drop moistened *my* eyes: I stood without power to speak or to move.

"Sir Thomas endeavoured to remove this stupor, by awakening my sensibility. He told me that Mortimer was indeed dead—pathetically described all that passed in his last moments—repeated the tender things he expressed of me—and assured me that my name was the last sound that issued from his lips. But all this was lost on me: the war of the passions seemed rudely to have shaken my reason.—At this moment, Lady Byron came to us; and, when she saw how I was disordered, she

kneeled before me, grasped my hand, and wetted it with her tears.

"This sight restored me to myself: the fear of the ill consequences that might happen in her situation, struck my mind. I raised her, seated her in a chair; and a heavy sigh, that seemed to break my heart, relieved me.—'My dearest Laura!' I cried—'if you love me, take care of yourself! You and your husband are now my only remaining resource. Permit me, O my friends, this day, to be by myself: for my head,' continued I, putting my hand to it, 'seems on fire.'

"I hurried to my chamber: I knelt by the side of the bed, and covered my head with the clothes; and in this situation I continued many hours, in a state of mind that beggars all description. I several times heard foot-steps in the room: but my friends were considerate enough not to disturb me.—Tears at last came to my aid, and roused me from my lethargy of sorrow. I got up, walked round the room, and fixed my eyes on the dwelling that contained all that was left of the most beloved of men. Night was coming on: the evening dew already glittered on the grass. The thought struck me of visiting Mortimer's remains. I fancied it would be a relief to my sad heart.

"I made my maid promise not to inform the family where I was gone; and, creeping softly down stairs, I went through a private door into the garden, and hurried, as fast as I could, to the parsonage.

"The stillness of death hung around this once cheerful house: I saw nor heard no one, till I reached the top of the stairs, when I perceived Mortimer's man hanging over the balusters, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the ground. He started on seeing me: but I put my

finger to my lips, as a sign for him to be silent.—The poor fellow bowed submissively, though with evident marks of wonder and astonishment in his countenance.

"The door that led to the chamber of death was partly open. I entered softly, unobserved by Martha, who sat at the head of the bed, with her face covered with her handkerchief.—The poor old man was kneeling at the bed-foot; and every now and then he shook his hoary locks, and wiped away the tears from his furrowed cheeks. I knelt by him: but the noise I made, roused Martha: she looked up, and, on seeing me, started from her seat.—She took my hand: 'My dear young lady!' she exclaimed, 'how came you here? Let me lead you from this scene of woe.'

"I heeded not what she said: my attention was totally engaged by the object before me.—There was a benignant calm on the face of my departed friend, which gave more peace to my soul than the most eloquent reasoning could impart. I wept plentifully over his cold face, and found myself so resigned and composed, that I endeavoured to sooth and comfort my poor friends, who were kneeling by my side; and promised to be their friend and protector.

"I cast a last look on the beloved corpse, and was hastening to quit the room, when Byron entered. Having missed me, and suspecting where I was gone, he had followed me. I removed his fears on my account, by assuring him that the sight of Mortimer, even in death, had more influence over me, than any person living could have; and I trusted they would, for the future, find me patient and resigned.—I gave him my hand; and we returned home.

"When the mournful solemnity

of the funeral was over, I devoted myself entirely to Lady Byron, and studiously endeavoured to hide from her anxious eye the rapid progress that sorrow and fatigue were making in impairing my health and spirits. Here another heavy and fatal blow fell on my devoted head. My Laura had a most dreadful time; and, in a few hours after she had given birth to a son, she expired in the arms of her husband.—I fainted on the side of the bed; and, when I recovered, I found the wretched Byron deaf to the entreaties of those about him to quit the dead body of his wife, which he still held folded in his arms.

“ Miserable as I was, I went and took the infant, and held him up to his father.—This had the effect I wished: he gazed on the child with extreme tenderness; and, quitting the body, he pressed his son to his bosom, and then gently laid him by the side of his dead mother, and, mournfully folding his arms, he looked on them both for some time with silent anguish. At length a flood of tears came to his relief: he gave me his hand, led me to my apartment, and then retired to his own.

“ We did not meet till the next morning, and were both, for some time, too wretched for either to inquire how the other had passed the night.—When Byron was a little recovered, he told me, that, miserable as he was, he was very much alarmed on my account.—‘ Miss Seymour!’ said he, ‘ I fear these conflicts will prove too severe for your gentle frame. This is now a house of woe! Fly from it as soon as possible, my dear unhappy friend!’

“ Alas!’ replied I mournfully, ‘ I am lost to every thing but the necessity of quitting this place. I will return then to my once happy home:

but where,’ continued I, ‘ shall I find a cure for a broken heart? Will those scenes of innocence and peace ever again give rest to my weary head? O Mortimer! and my lost Laura! is it possible that you can be sensible of the misery of the wretched Seymour?’—My whole frame now shook with agony. Byron covered his face with his handkerchief; and we continued for some time in melancholy silence.—I soon after retired, having settled that the carriage should attend me early in the morning.

“ As I thought it probable that I might never return to that place again, I wished to shed a few tears over the cold grave of my lover.—I had not been at church since his remains had been interred.—Mortimer had desired that a plain white marble might be placed over him: and, as I knew it was just put up, I wished to see if it was done according to his desire. I therefore bent my steps toward the cottage, to procure the key.—I passed the church: but, on lifting up my head, I saw that the door was open. I went in with slow and trembling steps: as I advanced, I perceived Benson’s white locks: I wondered what he did there. But, when I came nearer, I saw he had a basin of clean water by him, and a cloth in his hand, with which he was washing from the monument a number of dirty spots which the workmen, who had not Benson’s feelings, had carelessly left on it.—He was often obliged to stop, to wipe away the tears that flowed copiously down his cheeks.

“ Charmed with this fine touch of nature from a simple yet feeling soul, I was fearful of breathing, lest I should disturb him. I mechanically bent my body forward, and, clasping my hands, I gazed on him for a long time with inexpressible

pleasure, till his dog saw me, and barked. The good old man then turned his head.—I sunk on my knees. ‘Grateful, good Benson!’ said I, ‘you could not offer a more acceptable sacrifice to the memory of your benefactor, than this testimony of your affection.’

“O my dear young lady! old Benson knew not that you saw him.—My master,” continued he in querulous accents, “was nicely neat in every thing. He would himself have wiped away the dirt from the headstone of the poorest person in the parish: and shall not I wash away the foulness from the fine white marble that bears the name of the most generous and pious of men?”

“I staid by him till he had thoroughly effaced every injurious impression. On my knees I there offered up a fervent prayer to the throne of mercy. Benson accompanied me. I pressed his feeble hand in mine. ‘My dear old friend!’ I cried, ‘if my vows are heard, I trust thine will not be the worse accepted for entering heaven along with those of a broken heart.’—He joined his tears with mine, and repeatedly entreated me to quit this awful place. I reluctantly complied, and went with him to his cottage, where I took a melancholy but affectionate leave of this honest and worthy family.—Martha’s sobs were audible, and she wrung my hand in an agony, when I bade her adieu.

“On my return from this melancholy visit, I went to look to the little Byron. I pressed the motherless infant to my bosom, and earnestly prayed that he might live to be a blessing to his father. I then indulged myself with a last view of his dead mother: I sighed over her lovely form, and lamented her being so early snatched from a husband and friends who adored her. I watered her cold face with my

tears, and hurried to my chamber, which I did not quit till the next morning.

(To be continued.)

A LAPLAND ADVENTURE.

LINNÆUS, in the journal of his Tour in Lapland, gives the following curious account of his interview with one of the natives—“a person,” he says, “whose appearance was such, that at first I did not know whether I beheld a man or a woman. I scarcely believe that any poetical description of a Fury could come up to the idea, which this Lapland fair one excited. It might well be imagined that she was truly of Stygian origin. Her stature was very diminutive; her face of the darkest brown from the effects of smoke; her eyes dark and sparkling; her eye-brows black. Her pitchy-colored hair hung loose about her head; and on it she wore a flat red cap. She had a grey petticoat; and from her neck, which resembled the skin of a frog, were suspended a pair of large loose breasts of the same brown complexion, but encompassed, by way of ornament, with brass rings. Round her waist she wore a girdle, and on her feet a pair of half-boots. Her first aspect really struck me with dread: but, though a Fury in appearance, she addressed me, with mingled pity and reserve, in the following terms: ‘O thou poor man! what hard destiny can have brought thee hither, to a place never visited by any one before? This is the first time I ever beheld a stranger. Thou miserable creature! how didst thou come, and whither wilt thou go? Dost thou not perceive what houses and habitations we have, and with how much difficulty we go to church?’ I entreated her to point out some way by which I might continue my journey, in any di-

rection, so as not to be forced to return the way I came. 'Nay, man,' said she, 'thou hast only to go the same way back again,' &c. &c. My health and strength being by this time materially impaired by wading through such an extent of marshes, laden with my apparel and luggage, for the Laplander* had enough to do to carry the boat; by walking for whole nights together, by not having for a long time tasted any boiled meat, by drinking a great quantity of water, as nothing else was to be had, and by eating nothing but fish, unsalted, and crawling with vermin—(I must have perished but for a piece of dried and salted reindeer's flesh, given me by my kind hostess, the clergyman's wife, at Lycksele. This food, however, without bread, proved unwholesome and indigestible. How I longed once more to meet with people who feed on spoon-meat!)—I inquired of this woman whether she could give me any thing to eat. She replied, 'nothing but fish.' I looked at the fresh fish, as it was called: but, perceiving its mouth to be full of maggots, I had no appetite to touch it; but, though it thus abated my hunger, it did not recruit my strength. I asked, if I could have any reindeer tongues, which are commonly dried for sale, and served up even at the tables of the great; but was answered in the negative. 'Have you no cheese made of reindeer's milk?' said I. 'Yes,' replied she, 'but it is a mile off.'—'If it were here, would you allow me to buy some?'—'I have no desire,' said the good woman, 'that thou shouldest die in my country for want of food.' On arriving at her hut, I perceived three cheeses lying under a shed without walls, and took the smallest of them, which she, after some consultation, allowed me

* His guide.

to purchase.—The cap of my hostess, like that of all the Lapland women, was very remarkable. It was made of double red cloth, as is usually the case, of a round flat form. The upper side was flat, a foot broad, and stitched round the edge, where the lining was turned over. At the under side was a hole to receive the head, with a projecting border round it. The lining being loose, the cap covers the head, more or less, at the pleasure of the wearer. As to shift, she, like all her countrywomen, was destitute of any such garment. She wore a collar or tippet of the breadth of two fingers, stitched with thread, and bordered next the skin with brass rings. Over this she wore two grey jackets, both alike, which reached to her knees, just like those worn by the men."

Sweet LIBERTY!

"Our vision, when absent—our glory,
when present—
Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my
home." *Monte.*

IN this little essay it is not my intention to take any view of national or political liberty: that is a theme requiring a bolder pen and a better-informed head-piece than mine: I only mean to throw together a few hints and observations on the loss of personal freedom, and the different manner in which it is borne by different persons.

While we are well and at large, we neither enjoy the comforts of health, nor appreciate the blessing of liberty, as we ought. We go about, murmuring at the veriest trifles, and making ourselves miserable at circumstances which should only be laughed at, while two such blessings as health and liberty are our own. Let but a little illness fall upon us, even the head-ach or tooth-ach protracted for several days, and we begin to find the essential diffe-

rence between health and sickness. If a bailiff lays his unhallowed hand upon our shoulders, the very touch must sicken, since it brings along with it the idea of confinement and all its horrible concomitants. Then do we discover what the blessing of liberty is, even while only anticipating its loss. But, when once the prison-doors are shut upon him, the man of feeling ceases to be happy. It is not enough, that he is in health, or that friendship may furnish him with the means of subsistence: the very circumstance of being in a state of confinement gives him up to wretchedness. It is true, he may walk; but the eternal sameness of his round soon renders it tiresome; and the unpleasant and even horrible society that he must inevitably mix with, quickly renders it disgusting; and he returns to his gloomy apartment, there to waste his miserable hours in sorrowful reflexions. He remembers his rural walks with a sort of gloomy delight; and, as the sun-beams reach his room, broken and dimmed by the surrounding walls, he thinks of those splendid rays that used to charm and invigorate him, when, at early morn, he sought, and found, the hour of peace in some solitary grove. All this is perhaps bitter enough to bow down most minds: but if, in addition to the loss of liberty, he has to mourn his separation from a dearly-beloved wife, and a groupe of rosy prattlers, who are left exposed to the rude treatment of a merciless world, without a friend to comfort or protect them—want and famine staring them in the face, and dragging them to the grave—what must be his feelings? Horrible indeed!—Of such a man it may be said,

“Alas! he has a wife, an infant train:
Their suff’rings haunt his grief-distracted brain;

While fancy on excursive wing will roam,
And picture to his thoughts their cheerless home.

He seems to hear his eldest boy inquire,
Why comes not home his well-beloved sire;

Then seems to see (as painful fancy flies)
His wife, low-bending down with streaming eyes,
Striving to hush her cherub prattler’s fears:

But still her only answer is her tears!
This probes his peace; forth bursts the heavy sigh;
And sorrow’s tribute trembles in his eye.

Author’s MS. Poems.

Such a situation and such feelings must indeed render the recollection of liberty doubly dear.

Yet turn from this man; look into the court-yard of the prison, and observe how differently many others demean themselves under the privation of liberty. Gaming, drinking, swearing, perverting all the honest feelings of each other’s hearts, and acquiring all the knowledge of tricking and chicanery that abounds in a prison—these seem to be the principal amusements of that callous group; for callous they must be, or they never could so completely abandon themselves to such vile habits, which appear even still more vile, if possible, than they really are, when contrasted with the imprisoned state of the beings who are devoted to them.

Oh! Liberty! still may I shake thy unbought charms; still may I hail thee,

“Nymph of the mountain,”

as my constant companion, free to roam wherever nature spreads the plain with living gold; and, with delighted heart, sending up my aspirations of gratitude to Heaven for its goodness! Never may I—like the poor imprisoned captive, who envied the wild sea-gull, that flitted round his prison, its liberty—be doomed to exclaim,

"Oh! how I envy thee that one blest
charm!
Thou'rt free to dip thy wing in ev'ry
wave:
Thy rocky nest can shield thee from alarm:
Thou'rt no man's captive, no man's ab-
ject slave!
While I, between my bars, thy flight
can see,
Doom'd never more to taste of liberty!"

Author's MS. Poems.
J. M. LACEY.

The DON COSSACKS.

(From Dr. Clarke's "*Travels in Russia.*")

THE COSSACKS of the Don, according to the account the best-instructed give of their own people, are a mixture of various nations, principally of Circassians, Malo-Russians, and Russians, but also of Tartars, Poles, Greeks, Turks, Calmucks; and Armenians. In the town of Tcherchaskoy alone, and in the same street, may be seen all these different people at once, each in the habit peculiar to his nation. Thus, from a small settlement of rovers, augmented principally by intercourse with the neighbouring Circassians, has since accumulated, like a vast *avalanche*, the immense horde of the Cossacks. Before the middle of the tenth century, they had already reached the frontier of Poland, and begun an intercourse with the people of that country: this was often attended with an augmentation of their horde by the settlement of Polish emigrants among them. So general have been the migrations of the Cossacks, that their tribes are now found from the banks of the Dnieper to the remotest confines of Siberia. According to their different emigrations and settlements, they are at present distinguished by the various names of Malo-Russian Cossacks, Don Cossacks, Cossacks of the Black Sea, of the Volga, of Grebenskoy, of Orenburg, of the Ural Alps, and

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of Siberia; where they have received yet other appellations, and extend even to the mountains of China, and the Eastern Ocean. It is necessary to confine our attention to the principal hive, whence, with little exception, all those swarms proceeded.

Nothing has contributed more to augment the colony of Don Cossacks, than the freedom they enjoy. Surrounded by systems of slavery, they offer the singular spectacle of an increasing republic; like a nucleus, putting forth its roots and ramifications to all parts of an immense despotic empire, which considers it a wise policy to promote their increase, and to guarantee their privileges. As they detest the Russians, a day may arrive, when, conscious of their own importance, they will make their masters more fully sensible of their power. A sage regulation in their military constitution, from a very early period, induced them to grant all the privileges they enjoy to such of their prisoners of war as chose to settle among them. Thus, from the success attending their incursions, their numbers have rapidly increased. In the year 1579, they made their appearance, for the first time, in the Russian armies. In 1734, their earliest colonies were established upon the Volga: but by much the most powerful detachment from the original hive, is established upon the shores of the Caspian, at the mouth of the Ural river: it left the Don in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and has since been augmented by subsequent emigrations from the parent stock.

There is no nation (not even excepting my own) more cleanly in apparel than the Cossacks. The dress of the women is singular. It differs from all the costumes of Rus-

sia ; and its magnificence is displayed in the ornaments of a cap, somewhat resembling the mitre of a Greek bishop. The common dress of men in Tcherchaskoy is a blue jacket, with a waistcoat and trowsers of white dimity ; the latter so white and spotless, that they seem always new. We never saw a Cossack in a dirty suit of clothes. Their hands, moreover, are always clean, their hair free from vermin, their teeth white, and their skin has a healthy and cleanly appearance. Polished in their manners, instructed in their minds, hospitable, generous, disinterested, humane and tender to the poor, good husbands, good fathers, good wives, good mothers, virtuous daughters, valiant and dutiful sons ; such are the natives of Tcherchaskoy. In conversation, the Cossack is a gentleman ; for he is well-informed, free from prejudice, open, sincere, and honorable.

There is something extremely martial, and even intimidating, in the first appearance of a Cossack. His dignified and majestic look ; his elevated brows, and dark mustachoes ; his tall helmet of black wool, terminated by a crimson sack, with its plume, laced festoon, and white cockade ; his upright posture, the ease and elegance of his gait, give him an air of great importance. The sabre is not worn, except on horseback, on a journey, or in war. In its place is substituted a switch, or cane, with an ivory head : this every Cossack bears in his hand, as an appendage of his dress ; being at all times prepared to mount his horse at a moment's notice. Their cap or helmet is the most beautiful part of the costume ; because it is becoming to every set of features. There is no nation in the world more neat with regard to dress ; and, whether young or old,

it seems to become them all. A quiet life seems quite unsuited to their disposition. They loiter about, having no employment to interest them ; and, passionately fond of war, seem distressed by the indolence of peace.

We soon perceived that the Cossacks were characterised by great liveliness and animation ; little disposed to industrious occupation, but fond of amusement, and violent when their passions are roused. In their dances, drinking-songs, and discussions, they betray great vehemence.

To the foregoing remarks by Dr. Clarke, we add the following from the pen of another traveller, Mr. Heber—

The Cossack territory, which is almost entirely pasture land, is divided into staditzas, or cantons. To each of these, a certain portion of land and fishery is allotted by government, and an annual allowance of corn from Voronetz, and northwards, according to the returned number of Cossacks. They are free from all taxes ; even from those on salt and distilleries.

The Cossack, in consequence of his allowance, may be called on to serve for any term, not exceeding three years, in any part of the world, mounted, armed, and clothed, at his own expense, and making good any deficiencies which may occur. Food, pay, and camp equipage, are furnished by government. Those who have served three years are not liable, or at least not usually called upon, to serve abroad, except on particular emergencies.

The procurator declared that the whole number of Cossacks, liable to be called on for one or other of these services, amounted to 200,000. He acknowledged, that, as they would allow no examination into their numbers, he spoke only from

conjecture, and from the different allowances of corn, &c. occasionally made. The whole number of male population he reckoned at half a million. The situation of a Cossack is considered as comfortable; and their obligations to service are deemed well repaid by their privileges and their freedom. "*Free as a Cossack*" is a proverb we often heard in Russia.

The manners of the people struck us, from their superiority to the Russians, in honesty and dignity.

Both men and women are handsome, and taller than the Muscovites. This name they hold in great contempt, as we had several opportunities of observing.

Education among the Cossacks is not so low as is generally thought; and it improves daily. All the children of officers are sent to the academy of Tcherkask, and learn French, German, &c. It was holiday-time when we were there; but their progress was well spoken of.

The WISH-TON-WISH.

(From Major Pike's "*Travels through the Western Territories of North America.*")

THE wish-ton-wish of the Indians, the prairie dogs of some travellers, or squirrels, as I should be inclined to denominate them, reside on the prairies of Louisiana in towns or villages, and have an evident police established in their communities.

The sites of their towns are generally on the brow of a hill, near some small creek or pond, in order to be convenient for water, and that the high ground which they inhabit may not be subject to inundation. Their residence, being under ground, is burrowed; and the earth brought out is made to answer the double purpose of keeping out the water, and affording an elevated place in

wet seasons to repose on, and to give them a further and more distinct view of the country. Their holes descend in a spiral form, on which account I could never ascertain their depth; but I once had one hundred and forty kettles of water poured into one of them, in order to drive out the occupant, but without effect. In the circuit of the villages they clear off all the grass, and leave the earth bare of vegetation; but whether this be from an instinct they possess inclining them to keep the ground thus cleared, or whether they make use of the herbage as food, I cannot pretend to determine. The latter opinion I think is entitled to a preference, as their teeth designate them to be of the granivorous species, and I know of no other substance which is produced in the vicinity of their stations, on which they could subsist; for they never extend their excursions more than half a mile from the burrows. They are of a dark brown color, except their bellies, which are white; their tails are not so long as those of our grey squirrels, but are shaped precisely the same. Their teeth, head, nails, and body, are those of the perfect squirrel, except that they are generally fatter than that animal. Their villages sometimes extend over two or three miles square, in which there must be innumerable hosts of them, as there is generally a burrow every ten steps, containing two or more inhabitants, and you see new ones partly excavated on all the borders of the town. We killed great numbers of these animals with our rifles, and found them excellent meat after they were exposed a night or two to the frost, by which means the rankness acquired by their subterraneous dwelling is corrected. As you approach their towns, you are saluted on all sides

by the cry of *wish-ton-wish* (from which they derive their name with the Indians) uttered in a shrill and piercing manner. You then observe them all retreating to the entrance of their burrows, where they post themselves, and watch even the slightest movement that you make. It requires a very nice shot with a rifle to kill them, as they must be shot dead; for, as long as life exists, they continue to work into their cells. It was extremely dangerous to pass through their towns, as they abounded with rattle-snakes, both of the yellow and black species: and, strange as it may appear, I have seen the *wish-ton-wish*, the rattle-snake, the horn-frog, with which the prairie abounds, (termed by the Spaniards the *chamæleon*, from their taking no visible sustenance) and a land tortoise, all take refuge in the same hole. I do not pretend to assert, that it was their common place of resort; but I have witnessed the fact in more than one instance.

A RUSSIAN BALL.

DR. Clarke, in his "Travels in Russia," thus notices the "ball of the nobles" at Moscow—"It took place every Tuesday; and, it may be truly said, Europe has not beheld its equal. I never was more struck by the appearance of an assembly convened for the purpose of dancing. The laws of the society exclude every person who is by birth a plebeian; and this exclusion has been extended to foreigners; therefore we felt grateful in being allowed admission. Prince Viazemskoy, who married an English lady, kindly procured tickets for us; although it was considered dangerous at that time to have the character of hospitality towards Englishmen.

"The *coup d'œil* upon entering the grand saloon is inconceivable.

During ten years that I have been accustomed to spectacles of a similar nature in different parts of the continent, I have never seen any thing with which it might compare. The company consisted of near two thousand persons; nobles only being admitted. The dresses were the most sumptuous that can be imagined; and, what is more remarkable, they were conceived in the purest taste, and were in a high degree becoming. The favorite ornaments of the ladies were cameos, which they wore upon their arms, in girdles round their waists, or upon their bosoms; a mode of adorning the fair, which has since found its way to our own country, and which was originally derived from Paris; but the women of France and England may go to Moscow, in order to see their own fashions set off to advantage. Their drapery was disposed chiefly after the Grecian costume, and they wore their hair bound up round the head. The modes of dress in London and Paris are generally blended together by the ladies of Moscow, who select from either what may become them best; and, in justice to their charms, it must be confessed, no country in the world can boast superior beauty. When, in addition to their personal attractions, it is considered that the most excessive extravagance is used to procure whatever may contribute to their adornment; that a whole fortune is sometimes lavished on a single dress; that they are assembled in one of the finest rooms in the world, lighted and decorated with matchless elegance and splendor; it may be supposed the effect has never been surpassed.

"The dances were called Quadrilles, Polonaise, and English. The Valtz, once their favorite, had been prohibited. But, whatever name

they gave to their dances, they were all dull, consisting merely in a sort of promenade. Neither the men nor the women evinced the slightest degree of animation in the exercise, but seemed to consider it an apology for not sitting still. Every person wore full dress; the men appearing either in uniform, or coats of very rich embroidery."

The BIRD'S NEST.
A Fragment.

THE sun had begun his diurnal tour, and robbed of its brilliant spangles the bending thorn, when Theron, and his young daughter Zephyretta walked forth to breathe the vernal air, and to enjoy the rural scenery of nature. 'Twas May:—the trees were putting on their green attire, and the meads their flower-embroidered mantle. A profusion of apple-blossoms impregnated the air with fragrance, and every whispering breeze shook odors from its spicy wings.—The feathered sons of song were plying the active pinion, erecting their mossy homes, or were chanting the lay of joy.

"Here never, by compassion unimpress'd,
May the rude school-boy rear his impious hand,
To fill with agony the feather'd breast,
And raze the little domes that love had
plann'd. Jertingham.

In the course of their pleasing ramble, a bird darted from a filbert thicket, and startled the happy pair. On examining the spot, a nest appeared, placed by the little architect at the foot of a tree, which, projecting over the commodious edifice, afforded a shelter from the sudden storms of spring. Four callow songsters inhabited the snug retreat, which were viewed by Zephyretta with an asking eye; and her little hands were about to seize the tempting prey, when her tender father caught hold of her arm, and thus

mildly expostulated with her. "Forbear, my child, to indulge so unfeeling a wish! Why would'st thou despoil the plummy parents of their only treasure, their tender young, and cause their little hearts to throb with the keenest anguish? See how they flutter round us, expressing their anxiety by loud and repeated twitterings, lest we should bereave them of their offspring, and demolish the soft abode, where mutual love delights to dwell! Can thy feeling heart, which was wont to melt at the tale of "infants murdered in the wood," bear the idea of an act so cruel?—Think, my Zephy, should some tyrant tear thee from the embraces of thy fond parents, to rob thee of thy existence—oh! think what thy feelings then would be!"—Here he paused, and tears, which bespoke contrition of mind, flowed from the eyes of the rosy cherub.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

The DELICATE INVESTIGATION;
or *Letters and other Documents,*
relative to the PRINCESS OF WALES.

*Letter from the Prince of Wales, to the
Princess of Wales.*

Windsor-Castle, April 30, 1796.

"MADAM—As Lord Cholmondeley informs me that you wish I would define in writing the terms upon which we are to live, I shall endeavour to explain myself upon that head with as much clearness, and with as much propriety, as the nature of the subject will admit. Our inclinations are not in our power, nor should either of us be held answerable to the other, because nature has not made us suitable to each other. Tranquil and comfortable society, however, is in our power. Let our intercourse, therefore, be restricted to that; and I will distinctly subscribe to the condition which you required through Lady Cholmondeley, that, even in the event of any accident happening to my daughter, which I trust Providence will in its mercy avert, I shall not infringe the terms of the restriction, by proposing, at any period, a connexion of

a more particular nature. I shall now finally close this disagreeable correspondence, trusting, that, as we have completely explained to each other, the rest of our lives will be past in uninterrupted tranquillity.

"I am, Madam, with great truth, very sincerely yours,

"GEORGE P."

The Princess's Answer.

[Translation—the original being in French.]

"The avowal of your conversation with Lord Cholmondeley neither surprises nor offends me. It merely confirmed what you have tacitly insinuated for this twelvemonth. But, after this, it would be a want of delicacy, or, rather, an unworthy meanness in me, were I to complain of those conditions which you impose upon yourself.

"I should have returned no answer to your letter, if it had not been conceived in terms to make it doubtful whether this arrangement proceeds from you or from me; and you are aware that the honor of it belongs to yourself alone.

"The letter which you announce to me as the last, obliges me to communicate to the King, as to my sovereign and my father, both your avowal and my answer. You will find enclosed a copy of my letter to the King. I apprise you of it, that I may not incur the slightest reproach of duplicity from you. As I have at this moment no protector but his Majesty, I refer myself solely to him upon this subject; and if my conduct meets his approbation, I shall be, in some degree at least, consoled. I retain every sentiment of gratitude for the situation in which I find myself, as Princess of Wales, enabled by your means to indulge in the free exercise of a virtue dear to my heart—I mean charity.

"It will be my duty likewise to act upon another motive—that of giving an example of patience and resignation under every trial.

"Do me the justice to believe that I shall never cease to pray for your happiness, and to be

"Your most devoted,

"6th of May, 1796. "CAROLINE."

From a written Declaration by the Duke of Kent,

it appears, that, toward the close of the year 1804, the Princess had a very serious quarrel with Sir John and Lady Douglas,

on the subject of two anonymous letters and an indecent drawing, sent to Sir John and his Lady—conveying a very gross insinuation to the disparagement of Lady Douglas's character, and tending to involve Sir John in a duel with his friend Sir Sidney Smith;—that Sir John seemed convinced that the letters and drawing had come from the Princess (who might, at the time, be supposed ill-affected toward Lady Douglas, since, according to that lady's printed "*Statement*," her Royal Highness had very recently, and in a manner peculiarly mortifying, forbidden her future visits)—that Sir John was greatly enraged, and spoke with great indignation of her Royal Highness's conduct;—that the Duke with difficulty succeeded in appeasing him;—but that neither Sir John nor his Lady brought any other charge against the Princess, or made any communication, which the Duke deemed at all worth mentioning to his brother, the Prince of Wales.

Thus far the Duke of Kent.

At a subsequent period, however, Sir John Douglas gave to the Duke of Sussex certain private information respecting the conduct of the Princess, which being communicated by the Duke to the Prince of Wales, about the beginning of November, 1805—and afterward by the Prince to the King—his Majesty, after some preliminary investigation, issued a commission (May 29, 1806) appointing Lord Chancellor Erskine, Lord Grenville, Earl Spencer, and Lord Ellenborough, commissioners to inquire into the truth of the accusations.

The depositions of the various witnesses are too long, and, in some cases, too indelicate, to be laid before our fair readers. Suffice it therefore to say, that those of her other accusers, in general, only went to tax the Princess with an unguarded familiarity in her intercourse with different gentlemen: but Robert Bidgood—a servant of the Prince of Wales, with whom he had lived near twenty-three years—deposed, that, once, while in attendance in an ante-room, he had looked into an apartment where the Princess was in company with Captain Manby, and (to use his own words) "in the reflexion in a looking-glass, I saw them salute each other. I mean, that they kissed each other's lips" "like people fond of each other—a very close kiss."—Capt. Manby, however, afterward declared, upon his solemn oath, that this

assertion of Bidgood's was a "vile and wicked invention—wholly and absolutely false"—and that he never, on any occasion, or in any situation, had taken such liberty with the Princess.

More serious charges are contained in the following

Extracts from Lady Douglas's Deposition.

"While I was at Montague-house in March" [1802] "I was with child, and one day I said I was very sick, and the Princess desired Mrs. Sander to get me a saline draught. She then said that she was very sick herself, and that she would take a saline draught too. I observed, that she could not want one; and I looked at her. The Princess said, 'Yes, I do. What do you look at me for with your wicked eyes? You are always finding me out.' Mrs. Sander looked very much distressed, she gave us a saline draught each. This was the first time I had any suspicion of her being with child." "In May or June following, the Princess came to my house alone: she said she came to tell me something that had happened to her, and desired me to guess.—I guessed several things, and at last I said I could not guess any thing more. She then said she was pregnant, and that the child had come to life. I don't know whether she said on that day, or a few days before, that she was at breakfast at Lady Willoughby's, that the milk flowed up to her breast, and came through her gown; that she threw a napkin over herself, and went with Lady Willoughby into her room, and adjusted herself, to prevent its being observed." "In January" [1803] "I went to Montague-house, and was let in. The Princess was packing up something in a black box. Upon the sofa a child was lying, covered over with a piece of red cloth. The Princess got up, and took me by the hand. She then led me to the sofa, and said, 'There is the child: I had him only two days after I saw you.' The words were, either, 'I had him,' or 'I was brought to bed.' The words were such as clearly imported that it was her own child."

Respecting the occurrence at breakfast, thus says

Lady Willoughby, in her Answers to Questions proposed to her by the Commissioners.

"I have no recollection whatever of the fact stated to have taken place during a breakfast at Whitehall in May or June, 1802; nor do I bear in mind any particu-

lar circumstances relative to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales at the period to which you allude." "I do not remember her Royal Highness having at any time retired from the company, either at Whitehall or at Langley, under the pretence of having spilled any thing over her handkerchief."

Extract from the Report of the Commissioners, dated July 14, 1806.

"We are happy to declare our perfect conviction that there is no foundation whatever for believing that the child now with the Princess of Wales is the child of her Royal Highness, or that she was delivered of any child in the year 1802; nor has any thing appeared to us, which would warrant the belief that she was pregnant in that year, or at any other period within the compass of our inquiries.—The identity of the child now with the Princess, its parents, age, the place and date of its birth, the time and circumstances of its being first taken under her Royal Highness's protection, are all established by such a concurrence both of positive and circumstantial evidence, as can in our judgement leave no question on this part of the subject. That child was, beyond all doubt, born in Brownlow-street Hospital, on the 11th day of July, 1802, of the body of Sophia Austin, and was first brought to the Princess's house in the month of November following. Neither should we be more warranted in expressing any doubt respecting the alleged pregnancy of the Princess, as stated in the original Declaration, a fact so fully contradicted, and by so many witnesses, to whom, if true, it must in various ways be known, that we cannot think it entitled to the smallest credit. The testimonies on these two points are contained in the annexed depositions and letters. We have not partially abstracted them in this Report, lest, by any unintentional omission, we might weaken their effect; but we humbly offer to your Majesty this our clear and unanimous judgement upon them, formed upon full deliberation, and pronounced without hesitation, on the result of the whole Inquiry. We do not, however, feel ourselves at liberty, much as we should wish it, to close our Report here. Besides the allegation of the pregnancy and delivery of the Princess, those declarations, on the whole of which your Majesty has been pleased to command us to inquire and report, contain, as we have

could not—bestow that attention on already remarked, other particulars respecting the conduct of her Royal Highness, such as must, especially considering her exalted rank and station, necessarily give occasion to very unfavorable interpretations. From the various depositions and proofs, annexed to this Report, particularly from the examinations of Robert Bidgood, William Cole, Frances Lloyd, and Mrs. Lisle, your Majesty will perceive that several strong circumstances of this description have been positively sworn to by witnesses, who cannot, in our judgement, be suspected of any unfavorable bias, and whose veracity in this respect we have seen no ground to question.

“On the precise bearing and effect of the facts thus appearing, it is not for us to decide; these we submit to your Majesty’s wisdom; but we conceive it to be our duty to report on this part of the Inquiry, as distinctly as on the former facts, that, as, on the one hand, the facts of pregnancy and delivery are to our minds satisfactorily disproved; so, on the other hand, we think that the circumstances to which we now refer, particularly those stated to have passed between her Royal Highness and Captain Manby, must be credited, until they shall receive some decisive contradiction*; and, if true, are justly entitled to the most serious consideration.”

Part of a Letter from the Princess to the King, which letter the Hon. Cochrane Johnston (in the House of Commons, on the 5th of the present March) declared that he could prove to have been dictated by the late Mr. Perceval, in conjunction with Lord Eldon and Sir Thos. Plumer.—It is dated October 2, 1806.

“SIRE—Impressed with the deepest sentiments of gratitude for the countenance and protection which I have hitherto uniformly received from your Majesty, I approach you with a heart undismayed, upon this occasion so awful and momentous to my character, my honor, and my happiness. I should indeed (under charges such as have now been brought against me) prove myself undeserving of the continuance of that countenance and protection, and altogether unworthy of the high station which I hold in your Majesty’s family, if I sought for any partiality, for any indulgence, for any thing more than

what is due to me in justice. My entire confidence in your Majesty’s virtues assures me that I cannot meet with less.

“The situation which I have been so happy as to hold in your Majesty’s good opinion and esteem, my station in your Majesty’s august family, my life, my honor, and, through mine, the honor of your Majesty’s family, have been attacked. Sir John and Lady Douglas have attempted to support a direct and precise charge, by which they have dared to impute to me the enormous guilt of High Treason, committed in the foul act of Adultery. In this charge, the extravagance of their malice has defeated itself. The Report of the Lords Commissioners, acting under your Majesty’s warrant, has most fully cleared me of that charge.

“But there remain imputations, strangely sanctioned and countenanced by that Report, on which I cannot remain silent, without incurring the most fatal consequences to my honor and character. For it states to your Majesty, that ‘the circumstances detailed against me must be credited, till they are decisively contradicted.’—To contradict with as much decision as the contradiction of an accused can convey; to expose the injustice and malice of my enemies; to show the utter impossibility of giving credit to their testimony; and to vindicate my own innocence, will be the objects, Sire, of this Letter.

“In the course of my pursuing these objects, I shall have much to complain of, in the substance of the proceeding itself, and much in the manner of conducting it.

“That any of the charges should ever have been entertained upon testimony so little worthy of belief, which betrayed in every sentence the malice in which it originated; that, even if they were entertained at all, your Majesty should have been advised to pass by the ordinary legal modes of inquiry into such high crimes, and to refer them to a Commission, open to all the objections which I shall have to state to such a mode of inquiry; that the Commissioners, after having negatived the principal charge of substantive crime, should have entertained considerations of matters that amounted to no legal offence, and which were adduced, not as substantive charges in themselves, but as matters in support of the principal accusation; that, through the pressure and weight of their official occupations, they did not—perhaps

* For Capt. Manby’s decisive contradiction, see page 134.

could not—bestow that attention on the case, which, if given to it, must have enabled them to detect the villany and falsehood of my accusers, and their foul conspiracy against me, and must have preserved my character from the weighty imputation which the authority of the Commissioners has for a time cast upon it; but, above all, that they should, upon this *ex parte* examination, without hearing one word that I could urge, have reported to your Majesty an opinion on these matters, so prejudicial to my honor, and from which I can have no appeal to the laws of the country (because the charges, constituting no legal offence, cannot be made the ground of a judicial inquiry); these, and many other circumstances, connected with the length of the proceeding, which have cruelly aggravated, to my feelings, the pain necessarily attendant upon this inquiry, I shall not be able to refrain from stating and urging, as matters of serious lamentation at least—if not of well-grounded complaint.

“ In commenting upon any part of the circumstances which have occurred in the course of this inquiry, whatever observations I may be compelled to make upon any of them, I trust I never shall forget what is due to officers in high station and employment under your Majesty. No apology, therefore, can be required for any reserve in my expressions towards them. But if, in vindicating my innocence against the injustice and malice of my enemies, I should appear to your Majesty not to express myself with all the warmth and indignation which innocence so foully calumniated must feel, your Majesty will, I trust, not attribute my forbearance to any insensibility to the grievous injuries I have sustained, but will graciously be pleased to ascribe it to the restraint I have imposed upon myself, lest, in endeavouring to describe in just terms the motives, the conduct, the perjury, and all the foul circumstances which characterise and establish the malice of my accusers, I might use language, which, though not unjustly applied to them, might be improper to be used by me to any body, or unfit to be employed by any body, humbly, respectfully, and dutifully addressing your Majesty. That a fit opportunity has occurred for laying open my heart to your Majesty, perhaps I shall hereafter have no reason to lament; for more than two years I had been informed, that, upon the presumption of some miscon-

duct in me, my behaviour had been made the subject of investigation, and my neighbours' servants had been examined concerning it; and for some time I had received mysterious and indistinct intimations, that some great mischief was meditated towards me; and, in all the circumstances of my very peculiar situation, it will not be thought strange, that, however conscious I was that I had no just cause of fear, I should yet feel some uneasiness on this account. With surprise certainly (because the first tidings were of a kind to excite surprise), but without alarm, I received the intelligence, that, for some reason, a formal investigation of some parts of my conduct had been advised, and had actually taken place.

“ His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, on the 7th of June, [1806] announced it to me. He announced to me, the Princess of Wales, in the first communication made to me with respect to this proceeding, the near approach of two attorneys (one of them, I since find, the solicitor employed by Sir John Douglas), claiming to enter my dwelling with a warrant to take away one half of my household, for immediate examination upon a charge against myself. Of the nature of that charge I was then uninformed. It now appears it was the charge of High Treason, committed in the infamous crime of Adultery. His Royal Highness, I am sure, will do me the justice to represent to your Majesty, that I betrayed no fear—that I manifested no symptoms of conscious guilt—that I sought no excuses to prepare or to tutor my servants, for the examination which they were to undergo. The only request which I made to his Royal Highness was, that he would have the goodness to remain with me till my servants were gone, that he might bear witness that I had no conversation with them before they went. In truth, Sir, my anxieties under a knowledge that some serious mischief was planning against me, and while I was ignorant of its quality and extent, had been so great, that I could not but rejoice at an event which seemed to promise me an early opportunity of ascertaining what the malice of my enemies intended against me. It has not been, indeed, without impatience the most painful, that I have passed the interval which has since elapsed. When once it was not only known to me, but to the world (for it was known to the world) that inquiry of the gravest nature had been instituted into my conduct, I looked to the conclu-

sion with all the eagerness that could belong to an absolute conviction that my innocence and my honor, to the disgrace and confusion of my accusers, would be established, and that the groundless malice and injustice of the whole charge would be manifested to the world, as widely as the calumny had been circulated. I knew that the result of an *ex parte* inquiry, from its very nature, could not, unless it fully asserted my entire innocence, be in any degree just; and I had taught myself most firmly to believe, that it was utterly impossible that any opinion, which could in the smallest degree work a prejudice to my honor and character, could ever be expressed in any terms, by any persons, in a Report upon a solemn formal inquiry, and more especially to your Majesty, without my having some notice and some opportunity of being heard; and I was convinced, that, if the proceeding allowed me, before an opinion was expressed, the ordinary means which accused persons have of vindicating their honor and their innocence, my honor and my innocence must, in any opinion, which could then be expressed, be fully vindicated, and effectually established. What then, Sire, must have been my astonishment and my dismay, when I saw, that, notwithstanding the principal accusation was found to be utterly false, yet some of the witnesses to those charges which were brought in support of the principal accusation—witnesses, whom any person, interested to have protected my character, would easily have shown, out of their own mouths, to be utterly unworthy of credit, and confederates in foul conspiracy with my false accusers, are reported to be ‘free from all suspicion of unfavorable bias;’ their veracity, in the judgement of the Commissioners, ‘not to be questioned;’ and their infamous stories and insinuations against me to be ‘such as deserve the most serious consideration,’ and as must be credited, ‘till decisively contradicted.’

“The Inquiry, after I thus had notice of it, continued for above two months. I venture not to complain, as if it had been unnecessarily protracted. The important duties and official avocations of the Noble Lords, appointed to carry it on, may naturally account for and excuse some delay. But, however excusable it may have been, your Majesty will easily conceive the pain and anxiety which this interval of suspense has occasioned; and your Majesty will not be surprised, if I further represent, that I have found a

great aggravation of my painful sufferings, in the delay which occurred in communicating the Report to me; for, though it is dated on the 14th of July, I did not receive it, notwithstanding your Majesty’s gracious commands, till the 11th of August. It was due unquestionably to your Majesty, that the result of an Inquiry commanded by your Majesty, upon advice which had been offered, touching matters of the highest import, should be first and immediately communicated to you. The respect and honor due to the Prince of Wales, the interest which he must necessarily have taken in this Inquiry, combined to make it indisputably fit that the result should be forthwith also stated to his Royal Highness. I complain not therefore that it was too early communicated to any one; I complain only, and I complain most seriously (for I felt it most severely), of the delay in its communication to me.

“Rumor had informed the world, that the Report had been early communicated to your Majesty and to his Royal Highness. I did not receive the benefit intended for me by your Majesty’s gracious command, till a month after the Report was signed. But the same rumor had represented me, to my infinite prejudice, as in possession of the Report during that month; and the malice of those who wished to stain my honor, has not failed to suggest all that malice could infer from its remaining in that possession so long unnoticed. May I be permitted to say, that, if the Report acquits me, my innocence entitled me to receive from those to whom your Majesty’s commands had been given, an immediate notification of the fact that it did acquit me? that, if it condemned me, the weight of such a sentence should not have been left to settle in any mind, much less upon your Majesty’s, for a month before I could even begin to prepare an answer, which, when begun, could not speedily be concluded; and that if the Report could be represented as both acquitting and condemning me, the reasons which suggested the propriety of an early communication in each of the former cases, combined to make it proper and necessary in the latter.

“And why all consideration of my feelings was thus cruelly neglected—why I was kept upon the rack during all this time, ignorant of the result of a charge which affected my honor and my life—and why, especially in a case where such grave matters were to continue to be credited to the prejudice of my honor,

till they were decidedly contradicted—the means of knowing what it was that I must at least endeavour to contradict, were withholden from me a single unnecessary hour, I know not, and I will not trust myself in the attempt to conjecture.

“On the 11th of August, however, I at length received from the Lord Chancellor a packet, containing copies of the Warrant or Commission authorising the Inquiry, of the Report, and of the Examinations on which the Report was founded; and your Majesty will be graciously pleased to recollect, that on the 13th I returned my grateful thanks to your Majesty for having ordered these papers to be sent to me. Your Majesty will readily imagine, that, upon a subject of such importance, I could not venture to trust only to my own advice; and those with whom I advised, suggested, that the written declarations or charges, upon which the Inquiry had proceeded, and which the Commissioners refer to in their Report, and represent to be the essential foundation of the whole proceeding, did not accompany the Examinations and the Report, and also that the papers themselves were not authenticated.

“I, therefore, ventured to address your Majesty upon these supposed defects in the communication, and humbly requested that the copies of the papers, which I then returned, might, after being examined and authenticated, be again transmitted to me, and that I might also be furnished with copies of the written Declarations, so referred to in the Report; and my humble thanks are due for your Majesty’s gracious compliance with my request.—On the 29th of August I received, in consequence, the attested copies of those Declarations, and of a Narrative of his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent; and, a few days after, on the 3d of September, the attested copies of the Examinations which were taken before the Commissioners. [*Here follows a list of the papers, which we omit*]

“By the copy, which I have received, of the Commission or warrant, under which the Inquiry has been prosecuted, it appears to be an instrument under your Majesty’s Sign Manual, not countersigned, not under any seal. It recites that an abstract of certain written Declarations, touching my conduct (without specifying by whom those Declarations were made, or the nature of the matters touching which they had been made, or even by whom the abstract had been prepared) had been laid before your Majesty,

into the truth of which it purports to authorise the four Noble Peers, who are named in it, to inquire, and to examine upon oath such persons as they think fit, and to report to your Majesty the result of their examination.

“By referring to the written Declarations, it appears that they contain allegations against me, amounting to the charge of high treason, and also other matters, which, if understood to be, as they seem to have been, acted and reported upon by the Commissioners, not as evidence confirmatory (as they are expressed to be in their title) of the principal charge, but as distinct and substantive subjects of examination, cannot, as I am advised, be represented as in law amounting to crimes.—How most of the Declarations referred to were collected, by whom, at whose solicitation, under what sanction, and before what persons, magistrates, or others, they were made, does not appear. By the title, indeed, which all the written Declarations, except Sir John and Lady Douglas’s, bear, viz. ‘That they had been taken for the purpose of confirming Lady Douglas’s statement,’ it may be collected, that they had been made by her, or at least by Sir John Douglas’s procurement; and the concluding passage of one of them, I mean the 4th Declaration of William Cole, strengthens this opinion, as it represents Sir John Douglas, accompanied by his solicitor, Mr. Lowten, to have gone down as far as Cheltenham, for the examination of two of the witnesses, whose declarations are there stated. I am, however, at a loss to know, at this moment, whom I am to consider, or whom I could legally fix, as my false accuser. From the circumstance last mentioned, it might be inferred that Sir John and Lady Douglas, or one of them, is that accuser. But Lady Douglas, in her written Declaration, so far from representing the information which she then gives, as moving voluntarily from herself, expressly states, that she gives it under the direct command of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; and the papers leave me without information, from whom any communication to the Prince originated, which induced him to give such commands.

“Upon the question how far the advice is agreeable to law, under which it was recommended to your Majesty to issue this warrant or commission, not countersigned, nor under seal, and without any of your Majesty’s advisers, therefore, being on the face of it responsible for its

issuing, I am not competent to determine. And undoubtedly, considering that the two high legal authorities, the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, consented to act under it, it is with the greatest doubt and diffidence that I can bring myself to express any suspicion of its illegality. But if it be, as I am given to understand it is, open to question, whether, consistently with law, your Majesty should have been advised to command, by this warrant or commission, persons not to act in any known character, as Secretaries of State, as Privy Counsellors, as Magistrates otherwise empowered, but to act as Commissioners, and, under the sole authority of such warrant, to inquire (without any authority to hear and determine any thing upon the subject of those inquiries) into the known crime of high treason, under the sanction of oaths to be administered by them as such Commissioners, and to report the result thereof to your Majesty—if, I say, there can be any question upon the legality of such a warrant or commission, the extreme hardship with which it has operated upon me, the extreme prejudice which it has done to my character, and to which such a proceeding must ever expose the person who is the object of it, oblige me, till I am fully convinced of its legality, to forbear from acknowledging its authority, and with all humility and deference to your Majesty, to protest against it, and against all the proceedings under it."

Extract from a Minute of Cabinet, dated January 25, 1837, and signed by the Lord Chancellor, Lord President, Lord Privy Seal, Earl Spencer and Monck, Lord Henry Petty, Lords Howick, Grenville, and Ellenborough, Mr. Windham, and Mr. Grenville, who had, by the King's command, taken into consideration the Princess's letter.

"Your Majesty's confidential servants have not thought it necessary to advise your Majesty any longer to decline receiving the Princess into your Royal presence. But the result of the whole case does, in their judgement, render it indispensable that your Majesty should, by a serious admonition, convey to her Royal Highness your Majesty's expectation that her Royal Highness should be more circumspect in her future conduct."

Message from the King to the Princess, transmitted to her by the Lord Chancellor, on the 28th of January, 1837.

"The King, having referred to his con-

fidential servants the proceedings and papers relative to the written Declarations which had been laid before his Majesty, respecting the conduct of the Princess of Wales, has been apprised by them, that, after the fullest consideration of the examinations taken on that subject, and of the observations and affidavits brought forward by the Princess of Wales's legal advisers, they agree in the opinions submitted to his Majesty in the original Report of the four Lords by whom his Majesty directed that the matter should, in the first instance, be inquired into; and that, in the present stage of the business, upon a mature and deliberate view of this most important subject in all its parts and bearings, it is their opinion that the facts of this case do not warrant their advising that any further step should be taken in the business by his Majesty's Government, or any other proceedings instituted upon it, except such only, as his Majesty's law servants may, on reference to them, think fit to recommend for the prosecution of Lady Douglas, on those parts of her Depositions which may appear to them to be justly liable thereto.

"In this situation, his Majesty is advised that it is no longer necessary for him to decline receiving the Princess into his Royal presence.

"The King sees with great satisfaction the agreement of his confidential servants, in the decided opinion expressed by the four Lords upon the falsehood of the accusations of pregnancy and delivery brought forward against the Princess by Lady Douglas. On the other matters produced in the course of the Inquiry, the King is advised, that none of the facts or allegations, stated in preliminary examinations, carried on in the absence of the parties interested, can be considered as legally or conclusively established. But in those examinations, and even in the answer drawn in the name of the Princess by her legal advisers, there have appeared circumstances of conduct on the part of the Princess, which his Majesty never could regard but with serious concern. The elevated rank which the Princess holds in this country, and the relation in which she stands to his Majesty and the Royal Family, must always deeply involve both the interests of the state, and the personal feelings of his Majesty, in the propriety and correctness of her conduct; and his Majesty, therefore, cannot forbear to express, in the conclusion of the

business, his desire and expectation, that such a conduct may in future be observed by the Princess, as may fully justify those marks of paternal regard and affection, which the King always wishes to show to every part of his Royal Family.

"His Majesty has directed that this Message should be transmitted to the Princess of Wales by his Lord Chancellor; and that copies of the proceedings which had taken place on this subject, should also be communicated to his dearly beloved son, the Prince of Wales."

After the appointment was made for the presentation of the Princess to the King, at Windsor, the following letters were transmitted to her Royal Highness from his Majesty:

"Windsor Castle Jan. 29, 1807.

"The King has this moment received the Princess of Wales's letter, in which she intimates her intention of coming to Windsor on Monday next; and his Majesty, wishing not to put the Princess to the inconvenience of coming to this place so immediately after her illness, hastens to acquaint her, that he shall prefer to receive her in London upon a day subsequent to the ensuing week, which will also better suit his Majesty, and of which he will not fail to apprise the Princess."

(Signed) "GEORGE, R."

"To the Princess of Wales."

"Windsor Castle, Feb. 10, 1807.

"As the Princess of Wales may have been led to expect, from the King's letter to her, that he would fix an early day for seeing her, his Majesty thinks it right to acquaint her, that the Prince of Wales, upon receiving the several documents which the King directed his Cabinet to transmit to him, made a formal communication to him of his intention to put them into the hands of his lawyers, accompanied by a request, that his Majesty would suspend any further steps in the business, until the Prince of Wales should be enabled to submit to him the statement which he proposed to make. The King, therefore, considers it incumbent on him to defer naming a day to the Princess of Wales, until the further result of the Prince's intention shall have been made known to him."

(Signed) "GEORGE, R."

"To the Princess of Wales."

Letter from the Princess to the King.

"SIRE—When I last troubled your

Majesty upon my unfortunate business, I had raised my mind to hope that I should have the happiness of hearing from your Majesty, and receiving your gracious commands to pay my duty in your Royal presence before the expiration of the last week; and, when that hope was disappointed, eagerly clinging to any idea which offered me a prospect of being saved from the necessity of having recourse (for the vindication of my character) to the publication of the proceedings upon the Inquiry into my conduct, I thought it just possible that the reason for my not having received your Majesty's commands to that effect might have been occasioned by the circumstance of your Majesty's staying at Windsor through the whole of the week. I therefore determined to wait a few days longer, before I took a step which, when once taken, could not be recalled. Having, however, now assured myself that your Majesty was in town yesterday—as I have received no command to wait upon your Majesty, and no intimation of your Majesty's pleasure—I am reduced to the necessity of abandoning all hope that your Majesty will comply with my humble, my earnest, and anxious request.

"Your Majesty, therefore, will not be surprised to find that the publication of the proceedings alluded to will not be withheld beyond Monday next.

"As to any consequences which may arise from such publication, unpleasant or hurtful to my own feelings and interests, I may perhaps be properly responsible—and, in any event, have no one to complain of but myself, and those with whose advice I have acted*; and whatever those consequences may be, I am fully and unalterably convinced that they must be incalculably less than those which I should be exposed to from my silence. But, as to any other consequences, unpleasant or hurtful to the feelings and interests of others, or of the public, my conscience will certainly acquit me of them.

"I am confident that I have not acted impatiently or precipitately. To avoid coming to this painful extremity, I have taken every step in my power, except that which would be abandoning my character to utter infamy, and my station and life to no uncertain danger, and possibly to no very distant destruction.

* Mr. Spencer Perceval was, at that time, the chief adviser of her Royal Highness.

"With every prayer for the lengthened continuance of your Majesty's health and happiness, for every possible blessing which a gracious God can bestow upon the beloved Monarch of a loyal people, and for the continued prosperity of your dominions, under your Majesty's propitious reign, I remain,

"Your Majesty's most dutiful, loyal, and affectionate, but most unhappy and most injured daughter-in-law, subject, and servant,

(Signed) "CAROLINE, P."

"Montagu-house,
March 5, 1807."

Extract from a Minute of Council, of the 21st of April, 1807.

Present—the Lord Chancellor, Lord President, Lord Privy Seal, Duke of Portland, Earl of Chatham, Earl Bathurst, Viscount Castlereagh, Lord Mulgrave, Lord Hawkesbury, and Mr. Canning.

"Adverting to the advice which is stated by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to have directed his conduct, your Majesty's confidential servants are anxious to impress upon your Majesty their conviction, that his Royal Highness could not, under such advice, consistently with his public duty, have done otherwise than lay before your Majesty the Statement and Examinations which were submitted to him upon this subject.

"After the most deliberate consideration, however, of the evidence which has been brought before the Commissioners, and of the previous examinations, as well as of the answer and observations which have been submitted to your Majesty upon them, they feel it necessary to declare their decided concurrence in the clear and unanimous opinion of the Commissioners, confirmed by that of all your Majesty's late confidential servants, that the two main charges alleged against her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, of pregnancy and delivery, are *completely disproved*; and they further submit to your Majesty their unanimous opinion, that all the other particulars of conduct brought in accusation against her Royal Highness, to which the character of criminality can be ascribed, are *either satisfactorily contradicted, or rest upon evidence of such a nature, and which was given under such circumstances, as render it, in the judgement of your Majesty's confidential servants, undeserving of credit.*

"Your Majesty's confidential ser-

vants, therefore, concurring in that part of the opinion of your late servants, as stated in their Minute of the 25th January, that there is no longer any necessity for your Majesty being advised to decline receiving the Princess into your Royal presence, humbly submit to your Majesty, that it is essentially necessary, in justice to her Royal Highness, and for the honor and interests of your Majesty's illustrious Family, that her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales should be admitted, with as little delay as possible, into your Majesty's Royal Presence, and that she should be received in a manner due to her rank and station, in your Majesty's Court and Family."

This unpleasant business being at length settled, the Princess again made her appearance at court, and was allowed, under certain limitations and restrictions, to enjoy an intercourse with the Princess Charlotte, until the beginning of February in the present year.—On the 5th of that month—the latter having for some time been confined by indisposition at Warwick House—the Princess of Wales (through the medium of Lord Liverpool) communicated to the Regent her intention of visiting her there, and received for answer, that the young Princess would be able to visit her mother at Kensington palace on the eleventh. Meantime the *Princess's Letter to the Regent*, which we gave in our last number, made its appearance in the "*Morning Chronicle*" on the tenth; and, the next morning, at the very moment when the Princess mother was stepping into her carriage, she received information that her daughter was refused permission to come.—On application to Lord Liverpool, to know the reason of this refusal, and when she might expect to see her daughter, she received from him the following reply—

"*Pife House, Feb. 14th, 1813.*

"Lord Liverpool has the honor to inform your Royal Highness, that, in consequence of the publication, in *The Morning Chronicle* of the 10th inst. of a letter addressed by your Royal Highness to the Prince Regent, his Royal Highness thought fit, by the advice of his confidential servants, to signify his commands that the intended visit of the Princess Charlotte to your Royal Highness on the following day should not take place.

"Lord Liverpool is not enabled to make any further communication to your Royal Highness, on the subject of your Royal Highness's note."

To this letter the Princess of Wales commanded Lady Anne Hamilton, her lady in waiting, to reply as follows—

“*Montague House, Blackheath,
Feb. 15th, 1813.*”

“Lady Anne Hamilton is commanded by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, to represent to Lord Liverpool, that the insidious insinuation respecting the publication of the letter, addressed by the Princess of Wales, on the 14th of January, to the Prince Regent, conveyed in his Lordship’s reply to her Royal Highness, is as void of foundation and as false as all the former accusations of the traducers of her Royal Highness’s honor in the year 1806.

“Lady A. Hamilton is further commanded to say, that dignified silence would have been the line of conduct the Princess would have preserved upon such insinuation (more than unbecoming Lord Liverpool), did not the effect, arising from it, operate to deprive her Royal Highness of the sole real happiness she can possess in this world—that of seeing her only child. And the confidential servants of the Prince Regent ought to feel ashamed of their conduct towards the Princess in avowing to her Royal Highness their advice to the Prince Regent, that, upon *unauthorised* and unfounded suppositions, a mother and daughter should be prevented from meeting—a prohibition positively against the law of nature.—Lady Anne Hamilton is commanded further to desire Lord Liverpool to lay this paper before the Prince Regent, that his Royal Highness may be aware into what error his confidential servants are leading him, and will involve him, by counselling and signifying such commands.”

Almost immediately after this, several meetings of the Cabinet Council were held on the subject; and the Princess, ignorant of the nature or object of their proceedings, addressed the following letter to Lord Harrowby, on the 27th of February—

“The Princess of Wales has received reports from various quarters, of certain proceedings lately held by his Majesty’s Privy Council respecting her Royal Highness; and the Princess has felt persuaded that these reports must be unfounded, because she could not believe it possible that any resolution should be taken by that most Honorable Body, in

any respect affecting her Royal Highness, upon statements which she has had no opportunity of answering, explaining, or even seeing.

“The Princess still trusts, that there is no truth in these rumors; but she feels it due to herself to lose no time in protesting against any resolution affecting her Royal Highness, which may be so adopted.

“The Noble and Right Honorable persons, who are said to have been selected for these proceedings, are too just to decide any thing touching her Royal Highness, without affording her an opportunity of laying her case before them. The Princess has not had any power to choose the judges before whom any inquiry may be carried on; but she is perfectly willing to have her *whole* conduct inquired into by any persons who may be selected by her accusers. The Princess only demands that she may be heard in defence or in explanation of her conduct, if it is attacked; and that she should either be treated as innocent, or proved to be guilty.”

Lord Harrowby replied to the effect, that a copy of the Ministers’ Report, laid before the Prince Regent, had been transmitted, that same evening, to the Princess of Wales, by Viscount Sidmouth.

Extract from the above-mentioned Report of the Privy Council to the Regent, made about the 24th of February, and signed with twenty-two names.

“We beg leave humbly to report to your Royal Highness, that, after a full examination of all the documents before us, we are of opinion, that, under all the circumstances of the case, it is highly fit and proper, with a view to the welfare of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, in which are equally involved the happiness of your Royal Highness, in your parental and royal character, and the most important interests of the State, that the intercourse between her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, should continue to be subject to regulation and restraint.

“We humbly trust that we may be permitted, without being thought to exceed the limits of the duty imposed on us, respectfully to express the just sense we entertain of the motives by which your Royal Highness has been actuated

in the postponement of the confirmation of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, as it appears, by a statement under the hand of her Majesty the Queen, that your Royal Highness has conformed in this respect to the declared will of his Majesty, who had been pleased to direct, that such ceremony should not take place till her Royal Highness should have completed her 18th year.

"We also humbly trust that we may be further permitted to notice some expressions in the letter of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, which may possibly be construed as implying a charge of too serious a nature to be passed over without observation. We refer to the words, "*suborned traducers*." As this expression, from the manner in which it is introduced, may, perhaps, be liable to be understood (however impossible it may be to suppose that it can have been so intended) to have reference to some part of the conduct of your Royal Highness, we feel it our bounden duty not to omit this opportunity of declaring that the documents laid before us afford the most ample proof, that there is not the slightest foundation for such an aspersion."

Letter from the Princess of Wales to the Speaker of the House of Commons.

*"Montague House, Blackheath,
March 1, 1813.*

"The Princess of Wales informs Mr. Speaker, that she has received from the Lord Visct. Sidmouth a copy of a Report made to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, by a certain number of the Members of his Majesty's Privy Council, to whom it appears that his Royal Highness had been advised to refer the consideration of documents, and other evidence, respecting her character and conduct.

"The Report is of such a nature, that her Royal Highness feels persuaded no person can read it without considering it as conveying aspersions upon her; and although their vagueness renders it impossible to discover precisely what is meant, or even what she has been charged with; yet, as the Princess feels conscious of no offence whatever, she thinks it due to herself, to the illustrious Houses with which she is connected by blood and by marriage, and to the people among whom she holds so distinguished a rank, not to acquiesce for a moment in any imputation affecting her honor.

"The Princess of Wales has not been permitted to know upon what evidence the Members of the Privy Council proceeded, still less to be heard in her defence. She knew only by common rumor of the inquiries which they have been carrying on, until the result of those inquiries was communicated to her; and she has no means now of knowing whether the Members acted as a body to which she can appeal for redress, at least for a hearing, or only in their individual capacities, as persons selected to make a report upon her conduct.

"The Princess is therefore compelled to throw herself upon the wisdom and justice of Parliament, and to desire that the fullest investigation may be instituted of her whole conduct during the period of her residence in this country.

"The Princess fears no scrutiny, however strict, provided she may be tried by impartial judges, known to the Constitution, and in the fair and open manner which the law of the land prescribes.

"Her only desire is, that she may either be treated as innocent, or proved to be guilty.

"The Princess of Wales desires Mr. Speaker to communicate this letter to the House of Commons."

It was accordingly read to the House on the following evening.—A duplicate of it was twice sent to the Lord Chancellor, to be communicated to the House of Peers; but he, both times, sent it back to the Princess, without making the desired communication.

On the 5th of March, the Hon. Corbarn Johnstone moved, in the House of Commons, a series of resolutions, arraigning the legality of the Commission which had reported on the Princess's conduct in 1806, and calling for a new investigation of the same subject before a different tribunal, constitutionally competent to pronounce a *legal* decision in the case, and to set the question for ever at rest.—The motion was negatived, after a secret debate, which, however, is understood to have *completely established the Princess's innocence*.—In the course of the debate, Lord Castlereagh is said to have stated that the Princess's letter, given in our last number, was not the first that had been sent back, and that the Prince had long since determined that no correspondence should take place between the Princess and himself;

POETRY.

BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed.

Wine, combine; Rose, flows; Cheer,
dear; Glow, below; Care, spare; Stay,
play; Urn, return; Trace, place.

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed
in our Magazine for January.*

The MONEY-LENDER.

By J. M. LACEY.

THE man that must borrow,
Will quickly find sorrow,
Uniting its bitters along with his sweets;
For the vile money-lender
Is oft an offender,
And owns not a heart that with sympathy beats.

He lends out his treasure
In scantiest measure,
But looks for return in the cent-per-cent
mode;
While, to meet such a payment,
Goes cash, plate, and raiment,
And poverty's finger-post shows ruin's
road!

Be this your plain token,
Or written or spoken—
'Tis a good worldly maxim at all times
—beware!
For you'll find him a *Hector*,
And not a *protector*;
Then extravagance shun, or you'll fall in
his snare.

Sons of want, pray take warning,
Nor, these kind hints scorning,
Rush headlong to meet your unfortunate
fate;
For, in thus much revealing,
I'm guided by feeling,
And wish to preserve you, before 'tis too
late!

INVOCATIONS, ⁴⁵⁶serious and comic.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY,

Author of "The Farm House," &c.

THE AGED MAN'S Invocation to PIETY.
"IN life's fair morn," my heart was gay,
And lightly beat, with pleasure thrill-
ing.

The song of joy was then my lay,
Nor want nor woe my bosom chilling.

Each day was still a day of peace;
And gladly did I hail its dawning.
I thought such bliss could never cease:—
This was my life's unclouded morning!

But noon with different aspect shone;
Some clouds, the distant prospect
bounding,

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By winds of sorrow near me blown,
Came quickly on, my joys surrounding.

No more the sun of pleasure beam'd:
No more the day in peace came smiling;
No more my heart with rapture teem'd;
For now, alas! 'twas past beguiling.
Friendship and love alike seem'd dead:
The world put on its frown of terror,
Confounding, in its scorn and dread,
The son of mis'ry and of error!

When ev'ning came, the clouds, that noon
Had gather'd round my head of sorrow,
In vengeance shed their bitter boon,
And drown'd all hope of joy to-morrow.
While, 'midst the howlings of the storm,
Came wild despair, and whelming ruin;
Pity had fled; nor, o'er this form,
Was breath'd one sigh for my undoing.

How can I bear the night of age,
When wasting want and woe assail me?
What can I look for, to assuage,
When all, who ought to pity, fail me?

One only remedy appears:
Religion is a balm most healing:
That can dry up the mourner's tears,
And give back comfort's long-lost feel-
ing!

Then, Piety! attend my pray'r,
An old-man's pray'r, in accents broken!
For, oh! I bring, to claim thy care,
An aking heart's sincerest token.

That heart has suffer'd much and long:
Its woes are not of fancy's forming:
'Tis render'd cold by grief and wrong,
And needs thy most essential warming.
Shed on it then thy soothing pow'r,
Each dictate mild, each thought for-
giving.

Thus may I meet my final hour,
Nor murmur, when I cease from living!

Death cannot scare the pious mind,
That longs from this world's cares to
sever,

That hopes a better world to find,
Where joy shall be its lot for ever!

Ode to PITY.

*Written upon hearing that the Editor of
an English Newspaper had recommended
to the Russians, to give no quarter to their
invaders.*

SAY, thou, whose whispers prompt the
warrior brave
To stay th' uplifted arm, and kindly save
The wretch, who, conquer'd, is no more
a foe—

F

Say, whither, by the Fury Passions
 driv'n,
 Ah! whither art thou fled? Has angry
 Heav'n
 Call'd thee, soft pleader, from this vale
 of woe,
 To where thy healing streams uncheck'd,
 unsullied, flow?
 How oft, invited by thy promis'd smile,
 Has pale Misfortune sought our favor'd
 isle—
 Nor vainly sought; for here, at thy com-
 mand,
 Fair Charity spread wide her ample
 store,
 And hail'd the wand'rer, from some
 distant shore
 Driv'n forth unfriended, while a mur-
 d'rous band,
 By dire ambition arm'd, laid waste his
 native land,
 Then fly not now thy sea-encircled seat,
 Where heav'n-born Freedom finds a safe
 retreat—
 Freedom, Britannia's boast—the boon
 divine,
 Her lowliest sons enjoy—which nerves
 each arm
 With tenfold strength; and, when
 dread war's alarm
 Sounds far and wide, awakes to deeds
 which shine,
 Bright as the proudest wreath, Fame's
 willing hand can twine.
 Then stay—ah! stay; and, in each
 Briton's mind,
 Wake the pure flame, that glows for all
 mankind;
 And while, protected on our happier shore,
 We scorn the tyrant's vaunt, teach us,
 kind maid,
 To mourn the victims by his views be-
 tray'd
 To worse than death—to woes unknown
 before—
 Woes, that, 'till time's last date, thy
 vot'ries shall deplore.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

Mr. LACEY's Answer
to the Lines (inserted in our last Number)
on reading his "Midnight Peal."
 O! fair unknown!—for fair I'm sure
 thou art,
 If sense and virtue tend to make minds
 fair—
 Thy praise, quite undeserv'd, alarms my
 heart,
 Not often doom'd such flatt'ring strains
 to share.

My humble name will quickly be forgot.
 When he who bore it shall be seen no
 more:
 But, while remember'd here, oh! be its
 lot,
 To live in Virtue's breast, with virtuous
 lore.
 You bid me sing again!—but, ah! fair
 friend,
 The world, that many-headed, mon-
 strous thing,
 Twines round my brows its cares, and
 bids me bend
 To other themes than I was wont to
 sing.
 You bid me sing again—and teach *thy*
 soul
 To raise its thoughts in pensive mood
 to heav'n;
 Rather might thine *my* untaught mind
 control,
 Where little piety, alas! is giv'n!
 Had I some kindred mind—some mind
 like thine—
 To prune my Muse's wing, and guide
 the rein,
 Then might I hope, as genius form'd the
 lute,
 To see *tan* Virtue smile upon the strain.
 Then might I sing, to sooth the aching
 heart.
 Then might I hope to dry the widow's
 tears:
 Then might I strive soft comfort to im-
 part,
 And check the guilty mind's upbraid-
 ing fears.
 But now so seldom flows the poet's theme,
 Check'd by the busy world and all its
 care,
 Each hope of excellence appears a dream;
 And even mediocrity seems rare.
 Still must *my* grateful heart its thanks
 bestow—
 May *thine* "for ever" from distress be
 free!
 May heav'nly thoughts impart a fervent
 glow,
 Till time be swallow'd in eternity!

Address to the PRIMROSE.

FAIR primrose clad in lily'd vest,
 Who deck'st wild Winter's rigid crest,
 All hail, pale flow'r!
 How pleasing is thy simple mien
 To actors in life's early scene,
 When youthful sports, on village green,
 Wing the gay hour!

Full oft, in boyhood's truant morn,
I've pluck'd thee, though the pointed
thorn

Display'd its dart:
And now, while thus on thee I gaze,
Methinks thou tell'st of brighter days,
When milder skies and warmer rays
Will cheer my heart.

Yes, thou meek prophet—little seer!
Fortell'st, that happy season's near,
Gay-handed Spring,
When Flora bids her gaudy train
Arise, and spot with gold the plain,
And plummy bands in softest strain
Their carols sing.

Sweet, modest flow'r! 'tis thine to dwell
Secluded in the thorny dell,
Nor court esteem.

While other plants of loftier air
Grace with their beauties you parterre,
Of woodland flow'rs a queen so fair
May reign supreme.

Like thee, fair Virtue shuns parade,
And, unassuming, loves the shade,
Calm scene of bliss!
Remote from Folly's gilded throng,
Hears Wealth's proud chariot roll along,
And, deaf to Pleasure's siren song,
Enjoys mild peace.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

Address to a VIOLET.

HAIL, purple child of early spring,
Born in the glen amid conflicting tem-
pests!

To thee, sweet flow'r, I tune
My rustic lay.

Regardless of the chill pernicious blast
That rides triumph on the wing of Eurus,
In low sequester'd vale
Thou bloom'st secure.

No rival here thou findest: no tall flow'r,
Array'd in crimson beauty, rises near,
Whose many-color'd robe
Might shame thy own.

Long may'st thou bloom upon thy mossy
bank,
And with thy fragrance cheer the Bard-
ling poor,
Who roves in pensive mood
These scenes, like me.

Fit subject 'hou, t' inspire his cottage
Muse,

While Fancy, ever ready at his beck,
Will wave, at his behest,
Her golden wings.

He'll doubtless sing thy sweet attractive
pow'rs,

Paint in the happiest tints thy azure vest,
And to Arabia's gales
Compare thy breath.

"Sweet aromatic flow'r!" he will ex-
claim—

"Like Virtue, thou prefer'st the humble
shade,
Yet load'st with luscious balm
The winds of heav'n

"Like Virtue, too, though stripp'd of life
and beauty,
And with'ring on the lap of parent earth,
Yet, dead, thou wilt dispense
A rich perfume.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

Responsive VALENTINE,

*from a young medical Practitioner, to Miss B—,
who had given him a Valentine hint, that deli-
cate hands are the mark of a Gentleman.*

WITH hands newly wash'd in roses' fam'd
milk,

Which, Warren declares, gives the soft-
ness of silk,

And which chicken-skin gloves will still
further improve,

I take up my pen, to write to my love.

Oh! had she but known the pain I
endur'd,

When her * head, I scarce ventur'd to
hope, could be cur'd,

She ne'er would have wounded each vein
of my heart,

By reproaching the want of attention to
art.

Yet well do I know, her mind is so pure,
She'd not give a pang, but from wishing
a cure;

And, admonish'd by one whom I love
and adore,

She'll see me no more as she's seen me
before.

Yes, sweeter than lilies, and fairer than
flow'rs

Which Cupid e'er stole from his dear
mamma's bow'rs,

Your lover so spruce and so neat you
shall see,

That I fancy I hear you exclaim, "Is
it he?"

My coat is now brush'd—nay, bang'd—
ev'ry day:

For neglect which is past, it is now
forc'd to pay.

My shoes are as black as the raven's
known wing,

* The young lady had recently reco-
vered from a spasmodic attack upon the
brain.

Yet shine like the jet in a fair lady's ring.
My hair—which, I own, had been rather
neglected—

Displays evident marks of being respect-
ed.

In short, my sweet love, you no longer
can trace

The man whom you deem'd quite devoid
of all grace ;

Or you ne'er would have taken the trou-
ble to prove,

That neglect of the person is poison to
love.

And, fir'd by the hint—in me you'll behold
A man as much chang'd, as fam'd Pro-
teus of old.

Beau Nash*, I assure you, if living, should
be

A copyist both of true fashion and me.
I'll repair to New Bond Street, and learn
from the beaux

Each cut of their coats, and each turn
of their toes.

A glass shall depend from a chain round
my neck,

Though my eyes are quite free from all
blemish or speck.

But still with the foremost in fashion I'll
vie ;

And no Buck shall be counted more dash-
ing than I.

No longer these hands shall mould the
dark pill :—

That office henceforth shall devolve upon
Bill †.

No drug shall they touch, unless cas'd
in a glove.—

Can man e'er do more, to please his true
love ?

Yet, if more is requir'd, the pestle I'll
break,

And ne'er touch a mortar again, for your
sake.

—
“ For better, for worse.”

“ Nay, pr'ythee, dear Thomas, ne'er rave
thus and curse :

Remember, you took me for better for
worse !”—

“ I know it,” quoth Thomas : “ but then,
madam, look you,

You prove, upon trial, much worse than
I took you.”

* The celebrated master of the cere-
monies at Bath.—

† William, the servant who carried out
the medicines.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

An incorrect copy of the following
Stanzas having found its way into print
a few years since—you will, by allowing
them to appear more correctly in your pa-
ges, much oblige your humble servant,

A constant Reader.

AGE and YOUTH ;

or, Stanzas on Miss E*** G*****.

By SENEX.

WERE I bless'd with wealth, beauty, and
vigor of youth,

Fair Emma's affection to move,
I'd woo the sweet maid in the accents of
truth,

With the ardor of juvenile love.

But the Graces refus'd at my birth to
preside ;

And beauty has never been mine :
With a frown, niggard Fortune her boon
has denied,

And dooms me ungifted to pine :

With wrinkles has Time deeply furrow'd
my brow,

My temples has frosted with grey,
My bosom has chill'd with the coldness
of snow,

And my vigor impair'd by decay.

With so num'rous defects—with preten-
sions so few,

A treasure so rare to obtain—

Too well I'm convinc'd, it were madness
to sue,

Where my suit would too surely be vain.

Thus debarr'd—what remains, but to
utter this pray'r,

With fervor conceiv'd in my heart—
That Heaven propitious may smile on the
fair,

And bounteous each blessing impart ?

May I live to behold her consign'd to the
arms

Of a younger, a happier swain,
More worthy, than I, to be bless'd with
her charms,

And bind her in Hymen's soft chain.

Meantime—to the maxims of prudence
attent,

And repressing untimely desire—
Still silent and hopeless, let me be content
To listen—to gaze—to admire.



Morning Promenade & Opera Dresses.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Morning Walking-Dress.—A robe of cambric muslin, made low on the breast, with long sleeves: the bodice part in narrow lines of frill plaiting; the waist short; the back broad and plain.—A cloak of superfine stone-colored cloth, of a short walking length, lined with pink satin, and bound with a plaiting of broad pink ribbon.—A broad lappell, vandyked behind, bound as the cloak.—Bonnet of straw, to turn up in front, as the traveler's hat, with an inlaid plaiting of white satin.—The hair in full curls on each side, to fall low on the temples, the same as last month.—A cluster of variegated flowers in front.—Necklace, a triple gold chain.—Ear-rings, the pearl drop, or small hoop.—Gloves of yellow kid.—Ankle boots of black kid.

Opera Dress.—A long loose robe of celestial blue satin, embroidered down the front and round the feet with broad white silk trimming, to represent frost-work: long full sleeves of the same, bound at the wrists, to correspond.—A bodice of pink satin, made low, to show the whole of the neck and shoulders: the waist rather short, of a becoming length—bound round the breast with silk trimming, to correspond.—A cap *à la Russe*, of celestial blue satin, inlaid with silk lace to correspond with the robe, turned up in front in the helmet form, and quartered on the top with pink satin.—A small full ostrich feather falling negligently on one side.—The hair falling full on the temples—plain on the sides—twisted up behind in a large full bow in the Grecian style, or with a knot of curls, with one or two stray ringlets.—Necklace of gold chain, with a small cross of pearl in front.—Ear-rings and bracelets *en suite*.—Slippers of blue satin, with pearl rosettes.—Gloves of white or light lemon-colored kid.—An occasional tippet of swansdown or ermine, made broad on the back, and short in the front.

General Observations.—From the great variety of fashion in the present month, but little can be said respecting any fixed attire for the spring quarter, as some of our fashionable belles still exhibit the rugged appearance of the north, while others indulge in fanciful attire more suitable to the milder season. We shall therefore take a general survey of these articles of dress as worn by persons whose rank in life and acknowledged taste may justly claim our notice—intending, in our next Number, to give a

more full description of the fashions for the spring quarter.—The carriage and promenade dresses are the spencer of superfine kerseymere, made high in the neck, with a round collar, buttoned down the front with a triple row of Maltese buttons, carried high on the shoulder: the spencer is generally worn under a Russian cloak of the same, made short, to tie with a bracer in front. The most prevailing colors are grey, stone, or light blue, bordered with ribbon of the same, a shade darker or lighter.—The pelisse of light blue or grey satin, bound with fur, made as the loose robe, with the collar to fall back on the shoulder, lined with pink or light lemon-colored satin.—The Russian helmet cap, and Moorish cap, are generally worn to this order.

Half Dresses are generally of lavender or stone-colored figured muslin, made as the girl's frock, with broad back; to tie close round the bosom: the waist of a becoming length: the sleeves long and full, to be set on the shoulder as the bishop sleeve, and tie at the wrist.—Cap of thread lace, to tie on one side.—An occasional cloth cloak, made broad on the back and shoulders.—Gloves of lemon-colored kid.—Shoes of black kid.

Evening Dresses.—The white satin frock: the back broad, and to lace behind.—The whole of the shoulders is shown: the waist short, with an embroidery of flowers to go round the breast and feet.—The lemon-colored robe, and white satin bodice, ornamented down the front with white silk embroidery, is much in request.

Head-Dresses for the Morning.—The hair round the forehead in dishevelled curls, turned loosely up on the back of the head.—Sprigs of variegated stones, placed in the centre of the forehead, are much worn in the morning head-dress, as are likewise small clusters of flowers on one side.—The sprig of brilliants or stones, worn with the Turkish or Moorish caps and turban, has a very becoming and pleasing effect.—The small hoop ear-rings of brilliants, and gold chain necklace for white dresses, and the pearl ear-rings and necklace for colored dresses, afford an agreeable contrast.

Head-Dresses for the Evening.—The hair full on each temple: the curls rather large; plain on the sides, and formed to the shape of the head, ending in a turned knot behind.

CHRONICLE.

His Majesty.—*Bulletin of March 6.*—“His Majesty, since the last report, has been generally tranquil, but rather less so during the last week.”

Prices of Bread—Quartern wheaten Loaf, *March 4*, eighteen pence, halfpenny—*March 11*, eighteen pence, three farthings—*March 18*, eighteen pence, halfpenny—*March 25*, the same.

Roman Catholics.—In the House of Commons, Feb. 25, the resolution of June in the last session, for taking the Roman Catholic claims into consideration early in the present session, was read on the motion of Mr. Elliott, who then presented a petition from the Catholics of England, praying for a repeal of all the penalties and disabilities to which they are subject. This petition being also read and laid on the table, Mr. Grattan, after a long and impressive speech, moved that the House should form itself into a Committee, in pursuance of the resolution of the last session of parliament; which motion, after four nights of animated debate, was carried in the affirmative, by a majority of *two hundred and sixty-four* against *two hundred and twenty-four*, on the 2d of March—or, rather, the 3d, at four o'clock in the morning.—On the 9th, Mr. Grattan moved a resolution expressive of the propriety and expediency of repealing the disqualifications under which the Roman Catholics at present labored, with such limitations, restrictions, and securities, as might be necessary to preserve the Protestant religion as by law established, and the Protestant succession to the Crown of these kingdoms.—This motion was likewise carried in the affirmative, by a majority of *a hundred and eighty-six* against *a hundred and nineteen*; and a select Committee was appointed to frame a bill accordingly.—The Committee have not yet (*March 29*) made their report: but we sincerely hope that the final result of the business will be the universal and equal enjoyment of perfect, uncontrolled liberty of conscience, agreeably to the sentiments that we expressed on the subject in our Magazine for February, 1811, in the article entitled “*Bigotry and Intolerance*,” which we recommend to the serious attention of our readers.—Meantime the Catholic Association, in the metropolis, are zealously pursuing a truly benevolent and laudable plan, in which we hope they will be generously aided by the humane and

liberal-minded of every persuasion. It is that of raising a fund to provide for the education (and, in particular cases, the maintenance) of poor Catholic children—for apprenticing them to useful trades or occupations—and training them up to be valuable members of society.—To promote these desirable objects, charity sermons were preached at several of the Roman Catholic chapels on Sunday the 14th of March; when the collections amounted to £560.

[*London, Feb. 23*] Bonaparté appears very apprehensive of a general insurrection throughout Germany, and has ordered three or four of the most opulent people in each town to be sent to Paris, as hostages for the obedience of the rest.

[23] The French conscription is enforced with so much rigor, that, in cases where young men have absented themselves, their fathers are seised till they make their appearance.

[23] The officers of the Mediterranean fleet, to relieve the ennui of the winter evenings during their stay in port, have entered into a subscription, and hired the Greek church at Mahon, which they have fitted up as a theatre, where they occasionally represent some dramatic pieces.

[24] Count Goltorp, the ex-king of Sweden, (whose divorce from his queen was noticed in our last Volume, p. 139) lately married, at Basle in Switzerland, a young woman below the rank of nobility.

[25] Advices from Gottenburg state that the Russians have obtained possession of Memel, Elbing, Marienberg, and Marienwerder. They add that General Macdonald, being unable to remain at Tilsit after the desertion of the Prussians under Gen. D'York, retreated with the remnant of his force toward Königsberg, but was, on the 4th of January, defeated by Count Wittgenstein's vanguard at Labiau, driven to Königsberg, and so closely pursued by the Russians, that they entered the city close at his heels, and made 1300 prisoners.—The Prussians openly express their joy at the successes of the Russians, and every-where hail them as friends and deliverers.

[26] In our last Number, we mentioned the Prussian monarch's removal to Breslaw in January. It seems that fifty French *gendarmes* had, by Bonaparté's order, gone to arrest him at Charlottenburg, and carry him off. But the king

having received timely notice of their intention, ordered the alarm-drums to be beaten at Potsdam, and, with about two thousand men of his body-guard, made his escape to Breslaw, and there found safety.

[27] The following curious discovery is stated in the foreign papers:—Dr. Morichini, of Gotha, has ascertained, by repeated experiments, that non-magnetised needles, when they have been exposed to the violet-colored rays of the sun, have the same force of polar attraction as magnetic needles.

[March 1] Dispatches from Lord Cathcart at Petersburg, dated Jan. 16, state, that, in the neighbourhood of Wilna, there were, at that time, sixteen thousand corpses piled up in heaps, for the purpose of being consumed by fire, when sufficient wood could be procured; but numbers still remained uncollected in the roads and villages.

[1] Advices from Odessa, to the end of December, mention, that the plague had destroyed no fewer than 300,000 persons in Southern Russia.

[2] Wednesday se'night, a most awful visitation of thunder and lightning, accompanied with violent winds, occurred at Drewsteigton, Devon. Several of the inhabitants in the neighbourhood of Sandy Park had the roofs of their houses carried away, their beds splintered by the lightning, and their clothes and the furniture of their chambers borne away by the wind.

[2] *Illegitimate Children.*—Yesterday, in the Court of Chancery, the Lord Chancellor decided that illegitimate children can take estates by will, even as a designated class, and not merely by names acquired by reputation; and that a variety of marks, or other distinct descriptions, besides specific names, would identify the parties intended by the testator.

[2] *Sham Parson.*—Some time since, a stranger arrived at Looe, in Cornwall, where he assumed the character of the Rev. Mr. Whitmore, and, by his insinuating address, obtained permission of the unsuspecting minister of the parish of Talland, to officiate occasionally in the church of that parish, where he joined several couple in holy matrimony. His Reverence turns out to be a vile impostor, and, having contracted several debts at Looe, has decamped.

[3] *Juryman.*—Yesterday, the court of Aldermen ordered the chamberlain to pay seventy-two pounds to the jury who had been detained four days and three

nights on that remarkable trial noticed in our Magazine for last November, p. 529.

[3] The stock, upon his Majesty's farms in Windsor Great Park, was last week sold by auction by order of the Trustees of his Majesty's private property. The sales were attended by a number of distinguished agricultural gentlemen; and the stock in general fetched very high prices, particularly the working oxen.

[3] A serious disturbance took place at Perth, on the 15th of February. Several men of the Renfrew and Fife militia regiments proceeded in a riotous manner to the prison, with the intention of liberating a militia-man, who really was not in prison, but barely summoned to appear before a magistrate. With some difficulty, and personal danger, the officers, with the assistance of the Durham regiment, succeeded in securing the ringleaders, and restoring peace.

[4] *Child-stripping.*—On Monday, a woman was detected in the act of stripping a child, whom she had decoyed from his parents' door in Fulham Rents, Tottenham Court Road.

[6] From Holland, we learn, that, in the early part of last month, there was a serious disturbance at Harlem, in consequence of the attempts made to carry into effect the conscription. The conscripts fired upon the officers appointed to organise them; and several were killed, among whom was a French general.

[6] *Libel.*—Yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench, Henry White, jun. was found guilty of a libel on the Duke of Cumberland, in certain paragraphs in the "*Independent Whig*," which were construed into an accusation against the Duke, of having been accessory to the murder of his servant, Sellis.—See our Magazine for June, 1816, p. 254.

[8] *Unseasonable Tippling.*—At the late Hertford assises, a man was convicted of burglary, who, having broken into a house by night, and selected his booty, made so free with some bottles of wine which lay in his way, that he became quite intoxicated, and was caught in the house, next morning, fast asleep, with part of the stolen property in his pocket.

[9] *Fecundity.*—In Colchester-street, Whitechapel, on Sunday last, the wife of J. Crown, a journeyman shoemaker, was safely delivered of four boys, all likely to live.

[9] *The English Catholic Board* yester-

day passed a resolution, "That it is highly desirable to have a subscription entered into by the Roman Catholics of Great Britain, for the purpose of promoting a gratuitous distribution of the Holy Scriptures."

[10] Letters from Constantinople, to the 17th of January, state that the British and Russian interest was completely predominant in the Divan, since the last successes of the latter power. The plague had wholly disappeared at Constantinople, and in the neighbourhood of the Black Sea.

[10] The town and fortress of Pillau, with the fort of Nehrung, occupied by French garrisons, surrendered to the Russians, by capitulation, on the 8th of February. The Russians departed on the following day, leaving those places in possession of the Prussian troops.

[11] *Wages*.—At the Chelmsford assizes, on the 9th inst. Messrs. Field and Co. silk-manufacturers, were convicted in two penalties, of £50 each, for having hired journeymen in London, to be employed in the country at a lower rate of wages than is settled by the London book of prices, agreeably to act of parliament.

[12] It is reported that the French garrison, besieged in Dantzic by the Russians, having lately hazarded a sortie, the whole of the troops engaged in it deserted to the besiegers.

[15] The French made preparations to quit Hamburg on the 22d ult. Some chests and casks of money, and other effects, which they were about to convey away, were stopped by the populace; and a tumult ensued; in the course of which, several persons were killed on both sides, the offices of the Douaniers either pulled down or ransacked, the houses of the commissaries of police pillaged, and the French eagles trampled under foot. It is said, that in this conflict a detachment of Danish troops from Altona took part against the French, and were joined by their countrymen who were at Hamburg.

[16] Intelligence from Gottenburg, of March 9, reports, that, in Hanover, at least 20,000 of the peasants are in arms.

[16] The *Spitalfields Soup Society* state, in a public advertisement, that, in the years 1811 and 1812, they sold 425,784 quarts of soup at one penny per quart, affording relief to upwards of 4000 families, each consisting of six persons, on an average.

[18] Fourteen battalions of Prussians are stated to have been raised in the short interval of ten days, in the vicinity of Colberg. A similar spirit is said also to prevail in the Duchy of Berg.

[18] A notice, posted up yesterday at Lloyd's Coffee-house, states, that, between August 4, 1812, and March 9, 1813, the Americans captured 513 British vessels, of which, however, 80 have been retaken.

[20] On the 29th of December, the British frigate, *Java*, was captured by the American frigate, *Constitution*, after a severe action of near two hours, in which the *Java* (besides having 60 men killed, and 170 wounded) was so shattered, that the captors set fire to her, after having taken out the crew.

[20] March 4, the French fled from Berlin; and, on the same day, the Russians entered it.

[20] Yesterday, at the Cambridge assizes, Mr. Kendal, the young gentleman, perjuriously accused of having set fire to Sidney College, was most honorably acquitted.—See our last Number, p. 93.

[22] On the 22d of January, an engagement took place between the American and the British forces, near Malden, on the Canadian frontier, in which the Americans were defeated, with considerable loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

[23] *Hamburg, March 15*—The French have withdrawn from this city, and have also evacuated Bremen.

[25] The Emperor of Russia has offered 5000 men to co-operate with the allies in the Spanish Peninsula.

[26] On the 8th of February, the Russians entered Warsaw.—On the 22d, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia had an interview on the frontiers of Silesia;—and a treaty of alliance, defensive and offensive, has since been concluded between them.

DECEASED.

On the 5th of March, the Countess of Carnarvon, whose extensive charities will long be remembered.

On the same day, the Countess Dowager of Chichester.

March 23, at her house in Hanover-square, in her 76th year, Augusta, Duchess Dowager of Brunswick, relict of Charles William Ferdinand, late Duke of Brunswick—mother of the present Duke, and of the Princess of Wales—and sister to his Majesty, George III.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 44, N^o. 4, for April, 1813.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. Portrait of the DUCHESS of BRUNSWICK.
2. Fashionable PROMENADE and EVENING DRESSES.
3. New PATTERN for a DRESS, SCARF, or VEIL.

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where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

The PORTRAIT of the late DUCHESS of BRUNSWICK (with a Biographic Memoir) was intended for our next Number, as we did not expect to have had it sooner ready for delivery; and our arrangements, with respect to the letter-press for this month, were made accordingly. But, the zealous exertions of our artists having enabled us to anticipate, we haste to gratify our fair Readers, by presenting them with the Portrait a month earlier.—The Memoir (which, at this late period, we cannot possibly introduce into our present Number) shall appear in our next—together with the Plate originally intended for this month's publication.

The Gentleman, who lately sent us an *open letter* with a *sheet of print*, is requested to observe, that, even of the very best things, there may be *too much*—and that we cannot possibly spare time to carry on an epistolary correspondence with each writer who may send us an article for insertion.

Of *Georgina's Elegy* we have disposed “according to her desire.”

We are sorry to inform our fair correspondent at *Aberdeen*, that her verses are not sufficiently correct for publication.

Mr. *Hersee's* Lines to Mr. Cooper came too late for insertion in our present Number, but shall appear in our next.

Mr. *Webb's* contributions are come to hand, but, likewise, too late for the present month.



J. 1813

1813

Trachery rewarded

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR APRIL, 1813.

The OLD WOMAN.

By Mrs. PILKINGTON.

N^o. 15.—TREACHERY rewarded.
(With a Plate.)

THERE is an inconsistency in the human mind, which is truly inexplicable. We sigh after objects which appear above our reach to attain; yet, if some unforeseen event occurs, by which our wishes are gratified, possession destroys what anticipation imagined would afford delight.—Whence proceeds this dissatisfaction, which seems incomprehensible? Is it an original frailty of our nature? or is it the fault of education? As the inquiry, I fear, cannot be satisfactorily answered, I will endeavour to entertain my readers by describing the effects of this unfortunate failing.

Eliza Parkinson and Matilda Allworthy were the children of parents who had been educated together when boys; and that attachment, which was then formed, insensibly grew into the most perfect friendship, and became, to each party, a source of gratification and delight.—Doctor Allworthy was established, as a physician, in a populous market-town about two miles from Mr. Parkinson's elegant seat; and, in consequence of the intimacy between the parents, Eliza and Matilda saw each other every day.—The same masters attended each: the same pursuits occupied their attention; and each had frequently vowed that their friendship should end but with their lives.

Notwithstanding the cordiality which subsisted between these young

ladies, their dispositions were as opposite as light and shade. Nature had endowed Matilda with the most attractive virtues; while Eliza, though infinitely more lovely in person, was characterised by a dissatisfied, repining disposition of mind.

Although, in the opinion of every other person, Eliza's lot was truly enviable, yet she was continually expressing a wish for some untasted delight—a wish, which her friend, though at least two years younger, often represented as a proof of ingratitude for the blessings she enjoyed.

The time at length arrived, when these very opposite characters attracted the attention of two accomplished young men, whose addresses received the sanction of the young ladies' parents; and who were, by all their acquaintance, considered as their future husbands.—It was in vain, however, that Matilda Allworthy endeavoured to reason herself into an attachment, which, according to her ideas, could alone insure domestic happiness; for, the more she saw of Mr. Melville, the greater was her repugnance to enter into an alliance with him.—Though, in point of fortune, manners, and character, that gentleman was unexceptionable, yet there were some apparently trifling traits in his disposition, which she could not approve; and, though she was grateful for that regard which he was continually displaying, yet she was persuaded that the sentiment she felt toward him, was very different from love.

Eliza, on the contrary, was actually charmed with her lover, and

declared that she considered herself as the happiest of human beings; and, though Matilda looked forward to her own union with very different sensations, yet she derived a secret satisfaction from the prospect of her friend's happiness.—Though Doctor Allworthy was a most exemplary character, yet he carried the idea of parental authority to too great an extent; and Matilda, who, from the earliest period of her life, had been accustomed to implicit obedience, had not courage to avow the real state of her heart.—As the society of his daughter afforded him the highest gratification, he readily complied with her wish to have the marriage delayed until she should have attained that age when young persons are supposed to be capable of conducting themselves.—Things had remained in this situation about nine months, when Matilda perceived that the versatile Eliza no longer spoke in raptures of her near-approaching union.—On the contrary, she frequently drew a comparison between the delicate attentions of Mr. Melville, and the less polished civilities of Mr. Arnold, and condemned her friend for receiving such refined proofs of attachment with cold indifference.

Matilda was well aware that she could assign no substantial reason for an indifference, which, even to herself, appeared incomprehensible: but, being ashamed to acknowledge the justice of Eliza's observation, she generally contrived to turn the conversation into a different channel. Matilda soon observed that her friend, instead of deriving any satisfaction from the society of her intended husband, avoided all private intercourse, as far as it was in her power; and that, whenever she knew Mr. Melville was expected at Doctor Allworthy's, she actually

made a point of being there.—She likewise fancied she perceived less ardor in that gentleman's manner toward herself; and, one morning, when she called upon Miss Parkinson, she was astonished at being informed by the servant, that his young mistress and Mr. Melville were riding together; a circumstance, which neither of the parties had thought proper to hint to her.—The day expired; and she neither saw nor heard any thing of friend or lover. The next morning, however, when she entered the breakfast-parlour, Mr. Melville was there; but, instead of accosting her with that air of solicitude with which he had been accustomed, his manner appeared cold and embarrassed.—After a silence of a few moments, he drew his chair toward her, and, in a hurried manner, said, "I have long perceived, my dear Miss Allworthy, that all my endeavours to win your affection have been fruitless; and that I owe even the cold civility, with which you have received my addresses, to the respect you pay to the wishes of your father."

He paused, as if in expectation of an answer: but, though, by this prelude, Matilda's heart was relieved from an insupportable weight, yet she was not able to assume sufficient courage to make any reply.—"Could I have inspired a reciprocal attachment," continued Mr. Melville, "I should have considered myself as the most fortunate of human beings: but the mere hand, even of Matilda Allworthy, I cannot, dare not, accept. I have studied your character: I admire your disposition, and I am persuaded that it is formed for the enjoyment of domestic happiness: but, with me, my dear Miss Allworthy, you would never partake of it; yet I trust you will allow me

to rank among the number of your friends. This letter," continued he, placing one upon the table, "will explain to Doctor Allworthy the motive by which I am influenced." Then respectfully taking her hand, he imprinted his lips upon it, and hastily hurried out of the room.

The sensations which the amiable girl at that moment experienced, were of a nature too exquisite to be defined. She had unexpectedly escaped from a bondage; which, even in perspective, appeared insupportable; and a sensation of gratitude and delight animated her mind.—Her countenance, which, for months past, had been the true index of her feelings, suddenly assumed a cheerfulness, which the most unobserving must have perceived; and, the moment her father entered the breakfast-parlour, he exclaimed, "My dear Matilda! I am rejoiced to see you look so well to-day! But what have we here?" inquired the Doctor, taking up the letter, which was to explain the cause of Matilda's joy; and, eagerly breaking it open, he soon became acquainted with the real truth.

"Villain!" he exclaimed in an impassioned accent—"And does he suppose I will tamely submit to this insult? Not been able, indeed, to inspire you with affection! Did he wish you to display all the affection of an intriguing wanton?"

"In mercy, my dearest father, mitigate your unjust resentment!" said the terrified Matilda, throwing herself at the Doctor's feet—"I never loved—I never could love, Mr. Melville, though, in compliance with your wishes, I consented to become his wife!"

"Never loved him!" repeated the astonished parent.—"Mistaken girl! why was I so cruelly deceived?"—"I never deceived you, my

beloved father! I was even ready to sacrifice my own happiness, to gratify what seemed to be the first wish of your heart."

"Could I have formed a wish that would render my beloved Matilda miserable?" said the Doctor, tenderly raising, and pressing her to his heart.—"Oh!" continued he, "how grateful am I to Providence, for having mercifully prevented the commission of such an act!—From this moment, my dear girl, I abjure the authority of a father: consider me, in future, merely as a friend—a friend, Matilda, whose counsels will be influenced by the wish of promoting your happiness; and who, to insure it, would sacrifice his own existence."

When the impression of this tender scene was past, Matilda Allworthy's thoughts reverted to the singularity of her lover's conduct; and, as she felt conscious that her own had never varied from their first acquaintance, she could not avoid thinking it inexplicable.—Though there was not any thing very extraordinary in his riding with Eliza Parkinson, yet it was strange, that neither the lady nor the gentleman had mentioned the circumstance; and still more so, that Mr. Arnold should not have accompanied them.—To add to the singularity of these circumstances, Matilda, a few hours after Mr. Melville's final departure, received a short letter from her friend, informing her, that an aunt, who resided in Huntingdonshire, was dangerously ill; and she had only time to say, the carriage was preparing, and she was going to attend the invalid.

Nearly a fortnight elapsed, without any further intelligence from Eliza; when, taking up a newspaper, Matilda read the following paragraph—"Last Tuesday, was

married, by special licence, Charles Melville, Esq. of Melville-Hall, to the lovely and accomplished Miss Parkinson, of Ash-Grove." An undescribable sensation seized the amiable Matilda; and she could not avoid exclaiming, "Can this be the friend of my youth? can this be Eliza Parkinson, who has so often declared that my breast was the repository of every secret of her soul?"

The treachery of such conduct, and the versatility of Eliza's character, were, of course, sufficient to weaken the strongest regard; and Matilda instantly formed the resolution of avoiding all future intercourse.—Doctor Allworthy likewise thought Mr. Parkinson had not acted candidly toward him, though he protested he had not the most remote idea of his daughter's prepossession.

Though the intercourse did not cease, yet there was no longer that close intimacy between the gentlemen, which had uninterruptedly subsisted for such a number of years. Mrs. Melville, of course, immediately after the marriage-ceremony, resided at her husband's seat, which was about twenty miles distant from her father's.—When she occasionally visited that father, neither Doctor nor Miss Allworthy ever went near the house; and, whether happiness or misery was the result of this hasty union, Matilda felt totally indifferent.—At length appeared a new candidate for the amiable girl's affection, whom her heart acknowledged, and her judgement approved; and Doctor Allworthy, having laid aside the controlling authority of a parent, was soon made acquainted with the mutual prepossession.—Though far inferior to Mr. Melville in point of fortune, Mr. Lambert was in possession of a very decent competency: his character

could bear the test of the strictest scrutiny; and he was at once an accomplished gentleman, and a rational, enlightened, liberal-minded Christian.—Upon this amiable man Matilda bestowed her hand, and her most tender affection. Her father smiled upon, and blessed their union; and it proved productive to them of happiness as pure and perfect as mortals can ever hope to enjoy on this side the grave.

On the other hand, Mr. Melville had received too strong a proof of the fickleness of his wife's disposition, to feel any confidence in her professions of regard; and, as she had actually practised every means in her power to weaken his affection for Matilda, he fancied she might make use of the same arts with other men.—To prevent the possibility of this, he never permitted her to visit without him: in fact, he made her an actual prisoner at home; and, whenever he was absent, she was, by his orders, uniformly denied, even to her female acquaintance.—In short, Mr. Melville was one of those deceptive beings, who, under the mask of delicate attention, conceal an arbitrary disposition; and, before the honeymoon was past, Eliza bitterly repented of her unprincipled behaviour to the more worthy Arnold.—For near six years, she endured a state of actual bondage; though not without many attempts to break through the fetters by which she was bound; and at length finding that regard which she had once felt, changed into actual aversion, she implored her father once more to receive her under his roof.

In vain Mr. Parkinson endeavoured to assuage these domestic animosities, and soften the natural disposition of his son-in-law: as well might he have attempted to

give pliancy to marble, or make a cable to pass through the eye of a needle*. — Melville was, in fact, completely tired of his associate, and was delighted at the proposal of a separation; and, as it came from Eliza herself, and they had no child, he determined not to give up one sixpence of her fortune. — The woman, therefore, whom he had vowed to support in health and sickness, returned to her father without the slightest allowance; where, despised by her acquaintance, and condemned by the friend she had injured, she acknowledged that treachery, and want of principle, generally meet with the punishment they deserve.

PULPIT ANECDOTE.

THE extraordinary anecdote of the "Pulpit Plagiarist," related in our last Number (page 116), has reminded us of an occurrence, which, as we have been informed by persons of veracity, actually took place about thirty or forty years ago. — In a certain college, which we forbear to particularise, one of the Fellows preached, at morning service, a very excellent sermon: at evening service, on the same day, another of the Fellows preached also a very excellent sermon; and both of the orators would have come off with flying colors, but for one unfortunate circumstance: — It so happened, that several individuals of the morning congregation (who probably were thought, by the preachers at least, to have been, on this unlucky occasion, "righteous overmuch") attended likewise the evening service, and discovered that the morning and evening sermons were

* While we allow the ingenious author her choice of "cable" for "camel," we must observe, that more than one Oriental adage is built upon the "elephant" passing through the eye of a needle: but the camel was more familiar to the Jews.

EDITOR.

one and the same — except that there might perhaps have been some slight variations in the diction. At first the question was, "which of the reverend Doctors had stolen from his colleague:" on investigation, however, it appeared that neither had pilfered from his brother, but that both had borrowed from the French of Bossuet, Massillon, or Bourdaloue, and faithfully translated the foreign sermon into plain English, without the alteration, addition, or subtraction, of a single idea.

The LECTURER and the FARMER.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

I AM a widow with an only son, whose real worth is above my praise; and I therefore feel the more keenly his yielding to any of the experimental absurdities of the present day.

We live in a plain plentiful manner, upon our own property, which is worth between three and four hundred a year. We do not attempt imitating our rich neighbours; which gives us the means of being useful to our poor ones; and we always contrive to have a decent dinner and a well-aired bed for a friend. We would rather enjoy than hoard our property: but I have hitherto contrived, that, if we unlined the purse, we never did the pantry; and my stores of bacon, cheese, pickles, and preserves, were the admiration of all our acquaintance. — We are within two miles of a good market-town; and, unluckily, my son was persuaded one night to hear an itinerant lecturer on natural philosophy. When he came home, he told me, he understood that chemistry was essential to agriculture; and, though he did not immediately know in what respect, he would go again for further instruction.

*The second evening, he said he had not absolutely succeeded, as another subject was discussed: but he had been delighted with many beautiful experiments. The third time, he was more pleased than before. He had not indeed accomplished the grand object of his attendance, that of knowing how to ascertain at once the nature and properties of soils, and what they would produce; but he had learned such a method of bleaching, that we should in future do every thing of that kind at home.

After a few more lectures, from which he derived (as he assured me) the desired information, he launched into considerable expense for books, apparatus, and a variety of articles with uncouth names, to be employed in his chemical operations; and the consequence is, that, from being a good plain farmer, he is become—I know not what to call it—half farmer, half chemist; and every thing must now be ascertained by infallible experiment. Soils, that once produced certain crops to great advantage, are now pronounced unfit for them, unless they precisely answer his whimsical trials.

By his newly-adopted plan of bleaching, two good webs, and some of our best household linen, were burned to tinder; and to expatiate upon all the dirt, expense, and inconvenience I sustain, would be an endless task.—My tables, once bright as looking-glasses, are now blackened and burned. Scarce a jug, basin, cup, or jar, remains unbroken; and the clothes my young man destroys by his aqua fortis and his acids, can never be told.

Under an expectation of finding marl, which had never been wanted for our grounds, all my best stock of fine gooseberry-vinegar has been wasted; and yet I believe there were

gallons enough to have served that General Hannibal in pickling the rocks, as I have heard my poor William say that he did. But my worst mortification is yet to relate. One day, the lord of the manor, who is a very agreeable young gentleman, called in just as we had sat down to dinner, and made so free as to say that he would take pot-luck with us. He asked me if I made as good pickled cabbage now, as when he was a boy. I was very proud that he remembered it, and assured him, I had even improved my way of doing it. I gave Martha the closet key to bring some: when, lo! and behold! it was quite dry, and as black as my bonnet. I thought I should have cried for vexation: but that would not have repaired the mischief: and, when I afterward came to examine into the affair, I found it was occasioned by young Hopeful. He had wanted vinegar, in a great hurry, a few weeks before, for some chemical experiment; and, unfortunately having my key, he nearly drained the pickle-jars to obtain the necessary supply, but never remembered to tell me, or I might have renewed it.

I will not, however, trespass on your patience, to relate half the damage he has done; but the expense is so great, that another such year will run us aground, particularly as the farm does not go on so well while he is trying experiments within doors, as it did while he used to be attending business without.

In addition to this, he is totally changed as a companion: for, instead of coming in and telling me what he hears, he now relates nothing but what he sees, or knows: and I am wearied to death of *hydrogen* and *oxygen*, and other hard words, that would have puzzled Doctor Johnson himself. Besides,

from being liked by all, he is now laughed at by all. One day, last Christmas, we went to dine at the squire's: and my son being known for a learned man, he was desired to explain what certain curiosities were, which had lately been found in a gravel-pit.—I never saw such remarkable shapes: I thought they looked like snakes, and fish, and leaves; but he could neither tell us how they got there—whether they had always been there—what they appeared—or any thing more than that one was sulphuret, another was muriate, I think he said. In short, instead of being informed, the family were more puzzled than before, by his strange unsatisfactory words.

I hope, good Sir, you will not have any objection to make my case known: for, though its publication may not cure my own son, it may at least prevent some other persons from making fools of themselves.

I am, sir, your humble servant,
WINIFRED WATCHFUL.

The ADOPTED CHILD.

(Continued from page 114.)

BUT Marina was not the only one of the party, whose pillow, that night, was unvisited by the silent god: for, though the marquis could, in company, dissemble perhaps better than most men; yet, when he was alone, conscience, that never-failing monitor, did not fail to present to his imagination the injured form of his once-loved Marina; and a shadow of remorse crossed his mind, when he found that there still existed a monument of his guilt: and, naturally concluding, that Marina, although she had not betrayed him in public, would certainly communicate to Mrs. Montague the discovery she had made, he determined to wait upon that lady

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in the morning, make a merit with her of acknowledging Marina for his daughter, declare his resolution of taking her immediately under his own protection, and get her removed in the evening from Sedley-House.—At breakfast, therefore, he avowed his intention of inquiring after Miss Cavendish, and said, that, as he was going to my Lord Newdick's, he should call at Sedley-House before he returned.—Marina was just risen, as the gilded chariot of the marquis appeared in the avenue.—He desired to speak with Mrs. Montague alone; and, after introducing himself by inquiring for Miss Cavendish, he began to compliment the benevolence of Mrs. Montague, declared how interested he was in the fate of her charge, and artfully attempted to draw from her the secret of their first acquaintance; which Mrs. Montague, thinking the discovery might be advantageous to Marina, did not seek to conceal.—During her recital, she watched the various changes in the countenance of the marquis; but in not one of them could she trace the least sign of contrition.—She dwelt with particular energy on the death of Mrs. Cavendish, expatiating with warmth on the cruelty of those who could suffer such a woman to close her days in want and obscurity.—Here the marquis seemed to find his seat uneasy: he traversed the room several times; but still there appeared more of anger, than of remorse, in his well-dissembled features.

Mrs. Montague, finding every other effort fail, at length related the discovery which Marina had made; and the politic marquis, being now convinced that it was no longer necessary for him to avoid an explanation—first prefacing his artful tale with many innuendoes to the pre-

X

judice of that virtue, which he alone had defamed—with an air of consequential confidence declared that Marina was his natural daughter: “and you well know, my dear madam,” continued he, with one of his insidious smiles, “young men are but too apt to be seduced by the beauty of a willing female, to commit these little follies.—I may say, indeed, it was the only error which tarnished my youth; and I am willing to repair it, by doing all possible justice to the poor child.—I propose taking her home; but, as it is first necessary to prepare the marchioness for her reception, I shall send her to a villa of mine in Gloucestershire this evening; for which journey you will desire her to prepare immediately.—Never, my dear madam, can I sufficiently acknowledge the kindness you have shown her. The expenses which you have incurred for her education, I shall insist upon defraying: but I must entreat your secrecy with respect to the confidence which I repose in you, and that you will not declare to any human being, either that she is my child, or where I shall take her, lest the tale should reach the ears of the marchioness, before I have apprised her of it.”

The variety of emotions which agitated the breast of Mrs. Montague, alone prevented her from interrupting the marquis.—The discovery astonished her: for, however plausible the story of Mrs. Cavendish’s guilt, she was, in her own mind, too well convinced of her innocence, to credit for a moment his insinuations.—But the bare idea of parting with Marina oppressed her with such acute anguish, that she could hardly articulate a syllable.—She sat some minutes after the marquis had concluded his last speech, silent, and dejected.—As soon as

her wonted presence of mind had restored her to herself, she entreated that he would suffer Marina to remain with her, till he had prepared the marchioness for her reception; and then, with the dignity of offended pride, refused any payment for the trifling expenses bestowed on her education—and concluded with some severe reflexions on the savage barbarity of those men, who, having first seduced an unprotected innocent, leave their guiltless offspring to be the sport of an unfeeling world.

Reflexions like these had seldom (since he had obtained a marquise) reached the ear of the marquis; and he felt not a little offended at the freedom which Mrs. Montague had taken. But a moment’s recollection convinced him, that the large fortune, extensive connexions, and independent condition, as well as the kindness of Mrs. Montague to his daughter, in some degree privileged the freedom of her observations: and as, from the hints she had dropped, he perceived that she doubted the guilt of Marina’s mother, and consequently must think him alone to blame, he began, with his accustomed hypocrisy and artifice, to combat her prejudices, till, by degrees, his fervent protestations of innocence, which he called Heaven to witness, lessened the indignation she had conceived at his character: and so powerfully had his dissimulation operated on her mind, that she began to distrust the veracity of Jeannette, and the virtuous appearance of her unhappy mistress. But even the painful supposition that she might possibly have been deceived, did not for an instant lessen her affection for Marina. She enumerated, with partial fondness, her numberless perfections:—her gentleness, her affability, her modesty, and worth, she extolled with en-

thusiastic warmth; and concluded by deploring the loss she should sustain in the privation of her society—entreated that he would sometimes permit her to visit them, and again repeated her request, that she might continue at Sedley-House, till the marchioness returned from Spa.—The marquis, in reply, urged Marina's attachment to Tudway, as the principal cause of his refusal, and declared he was confidently assured that she secretly favored his suit.—After adding, that the son of a grocer was by no means a match for his daughter, he argued the necessity of speedily removing her, before she could have time to confer with her lover.

Though Mrs. Montague discredited every tittle of this story, and said every thing which reason and affection could urge to convince the marquis that he was in an error, he still obstinately adhered to his purpose of immediately removing her, and at last declared, in a more absolute tone than he had before thought proper to assume, that, whether it was true or false, as Marina's father, he had an undoubted right to exert any authority over her which he thought necessary; and that implicit obedience alone on her part would recommend her to his affection.—Again, in more softened accents, he acknowledged his obligations to Mr. and Mrs. Montague—hoped to see them at Ormville Park—avowed his intention of waiting upon Mr. Montague as soon as he returned from town (whither he had been informed, on his first alighting, by the servants, Mr. Montague was gone for a few days).—He then expressed a wish to see Marina: but, as she had scarcely yet recovered from the agitation of her spirits caused by their last night's rencontre, Mrs. Montague gave it

as her opinion, that he had better postpone the interview, till she was settled at his house.—To this the marquis readily acquiesced, and took his leave, with a request that Mrs. Montague would permit one of her female servants to attend Marina at seven o'clock that evening, when his chaise should be at her door, to convey them to Belvoir Dale.

The marquis's chariot was no sooner driven from the house, than Marina (who was most impatiently waiting the *dénouement* of his lordship's unwelcome visit) flew to her worthy benefactress, whom she found still musing on the sofa where he had left her. Surprise and distress had rendered her ideas so confused, that she was at a loss in what manner to reveal to her lovely charge that intelligence, which, she was well assured, would pierce her gentle heart with the keenest anguish. She therefore replied to Marina's repeated questions, only with sighs and tears, till the latter, unable any longer to endure such cruel suspense, threw herself at her feet, and, weeping, exclaimed, "Oh! my ever dear benefactress! this silence is worse than death! What new misfortune threatens my hapless youth? what dreadful circumstance can have thus overpowered you? Oh! tell me all! for there is nothing, which I cannot bear to hear, and support, with the resignation which you have taught me, except a separation from you: and surely my father, inexorable as he has proved, cannot impose on me so cruel a command."

"Alas! my dear child!" replied Mrs. Montague, "never were the maxims of fortitude you have imbibed more requisite than at this moment. Yet do not despond: for that same beneficent Being, who first led me to your assistance, will

inspire you with resolution, to surmount even this afflicting trial. The lot of happiness is the portion of few: but the merit of filial obedience will not pass unrewarded.—Comfort yourself with this assurance, that, however painful our present separation may prove, it shall speedily terminate, if you do not find, in your father's house, that respect and attention which you deserve.—In my friendship you may confide; and, should any impediment arise to prevent your introduction to the marchioness, I will not suffer you to languish in obscurity.—Every comfort and accommodation that can be procured for you by Mr. Montague's affection and mine, you may at all times command: and, believe me, my dearest Marina, I shall feel your loss but too sensibly. Deprived of your society, I lose the only pleasure I have enjoyed for many years."

Vain, however, was the offered consolation of Mrs. Montague:—Marina seemed insensible to every thing but her own sorrows. The cruelty of her father to her beloved mother was ever present to her imagination, and impressed her with such an idea of his character, that she thought it impossible for him ever to feel any tenderness toward a being, whose presence would prove a continual reproach to him. All the assurances, therefore, which Mrs. Montague gave her of his intended kindness, were inadequate to remove the prejudices she had imbibed. She listened, however, in patient silence, to her friend's account of their conversation, which she faithfully related, concealing only that part of it which reflected on the purity of her mother, as she justly imagined that it would only tend to increase that disgust, which she already too evidently discovered. Every argument that reason could

suggest was employed by Mrs. Montague, to reconcile Marina to at least a temporary residence with the marquis: but, on this occasion, her arguments had not their usual weight: Marina's reluctance seemed the effect of inspiration: she declared herself unable to perform the journey, and entreated that an excuse might be immediately sent, to prevent the arrival of the carriage.

(To be continued.)

The RUSSIAN PEASANT.

OF the Russian peasantry—who are in a state of complete slavery, being actually the property of their landlords, who sell them together with the land, in the same manner as the cattle that graze upon it—the following account is given by a German traveller (Heber), who visited Russia, a few years since.

"No slave can quit his village, or his master's family, without a passport. The punishment of runaways is imprisonment, and hard labor in the government works, and a master may send to the public workhouse any peasant he chooses. The prisons of Moscow and Kostroma were chiefly filled with such runaway slaves, who were for the most part in irons. On the frontier they often escape; but in the interior it is almost impossible: yet, during the summer, desertions are very common; and they sometimes lurk about for many months, living miserably in the woods. This particularly happens when there is a new levy of soldiers. The soldiers are levied, one from every certain number of peasants, at the same time, all over the empire. But if a master is displeased with his slave, he may send him for a soldier at any time he pleases, and take a receipt from government. He also selects the recruits he sends to government.

"Such is the political situation of the peasant. With regard to his comforts, or means of supporting existence, I do not think they are deficient. Their houses are in tolerable repair, moderately roomy, and well adapted to the habits of the people. They have the air of being sufficiently fed, and their clothing is warm and substantial. Fuel, food, and the materials for building, are very cheap; but clothing is dear. They wear a blue Nankin shirt, trimmed with red, which costs two or three roubles; linen drawers; and linen or hempen rags wrapped round their feet and legs, over which the richer sort draw their boots. The sheep-skin *schaub* costs eight roubles, but it lasts a long time; as does a lamb-skin cap, which costs three roubles. The common red cap costs about the same. To clothe a Russian peasant or a soldier is, I apprehend, three times as chargeable as in England. Their clothing, however, is strong, and being made loose and wide, lasts longer. It is rare to see a Russian quite in rags. With regard to the idleness of the lower classes here, of which we had heard great complaints, it appears, that, where they have an interest in exertion, they by no means want industry, and have just the same wish for luxuries as other people."

The BROTHERS ; a Moral Tale.

(Continued from page 69.)

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In his youth,
He had the wit, which I can well observe.
So like a courtier—nor contempt nor bitterness
Were in him: pride or sharpness if there were,
His equal had awak'd them: and his honor,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute, when
Exception bid him speak: and at that time

His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were
below him,
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low
ranks,
Making them proud of his humility.

Shakspeare.

WHILE poor Julia's mind was thus at war with itself, Fate was busy in another quarter: and we must now return to the object, who first made a division between her wishes and her duties.

Richmond nosooner heard of Lord Dellington's return, than he set off for the metropolis. Immediately on his arrival, he hastened to wait upon him; but, finding that his lordship was then among his brother peers—and being anxious to see him even in public, he followed to the House of Lords, just in time to hear him speak.—It required, however, the aid of an informer, to recollect his quondam associate in many a frolicsome scheme, in the accomplished orator before him. No fault, as a piece of declamation, could be found with the studied harangue to which he listened. Its periods were exactly rounded, the language well chosen, the enunciation correct, the action graceful. It excited approbation: and, when concluded, Frederic almost involuntarily exclaimed—"My God! what else can this man have studied?"

Next morning he again presented himself at Dellington House, and, luckily, at an hour when the porter was ordered to give admission to visitors. His air of fashion permitted him not to be taken for a petitioner; and he was ushered to the great man through rows of laced liveries, and a suite of rooms, which at once bespoke the taste and affluence of the owner. His impatience had rendered him the first visitor. He was therefore spared the embarrassment, which the cool, though perfectly polite bow of a man whom

he had once called his friend, would otherwise have occasioned him.—“You do not, I fear, recognise me, my lord,” said Richmond.—“I beg your pardon, sir: my memory is perfect; but the change of name confounded me for a moment. May I congratulate you on any good fortune attached to it?” added his lordship.—“And that change, my lord, I can satisfactorily explain,” returned the other; when the arrival of fresh visitors rendered it impossible to proceed. The room filled rapidly; and it was only *en passant* that Lord Dellington could say, “This is unfortunate, my dear sir, when you were just on the point of giving me some agreeable information: but will you dine with me, *en famille*, at six o’clock? and I shall then, I trust, have the felicity to hear the particulars of your good fortune, in which, believe me, you have not a friend on earth who will more sincerely rejoice.”—Richmond gladly accepted the invitation, and retired, somewhat relieved in mind by the last assurance.

Lord Dellington was perfectly a man of the world.—In principles, perhaps, neither better nor worse than half a dozen years before, at the period of his acquaintance with Frederic Saint-Villiers: but he had acquired that cautionary reserve, that perfect politeness, which can be gained only in the line his lordship had moved in. Perfectly decorous in all his habits, he gave censure no room for attack; and, except differing from his great prototype in an abhorrence of gambling and gamblers, his tenets were completely those of the Chesterfieldian school—to live with a friend, as if he might one day become an enemy—and with an enemy, so as to convert him into a friend. If a favor could not be granted, he

would refuse with a grace equal to what many would give it with: and a constant display of those little civilities which ingratiated him with the individual, while they adorned his character with the multitude, was the practical result of the maxims by which his lordship squared his conduct.

Thus it was in regard to Frederic Saint-Villiers. Neither he, nor the alteration in his prospects, occupied his lordship’s mind for one moment, after they had ceased to be the topics of the day. Frederic had never been named in those political, literary, agricultural, scientific, or fashionable circles which his lordship frequented; and his very existence was forgotten, till he now saw him as Mr. Richmond.

When Lord Dellington heard his change of name could be satisfactorily accounted for, he concluded that an increase of fortune had accompanied it, and that Frederic was again in the sphere in which his birth entitled him to move. Hence arose his invitation; for, though his civility would have been the same, he would not have asked to his table a person who had once subsisted by play, and since by a subordinate employment in authorship; for one of the points on which Lord Dellington particularly piqued himself, was a nicety as to those who frequented his house.—His present party was rather an accidental, than a regularly invited one. The number was about half a dozen: yet, had the entertainment been graced by the blood royal, it could hardly have been more superb, or the master of it more attentive to his guests—drawing them forth on appropriate topics—adapting himself to their tastes—and appearing *au fait* on every subject that arose.

Richmond was disappointed: no

confidential discourse could ensue; and, for more than a fortnight, his projects to gain Lord Dellington's private ear were always frustrated. Still, however, he had no right to complain: his lordship, though constantly engrossed by business or company, was always kind in his reception, and regular in requesting "his company to dine at six o'clock *en famille*." Circumstanced as he was, it would not have been prudent to reject these invitations, lest he should lose the opportunity he sought for, or his patron cease to repeat them, and to remember him.

These parties, however, always turned out like the first. His lordship lived elegantly, and liked to have witnesses of it. Besides, in a small circle he unbent his mind from its load of business; and, following the opinion of the French monarch as to an agreeable number, he seldom sat down to his every day repast with fewer than the Graces, or more than the Muses. His conversable talents were great, and thus never suffered to rust. To a disengaged mind, nothing could have been more agreeable than these days; but, alas! poor Frederic had the mortification to see his hard-earned guineas melt away, one after another, without his making any approach toward the object of his pursuit.—At length, however, in one of his morning visits, he seized an instant to whisper his entreaties for a private conference. Lord Dellington, in the most feeling manner, protested his concern that every moment of that day was previously engaged. He should sleep out of town, and not return till he came back to attend the House the next day: but at length, with an air which seemed to indicate that his every thought had been upon the stretch to gratify his friend, "I am now going," said his lordship,

"to dine at Hampton. Is it possible you could adjust your time so as to accompany me? You can either send a message for your own carriage to follow, or mine may return, and set you down where you please."—"There needs be no difficulty about that arrangement, my lord," said Richmond, with a pang, whose bitterness was known only to himself—"I am ready to attend you."

He had for some time, when in private, been tempted to believe Lord Dellington's civility much greater than his friendship: yet, when in his company, his ingratiating manners dispelled the idea: and, as he seemed the only channel through which the much-desired motive of his journey could be attained, it was not to be lightly laid aside.—When the opportunity of solicitation, however, arrived, it was not used without embarrassment. To repose an uninvited confidence, was, at any rate, an awkward business; and, wishing to do it as briefly as he could, he prefaced his request by saying, that the unfortunate alteration in his circumstances was known, by every one who spoke of the transaction, to have been effected without any criminality attaching to himself. For a considerable time (he added) he had rambled about, and lived as many other young men did:—now his utmost ambition was to indulge an honorable attachment for a young lady of good family: but his present unprovided condition rendered it impossible for him to offer proposals: and he adjured his lordship, by the tie of connexion, their former intimacy, and his present power, to assist him.

Lord Dellington never gave an abrupt denial; and, upon the present opening of the business, he felt inclined to accede, as he thought a young man of abilities, well skilled

in languages — with a good address—and with a motive for employment, which would probably render him conveniently subservient — would be in many respects an acquisition to the minister. He therefore affected to enter zealously into the cause; assuring him, that the power of serving a much-valued friend would confer a degree of happiness on himself. At present, 'tis true, there were an immense number of applicants; but, sooner or later, a gentleman, like him, so well calculated to advance the respectability of any cause that he joined, could not fail of being known and sought for.

People are seldom incredulous, as to the probability of a hope inspired in conformity with their wishes. The sanguine temper of Richmond was elated beyond all bounds; and he parted from Lord Dellington with the warmest emotions of gratitude, and devoid of suspicion, that the old-fashioned philanthropy of disinterested service and good-will was as remote from his lordship's mind, as the idea of a perpetual summer from that of the unenlightened native of the frigid zone.

(*To be continued.*)

Religious Processions in PORTUGAL.

(*From Captain Eliot's "Treatise on the Defence of Portugal."*)

OF all the religious ceremonies, the procession of the *Corpus Christi** is the most magnificent. On this day the streets are hung with silken

* The Latin words, *Corpus Christi*, signify "the body of Christ," the name given to the consecrated host, which, in all Roman Catholic countries, is carried about in grand procession, on the day thence called *Corpus Christi day*, which is the Thursday next after Trinity Sunday.—ED.

drapery, embroidered with gold; the monks of the different orders join the procession, bearing the silver candelabra of their convents; and at the head marches the statue of St. George on horseback, in complete armour, attended by the generals and their suite bare-headed. The military line the streets; the convents are illuminated in the evening by tar-barrels and large wax tapers; a profusion of rockets are seen in the air from all parts of the town; the garrison and shipping fire in honor of the day; and the whole is conducted with the utmost pomp and grandeur.

The procession of the host is continually passing to and fro in the city of Lisbon: on its entrance into any of the streets, one of the ecclesiastical attendants who precedes it, tolls a hand-bell which he carries for the purpose; upon this the whole of the passengers, male and female, drop on their knees, and remain in that position, crossing themselves, and repeating their *Ave-Marias* and *Pater-nasters*, till it has passed. The inhabitants run to the balconies and windows of their houses, and perform the same ceremonies; the military guards turn out bare-headed and kneeling, with the point of the bayonet to the ground. The officers and soldiers of the British army halt and take off their hats, but do not kneel.

The BALL-ROOM.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

AFTER a long residence in a situation of perfect retirement, I can hardly express the astonishment with which I perceive "old manners chang'd, old customs gone:" and, as the force of contrast sometimes

produces reformation, I determined, through the medium of your Magazine, to attempt representing the difference between a ball-room now, and what it was seven and forty years ago, when I attended that scene of amusement for the last time, until the other day.

At the former period, the ladies wore high heels, and high feathers—silks of substance, and trains of length; and they sought to please the eyes, but never to strike the ears, of the company. But, on lately entering a ball-room, I beheld a group of little girls, with bare heads and bosoms, gossamer gowns, and Lilliputian fans, which they wielded with a kind of attractive management, that, in the freedom of their merry conversations, sometimes concealed the broad exhibition of laughter from the mouth, while they covertly displayed the smile lurking in the eye. The gentlemen, too, appeared equally metamorphosed. I knew, indeed, that lace and embroidery were no longer seen: but I was not aware that the frocks and unpowdered heads which I saw in the morning, would be deemed proper for an evening appearance. The belles, however, do not seem to regard this style as unsuitable to their own; for they immediately begin a promenade, arm in arm, with their black-legged beaux.

The gentlemanly bow, and the low curtsy, I need hardly say, are looked for in vain; and it seems to me very doubtful, whether the ladies are now asked to dance, or that, in some sort of cant phrases mutually understood by the parties, they signify an intention of running down the prescribed figure with the young man to whom they speak. The air, the steps, the figures, and attitudes, are wholly changed from those of my youthful days; and the departure from a ball-room is almost

as striking as the entrance into it. Some of the young men notice the elder ladies so far, as to ask them, “if they have been informed that their carriage is ready.” Others, who have been dancing, attend to their partners so far, as to wrap their shawls or tippets around them—give them their arm as far as the head of the stairs—shake hands, and say, “Good night! if I had my hat, I would see you down:” and, except for the convenience of being conveyed home, or to utter some *bons-mots* upon the party they had quitted, I observe the youths of the present day carry their complaisance no further than the door.

I wish, sir, you could induce your fair readers to consider, whether the ease of modern days is a good substitute for that dignity which formerly marked the gentlewoman, and whether the depravity of morals, which of late has swelled the chronicles of *crim. con.* may not be traced to the laxity of manners, which, in proscribing form and introducing familiarity, has smoothed the way to impropriety. I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

AN OLD GENTLEWOMAN.

Modern Feminine EDUCATION.

By MARINA.

(Continued from page 123.)

The Vision.

I IMAGINED myself still reclined on my bed, and pursuing the same train of reflexions; when suddenly I felt myself raised by an invisible arm, which transported me through the air with inconceivable rapidity, for a considerable time. When I found myself again stationary, and had sufficiently recovered my recollection to endeavour to ascertain my situation, I conjectured that I was upon a large plain, but so involved in mist and obscurity, that I could form

no idea of its extent, or what it might contain.—I several times groped my way a few yards, in hopes of reaching buildings which I imagined I saw at a distance; but I constantly found myself deceived. The most trifling objects were so magnified by the mist through which they were viewed, that they appeared of the greatest importance. I had wandered some time in this unpleasant state, when a voice sounded in my ears—“Inquisitive daughter of earth! thy curiosity shall be gratified!”

Immediately a brilliant light shone around, and a figure of celestial appearance stood before me. Her countenance was radiant as the beams of morning; and her smile was brighter than the imagination of mortal can conceive. Her eyes emitted a light clear and beautiful, but not of that painful brilliancy which dazzles more than it pleases. In whatever direction she turned, the clouds appeared to disperse; and gradually the whole scene was unveiled to my view. She held in her hand a mirror without blemish; and her robe was of the purest blue. Gazing in admiration wholly unmixed with fear (for her countenance invited approach), I waited in silence the pleasure of the heavenly messenger.—“I am,” said she, “Truth, the daughter of Light, and one of the constant attendants upon Virtue. I do not, like Happiness, elude the search of man, but, when sought for with sincerity, am always to be found; and he who takes me for his guide, seldom fails to obtain *her*. If, however, she is still denied to him by fate, I conduct him to the retreat of Tranquillity, her younger sister. Man too often, blind to his own interest, forsakes the safe and open road, by which I would lead him, to steal through the covert paths of cunning, or wander in the mazes of false-

hood: but *thou* hast wisely desired to learn the truth; and Truth herself shall guide thee.”

With these words the celestial guide took me by the hand, and conducted me to a building called the Tower of Observation, from whose top I discerned clearly the whole of that immense plain which I had at first seen so imperfectly. Through the middle of it ran a broad highway, upon which a number of people were continually passing and repassing. At the entrance of the road, was a kind of turnpike, to which a number of children were continually brought, attended by a figure of the most disgusting appearance. She at times made very strong attempts to enter with some that appeared to be her favorites; in which efforts she was seconded by themselves, but was always driven back by the porter. I observed, however, that she had in her train a number of little beings, bearing in their countenances so strong a resemblance to herself, that I was sure they were, all of them, her offspring, though, in general, they differed extremely from each other. Some of the children seemed amazingly fond of these ugly creatures, and continued to slip them through the gate with themselves, unseen by the porter, who had orders not to admit any of them. What astonished me very much, was, that the number of these creatures by the side of the mother never seemed to decrease: but their fate, after they ventured from her side, appeared to be very different. Some stuck close by their young friends, who held them fast, in spite of every opposition from the various guides to whose care they were entrusted on the road. Many, deserted by their early friends, attached themselves to others, by whom they were at first disregarded, but who at length became so fond

of them by custom, that they seemed a part of themselves.—I was very much diverted by the contests I observed between some of these creatures and their early patrons. The victory, in most of these cases, was long doubtful, and was often on the point of declaring for that side which eventually was conquered. One thing pleased me very much, which was, that, wherever the children showed themselves determined, their little enemies (for as such I could not help regarding them, as I noticed that they were continually involving their patrons in some disgraceful and embarrassing situation, from which they were never extricated, until they had abandoned their treacherous guides) were beaten off the field, never to resume their empire.

At the other extremity of the road was a large temple; and at each side were buildings, where a number of people were continually offering themselves as guides. But what most powerfully attracted my attention, was a female figure of immense size, placed upon a pedestal of great height. It would be impossible to describe either her person or her dress. While I looked upon her, her eyes changed from black to blue, from blue to hazel, from hazel to grey, and from grey to black again. Her complexion varied as rapidly: she was now a lovely brunette, again fair, "faultless fair." Her hair assumed so many various shapes, that I cannot recollect them; and her dress was of the same fleeting nature. She had at one moment a train so long that it annoyed every body, and the weight of which, under a forced appearance of ease, fatigued her in the most distressing manner; and, in the next, her petticoats were so short, as scarcely to appear in accord with the principles of propriety. She

once attempted trowsers; but they disappeared as soon as seen. Her waist was now so short, as quite to raise her arms out of their place, and again so long, that the hips alone terminated it; and her arms and neck, one moment covered up with as much care as a miser conceals his treasure, were, the next, displayed without the smallest reserve. Among the endless variety of her dress and appearance, there was one unchanging circumstance, which, in so versatile a lady, much surprised me, and this was, that the words "Pride and Vanity" were always to be read upon her forehead; and that, about the region of the heart, there appeared to be a deficiency, which she endeavoured to supply by a black, hard, impenetrable substance, on which was written "Self-love." In the active gambols which she sometimes displayed, I caught a view of her shoe-soles, on one of which I traced, with some difficulty, the word "Religion," and on the other, nearly as much obliterated, "Morality."—Fantastic, and out of nature as was her appearance, she had still a herd of imitators in the crowd below; and I could see, that, at every change, great bustle ensued.

I turned to my heavenly guide to ask the meaning of what I saw. Truth smiled—"The plain before you," said she, "is the plain of Society; and the highway in the middle of it is called the road of Education. The building at the furthest end is the temple of Instruction, who is the genius of the place. The turnpike at the commencement is kept by Attention: but, though she is too faithful to her trust to admit within the gate any person whose entrance is forbidden, still she is sometimes deceived by art and false appearances. The hideous figure you see without, is Ignorance. At the

gate of Education, she is compelled, however unwillingly, to relinquish her prey : but, where she is excluded herself, she often contrives to elude the vigilance of the porter, and slip in some of her pernicious offspring, while they are of too tender an age to excite alarm. They are Pride, Vanity, Meanness, Superstition, Affectation, and, in short, all the vices and follies of which Obstinacy and Ignorance are the united parents. They are those destructive habits, which my constant votary and most able champion, the very organ of truth, Dr. Samuel Johnson, has so admirably described."

"But who," said I, interrupting her, "is that elevated figure, whose absurdities and changes have excited my astonishment, without raising my admiration?"—"That figure," replied Truth, "is Fashion."—"Fashion!" I exclaimed: "and does Fashion preside over Education?"—"No," replied Truth: "but she presides over the mockery of it. In the earlier ages of the world, when its inhabitants were much less numerous, Philosophy, the son of Virtue, became enamoured of Wisdom, the daughter of Experience, and married her. They had a son, whom they named Instruction: and, as time only rendered Philosophy more devoted in his attachment to Wisdom, he resolved to spread her fame over the world. For this purpose, he brought up his son in the love and veneration of all virtue; and, when Instruction was qualified for the high office to which he was designed, his parents sent him into the world, to teach the ignorant, and to diffuse knowledge over the face of the earth.—Instruction followed the directions he had received: he inspired the love of Wisdom: at Athens he erected her temple; and thence diffused her fame over all the countries

of Greece, till "philosophers" and "wise men" were names as familiar as respected. The mists of error were dissipated: men sought the clear light of truth; and the throne of Ignorance tottered to its basis.

"Still one half of the human race were buried in the darkness of her clouds, and the purposes of Wisdom were but half accomplished. Man, possessing the governing authority, engaged in active pursuits, and conscious of his own powers, soon burst the trammels which confined him: but woman—degraded below that proud scale of intellectual superiority which men affect, and condemned to inferior duties—possessed not the power or the means of emancipating herself from the bonds of Ignorance. Unnatural restraints were imposed upon her: liberal arts, and the whole circle of the sciences, were considered as beyond her comprehension, and entirely removed from her sphere of action. A female, even of the most exalted rank, was deemed sufficiently educated, if she knew how to guard the bodily health of her children, and to superintend the business of the kitchen, that she might gratify the epicurism of her husband by her excellence in those culinary arts, which he looked upon with contempt, but considered as indispensable requisites in a wife, for the gratification of his own gross appetites.

"As luxury advanced, and conversation and manners became more refined, the mere household drudge was no longer a companion to be endured by the tasteful voluptuary: but the change that took place in the system of feminine education, was by no means advantageous to virtue or morals: the culture of the mind was but little attended to, while the most lavish attention was paid to the person. Man, jealous of his long-

established superiority, could not bear the competition of the being whom he considered in the light of a slave, and levelled the powerful engine of ridicule against female learning. Woman, so often the thoughtless echo of her arrogant master to her own disparagement, has generally adopted his sentiments; and there are few names that would be considered as terms of greater reproach, than that of a *learned lady*; though, probably, the most learned woman that ever rendered herself estimable by the cultivation of her heart and understanding, never employed so much time in study as is devoted by the fashionable fair ones to the decoration of their persons, and the attainment of frivolous accomplishments, which are only desirable as they may tend innocently and elegantly to amuse a lighter hour, but were never intended for the business of life. But the young ladies of the present day often devote a great portion of their time to reading; and if, for every six volumes of novels, could be substituted one of real utility, they would, most of them, have acquired a stock of knowledge sufficient to enable them to take a respectable part in conversation on most of the usual topics.—But we will descend to the plain, and look more narrowly into the system which I have been describing."

In a moment, I found myself at the entrance of the road of Education: the temple of Instruction lay full in view; and several guides, whose appearance bespoke their heavenly origin, were eager to offer their assistance in attaining it. I could not help expressing to my divine guide my utter astonishment, that, with the temple of the deity in view, and his servants for their conductors, so few should appear possessed of

constancy to pursue the road. "The road," replied Truth, "which (viewed, as we see it now) appears level, and capable of being quickly traversed, is in some parts rough and difficult to pass, but presents no obstacles which may not be overcome by a little exertion.—The guides are all of the family of Wisdom, and are called Experience, Patience, Perseverance, Attention, and Hope: but Fashion lays hold of the weak; and, before the child is able to make her own election, the parent has decided; and it is remarkable that those who have been educated themselves upon the old confined plan, are most ambitious that their children should try the effects of the present liberal scale; so that it is no uncommon case to see a fine half-naked pupil of the present system—in the vanity of accomplishments, such as making the harp squeak, and the piano-forte groan—look down with pity and contempt upon the ignorance of her mother. But let us enter one of these houses; and the power of Truth will penetrate the disguise that is assumed." We did so, but found some difficulty in getting through the entrance-hall, where a crowd of dancing-masters, French masters, music-masters, drawing-masters, in short, masters of all descriptions, with milliners, dress-makers, hair-dressers, &c. were waiting for an audience with the lady of the house. "These people," said Truth, "are candidates for the honor of instructing the young ladies in this seminary in the various branches of education which they profess. Perhaps you think that he will obtain the preference, who can give the best proof of excelling in his art?"—"Certainly," I replied.—"You are mistaken," answered my instructor. "The choice will fall upon him who can enumerate the greatest number of fashionable

name among his employers; and the same rule will prevail with the milliners, &c."

We then entered a room where several parents were treating for the admission of their children. After listening for some time to the conversation, which, I found, consisted entirely of inquiries and answers respecting the different teachers most in vogue, without so much as one question respecting the religious instruction afforded, I quitted the house. "And is this," said I, "the boasted system of modern education?"—"Yes," replied Truth. "Woman, brought up the creature of sense, is often an easy prey to the vicious and designing. It is true, indeed, that the present mode is an admirable antidote to the seductions of feeling, since modern young ladies can calculate upon the profit and loss of a matrimonial connexion with as much precision as the men themselves. Men often affect to laugh at the superficial education of girls: but the sincerity of their contempt must be questioned, when we see that these are the females who meet with the principal attention in company; who are selected by them for wives; and that this is the species of education given to their daughters, by men notoriously anxious to dispose of them in marriage. But let us quit this scene, glittering in all the gaudy trappings of vanity, but melancholy when viewed in its true colors; and proceed to the temple of Instruction. On the road, you will still find many young and lovely women, perseveringly pursuing their honorable and arduous course. Sweetness and intelligence beam in their countenances: their persons are arrayed with neatness and modesty; and Hope, the most lovely and smiling of their guides, continually shows that the roughnesses of the road are

decreasing, and points to the temple of Instruction, where they will drink knowledge at the "fountain-head;" where Religion, with her handmaid Reason, presides over and purifies the whole; where Industry and Judgement are collecting and arranging the wisdom of preceding ages for their benefit; where the dignity of human intellect is established in the perfection of virtue; where genius, taste"

"Let us go!" said I, impatiently snatching the hand of Truth: but, alas! I unfortunately grasped the curtains of my bed: the touch awaked me: I looked round: the vision had vanished; and, unluckily, I had not asked my obliging guide, why Fashion wore, upon the soles of her shoes, the names of Religion and Morality.

ANTIPATHIES.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

THOUGH often accustomed to hear of courts of Equity, I have not heard of a court of Etiquette; and I wish I could see a tribunal established, where cases coming under the cognisance of the latter could be tried by rules belonging to the former. I should wish especially to have it ascertained, how far the young and the gay are privileged to discompose the comforts of the aged and the steady.

We cannot now have a social meeting of neighbours, without some confusion taking place from the delicate aversions of the youthful part of the company. This mischief has all originated, within a couple of years, from the antipathy entertained by a young lady of fortune in the neighbourhood, to that useful animal, a cat.

She has, by the death of a distant

relative, lately succeeded to a fine property, within half a mile of the comfortable little town where I reside. Her father has not been dead above a year; and very wisely, as we thought, she resolved on settling at once at the old family seat. She is about seven and twenty, and agreeable both in her person and manners. The mansion-house was miserably out of repair; and she set herself very judiciously to work to have it put in order. At first, it is true, she could not receive any formal parties, but gave her neighbours a cup of tea, and a hearty welcome, whenever they would go. In time, however, as the former good living of the house was restored, we heard dreadful details of the annoyances from rats. Their natural adversaries, cats, were offered, but always rejected, as Miss Sumners disliked them. That, however, was her own affair; and nobody commented on the subject, until, one day, she offended a venerable spinster, by desiring that her favorite tabby might be expelled from the parlour, as she could not bear to stay in the room with it; and another time she flew out of a shop, as if pursued by the Furies, merely because one of these innocent mousers happened to be sitting on the counter. Still, however, as she was a great favorite in the neighbourhood, this species of folly did not diminish the estimation in which she was held, though it did away all sympathy for her domestic grievances, as she would not employ the certain means of removing them.

One day, that her offence to Mrs. Judith Patinson was discussed at my house, I lamented the drawback upon her good sense, that was shown by yielding to this antipathy. To my no small astonishment, a gay young physician, lately settled amongst us, who is rather suspected

of harbouring a matrimonial design upon the fair heiress, began a sort of apologetic dissertation on the subject, saying, that, "the weaker the nerves, the more natural it was for the constitution to harbour such a train of sensations, which, for his part, he regarded as symptoms of delicacy, that ought to be treated with the utmost sympathy and tenderness."

"Symptoms of folly!" returned I, "that ought to be treated with contempt!" and the conversation dropped.

I, however, am an old fashioned woman; and this disciple of Æsculapius is a handsome young man, whose attentions are coveted by all the *belles* in the place. He had no sooner broached this pernicious doctrine, than the race of Antipathies multiplied beyond all calculation. One lady could not endure a wasp—another, a mouse—a third, a spider. In short, every one tries to prove her delicacy by her fears. In every party, we have a concert of screaming—flying from one quarter of the house to another—throwing down the furniture—toe-treading—elbow-knocking, and every possible species of disturbance.

Sometimes, it is true, ludicrous occurrences ensue; and, at others, the folly of the parties is sufficiently punished by its exposure. Once, for instance, a foolish girl, who, with fifty pounds a year, attires herself as if she had five hundred, had her best dress torn to pieces, in a rapid retreat, from the apprehension of a mouse. On another occasion, an awkward young man, on being requested to kill a wasp—which would have flown out of the room as innocently as it flew in, if it had continued unmolested—irritated the insect to such a degree, that one of its fair enemies was severely stung. An-

other case was that of a gay little lady, who, in a neat cap and plain gown, would have been liked as a cheerful good-humoured woman of eight and forty, but, by the youthful style of her garb, and assumed vivacity of her behaviour, has become the laughing stock of the place. In every run that was made, she had the pleasure of manifesting her agility, while her motions and celerity resembled those of a shuttlecock. In one unhappy skip, however, she was unfortunately tripped up, by her foot catching the fringe of the hearth-rug. Her gaily-dressed wig was caught by the upright rest for the fire-irons; and, while the smartly-frizzed *perruque* decorated the corner of the fire-place, the owner's head, instead of exhibiting the luxuriant tresses which it had worn a minute before, showed a neat specimen of close cropping.

In short, Mr. Editor, there is scarcely a ridiculous or disagreeable consequence which we have not experienced, since the Doctor broached his system in defence of antipathies; and, with sincere wishes for the reproof of such folly, I remain, sir, your humble servant,

A FEMALE OBSERVER.

The RETURN of SPRING.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY,

Author of the "Farm-House," &c.

"Fled now the sullen murmurs of the north,

The splendid raiment of the spring peeps forth.

Her universal green, and the clear sky,
Delight still more and more the gazing eye.
Wide o'er the fields, in rising moisture strong,

Shoots up the simple flow'r, or creeps along

The mellow'd soil; imbibing fairer hues,
Or sweets, from frequent show'rs and ev'ning dews.

Bloomfield.

How delightful is the return of spring to a well-informed and feeling

mind! After a long and dreary winter, to behold again the vegetable world put forth its buds and blossoms; to feel the genial warmth of the sun; and to hear the feathered songsters of the groves carolling their "wood-notes wild" in gratitude to the giver of all good! cold indeed must that heart be, which does not dilate with raptures at such a time. It is pleasing, even in very early spring—or rather when winter has not yet ceased to reign—to behold a hardy shrub throwing out its buds, or to witness an early flower protruding itself from the ground. It leads the contemplative mind to anticipate the time,

When o'er the world fair spring has thrown
Her robe of em'rald, gemm'd with gold;
When all the bloomy buds are blown,
Forgetting winter's cold;

When fragrance ev'ry Zephyr fills,
As dawns the orient hour of day;
When flow'r-clad vales, and wood-crown'd hills,

All own the pow'r of May.

Author's MS. Poems.

When this time has arrived; when the day rises in beauty, and every moment shows some new charm to invite us forth; who, that has the power to avail himself of a ramble, would idle away such precious moments in listless inactivity? Who would not seek the field, the grove, the hill, the stream, and witness, what we cannot but deem the delight expressed by all animated nature, the over-flowing joy occasioned by the sweet return of "loveliness and May?"—Does a bird pour forth his artless song? We cannot but deem it an effusion of joy.—Does a lamb gambol over the verdant surface of the field? Fancy deems delight to be its inspirer.—Does a fish spring from the surface of the stream? Still imagination loves to think that it proceeds from the all-inspiring cause, the return

of spring.—And, if we deem wrong in this, if only common appetites, and the common feelings of nature, inspire it all, it is a pleasing error, and one, of which we should not wish to be undeceived; but should rather say with Hurdis—

“Am I deceiv’d? Be my mistake eternal!”

When summer comes, we do not feel the same sort of joy: we have become accustomed to all the charms of nature; and their influence is, in a great degree, lost upon us. The fruits of the earth are ripening around; and, though we feel every impulse of gratitude, the peculiar feelings inspired by the return of spring have left us. Indeed, when latter summer arrives, or autumn sheds her mellowing beams on the world, the mind begins to anticipate the unwelcome return of winter; and finds, in the shortened day, and the chill evening breezes, but too sure a presage of it. Hurdis felt all this, and in his beautiful poem, “The Village Curate,” after describing the labors of the harvest, says—

“Proceed, ye swains,
“And make one autumn of your lives,
your toil
Still new, your harvest never done. Pro-
ceed,
And stay the progress of the falling year;
And let the cheerful valley laugh and sing,
Crown’d with perpetual August. Never
faint,
Nor ever let us hear the hearty shout
Sent up to heav’n, your annual work com-
plete,
And harvest ended. It may seem to you
The sound of joy, but not of joy to us.
We grieve to think how soon your ef-
forts cease,
How soon the plenteous year resigns her
fruits,
And waits the mute approach of surly
winter.”

Let us then enjoy the spring-time while it lasts: let the hand of industry be busily employed: let the laborer till the earth; and harvests,

glowing and productive, shall be his rich reward: for spring-time is, to the year, what youth is to man—a time of laborious activity; a time of cheerful attention to what is useful; for if the necessary duties of this season are idly postponed, want or famine must be the consequence.—So in the life of man; if he wastes his youth in idle and unprofitable pleasures—if he suffers the siren smile of Indolence to betray his footsteps into the paths of vice—ruin, deep and irremediable ruin, will follow. He may in vain woo the insulted form of Industry, when his arm, enfeebled by excess, or weakened by age, is not powerful enough to protect her. She will inevitably shun him; and the bitter cup of sorrow will be his portion, till nature in pity shall call him to the tomb. For man, when the winter of age pours its snows upon his forehead, has no second spring to look to. The winter of nature is cheered by the recollection that another spring will smile, that “seed-time and harvest” will again return! Not so with man: his winter leads but to the grave—

“The grave, dread thing!
Men shiver, when thou’rt nam’d: Nature
appall’d
Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah!
how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful
wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and
night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was roll’d together, or had try’d his beams
Athwart the gloom profound!” *Blair.*

As man has spent his youth and manhood, so will his hour of age be happy, or miserable; fraught with the fear of the future, or filled with the calm anticipation of a happy life to come, in those regions of blissful eternity, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

WIT.

WIT is a property, which, like grace, is universally acknowledged, always felt, but never defined. It is, to the mind, what the other is to the body; and both are requisite to give that last high polish, without which, sense becomes heavy, and beauty insipid.

Each quality has its degrees: and imitators should be careful that their attempts at grace do not degenerate into affectation, or those at wit into rudeness.

Punning has hitherto been denominated the lowest species of wit: yet, even in a play upon words, there is something of ingenuity; while a kind of blunt truism, that is often exhibited in reply, is destitute of all merit whatever.

As cautions, the following examples are quoted, to prove, that, unless there be wit in the thought, there can be none in the expression.

"This is a sweet day," said Mrs. A** to Miss D**.—"Did you expect a *sour* one, that you remark it?"—was the reply.

Mr. B** once offended a lady of quality, with whom he dined, by replying, on her recommending a dish to him as very good, "I will not take your word for it," and helping himself largely.

Upon its being remarked in a large company, that they had not, for many years, seen a marriage in the family of D***, Miss E***, with a sagacious grin, rejoined, "You will soon see one out of it." Conjecture applied her repartee to the heir of the family, and a young lady upon a visit at the house. An angry reproach from the parties on her spreading such a report, produced the simple explanation, that "the next marriage, which was *not* in the house, must be *out of it*; and it was no fault of hers, if people could not understand a joke."

BAD NERVES.

To the Editor of the *Lady's Magazine*.

SIR,

I AM afflicted with very bad nerves, the effects of which upon my system are increased by my propensity to writing; for be it known to you that I am a bit of an author, and have occasionally written for your Magazine, though not under my present signature.

The motive of this letter is to explain to you a number of annoyances which I meet with, while pursuing my favorite employment—writing. I live, sir, in a passage leading into one of the Inns of Court, on the ground-floor of a house occupied by a working silversmith; whose apprentice, a lad of fifteen, is one of my plagues, and has been annoying me most wofully for the last hour, by whistling some three crotchets and a half, that have no music in them, over, and over, and over again. Had I dared, I certainly should have sallied forth, and boxed the young rogue's ears. Twice a day, now the weather is growing fine, am I doomed to bear the *uproarious* rejoicing of children just let out of school from a house opposite. This is one of my bitterest torments: such shouting and screaming—such laughing and crying—all talkers, and no hearers—oh! sir! you would pity me from the bottom of your heart! Many a fine idea, or beautifully turned expression, have I—and the world—lost for ever, owing to this very uproar.—Besides those diurnal plagues, I have a regular set of periodical tormentors. One is a female ballad-singer, who posts herself, every Saturday afternoon, just within ear-shot, and keeps her post, and continues to sing the same song, for about five hours. During all this time, to write would be impossible; nothing can I

think of, but, "Overboard he vent," which is the song she has chosen to display her abilities. Every Thursday, come to the same spot a couple of the same tribe, who sing a sort of duet; but both in one key, if key it can be called.—These do not stay quite so long, and therefore are not quite so troublesome: but, while they do stop—I am really ashamed to say it, sir—I keep wishing them at . . . any where but where they are. Another of my plagues adds music to his song, and accompanies himself on a most execrable violin, which is as execrably played; and is no more in unison with his voice, than the great bell at St. Paul's is with a dustman's: by the by, a dustman's bell is an occasional annoyance of mine.—But, to return to our fiddler—both his voice and his fiddle seem cracked; and their united tones, or rather disunited tones, "harrow up my soul." Another of our itinerant Orpheuses mercifully refrains from singing, and contents himself with the *execution* done by his fiddle: but then the fiddle is of his own making!—this I have heard him tell the passengers, though indeed he has no cause to be proud of it; for it has no one tone, except a sort of indescribable squeak, with which he does somehow contrive to produce a kind of jig, which sets my principal plagues, the children, dancing. Scarcely has the fiddle-maker departed, when another musician comes, in the shape of an organist, who claps his back against the wall of the very house I live in, turns his barrel-organ before him, and absolutely grinds me to despair. Oh! that the poet should ever have written, "Music has charms to sooth," &c. I could quarrel with him, if he were alive, for such a downright—flam—I was going to write something much worse.

But it is not only with professed musicians and singers that I have to contend; I have two or three neighbouring *amateurs*, who are nearly as regular in their annoyances as the professors, but not for such a continuance quite. One of these is a lad, who sings "Robin Adair," with its perpetually-recurring burden, to a tune which most certainly never belonged to poor Robin, till my ears are full of nothing but "*Ro-o-be-een A-a-da-air.*" Another puts me just to the same torment, who is a stout journeyman butcher, and has undoubtedly chosen a most appropriate ditty; at least I judge so by the beginning of it, which is all that I can remember, for that very line constitutes my annoyance. It is, "My name it is Tom Tough, and I've seed a little *sarvice.*"—This he roars out with the lungs of a Stentor; and, as he is very frequently passing my residence, I am well acquainted with his voice; and when I hear him coming, I immediately clap my hands on my ears, and exclaim, "Confound you and your Tom Tough! I say:—"those are my very words.

Then, sir, come the beggars. One of these is very regular: he is blind; and the sound of his deep-toned monotonous voice, as he recites his short history, is dismal indeed. This I hear many times over, as he goes through the court at a snail's pace.—Others of them place themselves before my window, and fairly stare me into a fit of melancholy. This is a dismal part of the subject; and I will dismiss it: but I must just mention a match-woman, who visits me every Friday, and who always calls, though I never yet bought a bunch from her. She first raps at the window—and this shatters my poor nerves:—then she holds up her lot of matches, crying, "Do, sir, buy a ha'p'orth: they are very nice ones;

and I'll give you another bunch," adding the bunch at the same time to those already in her hand. I have sometimes felt half inclined to buy some of this woman's matches; but then I recollect that I do not want any, and that she is one of my plagues. This last idea checks me: and I give her a negative shake of the head; when she generally departs in peace; and that is no small praise.

Now, sir, all this may be, and I dare say is, very laughable to you; but I do assure you, the matter is quite serious to me. It may perhaps be as well to state, that, some time ago, I lodged in a garret, four stories high, in another neighbourhood; and there I went on with my writing excellently well. But, feeling an unfortunate wish to be more genteel, I changed my lodgings, and descended to the other extremity, the ground-floor: but here my tormentors have driven me to a third extremity; and that is, that I must return to my garret; which I mean to do next week; for here I cannot exist much longer, I am certain.—I am, sir, yours, &c.

SIMON SCRIBBLE.

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS
of the Sixteenth Century.
(Continued from page 73.)*

AT that moment, young Buren, in the gloom of his dungeon, indulged in pleasing recollections, which often alleviated the oppressive weight of his misfortunes:—floating before his eyes, the images of William, of Maurice, of Adolphus, supported his fortitude, while they tenderly affected his heart. Suddenly the doors of his prison fly open with loud noise: the gleam of arms strikes his eyes; and a band of soldiers advance, conducted by their chief, in whose countenance he reads his doom.

The courage of Buren is at first shaken by the sudden transition from his fond rêverie to the dreadful sentence of death: but, soon resuming his native fortitude, "If you deign," said he, "for a few moments to prolong my hapless life, speak—does my father yet live? and whither has his valour conducted him?—Why do you fear to answer me? your answer will be buried in my grave."

The soldier, frowning with increased sternness, remained in sullen silence. Hence Buren derives a favorable omen, and exclaims—"William! thou art yet alive; nor art thou always unfortunate!"

At these words the executioner uplifts the deadly steel, and prepares to strike the fatal blow, when his outstretched arm is suddenly arrested by the hand of a venerable sire:—'tis Figheroa, whose speed was not retarded by the burden of accumulated years.—"Retire!" said he: "such is the will of Philip.—Gracious Heaven! I thank thee for having made me the instrument in rescuing one victim from Spanish barbarity!"

The guards retire; and Buren doubts whether the scene before his eyes be not the delusive creation of a dream. He contemplates the senior with tenderness and respect, then exclaims, "O! my father! to you I am indebted for my preservation: but I cannot conceal from you that it is an unwelcome boon, since I was on the point of terminating a life of sorrow. Pardon me—far from being ungrateful, I shall ever adore your virtue.—Am I to think that you are but a mortal? Speak! deign to make known to me my deliverer."

"Young man," replied Figheroa, "I shall soon pay the last debt of nature—happy in having obeyed the voice of humanity, which pleads

within my bosom in favor of every human being who groans under the scourge of affliction. Good actions are wreaths of unfading flowers, with which we anticipatively adorn our own graves. Attend, Buren, to the lessons of Figheroa. As yet in youthful age, you are already the victim of adverse fortune: show yourself worthy of combating it; and let your virtue conduct you to the goal of victory. Even in the most happy life, mortals have oft to struggle with misfortune. The dawn of your days is darkened by lowering tempests; nor has the storm respected my hoary locks. I have the mortification to reflect that I ineffectually raised my voice in favor of justice; and my only remaining cause of triumph is, that I have rescued from the uplifted sword a youth nearly overwhelmed with calamity. It was policy, not humanity, that granted my request: but I ran to ward off the fatal stroke; and to the same policy you may perhaps be indebted for the ultimate preservation of your life.

"At a more advanced age, Heaven may shed around your head some rays of happiness. As to me, I carry to the grave my bitter regret for those misfortunes which I am unable to prevent; and my last sigh shall be devoted to suffering virtue and innocence, to whom I can bequeath nought but unavailing prayers. My son! (allow me to use that tender appellation)—would to Heaven that Figheroa, in rescuing you from death, could also rescue you from this dungeon! or at least that his hand, which at this moment presses yours—which supports your frame, and strengthens your courage—could at times wipe away your tears!"

"Wipe not away," said Buren, "those tears which you now see me shed: they spring from a heart to which your voice has restored tran-

quillity. Ah! if I were oft allowed to taste this sweet transport—believe me, thou more than mortal, whose accents are powerful to dispel the darkest clouds of sorrow—believe me, my prison would become to me the temple of happiness."

He said, and the tears bedewed his cheeks, as the waters of a peaceful spring gently flow in presence of a venerable sage, who, in a retired solitude at a distance from the busy turmoil of human passions, meditates on the inanity of life.

But suddenly Buren is agitated—"O thou!" said he, "who displayest toward me the sentiments of paternal affection, may I venture to question thee respecting the fate of my father? Will Figheroa, my deliverer—will he also refuse to answer me?"

Figheroa does not obey the suggestions of cruel policy: he does not refuse to Buren the only consolation which can support him under his misfortunes, but briefly informs him of the successes of William and the Batavians. He rivets on him his parting look, which inspires him with increased fortitude, and, disengaging his hand from the grasp of the ill-fated youth, leaves him to his own reflexions—retires, and takes the road to the place of his exile.—Buren, absorpt in the torrent of his ideas, does not hear the shutting of his prison-doors, but long fancies he sees by his side the affectionate and virtuous sire, and enjoys the sweet calm which seems to have entered with Figheroa into that gloomy abode.

Meanwhile the Spanish warriors and the Spanish fleet were advancing against the Batavians by sea and by land. Alva still delays for a while in Brussels: impatient to march against the enemies, and efface in their blood the remembrance of their triumphs

and his own disgrace, he fears to leave his prisoners behind; and his fury demands the instant immolation of new victims. Thus rages and hesitates the lioness, after having carried off the most formidable of their canine guardians from the flock of the shepherd who has robbed her of her young: she wishes to rescue them from the hands of the ravisher, but fears to lose her prey: furious, she tears the quivering limbs of her captive, devours them, and, smeared with his blood, runs to glut her revenge with fresh carnage.

The ready minister of Alva's cruelty, Vargas appears in his presence. "You have given orders," said he, "still more to enlarge the already capacious prisons, which are yet too narrow to contain the vast multitude of prisoners. But why resort to a process which experience proves to be too slow? Let the gibbets and the scaffolds clear those receptacles of their present occupants, and make room for a new succession of criminals. Hitherto you have shed none but vile plebeian blood: now is the moment when it behoves you, by the most tremendous strokes of justice, to terrify Nassau, the Batavians, and the Belgians. A countless host of citizens, prepared to overthrow every barrier that opposes their designs, only await the instant of your departure, to burst the chains of Egmont and Horn. When once those two lions shall have been let loose, to what lengths will not their rage proceed? and who can foresee the extent of their vengeance?"

"Has not Philip invested you with the supreme authority in these provinces? And is it not upon your head that the tempest of his wrath will burst; when he learns the successes of that rebellion which you had before quelled, and which seemed to be for ever extinct? If the report

of those successes, and that of the death of these chiefs whom he abhors, were to reach his ear at the same moment. . . . The Belgian nation honors them like two divinities: let her see them mount the scaffold, and let her tremble."

A look from Alva announces to Vargas that he had penetrated his designs.

Immediately Alva issues his sanguinary orders: each moment is marked with successive deaths; and, in dire gradation, more and still more illustrious victims are dragged forth to the streaming scaffolds. There, as in the field of war, the blood flows amid the din of drums and trumpets—tremendous, but unavailing tumult! The sighs, indeed, of the suffering victims and of the afflicted spectators are not heard: but soul speaks to soul in energetic communion: the imprecations of indignant myriads do not reach the ears of their tyrants; but they loudly echo round the throne of heaven.

At length Alva thinks that the people, now familiarised to these cruel spectacles, view with indifference the blood of their defenders flowing on the scaffolds.

Meantime Egmont and Horn, guarded with the most rigid strictness, vainly endeavour to acquire information concerning each other's fate, and concerning the fate of their oppressed country. Their jailors sternly persevere in sinister silence. From the clang of the martial clations, the rumbling of the drums, and the thunder of the artillery, which resound to the gloomy abode of those captive heroes, the valiant Horn concludes that the Belgians are engaged in combating their tyrants: he fancies he hears the uproar of battle, the clash of arms, and the shouts of victory: in imagination, he beholds the valour of his coun-

trymen crowned with triumph; and he burns with indignation to see himself confined in chains. Such, the generous lion, dragged far from the rocks and groves of his sylvan domain, and inclosed a captive in a narrow cell, with angry roar asks himself what is become of his once invincible force—while he bristles his shaggy mane, shakes the bars of his prison, and intimidates even his daring keeper.—But, when the mind of Horn contemplates the painful image of the Belgian sinking under the overpowering strength of Philip, and involving the Batavian in his fall, he sighs on seeing himself denied the consolation of expiring on the sacred ruins of his country, and mingling his blood with that of so many heroes.

The gentle and tender soul of Egmont, alternately agitated by the same sentiments, is besieged by an adored wife and children—feels their pains with sympathetic anguish—and shudders at the prospect of their future destiny.

In vain the two heroes raise their voices, and direct their discourse to each other: their words cannot penetrate the impermeable thickness of the massive walls which separate them. “Ah!” exclaimed Horn, “must then the soul, whose sentiments can preserve themselves free even under the weight of chains, be confined a captive in this perishable body? It can burst its prison; and, disengaged from these earthly bonds, may it not yet concur in achieving great enterprises? Egmont! let us take our flight from earth! let our disembodied souls strike terror into the hearts of tyrants, and resuscitate prostrate liberty! But Cato died a willing victim by his own hand; and yet, ill-fated Rome! his shade could not preserve thee from the chains of slavery.”

(To be continued.)

Awful Suspense.

(From “Iwanowna, or the Maid of Moscow,” recently published.)

Iwanowna, to Ulrica.

Moscow, Sept. 6, 1812.

THE terrible hour approaches, Ulrica, that must decide, perhaps, the fate of this mighty empire! Alas! I feel only that it is about to decide mine. We have just learned that the French army arrived within view of the mighty force which Kutusoff has concentrated on the plains of Borodino. How immense are the preparations on either side! Of all the terrible battles which have drenched Europe in blood, and deluged her with tears, not one has presented so wide a field for destruction, as this. Every officer, with whose person or name we are acquainted, is there. Ah! how many worthy friends, how many dear relations are among the number! From how many points may we be wounded!

An awful silence sits on every tongue; and, when it is broken, we start, and inquire, “Is there any news from the army?” as if that only were of sufficient moment to break the spell. The common occupations of life are suspended; life itself seems to inquire from every eye how long it may continue.

Yet, in the midst of this extreme solicitude, my father retains unbroken all the firmness and activity of mind which characterise souls of a higher order. His feelings are evidently affected, his powers taxed to their full weight; for it is evidently a labor to support his usual equanimity; and he appears frequently revolving some awful circumstance about to be realised in the disposition of public affairs, or weighing some alternative of the last importance. But yet he continues serene, and even cheerful; and is every moment employed, either in direct-

ing supplies to the army, training the citizens in the art of war, or sending out parties to intercept the supplies of the enemy, or waste the country through which they must pass; while my mother and myself are employed in distributing relief, in every possible way, to the families thus distressed. Our whole household are employed either in providing clothes, or in salting down provisions for these sufferers, who are already numerous, and must be expected daily to increase, as the approaching severities of the season shall force them to seek shelter in the capital. The cheerfulness with which they have abandoned or destroyed their little all, rather than submit to the will of a foreign master, has added, to the compassion we feel for their poverty, the respect due to their virtue; and, when I behold a mother and her houseless family, thus situated, approach the palace, I fly to meet them, less with the voice of pity than of friendship. How often, in the simple language of rustic affection, do I find the sentiments and feelings of my own heart re-echoed by the faithful matron or the blushing maid! How many tender hearts are fated to bleed from the contest at Borodino!—The field of battle—that horrible Golgotha, from which imagination recoils, and affrighted sensibility shrinks dismayed—terrible as it is, must be considered only as the central point of suffering, from which issue ten thousand streams of sorrow and despair. Not a groan issues from the lips of death, not a sigh escapes the breast of the afflicted, but is re-echoed many a time in the distant bosom of some beloved object. How many hopes lie blighted for ever in a stricken youth!—How many blessings are rooted from existence, when a father falls!

Sept. 7.

To-day—this very hour, they will be engaged. Oh! Ulrica! it is happy for you that you cannot be aware of this circumstance; and that, whatever may be the fate of the battle to you, yet you must be spared the perpetual agitation which distracts me from a knowledge of the circumstance. A day and a night, and perhaps another day, may pass, before any thing can be known, save that the most dreadful contest imagination can conceive is at this very moment taking place. Oh! Frederic! where are you now?—One moment I behold you lovely, and yet terrible as the fabled god of war, tearing the proud standards from the stricken foe, and carrying desolation through his ranks. My imagination pursues you through every path of danger, and every road to glory; it is yours to snatch the proudest laurels Fame ever planted on the youthful victor's brow. You pierce the innermost battle, and snatch honor from the fall of our arch-enemy himself. My Frederic! is it by thy hand my country shall".....

My fond rhapsody was interrupted by the arrival of some serfs, who were crossing the country from Mojaïsk. They say the most terrible firing was heard many miles, and that every hour may be expected to bring us further intelligence; that the armies have been engaged since six this morning. How many hours have passed since then! how many heads been laid low! Ah! Frederic! would, thine were pillowed in these arms. I should not blush to tell thee so at this very moment, could I be rewarded with one grateful smile. Smile!—Oh, Ulrica! at this moment he may be writhing in agony, stretched on the cold ground, trampled on by.....

I can write no more—yet I can-

not cease to write. I fly from room to room, from window to window; I listen, as if the sound of the cannon would reach my ear, and tell me its terrific mission. There is something in this incessant activity, this obedience of the body to the movements of that perturbed spirit which rules it, that somewhat allays the fever of the mind; and in such moments I again take up my pen, and, in throwing my heart with all its fears and feelings before you, gain a still further respite. I then seek my mother, and endeavour to speak to her with some portion of her own cheerfulness and fortitude: she praises my efforts; but her tears follow her praises: she clasps me in her arms; she calls for blessings on my head, and that of her noble boy. At his name her fears awake; she trembles as she speaks, and we weep together. As my father approaches, we summon all the courage we possess, that our sorrows may not wound the heart of our only, our inestimable treasure. He perceives our effort; and the look, which would have reproved our sorrow, now praises our tenderness, and rewards our exertion. Oh! how sweet, in the moment of affliction, is this exercise of social affections! it is the balm, which, mingling in the bitter cup of grief, allays its harshness, and subdues its venom. No human being can be perfectly miserable so long as it can enjoy the sympathy of one kindred soul; and, even when that is denied, the Christian knows there is an ear open to the sorrowful sighings of every afflicted heart. But, alas! Ulrica! in the moment of doubt, in that suspended state when even the knowledge of our affliction is denied to us; when we neither know how to deplore, nor what to supplicate, even this, our best, our only conso-

lation, is denied; and the torn soul, tossed by a thousand waves, and wrecked on a thousand rocks, can only cry with the sinking apostle—"Save, Lord, or I perish!"—and thus cries the wounded heart of your
IWANOWNA.

Affecting Instance of Feminine

CONSTANCY and TENDERNESS.

THE following memorable anecdote is quoted in Dr. Drake's "*Essays*," from "*The Parrot*," a periodical publication by Mrs. Haywood, which appeared at the time of the trials and executions of the rebels in the year 1745.

"A young lady, of a good family and handsome fortune, had, for some time, extremely loved and been equally beloved by Mr. James Dawson, one of those unhappy gentlemen who suffered on Wednesday last at Kennington Common for high treason; and, had he been acquitted, or, after condemnation, found the royal mercy, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

"I will not prolong the narrative by any repetition of what she suffered on sentence being passed upon him; none, excepting those utterly incapable of feeling any soft or generous emotions, but may conceive her agonies: besides, the sad catastrophe will be sufficient to convince you of their sincerity.

"Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution; she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her, and accordingly followed the sledges in a hackney coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled, which was to consume that heart she knew so much devoted to her,

and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagancies her friends had apprehended : but, when all was over, and she found that he was no more, she drew her head back into the coach, and, crying out—*My dear, I follow thee:—Lord Jesus, receive both our souls together!*—fell on the neck of her companion, and expired in the very moment she was speaking.”

CHANGE OF CLIMATE.

(From Mr. Southey's "Omniana.")

“It is long since many, of whom I am one,” says Lord Dregghorn, “have maintained that the seasons are altered ; that it is not so hot now in summer, as when we were boys. Others laugh at this, and say, that the supposed alteration proceeds from an alteration in ourselves ; from our having become older, and consequently colder* : In 1783 or 1784,

* But, when old men declare that the winters are become warmer—or, more strictly speaking, less cold—we may certainly venture to believe them, even without the recorded testimony of the thermometer to confirm their assertion. Now, in the United States of America, the elderly people, every-where in the old settlements along the coast, acknowledge that the winters are at present much less severe than they felt them in their younger days. It is easier, however, to account for the change of climate in America, than in England. In the transatlantic regions, the hand of enterprising industry has gradually cleared vast tracts of forest, which heretofore used to shelter the deep snow, and keep it long unmelted on the ground ; while the west and north-west winds, sweeping over such an extent of chill

in the course of a conversation I had with my brewer, who is very intelligent and eminent in his way, he maintained that an alteration had taken place. This observation he made from a variety of circumstances ; the diminution of the number of swallows, the coldness that attends rain, the alteration in the hours of labor at the time of sowing barley, which, a great many years ago, was a work performed very early in the morning, on account of the intenseness of the heat after the sun had been up some time. He added, that, for many years past, he had found that the barley did not malt as formerly ; and the period he fixed on, was the year in which the earthquake at Lisbon happened. I was much surprised at this last observation, and did not pay much attention to it till last summer, when I happened to read *Les Annales Politiques* of Linguet, a very scarce book, which I was sure my brewer had never read ; for there, to my astonishment, I found the very same opinion, with this additional

surface, naturally came much colder to the inhabitants of the coast, than they now come over the same tracts, after the earlier dissolution of the snow by the almost perpetual sunshine which illumines the American sky.—In the same manner we can, in this old world of ours, account for the altered condition of the Danube, which is now very rarely frozen, although, in the days of Augustus Cæsar, (as we learn from Ovid) it regularly, every winter, presented a bridge of ice, sufficiently strong to bear large hordes of Scythian cavalry galloping across on their marauding expeditions.

In addition to the effect produced by the clearing of the woods, the labors of agriculture have likewise a

Sect, that, in Champagne, where he was born, they have not been able, since that earthquake, to make the same wine. He says too, that he has seen the title-deeds of several estates in Picardy, which proved, that, at that time, they had a number of excellent vineyards, but that now no such crop can be reared there. He also attempts to account philosophically for that earthquake having such effects."

Thus far Lord Dregborn. The country about Placencia (the retreat of Charles V.) once one of the most fertile parts of Spain, is said by the

very powerful tendency to mollify the rigor of a cold climate, by breaking up the crusted soil, and opening innumerable vents for the emission of warm vapors from the bosom of the earth; on which happy consequence of agricultural industry, an observant and philosophic poet of our day (Mr. Payne Knight, in his "*Progress of Civil Society*," book 3, 83) has the following very just remark—

"Hence milder airs from peopled regions rise,
And earth returns their blessings to the skies;
Bids softer breezes o'er rich til'age blow,
And warmer vapors melt the drifted snow."

On the subject of warmth from the bosom of the earth, it is worthy of notice, that, if there were not a very powerful subterraneous heat, the ocean, at both the poles, must have been, many centuries ago, completely frozen to the bottom, and be, at the present day, one solid mass of ice. The heat of the sun in the atmosphere above could never have prevented this, since it is unable to penetrate and dissolve even the floating shell of ice on the surface.

EDITOR.

inhabitants to have lost its fertility since that great earthquake. It is another extraordinary fact upon the same subject, that the herring-fishery on our eastern coast commences now a month later than it did in the days of our grandfathers.

That the climate of England is changed within the last half century, is now generally admitted. Mr. Williams has lately attempted to account for it, by the great introduction of foreign trees and grasses, which, being natives of hotter climates, give out a far greater evaporation, than our own indigenous vegetables. I have only seen an account of this gentleman's book, not the book itself. The fact is very curious, and the application highly ingenious. But it is manifest that this solution is not adequate to the phenomenon: for change of climate is equally complained of in other countries, where planting is not in fashion, and where no improvements in agriculture have been introduced. To those countries it is not applicable; neither will it explain the increased prevalence of west and south-west winds,

DUTIES of Married WOMEN.
(From Mr. Warner's "*Scripture Characters*.")

It is of immense importance to the happiness of the rational world, that the appropriate duties of the husband and the wife be rigidly and conscientiously fulfilled; for, as their performance ensures the purest and most solid bliss that this world of sorrow can afford; "the only happiness of Paradise that has survived the fall;" so their neglect introduces into the cup of life a bitter poisonous drop, of the most deadly taste, and lasting influence. Indisputable is the truth, that each is bound to co-operate with the other, in drawing

right that bond of union which has connected them together for life; that they are mutually obliged to increase, by every means in their power, the stock of conjugal felicity. But, as domestic life is more especially the proper province of the wife; as she is constituted by nature, and commanded by God, to exercise those gentler virtues which have a peculiar reference to *home*, and a direct tendency to render it the scene of happiness and peace; so her obligation to manifest in her conduct the feminine graces of *modesty*, *tenderness*, and *piety*, presses upon her with peculiar force.

Entirely and exclusively the precious possession of her husband, her thoughts must not wander abroad for other conquests, or foreign admiration. Ill does it become her who has solemnly pledged herself to *one*, to seek, by the arts of coquetry or levity, to attract or captivate the many; to court the public gaze, to be the theme of general conversation, or the object of particular remark. The sacrifice of a matron's modesty may indeed purchase the admiration of the coxcomb, or the flattery of the villain; but transient will be her triumph, and worthless her reward, if for this she have given up the favor of her Maker, and the esteem and affection of her husband. Equally incumbent is it upon her to cherish in her bosom, and to exercise in her behaviour, the grace of *tenderness*; a sweet solicitude to sooth the cares, and tranquillise the perturbations, of the companion of her bosom; and to perform those thousand endearing offices to her infant offspring, which maternal love alone can properly fulfil. Oh! who can speak the value of this female quality in domestic life? It is the precious cement of its happiness; the support of all its

charities; whose absence no external circumstance can recompense or supply. Fashion, splendor, and pleasure, may load the married fair one with all they can bestow; but their accumulated gifts will leave a gloomy vacuity in her heart, if her chief solace, refuge, and delight be not in the tranquil joys and tender offices of home. Finally, the quality of *piety* must crown and consummate the character of the exemplary wife. It is essential indeed in every human being; but in the domestic circle (if we measure its necessity by its influence) it is more especially incumbent upon her, whose presence is most frequent and conspicuous there. Who can tell the power of a wife's religious example, in converting an unbelieving, reclaiming a profligate, or fixing an inconstant husband? It seems hardly possible to imagine, that vice should not surrender itself to virtue, when clothed in the attractive form of female loveliness, and seconded by modesty, tenderness, and affection: but, should its brutal insensibility be still deaf to the voice of the charmer; she has yet a cause upon her hands of unspeakable importance, which imperiously demands the exercise of female piety—the cause of her children. Nature and custom have intrusted to her the charge of their early education; and if the principles of religion be not instilled into their tender minds by her care, and confirmed by her example, they will grow up without God in the world; they will pass through life without the blessing of Providence; and when they are translated from it, will have to attribute their everlasting ruin (O horrid thought!) to their mother. There is a religion of the *home*, as well as a public worship of God; a religion, over which the wife must preside; whose altar she

must serve; whose sacrifices she must superintend; and as the most fatal consequences will follow her omission of it, so the sorest retribution will punish its neglect.

Such, if we may believe the united voice of reason and revelation, are her peculiar duties when she enters upon the married life. They have been recognised as such by prophets and apostles: and the wisest of men has confirmed their representations, by the following animated portrait of an estimable, an amiable, and an exemplary wife. "Her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; she will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth forth her hand to the poor; yea she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. Virtue and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in the time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

Addresses to the PRINCESS of WALES.

ON the 12th of April, the Lord Mayor, attended by the Sheriffs, &c. &c. went in grand procession from Guildhall to Kensington Palace, and presented to Her Royal Highness the following address.—Immense multitudes of people hailed the procession, as it passed along; and, at Kensington, an innumerable assemblage, of all ranks, congratulated the Princess by loud applauses and acclamations.

To her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, The humble Address of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Livery of the City of London, in Common Hall assembled.

May it please your Royal Highness!

We, his Majesty's loyal subjects, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Livery of the City of London, in Common Hall assembled, bearing in mind those sentiments of profound veneration and ardent affection, with which we hailed the arrival of your Royal Highness in this country, humbly beseech your Royal Highness to receive our assurances, that, in the hearts of the Citizens of London, those sentiments have never experienced diminution or change.

Deeply interested in every event connected with the stability of the throne of this kingdom under the sway of the house of Brunswick; tenderly alive to every circumstance affecting the personal welfare of every branch of that illustrious house, we have felt indignation and abhorrence inexpressible upon the disclosure of that foul and detestable conspiracy, which, by perjured and suborned traducers, has been carried on against your Royal Highness's honor and life.

The veneration for the laws, the moderation, the forbearance, the frankness, the magnanimity, which your Royal Highness has so eminently displayed under circumstances so trying, and during a persecution of so long a duration—these, while they demand an expression of our unbounded applause, cannot fail to excite in us a confident hope, that, under the sway of your illustrious and beloved daughter, our children will enjoy all the benefits of so bright an example; and we humbly beg permission most unfeignedly to assure your Royal Highness, that, as well for the sake of our country as from a sense of justice and of duty, we shall always feel, and be ready to give proof of, the most anxious solicitude for your Royal Highness's health, prosperity, and happiness.

Signed, by order,

HENRY WOODTHORPE.

The Princess's Answer.

I thank you for your loyal and affectionate Address.

It is to me the greatest consolation to learn, that during so many years of unmerited persecution, notwithstanding the active and persevering dissemination of the most deliberate calumnies against me, the kind and favorable sentiments with which they did me the honor to approach me on my arrival in this country, have

undergone neither diminution nor change in the hearts of the Citizens of London.

The sense of indignation and abhorrence you express against the foul and detestable conspiracy, which, by perjured and suborned traducers, has been carried on against my life and honor, is worthy of you, and most gratifying to me. It must be duly appreciated by every branch of that illustrious house, with which I am so closely connected by blood and marriage, the personal welfare of every one of whom must have been afflicted by the success of such atrocious machinations.

The consciousness of my innocence has supported me through my long, severe, and unmerited trials; your approbation of my conduct under them is a reward for all my sufferings.

I shall not lose any opportunity I may be permitted to enjoy of encouraging the talents and virtues of my dear daughter, the Princess Charlotte; and I shall impress upon her mind my full sense of the obligation conferred upon me by this spontaneous act of your justice and generosity.

She will therein clearly perceive the value of that free Constitution, which, in the natural course of events, it will be her high destiny to preside over, and her sacred duty to maintain, which allows no one to sink under oppression; and she will ever be bound to the City of London, in ties proportioned to the strength of that filial attachment I have had the happiness uniformly to experience from her.

Be assured that the cordial and convincing proof you have thus given of your solicitude for my prosperity and happiness, will be cherished in grateful remembrance by me, to the latest moment of my life; and the distinguished proceeding, adopted by the first City in this great Empire, will be considered by posterity as a proud memorial of my vindicated honor.

On the 14th, at Blackheath, another address, equally honorable to the Princess, was presented to her, from the City of Bristol: and public meetings have already been called in different places, for the purpose of addressing her.

POETRY.

BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed.

Grace, race; Smile, beguile; Mien, queen; Mind, refin'd; Pure, ensure; Spent, repent; Choice, rejoice; Fear, sincere.

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed in our Magazine for February.

The SUICIDE.

By J. M. LACEY,

Author of "The Farm-House," &c.

SEE where the Suicide, with brandish'd knife,

Dares to destroy his own unhallow'd life! Reckless of friends, of children, and of wife,

He rushes to his doom!

No ling'ring hope of heav'n, no fear of hell,

Can check his guilty arm, or break the That bids him 'gainst his gen'rous God rebel,

Or save him from the tomb!

But the poor sufferer's form was doom'd to bear

The stings of worldly scorn, the pangs Till bitter ruin sunk him to despair,

And robb'd his mind of peace.

His heart 'gainst mis'ry's throbbings was not steel'd:

No more his load of sorrow he could wield,

And thus dares seek eternity's dread field, To bid his anguish cease.

With life, and all its fancied pleasures, cloy'd—

Pleasures by him no more to be enjoy'd— He finds his breast of ev'ry feeling void,

That ties him to the world.

Yet must we deem the hand a coward hand,

The heart a coward heart, that makes no stand,

When mis'ries dire, at Fate's unblest

Around man's form are hurl'd.

E'en though his bosom felt of life afraid; Yet suicide casts round so black a shade,

So deeply doth the human mind degrade, That he should dare to live;

Nor thus, unbidden, take his recreant flight To realms unknown—perhaps of endless

night—

But bravely 'gainst his fearful sorrows

And Time a balm would give.

The Bard's Tribute of Friendship.

Addressed to Mr. and Mrs. B——, on the Birth of their first Child.

By J. M. LACEY.

FRIENDS! I have hail'd the hour you met, The hour when, caught in Hymen's net,

Your loves you vow'd, in truth eternal;
And I have seen—with pleasure seen—
Your days, since then, like spring, have
been

"All purely happy, bright, and vernal!
I told you then, you ne'er had prov'd
The joys—when each the other lov'd—
That were by holy wedlock given;
And you have found the poet true,
And have confess'd, you never knew,
Till that fond moment, earth's best
heaven!

Peace has awaited all your hours:
Grief has not stol'n, with her sad pow'rs,
One plume from Youth's unruffled
pinion.

Scarcely a passing cloud of gloom
Has dimm'd the tint of pleasure's bloom,
Or check'd with woe her dear dominion.

If any trifling grief arose
In either breast, your hearts were those
That felt so fondly for each other,
The soothing pow'r of tender love
Soon taught you both this truth to prove,
"We only live for one another."

And now, to form a closer tie,
An infant daughter breathes a sigh
Of balmy fragrance o'er each bosom,
And calls up joys before unknown,
Joys sweet as roses newly blown:—
Oh! may you, while you live, ne'er
lose 'em!

How sad it is, and yet how dear
To man's best feelings, when a tear
Fills the soft eye of fond affection;
When pensive woman claims our care,
Whose silent sorrow seems a pray'r
To manhood's heart, for sure pro-
tection!

But dearer 'tis the fair to see,
With infant beauty on her knee,
Whose loveliness, in rosy slumber,
Calls down a sweet maternal kiss,
From lips, that still with untir'd bliss
Its new-born charms will try to number.

Friends! may your daughter's life be peace!
May beauty with her age increase,
As blooms the rose in summer's hour!
May virtue shed its sweetness there,
And make that beauty doubly fair;—
No thorn of vice to wound the flow'r!

May she be, like her mother, fair;
And, like her mother, may she share
Good temper from good feelings flow-
ing;

While, like her father, may she be
The friend, whose heart, sincere and free,
Returns a friendship warm and glowing!

So, when the hour of age shall come,
To point your steps to nature's tomb,
Her filial kindness, then appearing,
Shall pay you for each pain, each care,
Her infant days once made you share,
Life's latest moments thus endearing!
March 6, 1813.

ALLEYNE and FRANCES.

By MARINA.

THE sails are all set, and the anchor is
weigh'd:

Already the keel cuts the tide:
For the loit'ers on shore the last signal
is made;

And the moment of parting, no longer
delay'd,

The dearest of friends must divide.

On the wide-spreading beach, see the va-
rious crowd

Assembled to view them depart.—

While the sorrows of many are vented
aloud,

There are others whose faint sighs are
scarcely allow'd

To tell the deep grief of the heart!

Of those who are quitting the land of
their birth—

A land they may visit no more—

How various the feelings! some noisy in
mirth;

And others, with streaming eyes fix'd on
the earth,

The anguish of parting deplore!

The youth, from the maid he adores,
doom'd to part,

Ere Hymen has smil'd on their love—

And he whom stern duty compels to de-
part

From the church-sanction'd partner that
reigns in his heart—

The deepest affliction must prove.

See, where the boy warrior impatiently
breaks

From the arms that would longer detain.

With a bosom high bounding, for glory
he seeks:

But the tears of his mother, still wet on
his cheeks,

Can that heart's glowing ardor restrain.

Remov'd from the crowd lower down on
the beach,

Who is he, that, to tenderness true,

To another the lessons of comfort would
teach,

Which his own throbbing breast is un-
able to reach,

And paint future joys to her view?

Like an angel, from heaven descending
to save,
His eyes beam with love's soften'd flame;
And never did Erin, green land of the wave,
From her sea-circled island, the nurse of
the brave,
Send a son more deserving her name!
Honor rais'd in his bosom the patriot
glow,
And beat in each pulse of his heart;
Serenely in majesty dwelt on his brow,
Where the chestnut locks wave o'er the
forehead of snow,
And temper his eye's lightning dart.
That eye's piercing glance with the
eagle's might vie,
And in war was the herald of fate;
But more soft, when the maid of his bo-
som was nigh,
Than the eye of the stock-love, when,
leaving the sky,
He returns to the nest of his mate.
Of the vows which of truth and affection
he made,
More sweet was the sound to her ears,
Than the balm-breathing South o'er a
violet bed*,
Than dew-drops in spring from the May-
flower shed,
Or harmony guiding the spheres.
But what can give peace to the bosom of
love,
When e'en hope's distant prospect
grows dim?
Each soul-soothing accent, her grief to
remove
By tenderness prompted, serves only to
prove
What she loses, in parting from him!
Yet in silence she listens; for worlds at
her feet
Could not tempt her those words to
restrain;
While she feels in her bosom her throb-
bing heart beat,
And fears, to those accents, so soothing
and sweet,
She never may listen again!
And now the last boat is preparing to
leave:
The moment of parting is near:
And "Cease," he exclaim'd, "my lov'd
Frances, to grieve! I believe,
That Heaven will guard me in absence,
And protect me through honor's career."
* Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet
South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor. *Shakspeare.*

"The cause of my country now calls for
my aid;
And a soldier that call must obey:
But thy Alleyne, as soon as that debt he
has paid,
Will eager return to his long-cherish'd
aid,
And chase ev'ry sorrow away.
"Then never again, from his Faunty to part,
Shall glory induce him to roam;
But peace and affection shall reign in
his heart,
And the husband, forgetting the war-
rior's art,
Shall centre his pleasures in home!
"The glare of ambition shall tempt me
no more
To seek her reward on the wave.
Forgotten the glories that charm'd me
before,
Thy smile shall be dearer, ten thousand
times o'er,
Than the laurel that blooms for the
brave.
"Oh! weep not! lament not! Thy grief
to my breast
Gives a pang, than its own more severe.
Yet, when, at a distance, thy danger op-
press'd,
The thought of thy love makes each sad
moment blest,
This grief shall but make thee more dear!
"How long I have lov'd thee! how dear
to my soul
Was each smile or each accent from
thee!
And such is my love, that the years, as
they roll,
Or the fate that may destine my course
to the pole,
Shall but render thee dearer to me!
"But I'm summon'd away! I must bid
thee farewell!
Must leave thee! for what? the wide sea!
Nay, sweet Frances, forbear; and this
anguish repel!
Or thy lover's fond heart will from duty
rebel,
Forgetting his country in thee!"
(To be concluded in our next Number.)

EPITAPH on a GAME-KEEPER.
By Mr. JOHN WEBB.

HERE rests, immur'd within this cavern
dark,
A sportsman keen, who rarely miss'd his
mark;
Whose tube, o'er fruitful vale or barren
heath,

With loud explosion, scatter'd leaden death.
 Through many a rural scene he urg'd his way,
 And pheasant, hare, and partridge, dropp'd his prey.
 O'er wilds untrod, the sylvan war he spread,
 And laid full half their harmless tenants dead.
 Woodcocks, rejoice! With wintry tempests fly,
 And cleave with painted plume the northern sky.
 Exult, ye pheasants, in our southern groves!
 And woo, ye partridge tribe, your feather'd loves!—
 Ye lev'rets gay, let gambols speak your joy!—
 Your murderer's dead, who liv'd but to destroy.
 "Yes! he is dead! no more his hand imbrues
 Itself in blood"—exclaims the feeling Muse.—
 "Releas'd from fear, again, ye gentle train,
 Disport in air, or frolic on the plain;
 For Death, grim marksman, has with arrow keen
 Transfix'd your mortal foe, and clos'd the scene."

INVOCATIONS, *serious and comic.*

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

The EGOTIST'S Invocation to the MUSES.
 JUPITER's daughters, mistresses of sciences!
 On whom all poets place their fond reliances—
 Oh! deign to share your promising compliances;
 And, when ye are not cross, oh! smile on me!
 For be it known, I wish to be much cleverer
 Than other folk: as such, I'm an endeavourer
 At excellence:—but, ah! I have got never a
 Friend, unless I make good friends of ye!
 Then, Muses all, I pray attend,
 And unto me your influence lend;
 That I may sing—that I may scribble,
 Make love, and dance like any fribble—
 In short, do all that you can teach me:
 Then none can ever dare impeach me
 For want of wit, and various knowledge,
 Though I have never been at college.
 My Invocation now shall be }
 In alphabetic form, that ye }
 May find I know my A, B, C. }

VOL. 44,

First then, *Calliopè*, thy humble servant
 Shall raise to thee a theme of hope and fear.

Bid eloquence be mine, firm, fluent, fervent;
 So that I may convert all those who hear;
 Outdo the demagogues who throng the Forum;
 When, if I can't convince—why, I'll out-roar 'em!

Clio, 'tis thine to bid us be historical,
 And write of wars, and plagues, and queens, and kings;
 Not in poetic style, or allegorical,
 As the fond Love-Muse sings,
 But in plain prose:—then bid me be a proser;

Else to write history would be a poser.
 Teach me to beat Hume, Smollet, Belsham, Rapin,
 Or even him who wrote the "Cheats of Scapin;"

Though him *Thalia* taught the farce to scribble:

Then *Clio*, for the rhyme's sake, raise no quibble.

Now, *Erato*, attend my ardent suing;
 Teach me to write of woman and of wining;
 Teach me—but, ah! I feel inspir'd already!—

Oh! guide my pen, and bid my pulse be steady!—

Sonnet to Eliza.

Fairer than is the morning star art thou;
 Gentle as is the Zephyr's breath of balm;
 Chaste as the Vestal virgin's sacred vow;
 Yet born to bless the world with ev'ry charm!

Thine eyes beam rapture to the lover's soul;

Thy cheek outvies the rose in living bloom;

Thy smile awakes 'soft pleasure's dear control;

Thy voice could call the spirit from the tomb!

My heart, *Eliza*, still responds to thine;
 Still yields its ev'ry sigh to love and thee:
 Thy bosom still its best, its only shrine!—
 Then smile, my fair, and be that smile for me!

Cruel *Eliza*!—surely this is sinning?
 Instead of smiling, hang me, but you're grinning!

Come then, *Euterpe*, let me not make you sick;

For much I fear thy sister I've displeas'd;

I've spoil'd my sonnet!—Save me then by
 music;
 Screw up each viol-string, so lately
 eas'd;
 Teach me to play concertoes on my fiddle,
 Concertoes scientific,
 Whose complicated twistings are a riddle,
 Like an Egyptian hieroglyphic.
 Let me excel on life, bassoon, and flute;
 On serpent, horn and oboe, lyre and lute;
 And eke the trumpet:
 While, to inspire—should e'er our foc-
 men come,
 Great Muse of music!—one large kettle-
 drum—
 Oh! let me thump it!

Melpomene, be tragic pieces mine:
 Teach me to make each gentle maiden
 weep;
 Inspire such horrors in each kindling line,
 That not one auditor shall dare to
 sleep:
 Teach me to harrow up the very soul;
 To make each hair stand up, on head
 or wig;
 And I will own thy bountiful control,
 By sacrificing porcupine or pig!—

Great Polly—what's the name!—oh!
 now I know—
 Great *Polyhymnia*! Muse of rhetor-
 icians!
 Teach me thy art, and let my language
 flow
 In proper terms, devoid of all omissions.

Terpsichore, look not askance,
 But teach thy votary to dance;
 Indeed I long to have a prance,
 At some merry ball.
 Country dance and rigadoon,
 Minuet to dulcet tune,
 Fandango, jig, and reel—oh! soon
 Let me learn them all.

Thalia, now I turn myself to thee,
 Muse both of comedy, and verse call'd
 lyric;
 Pour all thy inspiration upon me,
 Who now am but a sort of bard em-
 piric:
 Then may I hope to wreath a song sub-
 lime,
 Worthy, fair damsel, of thy kind in-
 spiring:—

But, let me get a little by myrhime;
 For I like money better than admiring.

Urania now, last of the Muses' train,
 But not the least;
 Thou know'st eclipses well—when sun
 or rain [wane—
 Will warm or wet—when Luna's in the

Or wind's at east.
 Teach me all this to know—and teach
 much more;
 With thee, to worlds sublime, oh! let me
 soar;
 With thee, oh! let—but fairly, sir, and
 soft!
 Ambitious soarers meet with tumbles oft;
 And well I know, should my flight meet
 a check,
 A little fall will break a poet's neck.
 Fair ladies, now adieu! my Invocation
 Will cause, I hope, no sort of provocation,
 Nor set ye all together by the ears:
 I wish not to prefer or one or t'other,
 But to address you like a loving brother:—
 Thus then I've told you all my hopes
 and fears.

The last HOPE.

BRIGHT were the scenes my fancy drew,
 When Hope the pencil guided;
 When Youth believ'd the visions true,
 And Joy o'er all presided:
 In Fancy's glass, I lov'd to see
 The future bliss design'd for me.
 The changeful scenes of life roll'd on;
 And, Hope's bright colors flying,
 The glitt'ring visions soon were gone;
 And, life each bliss denying,
 With sadden'd mind I learn'd to see,
 That hope and joy were lost to me.

But let the sons of wealth and pride
 Unmov'd behold me perish;
 Be life's best joys to me denied;
 One hope my heart shall cherish,
 That soon, from pain and sorrow free,
 A friendly grave may ope for me.

MARINA

*Imitation of the French Epigram in our
 Magazine for February.*

By J. M. L.

*To a beautiful Female, who was constantly
 making NET-WORK.*

NATURE has blest you, brautecous maid!
 With nets from her creative hand,
 Whose charms with age will scarcely fade,
 But give you uncontrol'd command.
 Then why, with such continual care,
 And nimble fingers, dost thou frame
 Less perfect nets than those you share,
 Which from all-bounteous Nature came?
 Dear dove-like mildness, soft regard,
 And wit with loveliness combin'd—
 At once our bonds and our reward—
 They captives make of all mankind!

The PORTRAIT.*(From Mr. Dyer's "Poetics.")*

LADY! that portrait does but show,
 What you were, thirty years ago,
 Or a few years before;
 The rose and lily of the face;
 The sparkling eye; the youthful grace;
 But it can show no more.
 Yet you have more; the heart refin'd;
 A sprightly wit; a thinking mind;
 This from your face appears.
 And your old friends, as well as new,
 Declare that they perceive, in you,
 The growth of thirty years.
 Time, then, whom oft a thief we name,
 You, lady, should at least proclaim
 A thief of gen'rous mould:
 For, though he has, from day to day,
 Been stealing a few flow'rs away,
 He has left you all your gold.

The POET'S FIRE-SIDE.*(From Mr. Webb's Poem of "Haverhill.")*

TWELVE years have flown, since to the
 sacred shrine
 I led the maid I lov'd, and seal'd her mine.
 Eight rosy prattlers grace my humble
 cot:—
 Charm'd by their smiles, I bless my hum-
 ble lot.
 Affection loves their gambols to survey,
 Nor scorns to mingle with their childish
 play.
 Their artless sports a heart-felt bliss be-
 stow—
 A bosom joy, which none but parents
 know.
 Immers'd in duties of parental care,
 Few are the hours domestic scenes can
 spare;
 For still some nurseling of my little race
 Clings round my knees, and claims the
 fond embrace.
 Full oft (though not by inclination led)
 I quit my pen, to rock the wicker bed;
 And oft (to hush the noisy urchin's cries)
 Leave Milton's strains, to sing forth lul-
 labies.

WERTER to CHARLOTTE.

(From "The Sorrows of Werter," a Poem.)
Written from a Cottage where he had taken
Shelter from a Storm.

ESCAP'D from scenes where noise and
 folly dwell,
 From senseless mirth, heart-rending
 tumult free;
 Beneath this humble roof, this moss-
 grown cell,
 I feel again restor'd to love and thee.
 The snow descends, and thickens on the
 ground:

The winds against this peaceful shelter
 beat:

Yet, while the storm is high and loud
 around,
 How sweet the calm that dwells in this
 retreat!

In this lone spot, 'midst these sequester'd
 shades,

Thy image, Charlotte, presses on my
 soul;

Thy heav'nly mildness ev'ry sense per-
 vades;

Thy winning graces all my pow'rs con-
 trol.

Thus ever banish'd from my Charlotte's
 sight,

The poorest wretch on earth may pity me.
 What is this life?—a tedious winter's
 night:

Ah! what my state, renounc'd by
 Heav'n and thee?

Why were those times, o'er which my
 mem'ry strays—

Why were they once so fortunate and
 fair?—

'Twas that my grateful soul, with hum-
 ble praise,

Resign'd to Providence each anxious
 care.

Still that same Providence benignant
 reigns:

Creation smiles: unnumber'd worlds
 adore:

"Nature still charms the sense of happier
 swains;"

But, ah! my heart can taste her charms
 no more!

All, all is past! Here wild disorder reigns.
 Each social joy from me for ever gone;
 The tyrant, Love, now holds my heart in
 chains;

And reason abdicates her falling throne.

* * * * *

AFFECTION.*(From "The Farm-House, and other Poems,"**By Mr. J. M. LACEY.)*

SOFT, as the breeze at ev'ning's close,
 Is sweet Affection's sigh;

Pure, as the dew-drop on the rose,
 The tear that gems her eye.

Her accents sooth the ear of woe;
 So sweetly sad they fall.

In sympathising strain they flow;
 And bring a balm to all.

But feeble childhood's early hour
 Her best attendance shares:

'Tis there Affection—gentle pow'r—
 Devotes her tend'rest cares.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Morning Promenade Dress.—A white robe of India muslin, made low on the breast, with full long sleeves made plain, trimmed at the feet and sleeves with vandykes of grey satin.—A spencer of grey satin, made low on the neck, with full sleeves; a plain tucker *à la* Mary of Scotland.—A slouch bonnet of grey satin, lined with white; over which a square white crape veil, to fall off in front, and low on the shoulder.—Parasol of white muslin, ornamented with grey fringe.—Gloves of white kid.—Slippers of black kid.

Evening Dress.—A robe coat of white sarsnet, over which a robe of black crape, ornamented round the feet with a border of worked oak-leaves: the bodice of white crape, with small silk knots, bound round the bosom with grey satin, edged with black: the bodice to fall low on the shoulder: the waist rather longer than last month.—A cap composed of white and grey satin, to show the form of the head, with a small black feather on one side.—The hair to fall loose on the temples in small thin curls.—Necklace of small black beads.—Ear-rings to correspond.—An occasional silk scarf of grey stone color.—Gloves of white kid.—Slippers of grey satin.

General Observations.—In consequence of the death of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Brunswick, we are restricted from our observations on feminine attire for the spring quarter. But we intend, in our next, to give a general and particular description of those dresses which appear best adapted to the season, and most in fashionable request.

Meantime, we have to observe, that morning walking dresses are generally of black crape over a white muslin petticoat.—The spencer of grey satin, made close round the neck, is very becoming, and suited to the season, with the high frill ruff edged with grey; the sleeves bound with white crape; as likewise the loose morning robe of white muslin, with a short cloak of grey satin with a crossed lappel bordered with vandyked white muslin. The Flora hat, and plain cottage bonnet of grey sarsnet, to fall low on the sides, with a small black feather on one side, are most generally worn.—The square veil of white crape is a pleasing and becoming appendage to this order.—Slippers of grey or black kid.

The Morning Half Dresses are of white cambric muslin, made high in front; the waist rather longer than last month; the skirt narrower, with full long sleeves, with

a bracer of grey ribbon.—A short grey silk net scarf—plain cap of thread lace or thin muslin, with a wreath of black berries in front.—The hair in dishevelled curls, falling full on the sides of the temples.—Necklace of black beads, with a small cross.—Gloves of white kid.—Shoes of black jean.

Evening Dresses.—The grey satin slip under the white muslin robe; the robe made full; ornamented at the feet with a narrow plating of grey satin, with bodice of white sarsnet, made low in the front—broad at the back, and longer in the waist than last month.—The robe of grey sarsnet, and bodice of the same, trimmed with white floss net in vandykes round the bosom and round the feet—with sash or bracer of white silk ribbon. The black crape robe over the slip of white sarsnet trimmed with grey binding, with bodice of white satin, is in much request.—Caps of white satin edged with white crape, and with grey muslin ornamented with black, made in the turban form, or as the cottage cap, with a small wreath of black berries or flowers in front, or with a small black feather on one side.—Gloves of white kid.—Slippers of grey or white satin, with silver rosettes, rather small.

Head-Dresses for the Morning.—The hair on the temples in fewer and thinner curls than last month.—The hair for the half dress in dishevelled curls on each side, bound close to the head on the sides, and turned up in a knot on the back of the head. For the morning promenade, the hair is in small thin curls on the temples, with a small ornament of black stones in front, with a small wreath of black or grey flowers or berries on the side.

Head-Dresses for the Evening.—The hair in the Grecian style—a full bow behind, in a plain band on the sides, and in few thin curls on the sides, with a small diamond comb on the front of the curls on either side.—In jewellery there is no novelty since our last, with respect to form. The prevailing articles are, the necklace of black beads, with small cross of the same to hang low. The necklace of seed pearls is very becoming for evening dresses; the small hoop ear-rings of jet brilliants for morning, and the diamond set round with pearl for the evening.—Ornaments for the hair are generally small sprigs of black stones for the morning; and diamond or pearl for the evening. Clasps and buckles are not in any request.



Fashionable Promenade & Evening-Dresses

CHRONICLE.

"His Majesty" (says the Bulletin of April 3) "has been almost uniformly under a slight degree of excitement since the last monthly report."

Price of Bread.—Quartern Wheaten Loaf: April, 1, eighteen pence, halfpenny—April 8, 15, and 22, the same.

[London, March 29] It has been often said, but very seldom credited, that the Round Tower, at the west end of the church of Brechin, has been observed to vibrate in high winds.—In order to ascertain the truth of this, many of the respectable inhabitants resorted to the church-yard on Saturday night, when, with astonishment, they beheld this wonderful pile moving from the adjoining wall. So much did it shake at one time, that one of the beholders had his hand very much bruised, when trying to slip it in between the tower and the wall; and different substances thrust in were instantly crushed to pieces.

[29] Advice from Barbadoes, to the 13th ult. state, that some Creole Spaniards had engaged in an expedition from Trinidad, and had taken possession of La Guira. They were inconsiderable in number; but it was supposed they would again raise the standard of independence.

[29] Information, received at the Foreign Office, states, that on the banks of the Elbe, the Weser, and the Ems, the inhabitants had armed themselves, and were carrying on an irregular warfare against the French.

[29] *Gottelung*, March 20.—Letters received this morning represent all Prussia as up in arms against the French. Young men of the first families serve in the ranks.

[29] On the 26th, at the Sessions-house, Horse-monger-lane, a special jury awarded to the Principal and Fellows of Jesus College, Oxford, £14,017, as the value of about three acres and a half of land near Cuper's Bridge, Lambeth, which was required to be taken for the purposes of the Strand Bridge Company.

[30] Early on Tuesday morning, some villains committed various devastations and depredations in several places of worship at Birmingham. In one instance, they attempted to destroy the building by fire.

[30] On Thursday, was instituted at Bristol a "Church of England Missionary Society for Africa and the East."

[30] March 18, the Russians entered Hamburg, as friends; and, the next day,

a proclamation, by the Russian general, declared the Hamburgers free to trade with England, and all other nations not at war with Russia.

[30] The French, when they left Berlin, set fire to and burned the suburbs and environs of Spandau, though the Viceroy had two days before given his promise that no such measure should be resorted to without the utmost necessity.

[30] *Posen*, Feb. 20.—A Proclamation has been issued by the Emperor of Russia, by which a full amnesty is assured to the inhabitants of the late Polish, now Russian, provinces.

[31] Advice from Cadiz, of March 9, state that the Spanish Régency has been dismissed by the Cortes, and a new Régency appointed. Certain ecclesiastics, instead of complying with an order to read in their churches, on Sunday the 7th, a Manifesto of the Cortes abolishing the Inquisition, addressed remonstrances to the Régency, who referred them to the Cortes; and this latter body dismissed the Régency for not having enforced obedience to the order.

[April 2] *Parliamentary Libel.*—At the late Lancaster assises, Mr. Creevey, M.P. was found guilty of libel, in having, himself, published one of his speeches in Parliament, charging with extortion and oppression a Mr. Fitzpatrick, inspector of taxes at Liverpool.

[2] At the Surrey assises, a verdict, with £30 damages, was given against a proprietor who had neglected to prop a tottering wall, by the fall of which a child was killed.

[5] *Inequality of Punishment.*—The Jamaica papers mention the punishment of two inhabitants (Messrs. Overd and Edmeston), for smoking segars in a box at the theatre, to be a fine of £20 each, and 30 days' imprisonment; while a Mr. H. Rosewise, convicted of inveigling a negro from Mrs. M. Clarke, and enjoying the profit of his labor for twelve years, is mulcted 20s.

[5] Advice from Hamburg, of March 22, mention that the ancient constitution of that city has been completely re-established.

[5] Yesterday morning, the Commercial Exchange, in Skinner Street, was totally destroyed by fire.

[5] At the interment of the Duchess Dowager of Brunswick in a vault in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on Wednesday

last, the coffin of *Charles I.* was discovered. On its being opened, the next day, in presence of the Regent, the body was found wrapped in a waxed cloth, and not at all decayed; the features, the cut of the beard, &c. exactly agreeing with the portraits which are known to be true likenesses.—In the same vault, the coffin of Henry VIII. was opened, but found to contain only the skull and principal limb-bones.

[6] The foreign journals mention that Drs. Aubon and Lafont, physicians at Constantinople and Salonica, have discovered that *vaccination is a preservative from the plague*. Of 6000 adults vaccinated, none caught the contagion; even infants who were vaccinated, continued to suck mothers who were laboring under the attacks of the plague, without being infected; and an Italian physician, who is studying in Turkey the symptoms of this dreadful complaint, inoculated himself with matter drawn from a person who died of the plague, and afterwards underwent vaccination, without the contagion developing itself, though he put himself in all possible points of contact with infected persons in the hospitals.

[6] *St. Gall, Switzerland, March 8.*—We learn from Constance, that a frightful calamity threatens the town of Überlingen. For more than eight days it was perceived that the ground upon the borders of the Lake had sunk; and this phenomenon was announced in a manner so alarming, that the inhabitants, after having secured their cattle, fled from their dwellings. This presentiment of danger has been realised: on the 16th and 17th inst. thirteen houses gradually sunk into the abyss, and disappeared. On the 18th, the convent of Capuchins, so well known for its hospitable reception of travellers and strangers, merged into the abyss 14 feet, and threatened to disappear gradually from sight. Other houses have since sunk many feet.

[6] By a Return, made to the House of Commons, of the number and classes of Non-resident Incumbents, and of the number of Resident Incumbents, for the year 1811, it appears as follows:—

Non-resident Incumbents by exemption, 2668—Ditto by licence, 2207—Ditto by absence, without exemption or licence, 1033—Ditto by dilapidated churches, sinecures, livings held by bishops, vacancies, recent institutions, or held by sequestration, 352—Ditto miscellaneous cases, 51—Total absen-

tees, 6311—Resident Incumbents, 4490—Grand total, 10,801.

[7] Last night, in the House of Commons, a member stated, that, in one parish at Nottingham, containing 27,000 souls, one third of the number received parochial relief, and the poor-rates were *twenty-five shillings in the pound*.

[8] *Berlin, March 18.*—The king has, in a general order, declared Gen. D'York free from blame in concluding the convention with the Russians [See our No. for January, page 46]—and has given him the command of a numerous army.—At Berlin, upwards of 10,000 young men have volunteered for the service, and chiefly equipped themselves.

[8] Three mills were burned down at Henley, on Monday last.

[9] The King of Prussia, in a spirited address to his subjects in general, (dated March 17) and another to his army, has explicitly declared war against France.

[9] Letters from the Peninsula say that the new Spanish Regency have rejected the proffered aid of the Emperor of Russia, and refused to admit Russian troops into Spain.

[9] The total value, at the average market prices, of the corn and grain of all sorts, meal, flour, and rice, imported into Great Britain in 1812, amounts to £2,855,433; of which £1,641,593 is for corn, &c. from Ireland, and the remainder (£1,213,850) from foreign parts.

[10] Bonaparté, by an edict of March 30, has appointed his Empress to be Regent in his absence.

[12] Lord Cathcart, in his dispatches from the Russian Imperial head-quarters at Kalisch, March 6, says—"His Imperial Majesty, though in possession of the keys of Warsaw, has not placed a soldier within its walls; and has, in every instance, treated the Poles with the utmost clemency and indulgence."—"The Austrian auxiliary force, in consequence of an unlimited armistice, are gradually retiring to the Galician frontier."—March 26, he adds—"Detachments of the Russian army have penetrated to Dresden, which capital they now occupy; Marshal Davoust having retreated across the Elbe, and having destroyed some of the arches of the magnificent bridge at that place."—Those arches were blown up on the 19th.

[12] *Cadiz, March 26.*—The clergy have at length read in their churches the decree for the abolition of the Inquisition.

[12] A swarm of bees was taken as

early, this year, as the 26th of March, in the garden of Captain W. Collingwood, of Stockwith, near Gainsborough.

[12] On Wednesday, the Duke of York laid the first stone of an episcopal chapel at Bethnal Green, to be erected by the Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews. Nearly £1100 was subscribed by the company present, in addition to a donation of £900 from a lady.

[13] *France*.—By a decree, of April 3, the Senate have ordered the army to be completed to 800,000 men, viz. 400,000 on the Elbe, 200,000 in Spain, and 200,000 partly on the Rhine, partly in the 32d military division, and in Italy.

[13] *Buying Guineas*.—At the Lancaster assizes, April 1, D. Welsh was tried for having purchased five guineas for £6.7s.6d. which sum he paid in 23 Spanish dollars and one English shilling: but, the dollars being only considered as bullion, the jury found him *Not Guilty*.

[14] February 15, Captain Hall, with two divisions of the Sicilian flotilla, and four companies of infantry under Major Stewart, made a descent on the coast of Calabria, in the face of a very superior force posted on a height, and provided with artillery—killed their commanding officer and 150 others—took their guns, and 163 prisoners, and burned or brought away 50 sail of armed vessels laden with timber and naval stores, with very little loss on our part.

[14] *Frontiers of Saxony, March 30*.—The University of Wittemberg has been entirely dissolved. The students, and the greater part of the professors, have left the town, which has been well fortified.

[14] April 2, a French force, of 3,500 men, under General Morand, was defeated by the Russians, at and in the town of Luneburg. Not a man of them escaped; all, who were not killed, being made prisoners. Among the latter was Morand himself, severely wounded—and since dead.

[15] Feb. 13, the French force under Gen. Regnier was attacked, between Dresden and Leipsic, by the advanced guard of Gen. Kutusoff's army, under Gen. Wintzingerode, and defeated, with considerable loss in killed and wounded, besides above 2000 prisoners.

[15] *Petersburg, Feb. 25*.—The Emperor has granted to the whole army, without distinction of rank, half a year's pay, as a reward for their late services.

[15] *Amsterdam, March 4*.—A conspiracy has lately been detected here, whose object was to overturn the government. The conspirators were tried by a military

commission, who condemned two of them to death, and four to fine and imprisonment.

[15] There is now living in Strathaven, Wm. Ruthven, tiuker, who was born at Whiteshaw-gate, in that parish, 23d May, 1699, and who of course entered into the 114th year of his age, 23d May last. He has nearly lost his sight, but his intellects are no way impaired.

[16] *Extraordinary Fall of Snow*.—In Galloway, so great was the quantity of snow which fell on Friday, that the roads were blocked up, and the mail was obliged to be forwarded on horseback. The same circumstance occurred on the road between Dumfries and Edinburgh. The fall of snow was very great on Friday night and Saturday morning, about Sanguhar, Lead-hills, Muirkirk, &c. The snow was in some places from six to eight feet deep, and the roads blocked up.

[17] March 20, a Swedish force arrived at Stralsund, and took possession of Pomerania in the name of the King of Sweden. The Pomeranians received the Swedes with the greatest demonstrations of joy.

[17] A coal-pit near Howden lately took fire; by which accident twenty-five men were severely burned. One man was tossed about by the fire in such manner that his skull was fractured, and he died in consequence.

[17] The lambing season has in general been very fortunate both as to numbers and health, and fewer ewes have been lost than ever known; but the distemper among horses has been very general this spring.

[18] The public indignation against *Sir John and Lady Douglas* has recently been manifested in a striking manner: for it is said that a lady and gentleman, who had lately passed over into the isle of Jersey, and were supposed to be Sir John and his Lady, were hustled and insulted wherever they appeared in public—were threatened with having their lodging set on fire—and finally compelled to quit the island: and, on Wednesday last, after the presentation of an address from Bristol to the Princess of Wales at Blackheath, a female figure, denominated Lady * * *, was (like the annual *Guy Faux* in Westminster) carried in procession about Greenwich and Blackheath, amid the hisses, hootings, and groans of a numerous assemblage of people, by whom it was destined, after another such procession on a subsequent day, to be publicly burned.

[19] An attempt made by our govern-

ment, to raise six millions upon debentures, has failed; little more than half a million having been subscribed within the limited time, which expired on Thursday last.

[19] On Saturday twenty-four convicts received sentence of death at the Old Bailey.

[20] King Joseph Bonaparté quitted Madrid for Segovia, on the 17th of March, having previously stripped the palace of all the pictures and other valuable effects.

[21] April 15, the Emperor Bonaparté set out from Paris, to commence the operations of the northern campaign.

[22] Nine waggons, loaded with gold-dust, bars, and silver bullion, worth upwards of half a million, arrived yesterday forenoon at the Bank, from Portsmouth. This valuable cargo was brought by the President frigate from the Cape of Good Hope, to which it had been conveyed at different times from the East India Company's possessions in India.

[23] An article from Berg mentions, that, on the occasion of the approach of the French, on the 31st of March, the whole of the male population, to the number of 3000, assembled with rifles, pistols, swords, pikes, and any irregular weapons they could procure. The following morning they were on the heights, and were joined by a multitude from the neighbouring villages; which occasioned the enemy to withdraw.

[24] January 22, a detachment of the American invaders of Canada, consisting of above 1000 men, under the command of General Winchester, were attacked by Colonel Proctor, at French-town, on the river Raisin, 26 miles to the south of Detroit, and defeated, with the loss of above 500 prisoners, and the remainder all killed or wounded.—The British loss was 24 killed, and 158 wounded.

[24] April 5, a French force, of about 24,000 men, under the command of Beauharnois, viceroy of Italy, was attacked by a corps of allies under Count Wittgenstein, and defeated, with the loss of 2000 killed and wounded, and above 900 prisoners.

[24] *Mad-Houses*.—Yesterday, by order of the sitting magistrate, a gentleman was brought to Bow-street office, from Mr Rhodes's mad-house at Bethnal Green, where he had been illegally confined near two years, though he had never betrayed any symptoms of insanity.—The magistrate ordered him to be liberated.

[25] *Bigamy*.—At Dublin, lately, Henry Morris, convicted of bigamy, was sentenced to transportation for seven years.

[26] The foundation-stone of a Lancasterian School was laid at Godalming, on the 20th instant.

Books lately published.

The Book of Common Prayer, with Notes on the Epistles, &c. 18s.

A Father's Letters to his Children. 6s.

Chateaubriand's Beauties of Christianity. By the Rev. H. Kett. £1. 11s. 6d.

The Lives of Marcus Valerius Messala Corvinus, and Titus Pomponius Atticus. By Edward Berwick. 7s.

Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters, during an Excursion in Italy. By J. Forsyth, esq. 12s.

Memoirs of the Reign of Charles I. By Sir Philip Warwick. 12s.

Geographical Memoirs of the Persian Empire. By J. Macdonald Kinnier, esq. £3 13s. 6d.

Memoirs of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon. By W. Coxe. £6. 6s.

History of James Mitchell, a Boy born blind and deaf. By James Wardrop. 7s. 6d.

Four Letters on the English Constitution. By G. Dyer. 5s.

Collection of Sacred Translations, Paraphrases, and Hymns. By Stevenson Macgill, D.D. 4s.

Poems by Caroline Symmons, and Charles Symmons, D.D. 12s.

Heath Blossoms. 4s.

Poems by M. G. Lewis, esq. 4s.

Waltz, an apostrophic Hymn. 3s.

Suggestions to the Promoters of Dr. Bell's System of Instruction. By the Rev. F. Fremonger. 8s.

The Accidents of Human Life, with Hints for their Prevention, &c. By Newton Bosworth. 4s. 6d.

Atalinda, or Education put in Practice, The Students of Salamanca, a Comedy. By R. F. Jameson. 3s.

Remorse, a Tragedy. By D. T. Coleridge. 3s.

The Hero of Salamanca. By Mrs. Moriarty. 18s.

Lady Darnavor. By A. F. Holstein. 16s. 6d.

The Sons of the Viscount, and the Daughters of the Earl.

Pride and Prejudice. By the Author of "Sense and Sensibility." 18s.

St. Leonard's Forest. By W. H. Hitchener. 10s.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 44, N^o. 5, for May, 1813.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates :

1. Portrait of the DUCHESS of BRUNSWICK.
2. Fashionable DRESSES for June.
3. New PATTERN for a TUCKER.

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LONDON:

Printed for G. and S. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row ;
where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

Besides the promised Portrait of Miss SMITH, which is in a state of forwardness—we also have in the hands of an eminent Engraver a striking Likeness of the celebrated General KUTUSOFF, which we shall present to our fair Readers, as soon as practicable.

In our next Number, will commence (to be continued in successive monthly portions) "*The Prison*," a Poem, by Mr. J. M. LACEY, author of "*The Farm-House*," &c. who has already enriched our pages with many valuable communications.

The second letter from "*J. F.*" of *Colchester* has safely come to hand, and at once determined us to decline his proposal.—Agreeably to his directions, we have returned his poem by the post.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
FOR MAY, 1813.

Modern LIFE delineated.
(Continued from page 111.)

Mr. Lloyd acutely felt the change which a few hours had wrought in Emma's appearance; and, though he censured her weakness, he could not divest himself of anxiety upon her account. So absorbed was he in painful reflexions upon Edward's divorce, and Emma's ill health, that he had neglected to make any inquiries concerning Mr. Manville's father: but, when it occurred to him, he abruptly said, "In thinking of our own affairs, I have neglected a gentleman to whom I am highly indebted. I hope, Captain Manville, you will pardon the omission. Have you heard, sir, from your worthy father lately?"—"My father!" repeated Mr. Manville with the most melancholy accent—"Are you unacquainted, sir, with the loss we have sustained?"

Mr. Lloyd fixed his eyes upon the dress, and then upon the countenance, of Captain Manville; and, to his great surprise, beheld, in both, the harbingers of death. "I am concerned indeed, Captain Manville," said he, "that I have awakened your grief."—"No, sir, you have neither awakened nor renewed it; for the remembrance of my father, I trust, will never be erased from my bosom: for what accords more with virtue than the remembrance of a good parent?"

"Where is your amiable mother?" said Mr. Lloyd.—"At present, sir, she is at Kensington: we have fixed our residence there for two years, purposely to establish my

brother in business here: and I have resigned the military life, to conduce (if it is possible) to her happiness. I undoubtedly glory in a military life, particularly at this period, when we have to counteract the machinations of those whose system is universal destruction to empires and to domestic bliss. But the principles which actuate me in preserving a mother's peace are as sacred to my heart as the interests of the whole world; and, if I obtain a glorious conquest over her afflictions, I shall feel myself a greater hero than Alexander was, when he sighed that there were not more countries to extend his dominion over."

"I applaud your principles," said Mr. Lloyd with energy: "for, in my opinion, a good son, and a virtuous citizen of the world, are inseparable characters. The youth, whose heart vibrates with rapture in a mother's cause, will exert himself with equal glory in defence of his country's rights. I wish, indeed, there was a law established, that no young man should be admitted as a guardian of his country, who had not previously distinguished himself as an affectionate son, and a kind brother: for, if local attachments do not stimulate the mind of man to exertion, we cannot expect that the perils of a field of battle shall animate him to deeds of glory."

The captain smiled at Mr. Lloyd's warmth, and observed—"In the field of battle, there are a thousand excitements to bravery, which at home are quite unknown. For instance, the contest for renown, the

fear of being stigmatised as cowards, the irresistible power of music over the feelings, and the loud acclamations of those who fancy they are conquering, give increasing promptitude to military zeal, and not unfrequently place the laurel of victory upon the heads of those, who, in private life, were unqualified to support the feeble steps of a drooping parent, and whose feelings never urged them to the noble emulation of proving a father to the fatherless, and a protector to her who has lost every earthly support."

Mr. Lloyd and his daughters were equally pleased with young Manville. His countenance stamped immortal truth upon every sentence he expressed; and, in his person and manner, they fancied there was a similarity to Edward. Indeed, so irresistibly did he plead the cause of his friend, when he again recurred to him, that Mr. Lloyd most cheerfully consented to accompany him to Kensington the following day.

Emma passed a sleepless night; and, in the morning, when she met her father at breakfast, he was startled at the sight of her livid countenance and swollen eyes. For the first time, he felt seriously displeased at her conduct: he reasoned with her on the extreme indelicacy of giving way to a passion which had not reason for its support.—"I know, my dearest father," said Emma, "the impropriety of it: but I find I never can conquer my regard for Edward. Indeed, I seriously pray that my eyes may soon close upon this world; and then I shall no longer prove a burden to my best friends."

"Emma!" replied Mr. Lloyd, "a girl of twelve years old would deserve a severe punishment for so weak an expression. I blush, my child, that it has escaped your lips:—"

Emma burst into tears.—Captain Manville unfortunately entered the room, and seemed much shocked at her grief. He looked with a scrutinising eye upon Gertrude, as if he attributed her sister's tears to her. Mr. Lloyd immediately requested that they would retire to their own room; and then he told Captain Manville he was prepared to accompany him to Kensington.

Edward's languid countenance and emaciated figure gave a decisive blow to any resentment which his uncle had indulged; and, when Edward was struggling with his own feelings to apologise for his inconsistent conduct, Mr. Lloyd checked him ere he had uttered a single sentence. "We will mutually forget the past," said he. "You have learned experience at an early age. Some men pass through life without ever gaining a perfect knowledge of their own hearts: and, though your experience has been purchased at a dear rate, I trust it will preserve you from another deviation. You must now endeavour to regain your health and spirits; and we will then think of establishing you in business; for I fancy your military ardor is considerably abated." Edward looked down at his hand, which was tied in a sling, and confessed with a sigh, that the power of obtaining glory was departed.

Mr. Lloyd was surprised and pleased that Edward was Mrs. Manville's visitor, but shocked at the ravages which grief had made in her own person. When he saw her in Wales, her countenance beamed with health and animation. Now! what a sad reverse! Sorrow had erased every trace of health from her countenance; and the broodings of melancholy dimmed the lustre of her eyes. Her only consolation in this world seemed derived from at-

attention to Edward and her own amiable sons.—Mr. Lloyd, as he fixed his eyes upon Mrs. Manville's faded figure, felt the awful truth confirmed, that the virtuous are not exempt from the calamities of life, but that every family has a portion of affliction to endure; and that our own evils lessen, when they are compared with others that fall to the lot of our friends.—The sorrow and embarrassment, painted in Edward's face, touched Mr. Lloyd's feelings far more than his expressions of regret for past misconduct: and, when he parted from him, he gave a promise to Mrs. Manville, that his daughters should accompany him the following day to pay their respects to her, and see their cousin.—Edward endeavoured to thank him for his goodness: but the thanks he would have expressed, died away upon his lips.

Mr. Lloyd, on his return home, informed his daughters of the recent promise he had given to Edward.—A gleam of modest joy darted across Gertrude's countenance: with Emma it was the delirium of rapture: but her joy quite overcame her; and her father was obliged to persuade her to retire to her own room.

After Emma had left them, Mr. Lloyd requested that Gertrude would take a chair by him, as he assured her he had something of consequence to communicate. Gertrude was alarmed at the solemnity of his manner. "I hope, sir," said she, in a voice trembling with agitation, "that it is not any thing unpleasant; for I feel at this moment almost as incapable, as my sister Emma, of hearing it."—"No, my love! It is not any thing painful that I am going to communicate. It is, more properly speaking, a question I have to ask you: and I trust you will answer me with your usual ingenuousness. I have only one request to make be-

fore I mention the subject—that you will not be influenced by the wishes of any human being to act opposite to your own feelings.—And now, my love, for this important question—Do you think you could behold your cousin Edward the husband of Emma, without feeling any inquietude?"

Gertrude paused a moment or two. It would be unnatural to say that my sister's happiness is a thousand times dearer to me than my own: but I assure you, my dear father, if she becomes Edward's wife, I shall rejoice more at it than I have power to express: and, if I dare answer for my own heart, no selfish regrets will ever embitter my peace. The happiness of Emma, and the society of my cousin, will always increase my joys. I dare now confess, that I felt afraid of meeting with Edward's wife: but I am confident it was an uneasy sensation which I never shall again experience."

"Then listen to me, my love.—The laws of our country have sanctioned divorces; and they have likewise extended the privilege of a second marriage to the disunited party.—I have no right to cavil with this law, as wisdom superior to mine has stamped its legality: but in my opinion it militates against domestic peace: it abolishes conjugal affection, and is a barrier to those divine passions which result from filial and paternal love. The evils which result from it, a quarto volume would not contain. But, though I condemn the basis of divorce, and the fatal consequences arising from it, I feel, when it requires my own disapprobation or approval of the system, that the happiness of my child counterbalances all its defects. I cannot see her hourly a prey to misery, without endeavouring to alleviate it: and I am too painfully convinced, that nei-

ther reasoning, persuasion, nor anger, can subdue her attachment to Edward. I therefore, for the first time in my life, resign my principles to affection.—I am convinced, from Edward's emotions when he inquired for her, that Captain Manville had mentioned to him her indisposition: and I trust that the great alteration he will perceive in her person and manner will excite his tenderness. I once thought he never would marry Emma: but I now think differently. The enthusiasm of youthful affection is subsided: and, as he is confident your declarations are unalterable, I think prudence and affection for our family will bring about an event, which I now almost desire: for so confident am I of the rectitude of Edward's principles, that I should never doubt his excellence as a husband, if his wife possessed a good disposition."

"I think," said Gertrude, "it will be as well for both parties if I do not accompany you to Kensington to-morrow.—I can go with you, sir, another day."—"No, my love! That would be a tacit proof of our intentions. We will go without any sinister motives; and then, let the event be what it may, we shall not have ourselves to censure. But it is advisable not to intimate the subject of our present discussion to Emma.—I often lament that she has not more firmness of mind: I never saw any young person so incapable of exertion. But," continued Mr. Lloyd with a deep sigh, "though I censure her weakness, I feel that her happiness is dear to me as my own existence."—"She merits, my dear father, our tenderest affection,"

said Gertrude: "for, on every subject, either of joy or sorrow, she displays a sensibility which only can accord with a virtuous heart. In every feature, the emotions of her soul may be traced. They are as

legible to my comprehension, as a well-printed book."

(*To be continued.*)

The ADOPTED CHILD.

(*Continued from page 164.*)

"CONSIDER, my dear child," rejoined Mrs. Montague, "that the present opportunity of establishing your claim to his parental tenderness may never again present itself. He has proved his affection to you, by acknowledging you as his daughter. This affinity he might have concealed; and it solely depends on your conduct, whether your mother's reputation shall be restored to its native lustre, or be suffered (through your neglect) to remain suspected."

This was the last resource which her kind mistress could devise, to rouse her torpid spirit; and the idea was no sooner suggested, than Marina, rising from her seat, mildly exclaimed, "Ah! my dear madam! you have probed a wound, which a selfish concern for my own feelings had nearly closed: but you have recalled me to myself; and I will instantly repair this momentary breach of duty to the memory of my excellent mother, by obeying the commands of the marquis."

Jeannette was immediately made acquainted with every particular relative to the intended journey, and ordered by Mrs. Montague (to the inexpressible joy of Marina) to prepare to accompany her young mistress.—"Why did you conceal this agreeable intelligence from me?" cried Marina. "My imagination had pictured this dreadful journey, as the period of every comfort: but, if permitted to enjoy the attendance of my faithful Jeannette, I shall encounter every difficulty with greater fortitude."

"In my anxiety, to inform you of the marquis's resolution, and to prepare you for our separation,"

replied Mrs. Montague, "I omitted this circumstance; but I am certain, that, when he requested that I would provide a proper servant to attend you, he knew not that Jeannette was in being. You will therefore, my dear child, be cautious how you indulge her in making improper inquiries, and prevent (if possible) her being seen by the marquis, until you have paved the way for her introduction. She will then prove an excellent evidence, in supporting your legal claim to his protection."

Marina acknowledged the propriety of confining Jeannette's loquacity within certain limits. "Her affection to my poor mother," added she, "will, I fear, prove no advantage to her, if openly indulged in the marquis's family."—She then explained to Mrs. Montague—what had hitherto appeared mysterious—the reason of her wearing the bracelets whenever she went into public, and at no other time. "The week before my mother died, I was sitting one morning by her bed-side, when she drew aside the curtain, and desired me to open the box which always stood near the bed, and bring her a shagreen case, which lay under some papers. When I presented it to her—on opening it, she paused; and, heaving a deep sigh, she desired me to look attentively on the miniature picture she held in her hand. 'This, my dear child,' said she, in a voice scarcely articulate, 'is the portrait of your father. Though insensible to my present sufferings, he will, on viewing this, recall to his remembrance the solemn promise he gave me, at our last interview, of acknowledging the resemblance. Never part with either of these pictures' (at the same time showing me her own) 'on any consideration. They are the best certificates I can give you, of your

being his daughter; and, when he beholds them on your arms, I flatter myself, the likeness you bear to your unfortunate mother will confirm your claim.—If, however, you should never meet with him before you have reached your twentieth year, Jeannette will then disclose to you the circumstances of your birth, and the name of your father.'—She then strongly recommended to me the practice of humility, and enjoined me never to forget the services that Jeannette had rendered her. 'Her grateful attachment,' she continued, 'will supply to you, when I am gone, a peaceful asylum for your helpless youth. I have no other protector to offer you.'—In saying this, she wept bitterly.—Ah! my dear madam! had she known you at that time, her fears for my happiness would have subsided: but the lamp of life was nearly extinct when you appeared; and my recollection of the scene serves but to impress more forcibly on my mind the obligations I owe you. I regret that I must depart without seeing Mr. Montague, to whom I am indebted for every mental improvement. Assure my kind preceptor, that I shall never forget his condescension in storing my youthful mind with valuable knowledge.—Your example, my generous benefactress, will ever be the object of my constant imitation; and I will endeavour so far to conquer my feelings, as to appear satisfied with my situation."

As the hour drew nigh, which was to put Marina's fortitude to the test, she talked on indifferent subjects: and, when she contemplated the countenance of Mrs. Montague, who was evidently struggling to conceal, under an appearance of cheerfulness, the agony she felt, she determined to assume an air of composure: but, when the servant an-

nounced the arrival of the carriage, her resolution entirely forsook her:—she threw herself into the arms of her friend, and sobbed aloud.

Affected by her distress, the worthy heart of Mrs. Montague felt a momentary reproach for having insisted so warmly on her obliging the marquis, whom she now more than ever detested.—The artless account which Marina had given of her mother's sufferings, effaced every unfavorable impression; and she dreaded the consequence of her interview with such a man as the marquis, who disputed her legal claim to his name and title.—It was, however, now too late to retract her promise; wherefore, embracing Marina with great tenderness, and re-assuring her of her constant regard, she bade her a tender adieu.

Jeannette at this instant entering (her eyes red with weeping) Mrs. Montague was prevented from repeating the advice which she had given to Marina respecting Jeannette's conduct: but most affectionately offering her her hand, the grateful creature, sensible of this mark of her approbation, without waiting for her to speak, respectfully expressed her obligations, and prayed, that the kindness, which she had shown to her young lady, might be rewarded tenfold.

Marina—who was unable to bear this affecting scene—after once more hastily embracing her benefactress, hurried into the carriage, whither she was almost immediately followed by Jeannette; and the fleet coursers soon took from their imperfect view all trace of Sedley, and its peaceful shades.

As night progressively advanced, and spread her sable veil over the face of nature, they saw not the various places through which they flew with such alarming velocity, that

fears for their personal safety were added to Marina's other tormenting reflexions. A messenger had gone before; and relays of horses were ready harnessed at every stage: and, though the moon,

"Rising in clouded majesty, at length
..... unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle
threw"—

ignorant of the towns and villages through which they passed, she knew not where she was, till three in the morning; when, upon their stopping at a large inn, the servant, who followed them, informed her that they were at Gloucester—and that, in three hours, or less, they would arrive at Belvoir. A maid servant appeared at the door, to inquire if the ladies chose any refreshment: but Marina, indifferent at all times to the care of her health, said she did not choose any thing, and only wished to get to the end of her journey as expeditiously as possible.—“We have horses,” replied the girl, “that cannot be matched in the whole county; and your ladyship will be very soon at Belvoir.”

The postillions again mounted; and they proceeded for a few miles with the same rapidity as before; when their speed was suddenly impeded by deep and rugged ruts, through which the jaded beasts could scarcely drag the carriage.—Old houses, decayed by Time's all-mouldering hand, hung over the high precipices under which they were slowly advancing, and seemed to threaten the traveller below with immediate destruction.—When Marina beheld these tottering fabrics, by an involuntary exclamation of terror she awakened her sleeping companion.—Solely occupied by the painful reflexion of having quitted her beloved benefactors, perhaps for ever, and uncertain of the success of

her endeavours to re-establish the wounded fame of her mother, Marina had, till now, preserved a profound silence, and almost forgotten the parting injunctions of Mrs. Montague.

The alacrity with which Jeannette had prepared for this sudden expedition, by wholly exhausting her spirits, had rendered her for a while insensible to the melancholy *réverie* of Marina, and restrained that immoderate loquacity, which seldom received a check in her presence.—But, when she heard her little darling, as she always termed her, explaining the necessity of her concealing her real name from the family of the marquis—and that, whenever he was in the house, she must carefully avoid being seen by him, till such time as Marina saw he would not be irritated by her appearance—it was with the utmost difficulty she suppressed her rage.—“And is the barbarous wretch,” she exclaimed, “going to bury you alive in one of his odious lone houses, as he did my poor dear mistress?—Oh! for God’s sake, let us return again to Sedley, and never enter his unnatural doors.”

Marina soon saw that Jeannette was falling into one of those paroxysms of passion, which the mention of her father generally excited; and, with that soothing mildness, so powerful in its influence over the mind of Jeannette, she endeavoured, by every persuasive argument, to subdue her animosity; till at length, won by those gentle entreaties, which had never yet been uttered in vain, she promised to be guided solely by Marina’s directions, and to assume, at her request, the name of Mary.

They had scarcely settled this necessary arrangement, when

—“Morn, her rosy steps in th’ eastern
clime [pearl;”
Advancing, sow’d the earth with orient

and her golden beams began, by slow and imperceptible degrees, to gild the horizon. The cheerful return of day brought with it the pleasing aspect of less rugged roads; and, without any further impediment, they reached Belvoir Dale, just as the busy rustics had arisen to pursue their daily toil.

(To be continued.)

The BROTHERS, a Moral Tale.

(Continued from page 169.)

CHAP. 25.

“Yes! nature’s road must ever be preferred.”

Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend,
than foe:

* * * * *
Meanwhile opinion gilds, with varied rays,
Those painted clouds, that beautify our
days.” Pope.

From a son, now resting his hopes on the most honorable intentions, we must revert to the father, to whom his errors and misfortunes may primarily be traced. His lordship was found by Mr. Saint-Villiers in a very precarious state, though the apprehended crisis of his disorder was passed. In a younger subject (the faculty said) the complaint might possibly have been eradicated; but, in a debilitated constitution like his lordship’s, they told Mr. Saint-Villiers, the utmost hope they could give, was, that medicine might mitigate, and perhaps protract, the final termination.

Lord Saint-Villiers, with the impatience and self-willedness which had marked his progress through life, blamed their want of skill in not more rapidly effecting a cure, and cursed them for attempting to detain him under their care, from mercenary motives. His whole anxiety now was to try what the London physicians could do for him; and

his chief jealousy arose from an idea of people paying undue court to his successor, or that Mr. Saint-Villiers should participate of any relaxation or amusement during his own state of suffering. Hence, though the dutious attentions of his son never appeared to give any pleasure, his lordship was nevertheless in additional uneasiness, whenever he was absent.

As soon as his strength would permit, they set out for London, where it seemed but too probable the unhappy patient would again receive a confirmation of the impotence of mortal aid to avert the doom already pronounced by a higher power.

Most gladly would Saint-Villiers have stolen a week, to see what progress his wishes, or those of her family, were making in the heart of Miss Monson: but his father so highly resented even the slightest hint of leaving him, that he yielded his own wishes to the querulous perversity of an invalid, and endeavoured to content himself with a correspondence, which, while it riveted her more firmly than ever in his good opinion, was not, on her side, at all conquering her repugnance to a closer connexion. Her respect, her esteem, she gave unlimitedly: but the animated preference, which, even against her better judgement, she bestowed upon another, and the impassioned tenderness which she considered as a husband's right, were wanting.

As being hitherto irrelevant to the story, it was not particularly mentioned, that the mother of Mr. Herbert was a twin sister of Sir William Monson's; that this gentleman, when a boy, had spent many of his school vacations at Manningdale, and was particularly endeared to its master by the strong resem-

blance which he bore to his deceased mother.

With Lady Rossford and his children, he was now journeying to Port Patrick, and deviated from the direct road, to pay his respects to his Yorkshire relatives. As the families of Manningdale and Woodfield were equally included in his attention, some slight degree of intercourse was consequently resumed between them; and, through civility to the baroness, Lady Monson again condescended to gloss over her resentment, and revisit her sister-in-law.

To say that Lady Rossford was universally approved among her new connexions, would only be the repetition of a sentiment which she excited wherever she was known; and to add that she was peculiarly interested for the lovely Julia, during a fortnight spent in her society, will not appear at all surprising: and she so warmly entreated her company for a few months, that the good baronet, considering the pleasures and advantages of such an intimacy, was half inclined to close with the proposal, when his determination was fixed by a conversation, which, though arising accidentally, was of a tendency that exactly showed her ladyship's opinions to be what he wished his daughter should adopt.

A lady was mentioned, whose violent grief, for the loss of a gentleman to whom she was on the point of marriage, was such, as threatened the loss of her life or reason. Mrs. Egerton began to express the utmost sympathy for her fate; but Mr. Herbert remarked, that, though it certainly was a pitiable one, the moderation of her grief would be much more laudable, than its uncurbed indulgence — adding, “Should this lady survive, and admit another love, what an eternal ridicule will she

stamp upon herself after this conduct, merely for yielding to the inherent mutability of the human mind, which is framed to conform to circumstances, rather than cast in a mould so stiff, as to require that the enjoyments suited to its capacity should be of one particular form or kind."

"But, my dear sir, how wildly you speak!" returned the romantic enthusiast. "In trifling circumstances, we certainly see your doctrine exemplified: but who, that has loved like Miss Beldon, can admit a second attachment?"—"These, surely, are the arguments of romance, not reality, sister," said Sir William. "We frequently see that first loves are little more than first follies; and people are often happier, where the dictates of discretion, rather than those of youthful inclination, have directed their choice."—"It would not be difficult," rejoined Lady Rossford with a smile, "to adduce a case that would support your argument: and I firmly believe, that a first attachment affords not so fair a prospect of permanent felicity, as a second, where care has been exerted to correct the early errors of romantic expectation."

The debate was still further pursued; and the good sense and judicious remarks of Lady Rossford were never more conspicuous. Sir William frequently led her into the same train of reasoning; and, when he found it deduced from the circumstances of her own life, he had peculiar pleasure in exemplifying her to his daughter, as an instance of the truest conjugal felicity, where no romantic love, no enthusiastic expectations, were concerned in her marriage.

Lady Monson had been most seriously lectured by her husband, respecting the necessity of preserving

secrecy on the subject of Mr. Saint-Villiers's addresses to Julia, lest, if she so far yielded to their wishes, as to resolve on accepting him, it should come to his ears, that she had only been playing the coquette, though determined finally to marry him—a piece of misrepresentation (he observed) by no means improbable, and which might be sufficient to break off the connexion.

Sir William so far carried his point, that her ladyship never gave any one a hint of the proposals that had been made: but, for the restraint imposed in public, she amply avenged herself in private, and, on every occasion, threw out the bitterest taunts against young ladies who attempted to deceive their families, in order to gain time for carrying on their own private engagements. "Nothing can convince me," she would say to Sir William, "but that this *non-parcél* of yours is putting off Mr. Saint-Villiers, to throw herself away on that other fellow, whom every one knows to be a mere swindler.—I have no idea of such double-dealing: and, if my advice had been taken But I have long known, that all I say goes for nothing, if Miss Monson's fancies are to be controlled by it."

In vain would Sir William have represented, that Julia, accustomed to kindness, might be soothed, but could not be driven into any thing; that, by indulging her with time, a cheerful compliance might be expected; whereas, leaving nothing to her own generosity was sufficient to confirm her opposition.—In addition to this chain of reasoning, the baronet dreaded, lest, as some sort of intercourse was again renewed with Mrs. Egerton, she might take opportunities of still more deeply infusing her own romantic opinions into her niece's mind.

Julia was thin and pale. The mental anxiety she sustained, was visibly affecting her health:—change of air and scene would be a desirable trial: in short, Sir William, was induced to promise that he would take her to Ireland, and leave her for a short time with Lady Rossford; but, as they were expecting a visit from some of Lady Monson's relatives almost immediately, he would not, by suffering his daughter to go away with his own, appear to put a slight upon those of his wife.

(*To be continued.*)

A SCENE in Moscow.

(*From "Iwanowna, or the Maid of Moscow," recently published.*)

The Countess Federowitz, at Petersburg, being alarmed for the safety of her sister Iwanowna, who resided in Moscow when it was entered by the French—Sir Edward Ingleby, an English traveller, to relieve the countess's anxiety, undertook a journey from the Russian capital to Moscow, in quest of Iwanowna. Soon after his arrival, he thus writes to his friend in England—

Moscow, November 5.

* * * For three days did I, arrayed like a Russian serf, wander about this immense heap of ruins, like the wandering spirit of its mourning genius, without tracing any other traits of the existence of this lovely girl than simply this:—I could not learn that any one had seen her die; but, as I met with several who were of opinion that she might be removed with a French officer, who had taken her from the hospital, where she had remained near three weeks with her grandsire, I began to fear that I should never be able either to regain the good old man or the naughty young woman; for such I began to fear she had become. Wretch that I was, for daring to suppose it possible!—But no more of this.

This city of Moscow once overspread such an amazing surface, that

to seek a person in it, without chart or compass, must have been at all times a difficult thing; to do it now, to any purpose, appeared an impossible one. But I determined to persevere; and judging, that, if it were possible for Iwanowna to hide herself and her aged relative in the remains of their own palace, that would be the most likely place, I repeatedly repaired thither, to Tom's* great annoyance; for, as he had been informed that the Countess of Federowitz had sent one confidential servant, who had been murdered, as he was peeping about on the same errand, Tom considered this as a sufficient sacrifice, and never failed to advise me to keep at a distance; giving, at the same time, shrewd hints that there were enemies in those kinds of places, more to be feared than flesh and blood: and, for his part, though he scorned to flinch from a Frenchman, yet a man that a Frenchman had murdered in cold blood, was a kind of person to whom he had a very great objection: and *who* knew how many of this description might be lurking about this palace, each with "twenty mortal wounds upon his pate?"

Notwithstanding these sage reasons for avoiding these haunts, I happily watched last night in that quarter to a late hour; and, just as I was leaving the place, perceived two Frenchmen, with torches in their hands, ascending a staircase in the further part of the building, which, being the most injured by the fire, had not been an object of my attention, being evidently too much destroyed for the purposes of secreting any one. The men looked ill, and evidently had suffered from wounds; so that I was convinced no personal danger would occur from addressing them; which I immediately did, by

* Sir Edward's servant.

requesting the loan of their torches, and offering them a small piece of money.

The men obeyed in such perfect silence, and with an air so mysterious, that Tom, on taking his light from the hands of one of them, looked at him, as if not quite satisfied whether he might not be one of the very persons to whom he had declared such an aversion. He followed me, however, with a kind of desperate courage, down the steps which we had perceived the men ascend; but, before we had descended half way, a terrible shriek issued from the other part of the building. It was shrill and piercing, and must be that of a woman or young boy. We instantly re-ascended, and stood for a moment listening, in order that its repetition might guide us to the immediate spot from whence it proceeded; but all was silent as death.

"You see there is no good to be done," said Tom, "in this place, sir.—Some poor creature, 'tis plain, has seen a sight that has evidently frightened her out of her senses; and *who knows what we may see?*"

"We will endeavour to see it," said I, leading the way into a narrow gallery.

I trod very softly, anxious to catch the slightest sound; but none reached me. I now perceived several rooms which were not much injured by fire, but evidently so by plunder: a ray of light proceeded from one, towards which I darted with precipitation.

Never, "while memory holds her seat," shall I forget the scene that drew my eyes, and riveted my very senses. A tall, slight, elegant female, of dazzling beauty; with torn clothing and dishevelled hair, was seen with a dagger in her hand, streaming with blood, as if newly plucked from the bosom of a fine-

looking man, who lay dead at her feet. Her face was so perfectly blanched by horror, her form so fragile, and her whole figure so immovable, that no vision could be better calculated to realise Tom's ideas of a spectre; and, in the wildness of his countenance, I perceived, at one glance, he thought the fair apparition no being of earth's mortal mould. To me the scene explained itself as one in which flesh and blood had contended with spirit, and fallen in the contest. The beautiful vision broke on my imagination as a heavenly emblem of the genius of Russia, exulting in her emancipation from a fallen enemy; but yet pale and trembling, from the sufferings that enemy had caused. The magnanimity of her countenance, in which the majesty of justice was blended with the softness of female emotion, and which seemed to blend indignation with pity, and horror with self-justification, all together excited an emotion so distinct from all I ever could have observed in a female before, that it never can be erased from my mind a moment.

It appeared evident that the murderess, if such she could be deemed, had not heard our approach, nor recovered from the astonishment into which her own daring had probably thrown her, until the flash of our torches, awakening her from the trance of terror, appeared to present her with new dangers. Two strangers, each armed with a pistol, stood before her; and whose dress, though in some parts Russian, did not accord with that of her country sufficiently to inspire her with confidence. She started, and drew back a few paces; then, perceiving my approach, she majestically waved her hand for me to desist; and pointing with the dagger she still held, to the dead body, seemed to threaten all

who dared approach her with a similar fate. Never was I so affected before. The silence, the awful suspense I felt, rendered me unable to speak, though a thousand vows of devotedness stood quivering on my tongue.—Still I approached. She now pointed the dagger to her own heart; while with her left hand, trembling, yet resolute, she tore away her pelisse, and fixed the point against her breast.

The pistol and the torch dropped from my hands, which were clasped in the attitude of entreaty, as I fell prostrate before her.

“Who are you, stranger? What do you want with me?”

The sweet and tremulous tones of her voice dissolved the spell which bound me; and I instantly cried out, in my own language—“Oh madam! if you are the lady Iwanowna, receive me as a friend! I am an Englishman, devoted to your service, and sent to your relief by the Countess of Federowitz, your sister.”

“My sister!” she replied, faintly, and half suspiciously, yet withdrawing her dagger, and folding her vest around her with a blush—a blush that lighted up her pale features into the most brilliant beauty.

I instantly drew from my bosom the countess’s letter, and, recollecting that she had bid me address her sister in English, though I had done it from impulse only in the first instance, I presented my letters and my message in the same language, omitting nothing in my power that could re-assure and console her. As she listened, her features assumed a softer expression, and her beautiful eyes swam in tears: but, when she took the letter in her hand, when she perceived the hand-writing of her sister, her bosom heaved with convulsive sobs; her lips lost their coral hue; and she was evidently so

near fainting, that I seized her arm instinctively. She cast her eye toward Tom, as if asking his aid. What exquisite fear and delicacy were mingled in that speaking action! The poor fellow, in offering his arm, appeared first to learn that she was not supernatural. There was a couch in the room, toward which we would have directed her steps; but, turning away from it, with a look of new and extreme emotion, she sunk, at the same moment, entirely senseless in my arms, and appeared so completely dead, that I really thought her so; and the idea appeared so dreadful, as to bereave me of all presence of mind, all power of assisting her.

Tom was now far the better man. He proposed instantly removing her into the free air; and, when that was accomplished, his humanity having wholly conquered his fears, ran hastily back, to examine if the dead man had any thing about him which could contribute to our relief, and was so happy as to find the remains of a pocket bottle of brandy. With this we chafed her temples, and even forced a small quantity into her mouth. She soon after began to breathe; and, with an ecstacy I am unable to express, her eyes once more opened upon us, with a look of such sweet confidence! that look alone would have repaid a world of suffering.

I now proposed our immediate adjournment to the place where I had taken up my abode: but she insisted on my conducting her to the spot from whence it appeared she had come that very night for the purpose of interring her grandfather, whose venerable remains had been laid in a vault beneath the ruins of his son-in-law’s palace, by the hands of those very men from whom I had gained the torches, and who

had been brought out of the hospital for that purpose, by the officer who was killed. Of that officer she did not speak, nor was I empowered to ask. He was a handsome man—Pshaw! the man, most likely, that took her out of the hospital, and was her only friend.—Nonsense! The snow on her own native plains is not so pure as Iwanowna. The wretch had doubtless offended that purity, when we heard that dreadful shriek. It still rings on my ears. Why, why was I not there at that eventful moment?—No matter!—The eye of Heaven was upon her, and lent her its puissant arm. The spirit of the father armed his helpless daughter.

Torn, still her most vigilant protector, again flew back to the corpse, which he stripped of the military cloak; and though, he said, it went against him to put on a Frenchman's clothing, he had the good sense to present his own coat to the lady, as the more acceptable present. His active care in this affair proves the superiority of thinking to feeling. While he was thus contriving, and really benefiting one for whom my ardent spirit would have "plucked bright honor from the moon," or heaped "Caucasus on Ossa," I was standing rapt in contemplation of her perfections, and sighing over her distress; thinking—"Wert thou in my country, fair sufferer, where I have a mansion, thou shouldst not only eat of my bread, and drink of my cup, but thou shouldst lie in my bosom, and be unto me . . ." No! I will not finish the quotation; for I see you are laughing at me, Charles. But, in despite of your laugh, I will maintain it, that the affection I feel for this surprising girl is of a nature so pure, so fraternal, so every way exalted, that I could be either father, brother, or even tutelar saint to her, without sighing for a nearer union.

The HUSBAND saved.

It was midnight!—The moon, in all her refulgent majesty, beamed through the wide expanse of heaven. serenity smiled around; and silence reigned over the earth. The sons of labor had long sought repose: even Philomela had forgotten her song. Peace seemed to smile on all!—Alas! how ill we judge!—Such was the night when Edward * * * * left his home; his lovely wife, and an infant groupe of prattlers, locked in the arms of sleep.—He quitted the town with hasty strides: terror and despair sat united on his countenance: he shunned the sight of man, and fled from ruin—from himself!—Suicide was in his mind: he had left his home, to destroy himself! Misfortune was his only crime: he had witnessed its approach; had felt and seen all its horrors! The bloom had forsaken the cheeks of his beloved wife; a tear had succeeded to the smile; and gloom and despondency wrinkled her youthful brow. His children, from being plump and rosy, had become pale, thin, and emaciated: they solicited bread; but he could not give it to them!—To stay and witness this, was dreadful! he could not bear it. Madness—temporary madness—usurped the dominion of his brain; and he determined on death!

He reached the country: he bent his steps toward a river, that rolled its turbid waves deep and wide. Quite lost on him were all the beauties of the night: indeed they added grief to his soul. The bright beams of the moon, the silent serenity of the evening, the unclouded sky, he would gladly have exchanged for the wild howlings of the storm, and the gloom of mountain clouds sailing along the face of heaven; for these would have been in unison with his own feelings.

Ere he reached the brink of the stream, he paused, and, throwing himself upon his knees, addressed the Giver of all good, and prayed for pardon. "Oh! God!" he cried, "my trials have been great. I have long struggled against them, and have suffered in silence! For myself, I could still have met the frowns of adversity; could still have braved the overwhelming storm of ruin and wretchedness: but to see my wife, my children, dying for want, and myself incapable of saving or assisting them! oh! it was too much to bear! I have cruelly left them—but it is to thy almighty goodness, which, I hope, will protect them; and I have dared to rush unbidden to thy awful presence! Forgive, oh! forgive me!" These were his bitter words; which having ended, he hurried toward the stream, and was about to bury himself and his sorrows beneath its waves; when an intruder—surely sent by Heaven—appeared on the road which wound along the side of the river. He was on horse-back; and was close to poor Edward, before he could accomplish his purpose, or avoid the traveller. On reaching Edward, he stopped his horse, to ask some question either of curiosity or information, and immediately recognised him as an old friend. The stranger had been many years absent from the town, which was his birth-place; and he was now—at this late, but lucky hour—returning to its sheltering bosom, rich and happy; full of fond anticipations and remembrances; and, in the recollection of old friends, Edward was not the last. He leaped from his horse, and embraced the astonished, and scarcely-sensible form of his friend; from whom his earnest inquiries soon drew a recital of sorrow, that melted him to tears! But he happily had the

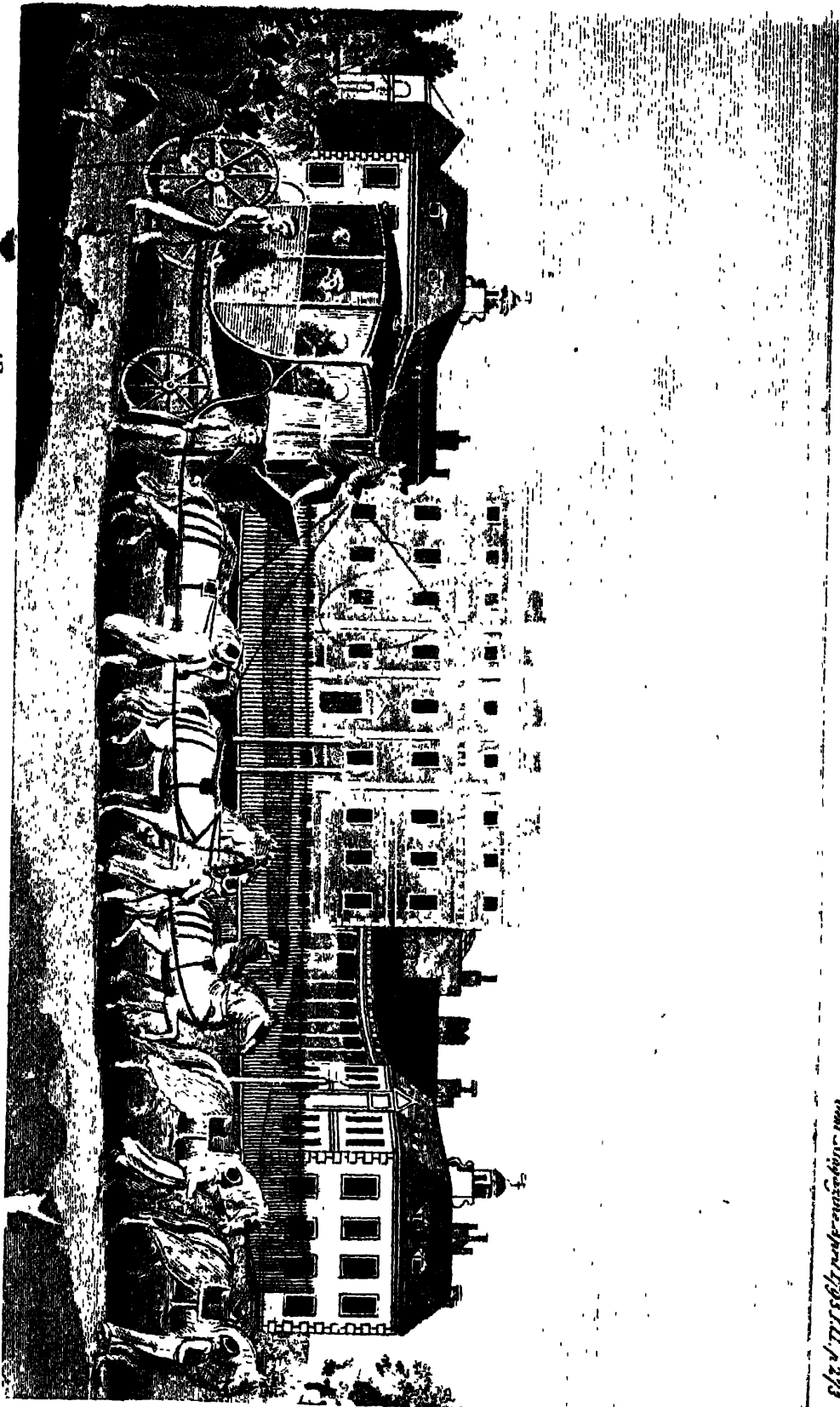
means to restore him to comfort; and, what is even still more rare, the heart to do it. He led him back to his home, a new man; and taught him a lesson, which should never be forgotten—that Heaven, in its own good time, will remove the sting of despair from the bosoms of those whom its power has chastened. Edward felt this in its fullest force—(so let every son of sorrow feel it)—and his friend had the delight to see the smile of peace relume the countenance of a thankful wife; while the lisping gratitude of childhood preserved from want and shame—perhaps from death—poured its "still small voice" in a current of rapture through his soul!

May he, and such as he, be happy here and hereafter! Nay, the wish is vain: they must be so!

J. M. LACEY.

Solitary MUSINGS
in a COUNTRY CHURCH.
By Mr. JOHN WEBB,
Author of "Haverhill," &c.
(Continued from page 120.)

"ANOTHER walk in the gloomy precincts of the dead—a few more characters to portray—and my task will be ended," I exclaimed, as I entered a Country Church, to indulge in my last solitary musings.—The afternoon was cloudy: ascending vapors veiled the eye of the world; and approaching night seemed to be attempting, prematurely, to close the scene of day. The gloominess of the season, and the solemnity of the place, invited to serious reflexion, and prompted me to renew my meditative researches.—Somewhere beneath the sacred roof—the blast of time has swept away the memorial that should tell the spot—lies a churchwarden, a zealous persecutor of the people called Quakers, who, when this edifice was destroyed by



THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR'S PUBLIC ENTRY.

W. J. P. & Co. del.

fire, was killed by the fall of a beam in the steeple, while assisting in the removal of the rubbish.

I am far from pronouncing this awful catastrophe, as a particular judgement of Providence, poured forth on the head of a persecutor: yet ecclesiastical history abounds with relations of the untimely fate of the troublers of the church, arrested in their bloody career by the arm of Omnipotence; and their fearful destiny stands as a beacon, to warn the enthusiastic zealot, when launching on the ocean of religious strife, to shun the fatal rock, on which his eternal hopes may split. And, though the hour of retribution may be delayed, the wretch who is actuated by a religious phrensy, ought not to presume; for divine forbearance has its appointed limits, beyond which it turns to vengeance.—Ye religious persecutors, who would fetter the conscience of a fellow mortal, and forge shackles for his freeborn mind! let not my soul come into your secret! unto your assembly let not mine honor be united! “Cursed be your anger, for it is fierce; and your wrath, for it is cruel!”

But to return—About the middle of the chancel, lie the reliques of a farmer, who perpetrated a deed, at the recital of which the ear of humanity tingles.—’Tis a tale of other times.—About one hundred and fifty annual circles have rolled round, since the circumstance I am about to relate occurred.—As far as it can now be ascertained, he was a man of a violent temper, subject to strong gusts of passion, who, to assist him, hired a parish lad. In an ill-starred hour the hapless stripling offended his ferocious master, who struck him on the temple with a sledge hammer.—The blow was fatal: he fell, to rise no more. Dreading the consequences, the sanguinary wretch

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laid the lifeless body at the heels of one of his horses, and thereby escaped suspicion, and evaded the laws of man. If we are to pay respect to traditionary reports, the apparition of the murdered youth haunted his cruel master—during the day would oft glide athwart his path—at meals, took his wonted place at table—and, at night, the terrific appearance banished from his couch the “curtained sleep.”

“Duly each night, what time the sable
pow’r
Of wizard darkness held his witching
hour,
The spectre came, in winding-sheet ar-
ray’d,
And with pale hand its gory locks dis-
play’d.
Rays of pale light illum’d the midnight
gloom:
Blue coruscations danc’d around the room:
Terrific paces shook the oaken floor,
Jarr’d ev’ry chair, and op’d the bolted door;
Till, warn’d by wakeful cock or morning
bell,
With one loud rap the spirit bade fare-
well.

Fear blanch’d each cheek throughout
the rural vale,
When active rumor spread the goblin tale.
No more, at day’s mild close—sweet hour
of rest,
Thrice happy hour by love’s fond vot’ries
blest—
The sprightly stripling and the tender
maid
Met by appointment in yon haunted shade:
Ev’n the rough shepherd, when he peen’d
his fold,
Felt his hair bristle, and his blood run
cold;
Till doctors sage, as village dames attest,
Read the strong charm, and laid the trou-
blous guest.” *Author’s MS. Poem.*

That such a miscreant should be permitted to breathe the vital air, to partake of the bounties of Providence, and, instead of finishing his course on a gibbet, to die in his bed, is a mystery to finite capacities: but this we know—

“Though human laws may spare the
man of blood,
Stern justice will overwhelm him like a

Red light'nings and tremendous thunders
wait,
To pierce the murd'rer through with
bolts of fate."

Author's MS. Poem.

To conclude—Having extended
my Solitary Musings far beyond my
original intention, I shall close the
series with a poetic valediction.

Ye solemn scenes, adieu! No more I tread
Your still domains, with softly stealing
step,

As if afraid an echo should awake,
To wound the ear of Silence. Here no more
I pace these aisles, in meditation rapt,
Heedless of screaming owl, or the bat
That sits across the gloom on leathern
wing.

No more, within these consecrated walls,
The herald of old Time, the striking clock,
Shall preach my heart a lecture shrill
and loud,

To tell, another golden particle
Has pass'd his muster's glass; another
space,

Laden with proffer'd mercy, has elaps'd.
Ye quiet dead, enjoy your calm repose,
Unvex'd by mimic fancy's antic sports,
Which trouble human slumbers.

Henceforth, may no officious hand pre-
sume.

To draw aside oblivion's ebony veil,
And scan your errors, or applaud your
virtues.

Rest, undisturb'd by mattock or by spade,
In your clay beds, till death's long night
is past:

And, when the long-expected day shall
dawn

Big with terrific glory, may you rise,
And gain the plaudits of a righteous judge.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

The DUCHESS of BRUNSWICK:

(With a Portrait.)

THE amiable and unfortunate
princess, whose recent death has
caused our whole nation to wear the
sable garb of woe—Augusta, Duchess
Dowager of Brunswick, and mother
of the present Princess of Wales—
was born at St. James's, on the 11th
of August, 1737—being the first-
fruits of the union of the Princess
Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, with the late
Prince of Wales, son of George II.

and father of his present Majesty,
who, as long as he retained the use
of his mental faculties, ever uniform-
ly distinguished her with that love
and respect which he considered as
justly due to an elder and affectionate
sister.

Brought up at the court of her
royal grandsire, where she early at-
tracted general notice, as well by
her personal beauty, as by the
sweetness of her temper and the
goodness of her heart, she naturally
became the object of universal ad-
miration and affection, which she
continued uninterruptedly to enjoy
during the whole period of her long
and eventful life.

That, with such attractive recom-
mendations, she should remain un-
married till the age of 27—however
surprising it may appear to those
who do not consider the cause—may
easily be accounted for, when they
recollect, that, by the established
usage of England, she was, of course,
precluded from the formation of a
matrimonial alliance with any fa-
mily, except that of a sovereign
prince and a protestant.

After that tedious celibacy, at
length a suitor, possessing both the
requisite qualifications, came for-
ward, and urged his pretensions.
That suitor was Charles William
Ferdinand, Hereditary Prince of
Brunswick Lunenburg, then in his
29th year, but already eminently
distinguished by his gallant exploits
in the seven-years' war in Germany,
in which he had, as commander in
chief, directed the valour of the
British and Hanoverian auxiliaries
co-operating with the King of
Prussia against the French and Aus-
trians, and their Russian allies.

His proposals having met a favora-
ble reception from the princess
and her royal relatives, the Heredi-
tary Prince came over to England



*Her R. H. Augusta,
Duchess of Brunswick.
Deceased: March 23^d 1813.
in her 76th year.*

to obtain possession of his lovely bride, and was received by the nation with the warmest enthusiasm, not only as the destined husband of their favorite princess, but also as their steady and gallant ally in the sanguinary war which had been lately terminated by the pacification of 1763.

The wished-for union took place at St. James's on the 16th of January, 1764; and the nuptials were celebrated with great pomp and festivity; on which occasion, the different members of the royal family testified their regard to the new married princess by a variety of costly and magnificent presents, amounting, in estimated value, to above £100,000.

A few days after their marriage, a bill, for the naturalization of her husband, having passed through both Houses of Parliament, received the royal assent on the 25th of January; whence it might naturally have been supposed that the new-married pair were to reside in England, at least for some considerable time: but, contrary to the public expectations and wishes, the Princess almost immediately quitted her country and kindred, to accompany her lord to her destined home in a foreign land—and, embarking at Harwich, bade adieu to her native isle on the 30th of the same month. But, though the marriage was, on her part as well as on that of her gallant consort, a marriage of inclination, she could not conceal her regret on seeing herself thus suddenly separated from that society and those scenes which long habit had endeared to her: and, accordingly, a respectable publication of that day—the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1764—says, "Her Royal Highness the Princess stood upon deck, and gazed upon her native

country, till her eye gradually lost sight of the last cliff."

Arrived in Germany, her engaging manners and diffusive benevolence soon gained for her the esteem and affection of those who were to be her future subjects, and afforded her the exquisite gratification of finding herself now as much idolised by those foreigners, as she had previously been by her compatriots in Britain.—But it was not by the public alone that she was esteemed and beloved: she enjoyed, in the highest degree, the esteem, affection, and confidence of the Prince her husband, who found, in his union with her, an unfailing source of domestic happiness and comfort, such as rarely falls to the lot of sovereigns, who generally marry from political views, without a sufficient knowledge, and frequently without even a consideration, of the character and disposition of the women whom they choose for their wives.

On the Prince's accession to his father's Dukedom, he and his worthy partner, having now acquired greater power, and more ample means of indulging their benevolent inclinations, exerted themselves, with increased ardor and proportionate success, to diffuse happiness more extensively around them. They assiduously studied and promoted the interests and welfare of their subjects—gave liberal encouragement to arts and manufactures—and afforded protection to men of letters, who, fleeing to their dominions from unjust persecution by the less liberal-minded sovereigns of other states, found a safe retreat in the territories of Brunswick, where they were permitted to reside unmolested, and to enjoy that mental freedom, which was elsewhere denied them.

Agreeably to the common practice of the lesser princes of Germany,

who, from the scantiness of their income, find it convenient to enrol themselves in the armies of the greater potentates, the consort of our Augusta had, while yet Hereditary Prince, borne a commission, as general, in the Prussian army. On his accession to his father's sovereignty, he did not choose to resign that commission, but determined still to continue in the service—not as a nominal general, to enjoy his pay in idleness, but as an active officer—a determination, which eventually proved fatal to himself, and calamitous to his family: for, after a long series of military services, he at length met his doom in the battle of Auerstadt, on the 14th of October, 1806, where he received a wound, of which, after having lingered for some time in a state of insensibility, he died on the 10th of the following November.

After his decease, the Duchess, finding no safety in her own dominions, which were invaded by the French, fled for refuge to England, where she safely arrived on the 7th of July, 1807, and was most cordially received by her royal brother, and by her affectionate, but ill-fated daughter, the Princess of Wales.—Here she lived in a quiet, retired manner, wholly abstaining from all interference in politics or court intrigues—beloved and respected, as formerly, by her surviving co-ævals, and equally so by those of the new generation who had any intercourse with her, or any knowledge of her character and conduct.

At length, an asthmatic complaint, to which she had been subject for some years, being aggravated by an epidemic disorder then prevalent, became too violent for her aged and feeble frame to withstand; and, after an illness of two days, at once terminated her troubles and her life.

She died at her house in Hanover Square, on the 23d of March, 1813, in the seventy-sixth year of her age—and, on the 31st of the same month, was privately buried in one of the royal vaults at Windsor.

Besides the Princess of Wales, she had issue, by her marriage, two other daughters, and three sons, of whom the eldest is the present Duke of Brunswick, who, after a temporary residence in this country, is lately returned to the continent, to take a part in the opposition of the Northern powers to the insatiate ambition of Bonaparté.

The CALUMNIATOR.

“The man that dares traduce, because he ^{can}
With safety to himself, is not a man!”

THE traducing calumniator is one of the most despicable beings we can imagine. He generally shelters himself in an anonymous garb, or by some other means makes himself certain that punishment will not await his crime, (for crime it undoubtedly is) and deals forth his base and slanderous aspersions against some innocent and unsuspecting person, who knows not of it till mischief comes upon him, perhaps in an irremediable shape; and who, when he finds that wrong has been done him, knows not where to point the finger of detection, or guide the ready arm of justice against the offender.

Many a man, and many a woman, have by such means been brought to the very brink of ruin, if not hurled down its precipice; and those, too, whose lives and characters have been without reproach, till the pestiferous breath of the slanderer falsely tainted them. How cautious then should we be, to avoid, by our conduct, even the possible imputation of error, seeing, as we do, that villainy

is ever at work against some or other of us!

To a well-formed and generous mind, even to speak of failings well known to exist in others, is a hateful task, and is often avoided, when it would be for the good of mankind in general they should be known, that they might be guarded against. To such minds, then, how truly unaccountable it must be, to see their fellow creatures, either for no cause at all, or at best for a very slight one, sully the fairest characters about them, and, by vile innuendoes, covering them with an infamy which they do not deserve.

We are, many of us, but too apt, from some latent spark of envy, to feel a sort of pleasure in hearing others traduced; or, rather, we pass it by with a smile, or a significant shrug of the shoulders, without taking, or intending to take, the least pains in ascertaining the truth or falsehood of what we hear; at once consigning the victim to oblivion and hate, whether it is merited or not. But there is one circumstance, or rather feeling, and that a very strong one—self-love—which should induce us, if nothing else would, to act differently; for be it remembered, that we are all equally liable, and equally exposed to the serpent tongue of the calumniator. The closest bonds of friendship, the fondest ties of affection, are often, by such fiends, rent asunder; and, a breach once made, aggravation follows aggravation, till not a hope of reconciliation is left. And we are all rather liable, without indeed intending harm, to give circulation to every tale that the idle wind may waft to our ears; and may thus, innocently and unintentionally become slanderers ourselves, though perhaps detesting the practice of slander. To avoid this, though it would be

to some a hard task, we should avoid speaking ill of any body.

Were we to picture to ourselves a world inhabited by beings whose lips never uttered any language but that of truth; where, if one man told another he was his sincere friend, and that he would do a deed of benevolence for him, the certain performance followed the promise; where there was no reason to fear that another would take advantage of our credulity; and where, in consequence, suspicion, distrust, and diffidence, would be unknown; we should envy the inhabitants of such a world the charming intercourse they must necessarily have with each other, untinctured by the doubts, unalloyed by the deceptions of our earth. Let our envy cease; and let each of us begin to make this world as much like the imaginary one as may be, by behaving to all around us with uprightness, sincerity, and truth.

I shall conclude these remarks by quoting the description of a picture painted by Apelles, one of the greatest painters of ancient times, in which Calumny occupied the principal place, and was indeed the subject of it.

“ In this excellent piece, Credulity was represented with long ears, stretching out her hands to Calumny, coming up to meet her: Credulity was accompanied by Ignorance and Suspicion: Ignorance was represented under the figure of a blind woman; and Suspicion was exhibited under the figure of a man agitated by secret disquietude, and tacitly applauding himself for some discovery made. Calumny, with a ferocious look, occupied the middle of the picture, shaking a torch with her left hand, and with her right dragging Innocence by the hair of her head, in the form of a child, that

seemed to call Heaven to witness in its behalf. She was preceded by Envy, with piercing eyes, and with a wan and meagre look: she was followed by Stratagem and Flattery, at a remote distance. Truth was seen slowly advancing in the footsteps of Calumny, leading Repentance with her in a mourning habit."

J. M. LACEY.

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS
of the Sixteenth Century.*

(Continued from page 183.)

MEANWHILE the consort of Egmont, learning that the fatal decree is pronounced, falls senseless to the ground. Recalled to life, she rushes from her palace, and, wearing the pale imprint of death on her features, hastes with tottering steps to the prison, and on her knees earnestly supplicates the stern guardian of that dire abode. "If your heart," said she, "be not callous to the touch of pity, grant, oh! grant me the favor of clasping my dear lord for the last time in these arms."

Her tears are yet more affecting than her entreaties: but the barbarian spurns both her entreaties and her tears. She rises—runs to the surrounding guards—melts their hearts—reaches the prison-gates—and with doleful cries invokes the partner of her chaste love—"Egmont! my beloved Egmont! come! receive, not my last embraces, but my sighs, which alone can penetrate these barriers Thou answerest not! alas! is the deadly blow already struck?"

Slowly advancing from the bottom of his dungeon, "What voice," said he, "thus addresses the unfortunate Egmont? from whose lips flow these accents of pity? Ha! 'tis thou, Sabina! Alas! what seek'st thou in this place? Fly! quickly fly! let not the ken of the tyrants discover thee here!"

"Egmont! ill-fated Egmont!" In uttering these words, a universal tremor shook her agitated frame, and her voice was frozen on her tongue.

"Com'st thou," said he, "to announce my approaching doom?—Death is the friend of the unfortunate, and will stamp my fame with the seal of immortality."

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Sabina, "shall the ministers of death come and seize their victim in my presence? shall I rush through their horrid ranks, to clasp him in my embraces? or shall I be rudely thrust back by their blood-stained hands?"—Chilled with horror, she for a moment paused

The unfortunate Egmont called to his afflicted consort, and addressed to her his last adieux. On each side, they imprint their pale lips on the prison-doors: on each side, their hands are extended against those doors, as if seeking to meet in fond embraces:—unavailing efforts!—their sighs alone are permitted to mingle; and their tears flow in streams to the threshold beneath.—At length Sabina is torn from the spot, bereft of sense and motion.

At the same instant the hero's dungeon is thrown open. He casts his eyes around in every direction, and calls for his spouse. "'Twas not an illusion," said he: "in this place, at this moment, I heard her voice, her mournful sighs: here I received her tender adieux: here flowed her tears. They have then torn her from me! they have envied me the consolation of clasping her for the last time to my bosom, and endeavouring to support her drooping fortitude!—or, wounded with mortal grief, has she fled before me to the regions of death?"

He still continued to speak, nor did any of the surrounding band open his lips to relieve him from this cruel

uncertainty, when he perceived a body of guards advancing, and, in the midst of them, his friend Horn. The two chiefs obtain the sad favor of going to meet death together: they approach each other, and, locked in mutual embraces, indulge in the most lively transports of friendship.—While they advance toward the scaffold—

“ Dear Horn !” cries Egmont, “ I see thee once more—for a few moments: let us enjoy this short indulgence.—Valiant Horn! that warriors should thus close their career! . . . Be not surprised that my soul is a prey to affliction: ’tis I who am the cause of your death. Perhaps I could have avoided appearing in the palace of Alva, where, under the veil of peace, were concealed the snares of the most perfidious treachery:—I repaired thither in opposition to your advice: at that early period you foresaw this fatal apparatus—this scaffold—the steps that conduct us to it: but your generous friendship, your unshaken courage, scorned to abandon me! My friend! ’tis I who deliver you into the hands of the executioner.”—Then lowering his voice to a whisper, “ Can we not snatch some weapon from the grasp of our tyrants? I am determined to rescue you from the stroke which I have drawn down upon your head: or, if our efforts prove ineffectual, let us immortalise our last moments, and perish by our own hands !”

“ My friend!” replied Horn, “ banish these complaints and reproaches: suppress your grief, which is unworthy of your great soul, and degrading to me. In the hope of saving my life, you wished to go alone to the palace of the tyrant: but I prefer accompanying you here, rather than to have basely abandoned you on that occasion. I am con-

tent to share the fate of Egmont.—Alva, to whose pride and hatred and policy we are sacrificed, shall no longer be able to separate us. Let us, in these last moments, indulge the purest and noblest sentiments of friendship; and let our souls together soar contented to the immortal abodes of virtue and happiness

“ No doubt, my mind recoils at the idea that I must submit to the stroke of death without exerting my arm in defence, and must fall like a feeble, unresisting victim.—Ah! what charms I should find in death on a different theatre! what a glorious funeral, to descend to the grave surrounded by a crowd of our tyrants, whom our courage had leveled in the dust!—But, though unarmed, we are strictly watched; and our utmost efforts are incapable of accomplishing any thing beyond our own destruction. Our death on the scaffold will be still more conspicuous, and more useful to our country. Never will the Belgian and the Batavian—if they unite my name with yours, as I am united with you in the same fate—never will they forget that Egmont and Horn, aspiring to the honor of fighting in defence of liberty, were scarcely allowed to enjoy a glimpse of the glorious career which lay before them, when they perished under the axe of the executioner.

“ A magnanimous hope elevates me above this apparatus of death, which strikes the eyes of the multitude. The nation for whom we are about to spill our blood—their posterity—other nations, who shall be informed of the reward gained by our unshakable attachment to the laws and to justice—will, from our ashes, see a race of heroes spring up among them, whose swords shall be wielded in the defence of liberty, and whose courage will be irresisti-

ble. Yes, my friend, the scaffold is the theatre of our most brilliant victory; and to thee, Philip, I announce, that the same blow, which strikes off our heads, will strike off one of the diadems from thine!

"But perhaps the Belgian and the Batavian have already signalled their valour: perhaps, in ascending the scaffold, we participate in their triumph! Crowned with victory, Nassau is perhaps at this moment rapidly marching to our rescue; and it is only the vengeance and terror of our tyrants that hasten the moment of our execution."

Fired with this animating idea, the two heroes together exclaim—"O Nassau! Belgians! Batavians! O liberty! thrice happy Egmont and Horn, if your triumphs are the cause of their death!"

At the same time they turn their eyes in every direction, silently interrogating the surrounding multitude on so important a subject: but, at this moment, every countenance presents them with the strong impression of grief and dismay—when suddenly a female form advances. She is not seen to shed tears: her features and her majestic port engage the attention of every beholder; and her sorrow wears the character of sublimity. The crowd, influenced as it were by a divine impulse, yield her a ready passage; and even the soldiers, awed by a sentiment of respect which they are unable to control, open their ranks before her:—so powerful the sway of virtue over all hearts!—She penetrates into the inclosure toward which the devoted heroes are advancing.

"Horn!" she exclaims with steady voice—"thy fortitude is transfused into the bosom of thy ill-fated spouse. Thou art denied my parting embraces: but I can still more effectually alleviate to thee the hor-

rors of death. Attend to the words of my last adieu—learn, Horn and Egmont, that you fall the victims of vengeance. William, Barneveldt, and the rest of your friends, were approaching to burst your chains. Voorn has already yielded to their arms: Holland and Zealand are at this moment free!"

Astonished at her boldness, the soldiers push her aside: the transported multitude view her with admiration; while Horn and Egmont, melted in rapturous ecstasy, dart looks of gratitude toward that heroine animated with supernatural virtue.

At this moment the scaffold met their eyes. The apparatus of death was environed by numerous bands of warriors: around them thronged all the inhabitants that Brussels contained within her walls, who, sunk in profound consternation, observed a mournful silence. At the sight of the two heroes, a cry of agony, uttered by the universal crowd, resounds through the sky; while themselves, calm and undaunted, advance with majestic step, and, entering the inclosure, stand at the foot of the scaffold.

They now, for the last time, indulge in mutual embraces, and long remain clasped to each other's bosom, when they are at length ordered to put an end to their adieux. Immediately Horn tears himself from the arms of his friend, who thus addresses the chief of the surrounding guard—"The only regret I feel, is for the fate of that intrepid hero: 'tis I who am guilty of his death. Suspend for a while the fatal stroke—let one of your number repair to Alva: if he preserve any remembrance of our former friendship, let me obtain the life of Horn, and I pardon him my own death. . . . Cruel men! you refuse me? . . . At

least, let *my* head be the first to fall Is that too a favor? Ah! if you were acquainted with the sacred charms of friendship, could you wish, that, after having been the cause, I should also be a witness, of his death? To you, Horn, my affliction appears weakness: it offends your courageous virtue:—my fortitude has not abandoned me: but I could not resist that impulse of sensibility. Pardon me for wishing to render you a spectator of my exit: but it was not you who dragged me to this scaffold; and your soul possesses more firmness than mine."

"Virtuous Egmont!" replies Horn—"thou, who fearest not to shed thy own blood, view the death of thy friend with steady eye, and thus exhibit to our country an additional proof of thy intrepidity."

At these words he fixes on Egmont a parting look, in which all his veneration, all his friendship for that chief, are strongly pictured—and, with unshaken step, he mounts the scaffold. Dauntless magnanimity beams on his countenance; and, at the moment when he is about to fall the victim of tyranny, he seems to trample it under his feet. His eyes survey those warriors whom he formerly headed in the paths of glory, as well as those citizens whom he wished to save from the degrading yoke of servitude, and from the steel of the executioner, which is now prepared to terminate his own existence. He extends his view toward the Batavian provinces, where the banners of liberty float streaming in the wind; and immediately his bosom feels a transport of joy mingling with his exalted courage.

The minister of death presents him with a bandage to close his eyes: but the hero rejects it with disdain, and exclaims—"Strike!

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release my soul from her present confinement!"—A lugubrious silence prevails through the gazing throng: their tears are suspended—their sighs are stifled Suddenly the whole multitude utter a tremendous shriek, and the head of Horn falls at Egmont's feet. Even in death, the countenance of the martyred hero still frowns vengeance on the tyrant; and the name of liberty issues from his lips with his last breath.—With undaunted step, Egmont now mounts the scaffold.

(*To be continued.*)

How to lose a Wife.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

A COUNTRY friend of mine, a very respectable and substantial tradesman, of the name of Oversight, has a most unfortunate knack, in conversation, of falling upon unpleasant truths, in a way quite unintentional, but which nevertheless has been a serious injury to him at different times. I am quite sure, that, in whatever he may have said, he had no design of wounding the feelings of any one; and I am confident that he has generally felt more mortified when he has discovered his mistake, than the party aggrieved. The misfortune is, that, in all cases of this sort, to apologise would be to aggravate the injury, by seeming aware, that you had inflicted it: consequently there is no way left, but to change the discourse; and it most frequently happens—either from the confusion a person is in, or from a sort of incomprehensible series of blunders, which seem to verify the old proverb, "It never rains but it pours"—that you go on from one to another, till there is no safety but in flight.

Ned Oversight, a few years ago.

was in the high road to matrimony, as he fancied. In his occasional visits to London, he had been introduced to a tolerably respectable family, (with whose previous little mishaps he was quite unacquainted) consisting of an old gentleman and lady, one son, and one daughter; for which latter lady Ned felt a tenderness. Matters, to be sure, had not gone very far: but they were in an excellent train; and he set himself down for a Benedick.

In one of his visits to London, he was spending the day with this family, and the conversation turned upon the French revolution, which had then only taken place some few years; and Oversight, being a very loyal man, expressed a vast deal of horror on the occasion, and at length extended his remarks to the reputed Jacobins of this country, and expressed his satisfaction and delight at the imprisonment of some of their number. Here the young lady looked unutterable things at him; and the rest of the party fidgeted about, and gazed at each other so oddly, that Ned found he was upon the wrong scent. The truth was, that the old gentleman—a very well-meaning man at the bottom—had, himself, actually suffered imprisonment under a charge of Jacobinism; and, of course, the family never wished to have the subject revived in their minds.

Ned now eagerly led the conversation another way; and, after divers twistings and turnings, of the usual unaccountable kind, that await conversation in general, it settled on a topic which led the poor blunderer into a second error: this was matrimony, and the awkwardnesses and inconsistencies of unequal and improper matches; and Ned expatiated very feelingly, and at great length, on the various circumstances

of this kind that had fallen under his own observation. At length he began a story, of a young lady who had married her footman, with a violent philippic against servants of either sex intermarrying with their masters or mistresses; when the old lady, coloring most amazingly, bounced out of the room. Oversight was again at fault: but he knew not why, and fairly wished himself behind his counter in the country again. Unluckily, the mother of his intended had been cook to her husband.

After another very unpleasant pause, by proposing “The Army” as a toast, he thought he had got into a fine field for conversation, in which it was not likely he should affront any body. After being very eloquent, and giving the history of I know not how many campaigns, he very naturally concluded his discourse with a praiseworthy comment on the great bravery of his countrymen, and a most unfortunate anathema against any Briton who could be found cowardly enough to desert his post. Now it unluckily happened, that the son of his friend, who was not blessed with courage, had been an ensign in one of the marching regiments; and, for the very crime that poor Ned thus stigmatised, had been cashiered. Here the matter became serious. Oversight was broadly charged with having come there to affront the whole family; his attempts at explanation were considered as futile efforts to cover his intended insults; and, in short, he was glad to escape in a whole skin, at the expense of giving up all pretensions to the object of his affections. This has operated so forcibly upon him, that to this hour he remains a bachelor.

I am, Sir, your constant reader,
CHRISTOPHER CAUTIOUS.

THE OLD WOMAN.

By Mrs. PILKINGTON.

Nº. 16.—*On the Causes and Prevention of MATRIMONIAL INFELICITY.*

THAT an event which seems with so much consequence, and which is so materially connected with our interest and our happiness, as marriage, should ever be brought about without the most serious reflexion, is one of those inconsistencies in human nature, for which the most wise and discriminating have never been able to account.

Is it, that the world at large, in this peculiar instance, assimilate in their ideas of an invincible fatality? or is it, that the passion of love so completely blinds the understanding, that not a speck in the object who inspires it is able to be seen? If, in the purchase of an estate, and in the disposal of property, the most cautious inquiries are made into the private character of those with whom we are likely to have pecuniary transactions, how much more necessary does it appear that we should institute similar examinations into the habits and propensities of those, to whose care we intend to intrust our happiness!

Too many marriages are unfortunately formed upon the basis of interest, and others upon the mere evanescent passion of love. In neither of these cases, do the parties conceive it necessary to acquire an accurate knowledge of the habits and disposition.—To the well-disposed and susceptible mind, the conjugal station must inevitably become a source of bliss, or inquietude; for it only falls to the lot of the apathetic and phlegmatic to tread in mediocrity's quiet and unruffled path.—With what circumspection, then, ought persons of the former description to enter into a state, the trials of which can only

terminate with existence!—In answer to this, it may be said, that suspicion is an unbecoming sentiment in the youthful mind.—Suspicion, however, and precaution, are totally unconnected; the one is the proof of a judicious, the other of a contracted, disposition; and it would doubtless contribute greatly to the happiness of the marriage station, if the votaries of Hymen would apply to the aid of the latter, before they tied the irrevocable knot.

To those, however, who unfortunately have not applied to this unfailing monitor, I shall beg leave to offer a few observations; and to those who have, it may not be disagreeable to read the sentiments of an Old Woman, desirous of promoting the sweet, the heart-gratifying sensation of conjugal affection.

If the happiness of individuals is allowed to depend upon trifles, how much more intimately connected with those trifles are persons who have entered into the marriage state, where that familiarity, which constant association produces, gives a sort of indefinite licence for the display of spleen!—At least half of those domestic jars, which, in my long pilgrimage, I have had the mortification of witnessing, have been produced by an inattention to things of the most insignificant kind; notwithstanding which, they have embittered the happiness of the parties, and proved a source of the most serious strife.—Scarce a week had elapsed, since I was invited by Henry and Louisa to pass the day *en famille*. Accordingly, soon after breakfast, I put my work into my little basket, and enjoyed a pleasant *tête-à-tête* with my young friend, until the dining-hour arrived.—Our repast consisted of a very nice dish of scate, a boiled leg of mutton, caper sauce, and turnips, &c.: but, the moment

the mutton was placed upon the table, I observed a gloom overspread Henry's countenance, though it appeared so white and delicate, that it might have been mistaken for lamb. A gloomy countenance has, at all times, the power of supplying me with food—or, to express myself more intelligibly, deprives me of all relish for sustenance.—When the servant carried the plate of fish to which Louisa had helped her husband, he pushed his hand back, saying, "Carry that to your mistress: bring the dish to me; and take up the boiled mutton, which I suppose she ordered, because I have frequently told her it is a dish, of all others, which I dislike."—"I would not have had it *boiled*," said Louisa, "had we not been ironing; and I actually thought you now liked a boiled leg of mutton, from having seen you eat it with so much relish, at Mr. G***'s."

"I am not purveyor to my friends, I suppose," replied Henry, in an acrimonious tone of voice: "and, if I enter at their dining-hour, I am not to give them the trouble of preparing a dish to suit my appetite: yet, in my own house, I have a right to expect it would be consulted, particularly by my wife."

"If you had really felt any natural prejudice to boiled mutton," rejoined Louisa, with some degree of asperity, "I am persuaded you could not have made so hearty a dinner at Mr. G***'s: but the truth is, you are always happy, if you can discover any thing censurable in *my* conduct, and feel pleasure in mortifying my feelings."

This remark, as might have been expected, acted as fuel to flame; and, before the cloth was removed, the master of the mansion ordered his horse and chaise; and, as I refused my young friend's invitation to sup-

per, I saw no more of him that day.—Previous to my departure, however, as I was in the habit of great intimacy with Louisa, I ventured to say, "I hope, my love, you will never again have a leg of mutton *boiled*."—"If it had been roasted, some other circumstance would have afforded him an opportunity of venting his ill-humour, I am persuaded," she replied.

"In that case, perhaps, you would have enjoyed the secret satisfaction of knowing no part of your conduct could have called forth his spleen; whereas, my dear Louisa, you were certainly wrong in not having the mutton *roasted*, if you knew your husband had a dislike to *boiled* meat."

My truly amiable young friend thanked me for the observation; at the same time assuring me, that she made a point of studying her husband's appetite: "but," added she, "whenever any circumstance in his profession puts him out of humour, he always makes a point of venting it upon me. However, we shall, neither of us, think any more of it; and, if you will stay supper, you will see my assertion verified."

"But I fear I should not witness the same effect in the course of a few years, my dear Louisa," I replied. "Frequent altercations, I am of opinion, must inevitably weaken affection, on one, if not on both sides. In the asperity of passion, or the irritability of displeasure, expressions are too often used, which make an indelible impression upon the mind—an impression, I grieve to say, which, if it does not terminate in indifference, embitters the happiness of conjugal life.—I have witnessed what I have long suspected, that your husband's temper is impetuous: it is therefore your duty to endeavour to prevent this impetuosi-

ty from breaking forth, upon the trivial concerns of life, by studying his wishes in those little *minutiae*, which evince an anxious desire of proving yourself an obliging wife.—[*Re-peruse, I implore you, my dear Louisa, that admirable Legacy, which Doctor Goldsmith left his daughters: you will there observe with what parental solicitude he cautions young married persons to guard against a first dispute*.”]

The advice which I offered to my young friend, I now venture to recommend to my readers; for, though the quarrels of lovers are said to be the renewal of that passion, I am of opinion, that a totally opposite effect is produced by every altercation which takes place, after the indissoluble knot.

Though I am by no means an advocate for that tame submission to the caprices of a domestic tyrant, which constitutes the character of a Mrs. Grizzle; yet, in trifling concerns, which neither affect probity nor principle, a woman’s highest honor is to submit. A difference of opinion must necessarily arise between two persons who probably view occurrences through a different aspect; yet surely this dissimilitude of sentiment need not pave the way to an altercation, which produces a

* This sentence within crotchets [] we have given exactly conformable to Mrs. Pilkington’s manuscript, though we do not clearly understand her meaning; as it does not appear that Goldsmith left any literary “*Legacy to his Daughters*,” or that he had any daughters, or was ever married: and, in Dr. Gregory’s excellent “*Legacy to his Daughters*,” (which we earnestly recommend to the attentive perusal of at least the juvenile class of our fair readers) there is nothing corresponding with Mrs. Pilkington’s description.—Mr. Bean, however, in his “*Advice to a new-married Couple*,” (which is also worthy of perusal) has given some prudent and salutary cautions against disputes on trifling occasions. EDITOR.

serious effect.—A judicious wife, who perceives the probability of such a termination, will either give a ludicrous turn to the subject of dispute, or put an end to it, by saying, “If you are right, I must be wrong; and, as I perceive you are warm upon the subject, I implore you to let it drop.”

Though I am persuaded there are men so desirous of evincing their superiority, that this method of concluding an argument would by no means satisfy, yet the generality would be ashamed of testifying ill-humour to a wife who adopted a method somewhat similar to that which I have described.

To study the temper, and, if possible, to anticipate the wishes, of a husband, are, I consider, the indispensable duties of a wife; and, when children are arrived at what is generally termed years of discretion, the necessity of this practice ought to be impressed upon their mind.—The promises of love, and the performance of Hymen, too frequently bear little similitude: the lover has an object in view; the husband has attained it; and the ardency of passion consequently begins to cool.—Those nameless attentions, those refined assiduities, which first made an impression upon the youthful female’s heart, imperceptibly decline; which too often is attributed to a diminution of tenderness and regard. The anxieties of the world, and the cares of a family, are calculated to excite seriousness in the reflecting mind; and this gravity of demeanour is also frequently construed into coolness of affection, or want of esteem.

In the intercourse of society, we naturally make a point of paying more attention to strangers, than to those with whom we associate upon terms of familiarity; and the same

motive makes the distinction between the conduct of the lover and the husband, without conveying a proof of affection being on the decline.—There are, it is true, some few husbands, who preserve the character of the lover, during the whole course of their lives: but these should rather be held up as a phenomenon in creation, than as blessings which are likely to fall to the lot of every wife.

When we reflect upon the shortness of this life, and the various trials we must inevitably encounter, how weak, how injudicious it appears to augment the catalogue of human woes, either by irritability of temper, or by permitting trifles to ruffle our repose!—If, in every condition of life, it is necessary to place a guard over our temper, how much more essential is it for those, who have entered into the marriage state; for, if misery is its portion, it can end but with existence; and, what is still more deplorable, it may be entailed.

The MORNING HOUR.

“Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due, and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep, can charm
the wise?”

To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of th’ enlighten’d soul!
Or else, to ferv’rish vanity alive,
Wild’r’d, and tossing through distemper’d dreams?

Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves; when ev’ry
Muse

And ev’ry blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning
walk?”

Thomson.

As health must be considered by all as their best good on earth, how strange it is that we do not seek, more strenuously than we do, to obtain, and, when obtained, to preserve so superlative a blessing! One of

the greatest sources of health is early rising; and it is, besides, a great source of pleasure: yet how few of us, from any thing like principle or resolution, avail ourselves of it! I will ask the sluggard, when, from some cause out of the common routine of his habits, he has risen early on some fine spring day, whether the impression, left on his heart by the delights of morning, has not been of a very superior description. The freshness of the air, the fragrance of the flowers, the melody of the birds, the first mild and benignant beams of the sun, and the light and elastic throb of one’s own heart, are, all of them, charming sensations.

Bloomfield, in his “*Farmer’s Boy*,” gives us a sweet picture of morning: it seems that his humble hero, Giles, was, as most lads are, fond of sleep; for he says—

“Yet never fam’d was he, nor foremost found

To break the seal of sleep: his sleep was sound:

But when, at day-break, summon’d from his bed,

Light as the lark that carol’d o’er his head,
His sandy way deep-worn by hasty show’rs,
O’er-arch’d with oaks that form’d fantastic bow’rs,

Waving aloft their tow’ring branches proud,

In borrow’d tinges from the eastern cloud,
(Whence inspiration, pure as ever flow’d,
And genuine transport, in his bosom glow’d)

His own shrill matin join’d the various notes

Of nature’s music, from a thousand throats:

The blackbird strove with emulation sweet,

And Echo answer’d from her close retreat:
The sporting white-throat, on some

twig’s end borne,

Pour’d hymns to freedom and the rising morn:

Stopp’d in her song, perchance the starting thrush

Shook a white shower from the black-thorn bush,

Where dew-drops, thick as early blossoms, hung,

And trembled, as the minstrel sweetly sang.”

Indeed, early rising, considered in any point of view, either as conducing to our health, our pleasure, or our profit, is equally desirable. As far as health is concerned, it is well known, that the feverish slumber of the morning, too often indulged—that solicitous courting of sleep, as it were, after we have once been awake—is productive of no good, but very often of much harm. In females it produces hysteric affections, in men hypochondriac disorders; or, at the very least, it leaves behind it lassitude and enervation. Whatever rest we have beyond what is sufficient for nature's refreshment, is distempered ease. It may seem a severe thought to indulge—but it is a thought that we should not fear to look in the face—that too great an indulgence in morning sloth will, in a large or small degree, fill the frame with the seeds of different diseases for the latter days of life, when we are no longer able to avail ourselves of the exercises of the morning, and when the joys of mirthful pleasure delight no more. And let the fair female remember, that, if it does no more mischief, she will, by indulging sloth, be tolerably certain of losing that delightful bloom, and easy flow of spirits, which were her greatest charm, and which, when once lost, cannot be recalled; while, on the contrary, the man or woman who rises early, and courts the breeze of morn, gains, in return, a strength of constitution, a glow of health, and a good appetite, which amply repay them. We should

“Give to repose the solemn hour she claims,
And from the forehead of the morning steal
The sweet occasion. Oh! there is a charm
Which morning has, that gives the brow
of age
A smack of youth, and makes the lip of youth

Shed perfumes exquisite. Expect it not,
Ye, who till noon upon a down-bed lie,
Indulging fev'rous sleep, or wakeful dream

Of happiness no mortal heart has felt,
But in the regions of romance. Ye fair,
Like you, it must be woo'd, or never won:
And, being lost, it is in vain you ask
For milk of roses, and Olympian dew.
Cosmetic art no tincture can afford,
The faded feature to restore: no chain,
Be it of gold, and strong as adamant,
Can fetter beauty to the fair one's will.”

Shurdis.

The pleasure of rising early is so self-evident, that little needs be said to enforce so complete a truism: to those who take delight in a rural walk or ride, no time can be so proper as morning: the meridian sun steals away half the charms of nature; and she then droops in languor beneath his beams:—to those who are fond of any sort of study, morning is the fittest time for them to woo their respective Muses:—to those who are sportsmen, whether angling, shooting, or hunting be their sport, still the morning is the best time to seek it. As to the profitability of rising early, ask the laborer, the farmer, the mechanic, and the tradesman, if it is not so. In this metropolis, markets are opened, and the business of them over; coaches and waggons innumerable have arrived from, and departed to, the country; the wielders of the saw, the trowel, the hammer, and the axe, have finished nearly half a day's labor, before those who may be called moderately early risers are up; while the titled great, and their untitled imitators, scarcely rise till such men as I have mentioned have nearly finished their daily labors. Profit and prosperity will follow the man who rises early; while, almost as certainly, loss and ruin will be the companion of the slothful man. We are very early taught the great uncertainty of life, and the

extreme shortness of it, even when extended to its utmost length: how wonderful it is then, that we are so prone to make "that little less," by stealing from our existence even years, to waste them in a state of insensibility! It is truly wonderful, even leaving the injury done to health out of the question; but so, alas! it is. We are constantly lamenting the want of time for various purposes, and are as constantly stealing that time from ourselves! This is inconsistent:—life was not given us to sleep away, but to be employed in active good; and in using the faculties kindly bestowed on us by a beneficent Creator.

How many persons, of comparatively small genius and acquirements, have risen, by perseverance, and a good and regular use of their time, to be great and learned; while, on the other hand, men of much better prospects in early life, have, by a contrary conduct, sunk into merited contempt, and been consigned to the oblivion which they had seemed to seek.

"Upon such a review, sure we cannot but be shocked at the immense loss we have sustained: the past we cannot recall; but the present and the future we may enjoy. Let us begin a fresh life with the morning: let the genius start from his couch, and the merchant wake from his slumbers: acquisition will be their reward: after ages shall bless the one, and the present the other. The genius shall diffuse his refinements through the world: the merchant shall enliven the habitations of the needy."

I fear the fair readers of the *Lady's Magazine* will deem this a dull, dry, and completely uninteresting essay: but I conjure them, however they may smile at my treatment of it, not to dismiss the sub-

ject from their minds: let them consider it well; and certain I am that their own good sense, aided by the daily observations they may be enabled to make, will convince them of the complete truth of every assertion I have made: and if I win but one lovely cheek from the drowsy pillow, and induce its fair owner to give it a brighter glow by seeking the balmy breath of morning, I shall be more than repaid.

Poor Henry Kirke White felt the charms of morning keenly; and I am sure I shall be excused for quoting the following lines from one of his earliest poems, "Childhood," to conclude my essay.

"To yonder hill, whose sides, deform'd
and steep,
Just yield a scanty sust'nance to the sheep,
With thee, my friend, I oftentimes have
sped,
To see the sun rise from his heathy bed;
To watch the aspect of the summer morn,
Smiling upon the golden fields of corn,
And taste, delighted, of superior joys,
Beheld through sympathy's enchanted
eyes.
With silent admiration oft we view'd
The myriad hues o'er heav'n's blue con-
cave strew'd,
The fleecy clouds, of ev'ry tint and shade,
Round which the silv'ry sun-beam glan-
cing play'd,
And the round orb itself, in azure throne,
Just peeping o'er the blue hill's ridgy zone;
We mark'd, delighted, how, with aspect
gay,
Reviving nature bail'd returning day;
Mark'd how the flow'rets rear'd their
drooping heads,
And the wild lambkins bounded o'er the
meads;
While, from each tree, in tones of sweet
delight,
The birds sang pæans to the source of
light." J. M. LACEY.

Traits of PORTUGUESE CHARACTER.
(From Dr. Halliday's "Observations on the
present State of the Portuguese Army.")

THE native of Portugal is brought up within the pale of a religion which is all charity; it inculcates

nothing else, and unfortunately does so much, that nothing is left for him to do. He is accustomed from his infancy to see the greatest proportion of the population spread before the convent-door in all shapes of disease, vice, and misery, to receive promiscuous alms and assistance. The church has usurped the greatest part of the wealth of the nation for this purpose; and he is not allowed to interfere in acts of humanity, nor indeed is there any occasion for him so to interfere. In him, therefore, the feelings have been blunted, and the affections have become torpid; and, when called upon to exercise either the one or the other, they cannot be suddenly awakened. In proportion as his humanity is eradicated by the monopoly of all charity by the church, his principles of honor and honesty are subverted by the tyranny of a faithless government, in which he cannot place the smallest confidence, and which, refusing a just reward for his labor, obliges him in self-defence to speculate whenever he can; and, knowing too that he may be robbed without redress, and possessing no security for even just gains, but the earth when he is so fortunate as to be able to hide them, he has neither inducement nor stimulus to be industrious, but becomes deceitful and treacherous in the highest degree; truth cannot reside where confidence is lost and injustice prevails. The peasantry, in their humble lot, clinging to the church for support, and believing that they are protected by it, may be said to be without the pale of the government, as the moral influence of its tyranny has little effect upon them; patient, obedient, and tractable, they are an innocent and patriotic race: devoted to the spot which gave them birth, they cannot be brought to believe that any

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country in the world is superior or even equal to their own. For centuries past, both church and state have combined to render this race as vicious as the more elevated ranks of society in the nation; but, though they may have acquired some of the indolence and sloth of the former, their morals have been little injured by the vices of the latter.

TIME and ETERNITY.

By Mrs. PILKINGTON.

And can eternity belong to me?
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an
 hour!
 How poor! how rich! how abject! how
 august!
 How complicate! how wonderful is man!
 How passing wonder HE who made him
 such!
 Who centred in our make such strange
 extremes!
 A worm! a God! I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost! *Young.*

It is impossible to peruse this beautiful description of the importance of eternity, and the influence it ought to produce upon our conduct in this present life, without feeling its force, acknowledging its sublimity, and finding it make an impression upon the most inconsiderate mind—From what cause then, it may be asked, is the impression so easily obliterated? of what description are the inviting allurements, which, with a magnetic charm, attract the human mind, and draw it from the contemplation of those blissful scenes of happiness, which the sacred writers so beautifully delineate?

Are the pleasures of this world of a nature sufficient to gratify those “longings after immortality,” which Cato so impressively describes*? If that is really the case, why do we so frequently hear the gay and dissipated complain of the tediousness

* See Cato's Soliloquy.

of time?—But the truth is, that an immortal spirit can never be satisfied with the varying pleasures of this mortal life; and the mind still feels an eager desire after something, which, from never having tasted, it is unable to define.

In the duties of religion, and the practice of morality, this never-ceasing longing can alone be attained. Then it is, we enjoy that heart-felt satisfaction, which neither vicissitude or sorrow have the power to take away.—Not depending upon the world, or its fleeting gratifications, our spirits rise superior to the petty inconveniences of life; and we look forward to that period, which strikes the sinner's mind with apprehension, with the blended sensations of hope and joy!

Let it not be supposed I mean to arraign those innocent enjoyments, which, when resorted to under proper restrictions, amuse and gratify the mind; for whatever promotes cheerfulness and unanimity, cannot be displeasing in the Almighty's sight.—The whole doctrines of the great teacher of Christianity tend to promote cheerfulness and good-will among mankind. The first miracle he performed evinces the truth of this observation; for at the marriage feast he turned water into wine.

But, when the pleasures of the world draw the mind from the contemplation of eternity—when they become the business, instead of the recreations of life—then, surely, they must be considered as a censurable consumption of time.—The morning's insipid lounge—the sumptuous prodigality of the table, where all the nobler faculties of the soul are drowned in bumpers of wine—and the evening spent in seduction or debauchery—are melancholy testimonials of a shameful waste of

time.—Yet, dark as is the shade of this too faithfully drawn picture, the consequences arising from it are still more to be deplored; as the being who spends his time in pleasures of this description, too frequently draws the young and inexperienced into his snare; for example is known to operate more forcibly than the most intelligent and instructive advice.

The more elevated the station, and the more brilliant the talents of an individual, the more imperious becomes the necessity of their not misapplying time; for, where we admire, we are imperceptibly inclined to imitate; and thus folly and imperfection spontaneously multiply.

How severely should we censure, how decidedly should we condemn, a traveller, who, destined to explore a distant country, never directed his thoughts towards home; but, instead of laying up a store of wealth for domestic enjoyment, squandered and wasted all his substance on the road! Yet are we not all placed in a similar situation with this traveller? are we not daily and hourly hastening to our eternal home? and how dreadful must be our situation, if we waste our substance upon the road! Does a day pass over our heads, without our receiving some awful warning, not only of the shortness, but uncertainty of our present existence? Even the striking of the clock, as Doctor Young beautifully expresses it, “is the knell of our departed hours!” The young and the healthy receive their summons without warning; while the old and infirm drop off, one after the other, like the flowers in the field:—and yet man—thoughtless man—beholds these mementoes of mortality with as much composure as if his body was not subject to decay!

This is an incongruity in human nature, which defies the power of

sophistry to explain; and though, in all other concerns, a wise man is pre-cautious, yet how few properly prepare themselves against their dying-day!—The thought of death, they say, carries something so appalling with it, that, if it occurs to the imagination, it is forcibly driven away; and the pleasures of the world resorted to, with increased avidity, to prevent the obtrusive object from inspiring chagrin.—Though we may dissipate the idea, we cannot retard the reality: death is the hereditary successor of life; and an eternity of happiness or misery every human being's inevitable fate. How necessary then is it to our everlasting happiness, that our actions should not only be influenced by the divine precepts of the gospel, but that our thoughts should frequently be directed toward our eternal state; and that neither the cares or pleasures of this probationary station should occupy too great a portion of our time!

To a mind conscious of fulfilling its religious and moral duties, (as far as is compatible with the frailty of human life) there surely cannot be any thing appalling in the contemplation of a future state! Appalling! how incorrect—how inapplicable the appellation! Oh! how consoling, how enlivening, is the thought! The joys of eternity exceed the bounds of finite conception!—and our Saviour himself has told us, that the just can form no idea of their reward—“Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive,” the extent, the refinement of that felicity, which awaits the righteous in a future state!

To anticipate those joys, to reflect upon the means of attaining that felicity, surely ought to be considered as the first duty of mankind; but

is it possible to conceive that any creature can enjoy that happiness, who does not endeavour to obtain it by a well-spent life?—As well might we suppose that fortune, dignity, and honors, would be bestowed upon a common mendicant in the street, whose time had been wasted in idleness, and whose talents had never been usefully employed.—On a subject of such moment, can we devote too much attention? Yet we are not required to let it interfere with the active duties of life. There is, as the apostle observes, a time for all things; and, while we are preparing for eternity, we are not expected to become unmindful of this sublunary state.

Jewish CREDULITY.

MR. ATKINS, in his “History of the Israelites,” quotes the following curious story from the Talmud, or book of Jewish traditions, &c.

“A cunning rabbi cheated both God and the Devil, by requesting the latter to convey him to the gate of heaven, in order that he might behold the glory of the place and happiness of the saints, and afterwards die quiet, whatever might be his future lot. He obtained his request, and luckily found the door open; when he gave a sudden spring from the devil's back, jumped into the regions of bliss, and swore by his Creator that he would never come out again: consequently God was obliged to let him remain there, rather than force him to commit the crime of perjury.”

The Jews, though numerous in the Turkish dominions, where they enjoy many privileges, betray little predilection for the land of their ancestors; and their number in Judæa is much smaller than might reasonably be expected by any person who considers that unalterable spirit of

nationality, which has ever been remarked as a distinguishing trait in their character. The reason which they allege for their present apathy toward the Land of Promise, is somewhat curious:—"They generally believe," says Mr. Atkins, "that the city of Jerusalem is to be destroyed by a fire from heaven at the coming of the Messiah; which is to be immediately succeeded by a miraculous rain, which will extinguish it; for the purpose of purifying the holy city, both with fire and water, from the pollutions which the Christians, Mahometans, and heathens, have committed in it. They also inform us, that the fear of being involved in that dreadful conflagration and deluge is the only motive which prevents them from residing there."—He gives however, as his own opinion—and a more probable one it appears—that the true reason of their indifference to the land of Canaan, is, that "all its fertile streams of milk and honey are evaporated, and their love for it has cooled in proportion."—On the subject of the Messiah, he adds—

"In the year 1050, a great number of Jews from all parts of Europe assembled in Hungary, for the purpose of forming a grand council, to determine whether or not the Messiah was come. This council consisted of three hundred of the most learned rabbies, whose debates were conducted with great warmth and difference of opinion; but, after several days' discussion of this important question, the majority of votes carried it in the negative. They afterwards avowed their firm conviction, firstly, that the Messiah would appear as a great conqueror, and deliver them from all foreign oppression; secondly, that he would alter nothing in the Mosaic religion; and, thirdly, that he was to be born of a

virgin; and that his miraculous birth would be the characteristic by which he would be known to those who were strangers to the covenant."

Chinese FANATICISM.

(From Breton's "China.")

THERE are no postures, however uneasy, no sufferings, however exquisite, to which the bonzes [priests] will not devote themselves, to excite the charity of passers by. China abounds with them as much as India. Some thrust long needles into their cheeks, and will not pull them out until they have received a contribution. Others condemn themselves to drag a heavy chain during their whole lives. Others, again, make a vow to crawl on all-fours, with a saddle on their backs, and bridle in their mouths, for nine or twelve miles, and frequently more.

Father Lecomte mentions a mortification which one of these fanatics imposed on himself, equally strange and torturing. He saw, in the middle of a village, a young bonze, mild, affable, and unassuming, sitting upright in an iron chair, the inside of which was stuck full of sharp nails, which prevented his resting himself, except at the cost of severe laceration; two porters were dragging him from house to house. "You see," said he, "I am in this situation for the good of your souls; nor shall I quit it until all the nails, above two thousand, with which it is stuck, have been purchased. Every nail," added he, "will cost you sixpence: it will, you may be assured, be a source of blessing to your families: pray take one of them at any rate: what you give will not go to the bonzes, to whom you can testify your charity in other ways, but to the God Fo, to whom we wish to erect a temple."

A Glance at CONSTANTINOPLE.
(From Dr. Clarke's *Travels*.)

EVERY thing is exaggerated that has been said of the riches and magnificence of Constantinople. Its inhabitants are ages behind the rest of the world. The apartments in their houses are always small. The use of colored glass in the windows of the mosques, and in some of the palaces, is of very remote date: it was introduced into England, with other refinements, by the Crusaders; and perhaps we may attribute to the same people the style of building observed in many of our most ancient dwelling-houses, where, in the diminutive panneling of the wainscot, and the form of the windows, an evident similarity appears to what is common in Turkey. The khans for the bankers seem to rank next to the mosques, among the public edifices of any note. The *ménagerie* shown to strangers is the most filthy hole in Europe, and chiefly tenanted by rats. The pomp of a Turk may be said to consist in his pipe and his horse,—A saddle-cloth embroidered and covered with jewels, stirrups of silver, and other rich trappings, are used by their grandees to adorn their horses. The boasted illuminations of the *ramadan* would scarcely be perceived, if they were not pointed out. The suburbs of London are more brilliant every night in the year.

There is every reason to believe that, within the precincts of this vast city, many fine remains of ancient art may hereafter be discovered. The courts of Turkish houses are closed from observation; and in some of these are magnificent sarcophagi, concealed from view, serving as cisterns to their fountains. In the floors of the different baths are also, in all probability, many inscribed marbles; the characters of which, being turned downwards, escape even the observation of the

Turks. In this manner the famous trilingual inscription was discovered in Egypt.

It is somewhat singular that among all the literary travellers who have described the curiosities of Constantinople, no one has hitherto noticed the market for manuscripts; yet it would be difficult to select an object more worthy of examination. The *bazar* of the booksellers does not contain all the works enumerated by D'Herbelot; but there is hardly any Oriental author, whose writings, if demanded, may not be procured, although every volume offered for sale is manuscript. The number of shops employed in this way amounts to a hundred: each of these contains, upon an average, five hundred volumes; so that no less a number than fifty thousand manuscripts, Arabic, Persian, and Turkish, are daily exposed to sale. . . . There are similar manuscript-markets in all the Turkish cities, particularly those of Aleppo and Cairo. Many works, common in Cairo, are not to be met with in Constantinople. The Beys have more taste for literature than the Turks; and the women shut up in the harems of Egypt pass many of their solitary hours in hearing persons who are employed to read for their amusement.

The TORNADO.

(From Meredith's "*Account of the Gold Coast of Africa*.")

A TORNADO may be expected [on the African coast] a day or two subsequent to the full and change of the moon, and gives sufficient notice of its approach, so that ships at sea and at anchor have time to prepare for their safety. When vivid and successive flashes of lightning are seen in the eastern quarter, not many degrees above the horizon, attended with thunder and heavy clouds, and the horizon appears clear and of a

blueish cast, all these are tolerable (if not certain) indications of an approaching tornado. As the storm approaches, the horizon becomes darkened, and in a short time the eastern hemisphere becomes entirely so: the lightning advances in vivid flashes, and in quick succession, attended by slow and apparently distant thunder. The scene now assumes, every moment, a more awful and terrific appearance, and a solemn silence appears to pervade the whole face of nature: although it is calm, yet the heavens exhibit a degree of commotion truly surprising: the feathered tribe flee with the utmost solicitude to a place of shelter and security; and, notwithstanding this precaution, they are sometimes overtaken by the storm, and exposed to its rigor and violence.—A gentle air is first perceived, which increases, almost instantaneously, to violent gusts of wind, which are usually accompanied with rain, and which do not continue longer, in general, than half an hour or fifty minutes: the more southerly the wind is, the longer is its continuance. When the violence of the wind is over, rain falls with great rapidity, and in a short time a very considerable quantity of water descends. The lightning and thunder which, it would appear, yielded to the violence of the wind, again commence; but it is only those who are acquainted with these storms, or similar ones in tropical countries, that can have a perfect idea of the enlightened state of the heavens, and the tremendous peals of thunder which roar in every direction. On the whole, words cannot adequately describe the awful sublimity of this scene. Rain continues to fall for two or more hours; after which, the hemisphere brightens, but the sun continues obscured for the remainder of the day.

CHARACTER of NEWTON.

(From Dr. Thomson's "*History of the Royal Society.*")

NOTWITHSTANDING the extraordinary honors that were paid him, he had so humble an opinion of himself, that he had no relish for the applause which he received. He was so little vain and desirous of glory from any of his works, that he would have let others run away with the glory of those inventions which have done so much honor to human nature, if his friends and countrymen had not been more jealous than he was of his own glory, and the honor of his country. He was exceedingly courteous and affable, even to the lowest, and never despised any man for want of capacity; but always expressed freely his resentment against any immorality or impiety. He not only showed a great and constant regard to religion in general, as well by an exemplary life as in all his writings, but was also a firm believer of revealed religion; as appears by the many papers which he left behind him on the subject. But his notion of the Christian religion was not founded on a narrow bottom, nor his charity and morality so scanty, as to show a coldness to those who thought otherwise than he did in matters indifferent; much less to admit of persecution, of which he always expressed the strongest abhorrence and detestation. He had such a mildness of temper, that a melancholy story would often draw tears from him, and he was exceedingly shocked at any act of cruelty to man or beast; mercy to both being the topic that he loved to dwell upon. An innate modesty and simplicity showed itself in all his actions and expressions. His whole life was one continued series of labor, patience, charity, generosity, temperance, pi-

ety, goodness, and all other virtues, without a mixture of any known vice whatsoever.

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(Continued from page 83.)

WHAT a poor creature is man! We talk of him less after his death than we do of a barn-door fowl; we say at least of the fowl that it is ten-

der and well-dressed—What is man? A moment of generosity, of knavery, of ill temper, of good humour, &c. &c. &c; a tennis-ball driven by chance.—What is the happiest of human conditions? The smoothest and the busiest.—A merchant at Amsterdam ought to be happier, than a *petit-maitre* at Paris.
(To be continued.)

POETRY.

THOUGHTS ON SPRING.

SHE comes! she comes! and joyful Nature throws
Her icy chains aside, and dares again
To wear her loveliest robe—Now
Flora's train
Perfume the tepid breeze, which gently blows,
Dimpling the stream—and bids, in whispers low,
The half-reluctant honors of the grove
Expand, and charm.—Oh! were it mine to rove
Far from the city's din, its vice, its woe,
'Midst scenes where health and peace
their highest joys bestow!
Oh! were it mine, by care uncheck'd, to stray,
When day's bright orb, emergent,
paints the sky,
Through daisied mead, or climb the mountain high,
And gaze, and wonder, while, from ev'ry spray,
The heav'n-taught warblers pour the grateful strain,
Wak'd by Aurora's sigh, to taste anew
Her choicest sweets, and sip the balmy dew
From spangled boughs—ere, o'er the verdant plain,
Sol darts his powerful ray, and drinks the glistening rain.
And oh! how sweet, when ev'ning's crimson hue
Fades as we gaze; and Cynthia, queen of night,
Resumes her reign, and sheds a soften'd light
O'er hills and dales—oh! then how sweet to view
Fair nature's face in vernal beauty dress'd,
And mount, on Faucy's strong, aspiring wing,
To happier realms, where blooms eter-

And where (so whispers Hope, persuasive guest)
Congenial souls shall meet, in endless friendship blest.
Oh! soothing Hope! when earth-born joys shall fly,
Like rainbow colors, from our cheated sight,
Thy friendly ray, o'er sorrow's darkest night,
A gleam shall shed; and, when fond mem'ry's sigh,
For friends long lost, the woe-fraught bosom rends,
Upborne by thee, th' unfetter'd soul shall climb,
Nor dread the shaft of Fate, the scythe of Time,
While Faith's bright form celestial radiance lends,
And, from Despair's fell dart, with potent shield defends.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMES proposed in our Magazine for March.

The SON of SORROW.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

WHEN love and peace had pass'd away,
And sorrow fill'd the cheerless day,
I sought for joy in wine;
But vainly sought the ruby stream:
It lull'd not grief, with whose dull dream
Reflexion's thoughts combine!
'Tis true, the scene of Riot's joys,
And all her wild, unhallow'd noise,
Seem'd my sad woes to cheer;
But, when returning reason came,
I found the bitter pang of shame
Made misery doubly dear!
There was a time, when I could give
The means to bid the sufferer live;
For they were mine to spare:

There was an hour, when friendship's
balm,
And soothing love's diviner charm,
Kept off the pang of care!

But wealth is lost, and friendship fled:
The lambent flame of love is dead,
Nor left one tender trace:
The blight of want has kill'd each flow'r,
That hung its bloom in love's bright
bow'r,

And deck'd the charming place!
No more the verdure of the plain,
Nor Philomela's softest strain,
Can bid my bosom glow;
Nor all the beauties of the spring,
Nor all the charms that art can bring,
To sooth us here below!

'Tis gloomy all! — E'en hope's blest name
Has lost its once acknowledg'd claim
To bid some comfort stay;
My breast is cold: 'tis sorrow's shrine;
And, round this callous heart of mine,
No more can feeling play.

With feebler pow'r's life's ruddy tide
Forgets in steady course to glide,
And falters as it flows;
Deep in my bosom's core is borne
A sharp and widely-wounding thorn—
The thorn of pleasure's rose!

Shield then, in youth, fair virtue's hour;
For peace—when lost its guardian pow'r—
But seldom will return!
Then you may never have to weep,
Like me, o'er mis'ries dire and deep,
O'er love and friendship's urn!

ROUTS RIVALS proposed.

Rare, compare; Shine, combine; Praise,
lays; Name, proclaim, Note, devote;
Verse, rehearse; Song, throng, Meed,
succeed.

INVOCATIONS, serious and comic.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY,
Author of "The Farm-House," &c.
Invocation to SPRING.

COME, gentle Spring! from those blest
groves,
Where, on cerulean wing, the Loves
In orange bowers play!
From climes where frost is never known,
Within whose bright benignant zone,
Smiles everlasting May!
Oh! come, and cheer our sea-girt isle
With all the joys that wait thy smile,
When winter sinks in death:
Thy footstep bids each flow'ret rise,
To hail the brilliance of thine eyes,
And drink thy balmy breath.

That breath, from Zephyr's rosy lips—
Which warm from thine the wand'rer
lips—

O'er valley, plain, and steep,
In dulcet murmurs calls each flow'r
To burst its tomb, and spurn the pow'r
Of winter's death-like sleep!

First the soft snow-drop humbly rears
Its head, 'midst winter's icy tears,
The last the tyrant sheds:
Then the mild primrose of the vale,
And cowslip with its petals pale,
Start from their verdant beds.

Then, amid hyacinthine bow'rs,
Sweeten'd by softly-falling show'rs,
The violet bursts to life.
Like timid beauty's graceful form,
It shuns great nature's awful storm,
As she the storm of strife.

The tulip, gemm'd with lively gold,
Flaunts o'er its earth-bed, seeming bold
To fancy's curious eye;
While the carnation's vivid streak
The lovelier tint of woman's cheek
Seems striving to outvie!

But fairer than each bloom that blows
Is England's emblem-flow'r, the rose;
And fragrant as 'tis fair:
Long we inhale its scented breath;
And, when the blossom sinks in death,
Still sweetness lingers there!

Then come, blest pow'r! and ev'ry vale
Thy dear approach with smiles shall hail—
The smiles of promis'd joy;
While all the minstrels of the grove
Shall raise one gen'ral song of love—
A song that cannot cloy.

ENVY.

A FLOW'ER, but late the garden's pride,
On Susan's breast I plac'd:
Its tints with her bright beauties vied,
And rivall'd, while they grac'd.
But soon the fragile flow'ret knew
That rivalry was vain;
Then swift both bloom and fragrance
flew;
It seem'd to droop in pain.
Ah! this, thought I, may emblem well
The motions of the mind,
When envy bids the bosom swell,
That boasts no soul refin'd:
For Beauty oft, with burning eye,
Beholds some brighter charms;
Then heaves the envious, bursting sigh,
And feels unknown alarms.

But, Susan! thine are eyes too bright,
And cheeks too full of glow,
To dread a fairer rival's might;
For fairer none can know.

Yet, could it be, thy swelling breast
No painful throb would feel:
It ne'er can know those pangs unblest,
That Envy's snakes reveal.

J. M. LACEY.

ALLEYNE and FRANCES.

By MARINA.

(Concluded from our last Number, p. 102)

'Tis past: he is gone; and the envious
gale

Bears him swift o'er the ocean to roam:
Yet she lingers, and watches the lessening
sail,

Now a spot on the ocean, now lost; and
then, pale,

In sorrow returns to her home;

There, 'mid the deep gloom of her cham-
ber retir'd,

Seeks such comfort as tears can impart;
Then hastes to the grove, by affection in-
spir'd,

And plucks the last flower that Alleyne
admir'd,

As a balsam, to place near her heart.

Slow roll the sad years; and no Alleyne
returns,

To speak rapture and joy to her soul:
But, while deep and sincerely his absence
she mourns,

More bright in his bosom the flame of
love burns,

Which not absence or time can con-
trol.

What are years to the heart whose af-
fection is true?

What is death, when the love is sincere?
And Frances now hears, that, with vict'ry
in view,

Her Alleyne the joy of a conqueror knew,
And then perish'd in glory's career.

Have you witness'd the grief of some
sad widow'd dame,

When the son, her heart's comfort and
pride,

With ardor that burn'd for a hero's high
name,

Sought the red field of war; and, am-
bitious of fame,

Accomplish'd his purpose—and died?

Have you seen, o'er the grave where her
parents repose,

The orphan deserted and lorn,

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To the winds, as they pass, tell the tale
of her woes—

Heard her pray for the moment of life's
final close,

And lament that she ever was born?

Then might you imagine the anguish
severe

That Frances was destin'd to know;

How sad was the sigh, and how bitter the
tear,

How memory dwelt on his virtues so dear,
And remembrance but heighten'd her
woe!

The years pass'd unheeded, and left her
the same:

No time could her sorrow remove.

No music so sweet as the sound of his
name,

And she fancied his spirit still near her,
to claim,

That unchang'd shall continue her love—

At moonlight she roves on the wild rocky
shore,

Where, on waves that in distance roll
dim,

While the rude winds around her tumult-
uously roar,

While the spray dashes coldly her shrink-
ing frame o'er,

She gazes, and thinks upon him.

How often, when watching the slow-
passing sail,

Has hope whisper'd "Should Alleyne
be there?"

Then his death has appear'd but an idly
told tale;

Then love has imagin'd his voice in the
gale;

And fancy has banish'd despair.

'Twas night; and the wind hoarsely
howl'd o'er the main:

Not a star in the heavens appear'd,

And the darkness, that sat on the watery
plain,

By the lightning that flash'd, and then
vanish'd again,

Was only at intervals cheer'd.

Undismay'd by the storm whistling wild
round her head,

Long Frances had travers'd the sand,

To watch the slow progress some mari-
ners made,

Whose bark—seen by fits, as the light
its beams shed—

Was urging its course to the land,

Excited by pity's soft dictates to save,

With success her exertions are blest:

By her signals directed, they bound o'er
the wave—

—H

Who springs from the boat first? 'Tis
 Alleyne the brave—
 And clasps her with tears to his breast.
 What words can paint happiness perfect
 as theirs?
 In silence each rapture-rais'd eye,
 To the Power whose merciful tenderness
 spares,
 Who listens and grants the sad sufferer's
 pray'rs,
 Seems the language of words to supply.

GILSLAND SPA ;

*A Song, from the GILSLAND ALBUM.
 Tune, " Paddy Whack."*

OF Bath's and of Bristol's fam'd medical
 Spas

Let those, who admire them, the me-
 rits disclose:
 But mine the sweet task be to say of the
 Shaws,

Where the true *aqua vitæ* unceasingly
 flows.

When diseases attack us,
 And wither and rack us,
 Till we look like the cattle, which Pha-
 raoh once saw,

At the Shaws let us batten ;
 And soon we shall fatten,
 By merrily quaffing the health-yielding
 Spa.

O Gilsland ! O Gilsland !
 Where are the green hills, and
 The vales, which in beauty with thine
 can compare ?

And who ever saw yet,
 Or heard of a Spa yet,
 Rich as thine is in manifold virtues so
 rare ?

Ye, whose backs by lumbago are woefully
 saddled—

Ye, who groan under gout's visitations
 so dire—

Ye, whose stomachs need tonics, whose
 heads too are addled—

And ye, who from asthma can hardly
 respire—

Bid your doctors good bye now :
 To Gilsland strait hie now ;

Let the hyp'd and the craz'd thither
 scamper again.

To the Spa when they get all,
 To rights they're soon set all :

As-uag'd is each nerve, and resettled each
 brain :

O Gilsland ! O Gilsland ! &c. &c.

Here Dullness, his cure with triumph
 disclosing,

Gay sports his *bon-mot*, or his smart
 repartee ;

And Pedantry, no more infected with
 prosing,
 Becomes the promoter of mirth and of
 glee.

The serious, the sad ones,
 The stark-staring mad ones,
 The splenetic, peevish, proud, stupid,
 and glum,

When the Spa they partake of,
 Their foibles soon shake off,
 And sprightly and pleasant companions
 become.

O Gilsland ! O Gilsland ! &c.

EPITAPH on a VINTNER.

*By Mr. JOHN WEBB,
 Author of " Haverhill," &c.*

PAUSE, passing stranger ! Dost thou
 wish to know

The hist'ry of the man who sleeps
 below ?—

What were his deeds, what passions rul'd
 his breast ?

Ask of the swain who delv'd his bed of
 rest.

This stone can only tell in artless rhyme—
 Here lies, cut off in life's meridian prime,
 A landlord boon, who quaff'd the grape's
 rich blood,

Till health lay drown'd amid the purple
 flood ;

Who, when physicians ventur'd to re-
 prove,

Would thoughtless cry, " I'll die of what
 I love."

He died.—Alas ! when Death his dart dis-
 play'd,

And Nature sigh'd for more than mortal
 aid ;

When Fate's strong fiat bade pulsation
 cease,

No Heav'n-commission'd seraph whis-
 per'd peace.

Scarce had he paid the debt which all
 must pay,

When Law's grim catchpoles sought 'to
 seize their prey,

But sought in vain to pour their legal
 storm,

And wreak their vengeance on his lifeless
 form ;

For anxious friends a prompt assistance
 gave,

And safely lodg'd him in this hallow'd
 grave.

While, gay in arms, the martial caval-
 cade*

Due honors paid to sooth his hapless
 shade,

* He was member of a corps of vol-
 unteer cavalry.

While gentle friendship dropp'd her fare-
well tear,
O that fair hope had gilt the sable bier !
In pensive guise, fond reader ! seek thy
home,
Nor idly speculate upon *his* doom :
But think—when life's *etherial* spark is
flown—
Oh ! deeply think, what then will be *thine*
own.

Address to Miss E.—

WERE I entitled by a roval birth
To reign sole monarch of the spacious
earth ;
Could see my banners wave o'er ev'ry land,
And humbled kingdoms bow at my com-
mand,
Could seize the lofty mountains of Peru,
And bring their glitt'ring treasures to
my view ;
Bid rich Golconda all her mines unfold,
And stop the lodes of their hidden gold ;
I'd leave my grandeur for a lone retreat,
And cast myself and honors at thy feet.

Were I a hero, crown'd with vict'ry's
wreath,
Return'd in triumph from the fields of
death ;
I'd gladly leave the savage scene of war,
Applauding senates—Glory's gilded car—
With fame's bright trophies would with
rapture part,
For one exploit—the conquest of thy
heart.

Were I my gracious sov'reign's laureate
bard,
Proudly distinguish'd by his mark'd re-
gard ;

I'd leave Pindaric birth day odes, to raise
Notes more sublime, and more enchant-
ing lays.

Unsung, I'd bid the bloody battle storm,
To paint the graces of thy lovely form.
While thy bright eyes did the rapt Muse
inspire,

With boldest stroke I'd sweep my un-
taught lyre.

Each number should with trembling rap-
ture move,

Softly concordant to the voice of love.

CHARLES JAMES WEBB.

Haverhill, Feb. 14, 1813

To Mr. JOHN COOPER,

*in return for some Verses addressed by him
to the Author on St. Valentine's Day.*

COOPER ! to you, my valued friend,
A little offering I would send ;

And 'tis an offering from my heart ;
For, though my Muse may not display
The graces of your welcome lay,

Yet artless truth it may impart

The kindness of your happy mind

Is sure a welcome still to find,

Whene'er its accents flow for me.

If absent many a mile I roam,

I think of you—I think of home—

And long my dear-lov'd cot to see.

O sacred ties, that bind the soul !

Although my feet from pole to pole

Should wander, in pursuit of health ;

Friendship and sweet connubial care

Would press, would call me back, to share

Domestic joy—my only wealth !

Cooper ! for your kind Valentine,

Thus truly speaks this heart of mine,

And yet but half revealing—

Your pious truth will ever be

Remember'd and belov'd by me,

While I have human feeling.

April 14, 1813.

W. HERSE.

The EMBLEM FLOWER.

THERE is a flow'r, a blooming flow'r,
That blossoms near my fair one's bow'r,
It emblems her :

'Tis modest, unassuming quite ;
But, when 'tis seen, its beauties bright
A bliss confer.

And such is she—a maiden rare,
Graceful in form, in features fair,
And fair in mind ;
Worthy to grace a monarch's seat,
Yet unassuming, modest, neat,
And truly kind.

Give me this maiden's heart to share,
And yield the hero glory's care ;

I want it not :

Splendor's a toy that most men charms ;
Yet place sweet Ellen in my arms ;

'Twill be forgot

J. M. LACEY.

On MOORE'S Translation of ANACREON.

WHERE wreathing ivy loves to wave
Across the Tenan poet's grave,
Cheering the melancholy gloom,
That saddens round the minstrel's tomb,
And veiling with its sunny shade
The harp that by his side is laid ;
Love, sad and pale, would oft repair
To breathe his hallow'd murmurs there.
But Venus, from her Cyprian bow'r,
Once saw the boy's-unhappy hour ;
And, quick his dear smiles to restore,
She gave him one Anacreon More.



Morning. Promenade & Evening Dress



Morning, Promenade & Evening Dresses.

rosette of curls—in front falling off the forehead to the temples, in light curls, or small ringlets.—Flowers decorate the hair, as fancy may direct. The wear of caps or hats is chiefly confined to ladies advanced in years; and the caps are

generally of the turban order, ornamented with jewellery, or flowers to correspond with the dress.—Shppers of white satin, or colored to accord with the dress.—Silver rosettes in front.—Fans of carved ivory or frosted crape.

CHRONICLE.

His Majesty.—*Bulletin of May 1*—"His Majesty has been in a tranquil and very comfortable state throughout the last month."

The Princess of Wales.—Besides the congratulatory address from the Livery of London, inserted in our last Number, Her Royal Highness has received other addresses, equally gratifying, from the Common Council—from Westminster—Southwark—Rochester—County of Middlesex, &c. &c.

Roman Catholics.—Mr. Grattan's bill, for the removal of civil and military disqualifications from our Roman Catholic brethren, was presented to the House of Commons, and read a first time, on the 30th of April. It underwent a second reading on the 13th of May; when, in opposition to two hundred and three votes for its rejection, two hundred and forty-five members voted in support of it.—On the 24th, it was again taken into consideration; and with heart-felt regret we have to add, that the reasonable hopes of the Catholics are, for the present, completely blasted. for, in a committee of the whole house, the clause admitting Catholics into Parliament being rejected by a majority of two hundred and fifty-one votes against two hundred and forty-seven, Mr. Pousonby declared, that, without that clause, the bill was no longer worthy of the Catholics' acceptance, or of the further support of the friends of concession; and therefore he moved that the committee should rise; which motion being carried, the measure was abandoned.

Price of Bread.—Quartern wheaten loaf, April 20, eighteen-pence, halfpenny—May 6, 13, 20, and 27, the same.

[*London, April 27*] From the proceedings of the "Society for the discharge and relief of persons imprisoned for small debts," it appears, that "the number of debtors discharged and relieved within the last year were 677, who had 497 wives, and 1410 children. The average expense of their liberation, including every incidental expenditure relative to the Charity, amounted to £2. 5s. 9½d. each."

[27] At Bremen, a French military commission condemned three citizens to death for having borne arms against France. They were executed on the 4th of April, and their property confiscated.

[27] Seven acres of land on the banks of the Tone, near Taunton, belonging to the trustees of the poor, which, for the last 42 years, have produced a yearly net rent of only £14, were lately let by public auction for the sum of £155 per annum, clear of all taxes.

[28] Yesterday two bakers were fined, for deficiency of weight in their bread—the one (at 5s. per ounce) £23—the other (at 2s. 6d.) £19—with additional 10s. costs in each case.

[28] *The Cow and her Pigs.*—Mr. Thomas Ade, a respectable yeoman of Milton, near Lewes, has a cow, that, on having her calf taken from her about six weeks ago, seduced two very young pigs from a farrow of six, which, with the sow, were running in the same close, and has ever since suckled and nurtured them as her own, and is now so excessively fond of them, that, under a temporary separation, a few days since, she betrayed the strongest symptoms of uneasiness, howed incessantly, and actually leaped a high hedge, to recover her little grunting charge. The pigs are equally fond of the cow, and on her milk they thrive rapidly.

[30] *Leipsic, April 26.*—A treaty has been concluded between the King of Saxony and the Emperor Alexander, under which the former is to furnish for the liberation of Germany from French oppression, 50,000 troops, of which 10,000 are already on their march.

[*May 3.*] *Wild Beasts.*—At Sleaford fair, on Monday, a fine girl, about 12 years of age, while witnessing an exhibition of wild beasts, having incautiously ventured too near the cage in which a lion was confined, the ferocious animal suddenly darted his paw through the wires of his prison, and, fixing his talons in her skull, lacerated her in a most shocking manner.

[4] Official advices from Berlin, of April 23, state that the French garrison

in Thorn have surrendered by capitulation to the allies.

[4] The important cause respecting the will of the late Thomas Henshaw, esq. of Oldham, in Lancashire, (which has been in progress in the Prerogative Court of Chester for near three years) was decided on the 29th ult. by which the validity of the will and codicils is established. In this will, upwards of £60,000 is bequeathed for the benevolent purposes of supporting a blue-coat school, and an asylum for the blind, at Oldham and Manchester. Those charities are also residuary legacies under the will.

[4] At Windsor, on Sunday morning, the Queen suffered a serious alarm — A Miss Davenport, assistant-mistress of the wardrobe, who had, when a girl, been attacked with a fit of insanity, but was afterwards considered as perfectly cured, became suddenly deranged on Sunday morning, and proceeded to her Majesty's apartment. About five o'clock, the Queen was awaked by a violent noise at her bedroom door, accompanied with a voice calling violently for the Queen of England to redress her wrongs, accompanied by the most distressing shrieks and screams. The Queen's bed-room has two doors. She used such violence as to break open the outer door, and was endeavouring to do the same to the inner door, when Mrs. Beckendorf, the Queen's dresser, who sleeps in the room with her Majesty, opened it. Miss Davenport was extremely violent with Mrs. Beckendorf, insisting upon forcing her way in to the Queen, having a letter in her hand which she insisted on delivering to her Majesty. Mrs. Beckendorf kept her off for about twenty minutes, in the mean time ringing a bell violently for assistance. Mr. Crocker, the Queen's page, two footmen, and Mr. Meyer the porter, at length came, and Miss Davenport was overpowered and secured. Mr. S. Meyer carried her by force up to her bed room. Dr. Willis was sent for, who ordered her a strait waistcoat; she continued so violent that it was with great difficulty it was got on. She was sent off in a post-chaise, accompanied by two persons, to a house in Hoxton for the reception of insane persons.

[5] The number of British ships, captured by the Americans, from October 7, 1812, to May 1st, 1813, is, upon examination, stated to be 382, of which 66 were retaken, and 20 restored.

[6] *Berlin, April 25.*—Spandau has capitulated, and the garrison engages not

to bear arms against Prussia or her allies for a certain time. All property belonging to the French government must be left; and the garrison is only permitted to carry away their private property.

[6] *Heligoland, May 2.*—General Thirlman has, with 10,000 Saxons, left Torgau, and joined the Russians, to take the cause of his country. The Weimar and Gotha troops have already done the same.

[8] An attempt was lately made by the Queen of Sicily and her partisans to excite an insurrection against the English; and some disturbances ensued. But the people, being adverse to the Queen's party, rose in opposition to her; and the British government in the island having exerted due firmness, the counter-revolution was stifled in its birth—the old King (who had retired from the management of affairs in January, 1812, but attempted to resume it in the beginning of last March) has totally abdicated the crown in favor of his son—and the Queen has retired to Sardinia.

[8] April 26, two British frigates, the *Thames* and the *Furious*, attacked and reduced the petty island of Ponza in the Tuscan sea, and captured the whole garrison, with their commander.

[8] The lightning on Thursday night struck the spire of Greenwich church, and greatly injured the stone work. It is supposed that it will require near £1000 to repair the damage.

[8] *Parliamentary Libel.*—Yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench, a motion was made for a new trial in the case of Mr. Creevey, M. P. who had been found guilty of libel in the publication of one of his speeches. [See our Mag. for April, p. 197.] But the judges all unanimously concurred in resisting the application, and confirmed the verdict of the jury. [See May 21.]

[8] *The fasting woman of Tutbury.*—Ann Moore, heretofore mentioned in our pages—has at length proved to be a vile impostor.—Pressingly urged by several gentlemen who could not believe the incredible tale of her living whole years without food, she at length, with very great reluctance, consented to be watched. The watch began on the 21st of April; and she perseveringly abstained from all sustenance until the 30th, when she was at length obliged to yield to the cravings of nature, and take some nourishment.—By means of a weighing-machine placed under the bed on which she lay, it was daily ascertained that she

suffered a considerable loss of weight—sixteen ounces (it is said), on an average, every twelve hours: and she was so weakened by that nine days' abstinence, that it was thought she hardly could survive: but, under proper care, she recovered, and, on the 4th of May, made a public confession of her imposture before Thomas Lister, esq. justice of peace for the county of Stafford, acknowledging that she had not lived without food;—which confession, signed by herself, and attested by her daughter, has been published in the newspapers.

[10] From the proceedings of the Royal Lancasterian Institution, it appears, that, during the last year, there have been opened, in various parts of England, above thirty new schools on the Lancasterian system, each containing, on an average, about 250 pupils; and that, in those towns in which Lancasterian schools have been established for a few years, the most salutary change may be observed in the morals and behaviour of the children.

[10] April 29, the northern campaign was opened, on the part of the French, by an attack upon a Russian corps of six or seven thousand men near Weissenfels, in which the French gained the advantage.

[10] Yesterday, at Union Hall, two bakers were fined, one £18. 10s. and the other £13, for exposing to sale bread short of weight. The bread was forfeited.

[13] A few days since, a poor infirm man, aged 103, from Yorkshire, was delivered into the custody of the marshal of the King's Bench, for a debt, of twenty pounds! His apprehensions were so great on entering the prison, that he was seized with a sudden and violent illness, which induced the marshal, on a representation of the case, to have him removed to a comfortable apartment in Belvidere-place; but, notwithstanding every alleviation which humanity could suggest was promptly administered, he expired the same evening.

[17] Advices from New York inform us, that, on the 22d of February, Ogdensburgh was surprised and taken by a British detachment from Prescott, who burned the magazine.

[19] April 13, a detachment of the Peninsular allied army, under the command of Lieut. Gen. Sir John Murray, defeated, near Castalla, a French force, commanded by Marshal Suchet. The loss of the French, in killed and wound-

ed, was at least 3000—that of the allies, 146 killed, 481 wounded, and 42 missing.

[20] The Crown Prince of Sweden has issued a proclamation, in which he asserts some pretensions of his government to the kingdom of Norway; and it was stated at Gottenburg, that the 6000 troops which were under orders of embarkation at that port, were to proceed on an expedition to Norway. The principal part of the transports engaged to convey these forces from Gottenburg are English.

[20] Letters from Cadiz announce that differences have taken place between the British and Spaniards at the seat of government. It appears to be manifest that the latter are anxious to procure the removal of the British garrison.

[20] On Saturday the Earl of Moira's house, in St. James's-place, was knocked down at the hammer for the sum of fourteen thousand two hundred guineas.

[21] May 7, an Englishman—Mr. H. of his Majesty's ship *Impetueux*—was executed at Lisbon for murder. The Portuguese law ordains that a murderer be strangled, and then have his head and hands cut off, carried to the place where the murder was committed, and put up upon a pole, with the hands nailed under the head, and there to continue three days. In the case of Mr. H. the amputation of the hands was remitted: but his head was, for some hours, exhibited on a pole opposite to the spot where he had committed the murder; after which exposure, it was thrown into the sea. The body was delivered to a party of English seamen, who carried it away for interment.

[21] Yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench, Mr. Creevey was sentenced to pay a fine of £100, and be committed to custody until payment.—The fine was paid on the spot. [See May 8.]

[22] *Spanish America.*—Advices from Buenos Ayre, of March 4, state that the patriot army, under Gen. Belgrano, gained, on the 20th February, a complete victory over the Peruvian army under Gen. Tristan. The Peruvians capitulated on the field of battle, delivered up their arms, and engaged never again to serve.

[23] May 2, a tremendous battle took place, at Lutzen, between the French grand army, commanded by Bonaparte in person, and that of the allies commanded by the Russian emperor and the king of Prussia. The number of Bu-

248 *New Publications.—Deaths.—Appendix.*

parté's troops, engaged on this occasion, was about 130,000—that of the allies, from 150,000 to 200,000. The conflict—which began at noon, and was obstinately continued until the darkness of night produced a pause in the work of death—is described in the French official dispatches, as having “embraced a line of two leagues, covered with fire, smoke, and clouds of dust.” These dispatches acknowledge a loss of 10,000 men on the part of the French, though other accounts make the number considerably greater. That of the allies is variously stated, from 20,000 to 45,000. The allies have claimed the victory, as having remained masters of the field: but they afterward retreated across the Elbe; and Bonaparté entered Dresden on the 8th.

[24] By a late act of the American congress, the British prisoners of war are made responsible for all the atrocities which may be committed by the Canadian Indians in the British service.

[24] *Rockets*.—A Mr. Heath lately exhibited, at Boston in New England, a destructive rocket of his invention, which is represented as superior to that of Col. Congreve. The American rocket, of six pounds weight, flies to the distance of 2000 yards, and is made to scatter a shower of grape-shot, or combustible matter, with mischievous effect.

[24] A few days since, Samuel Bishop, a butcher, of Clerkenwell, was detected, by some of the officers belonging to the public office, Bow-street, buying guineas at £1. 3s. 6d. each. He was committed to New Prison, Clerkenwell, for trial, or to give 24 hours' notice of bail.

[25] Yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench, Mr. White, proprietor of the *Independent Whig*, was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment, and a fine of £200, for the libel on the Duke of Cumberland, noticed in our Magazine for March, page 151.

Books lately published.

Miscellaneous.

Translation of Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History. By R. Studley Vidal, F. S. A. £1. 1s.

Biographical Dictionary. By Alexander Chalmers. Vol. 9th. Price 12s.

Oriental Memoirs. By James Forbes, F. R. S. £16. 16s.

Historical Sketch of Moscow, with 12 colored Plates. £2. 2s.

Retreat of the French. Translated from the German. 1s. 6d.

A Series of popular Essays, illustrative of Principles essentially connected with the Improvement of the Understanding, the Imagination, and the Heart. By Elizabeth Hamilton. £1. 4s.

Collection of the Works of the late Mrs. Cowley. £1. 11s. 6d.

Biographic List of the House of Commons elected in 1812. 5s.

Examination of the Imposture of Ann Moore, called the fasting Woman of Tisbury. By Alex. Henderson, M. D. 2s.

Poetry.

Pensive Pleasures. By Mrs. Walter Spencer. 10s. 6d.

The Minstrelsy of Erin. By M. W. Hartstonge, esq. 7s. 6d.

Poetical Epistles, and Specimens of Translation. 6s.

The Deliverance of the North, or the Russian Campaign. 1s. 6d.

The Deserted Village School. 2s.

Fancy's Wreath. By Miss Elliott. 8s.

Metrical History of England. By T. Dibdin. 18s.

Novels and Romances.

Iwanowna, or the Maid of Moscow. By the Author of “The Officer's Widow and Family.” 12s.

Demetrius; a Russian Romance. 10s. 6d.

The Widow's Lodgings. 9s.

The Heart and the Fancy; or Valsinore. By Miss Bengier. 12s.

The Curate and his Daughter; a Cornish Tale. By E. T. Spence. 15s.

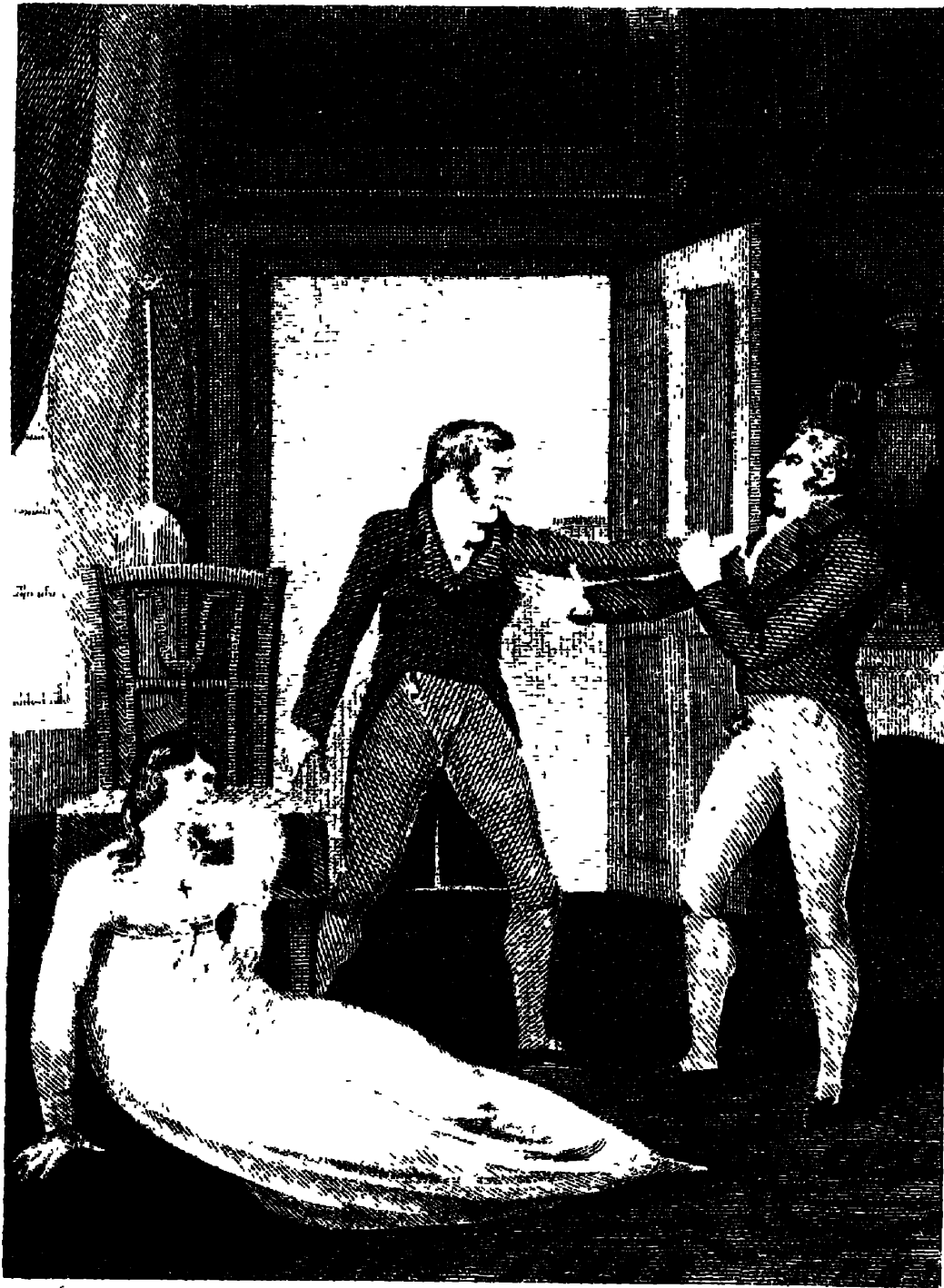
DEATHS.

The celebrated General Kutusoff, Prince of Smolensko, died of a nervous fever, on the 28th of April, in the 70th year of his age.

The Prince of Mecklenburg Strelitz, nephew to her Britannic Majesty, lost his life, while gallantly fighting against the French, in the battle of Lutzen, on the 2d of May.

APPENDIX.

The Attorney and Apothecary.—As two of these gentlemen were sitting together in a public-house, the Apothecary began to reproach the Attorney with the number of strange words which the law indulged in, viz. *Habeas Corpus*, *Nisi facias*, &c. &c. and among others, asked what was meant by the words “Docketing an Entail?”—“Why, Doctor,” replied the Attorney, “it is doing what you will not do with your patients—it is—*suffering a recovery*.”



The Family Fracas

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 44, N^o. 6, for June, 1813.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. The FAMILY FRACAS.
2. Fashionable DRESSES for July.
3. New PATTERN for a SLEEVE, of the Bottom of a DRESS.

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LONDON:

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where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received

NOTICES.

Postage of Letters.—For cogent reasons, we are determined, in future, to take in no letters, of which the postage has not been previously paid, unless we recognise, in the superscription, the hand-writing of a known and approved correspondent.

The gentleman who dates his letter from the “*Rev. Dr. Shaw’s, Chelvey, Bristol,*” will not wonder at our declining his offer to “*undertake ANY department in our Magazine, relating to translations from Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, prose or verse,*” when apprised of our unlucky discovery, that he has *not yet read Virgil*—or, if he has, that he is yet unacquainted with that simple art which would enable him *to distinguish prose from verse*—we mean the art of *scanning*, as practised, at every decent school, by boys of eight or ten years old:—witness (in the precious specimen of his poetry) his unpardonable violation of prosody in the name of the Muse *Erato*, which he never would have accented on the *second* syllable, if he had read Virgil, and *known how to scan* his lines.

“*Clara Maria*” may rest assured—notwithstanding an *accidental* coincidence in our present Number—that not the slightest regard has been paid to her communication; nor will we ever pay any attention to such suggestions.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE, 1813.

The BROTHERS ; a Moral Tale.

(Continued from page 212.)

CHAP. 26.

But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship :
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell—
An age of discord, and continual strife ?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

Shakspeare.

THE plans of Lord Dellington were at this time somewhat connected with, and influenced by, Sir Bettesworth Harrop.

Soon after the period when he was last mentioned, his brother-in-law, Mr. Merrington, died. His daughter became a ward of Chancery ; but being of an age to choose her personal guardians, Sir Bettesworth, by his cajoleries, soon determined her on continuing with him ; as, when he had any point to carry with his wife, he knew how to flatter her so completely, that she was an instrument he moved at pleasure, and was now beguiled into a supposition that they should live in ease and plenty together for the future.

Without removing either her or the young heiress, he took up his abode at the habitation of the latter ; and, by the rapid influence he acquired, from an attentive study of her taste in every thing, he suddenly became a person of consequence, with such unmarried men of that day as wished for a wife with a hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Among the principal of these was Lord Dellington, who, from family reasons, was determined to marry, and was upon the look-out for some eligible alliance, when he heard of

Miss Merrington. He and Sir Bettesworth soon understood each other. The latter could not suppose his ward would remain long under his care : and therefore to make an advantageous bargain for his influence with her was the object of his present designs. Lord Dellington was better able to promote them, than any other suitor who had yet entered the lists — There are many ways of driving a bargain. Sir Bettesworth was ambitious of an embassy. Lord Dellington's interest was wholly at his service ; and his lordship was solicitous to get the baronet out of the kingdom as soon as possible, lest, by remaining in it, he should enlarge his views, and ask some higher bribe.

Accordingly, upon the day in which he took Richmond in his carriage, he was enabled to inform Sir Bettesworth, that he would receive an appointment, for one of the Italian states, in the course of the following week. Lord Dellington would not have ventured to solicit an employment for his intended uncle, where much ability was required : but this was a complimentary sort of business, rather than any thing else ; and, in conning over the affair as he returned to London, he recollected the subject of Richmond's conversation, and thought he was a young man, who might be usefully saddled upon the new envoy. Two years before, a former *élève* of his lordship's had rendered himself so useful, while attached to a similar mission, that great credit had accrued to himself for the instructions he had given the

young man. In versatility of talents, and good address, Frederic resembled him; and accordingly he mentioned his acquirements to the minister, proposing—if he thought they could be rendered useful—to send him along with Sir Bettesworth; and, in that case, he would tutor him accordingly.

In this his lordship had many points in view: but the principal was the approbation he should receive for bringing forward talents that could be rendered useful in the ministerial cause. His idea was approved; and he accordingly sent for Frederic as soon as he returned home: but not choosing him to know all at once the nature of the services that would be required, he said, that, if he would condescend to accept the office of assistant private secretary to a gentleman going to Italy on political business, he might rely upon the appointment; for, though much inferior to his merits, it would be the best means of initiating himself in the routine of office, and pave the way to something better in the course of a very short time.

To say that Frederic accepted the proposal with joy, is a cool expression of his feelings: but, in the ardor of his gratitude, he felt, that, if the sacrifice of his life could have benefited a friend like Lord Dellington, he would not have hesitated to lay it down.

His lordship said, he was going out of town again immediately, and could not, for the present, explain further; but desired him to dine at Dellington House on the Friday following; when he should meet his principal, and have everything finally arranged for his departure, which might possibly take place at a very early period after that interview.

Frederic had no time to ask questions, and even remained ignorant of

the name of the gentleman to whose *suite* he was to be attached. Hope, however, shed her gilded rays over all his thoughts. He was now in the road to fame, fortune, every thing he coveted. Julia would be his reward: yet, to leave the island that contained her—this threw the first damp upon his spirits: but, in the conflict of passions that overpowered him, prudence took her flight, and he formed and executed the rash design of going down to Manningdale.

He travelled to the town nearest to it in the mail coach; and thence proceeded to the nearest village, from whence (not to break upon her too abruptly) he dispatched a note, entreating leave to wait upon her immediately, as his time was precious;—that his first wish was to see her alone: but, if she felt scruples upon its propriety, he cared not if her father and the whole world were present, as he now only awaited her sanction to disclose his hopes, to make known his pretensions, and be solely guided for the future by their advice.

Though Julia was not fond of leaving her father, he now frequently encouraged her to take little excursions, for the benefit of her health and spirits; and she was at present gone to spend a week with a family about five and thirty miles off. Lady Monson too was gone to dine and stay all night in the neighbourhood, and Sir William was walking in the park with some of the children, when he met the boy to whom the letter was intrusted.

The good-natured baronet was acquainted and familiar with all his neighbours: and, when Cuthbert Grainger pulled off his hat, inquired what he wanted. “If you please, sir, I’ve got a letter here for Miss Monson.”—“She’s just gone away,” said Sir William, and, supposing it

only a petition for some little favor, inquired who gave it to him. "I couldn't make fice, sir, if you please, to ask his name, but I never *seed* a finer gentleman in my life. He's just stopped in a chaise at the White Bear; and my cousin got me to bring his letter.—He gave me a shilling, and said I should have another, if I made haste."

A parent's heart is easily rendered apprehensive. Sir William's fears pointed out the writer: but, determined at once to meet him and know his errand, he took the note, walked forward to the little public-house, and by his own orders was immediately shown to the stranger.

Sir William had never known how to suspect his daughter of forming an unworthy partiality: yet nevertheless there was an idea of dauntless assurance, and brazen confidence, united, in his mind, with that of an adventurer, as he had always heard Richmond represented.

He now saw one of the finest figures he ever beheld: and, though agitated, there was a spirited dignity in his manner, that, if acknowledged by a father, might almost plead a daughter's excuse.

Sir William announced himself, and said, as Miss Monson was from home, he thought it best to inquire the commands of a gentleman, who, (he concluded) by thinking it necessary to write, must have business of importance.

He then returned him the letter; and Richmond, with a frankness all his own, tore it open, and, giving it back to him, said, "Then, sir, let that be my annunciation: and let your permission be my passport to your daughter."

"Unhappy girl!" said the baronet—"my fears then are verified! But tell me, sir, what has passed in this unfortunate business—and what en-

couragement my daughter has given, that your schemes are thus referred to her."

Frederic then gave a complete detail, and added, "Blame her not for secrecy; for of what could she tell you, except that an unhappy man loved her to distraction, and that, informing him her happiness could only lie in the performance of her duties, she refused his correspondence, and prohibited all intercourse, unless sanctioned by yourself". . . .

"Which it never can be," interrupted Sir William. "Her happiness is already sacrificed; and to what is it you would woo her? what hopes, what prospects can you offer?"

Richmond, on revealing his views at present, was forced to acknowledge them too slender to justify his making any immediate pretensions to Miss Monson. Sir William in the calmest manner then protested against an interview, which could not be of the least service to either, and would only occasion fresh tumults in a mind already pained by the concealment to which she had yielded. "You do not indeed ask, nor would I now suffer my daughter to marry you," proceeded he. "All you could do would be to fetter her with engagements, which experience ever proves inimical to the happiness of a delicate female. As a fond father, I cannot wonder at your perception of the merits of a darling child. I must even allow your conduct has been honorable: but, prizing her as I do, you cannot wonder at my anxiety to preserve her from the conflicts which your communication would occasion. Let me then still have cause to applaud your honorable forbearance—your consideration for her peace. The time too, in which you say you are to be again at Lord Dellington's, is already more than half expired. To travel eighty

miles further in it would be impossible. Attempt not then, I conjure you, sir, for my sake, for your own, for hers, this distressing interview."

Sir William had meant to be severe—to express his displeasure very pointedly: but, when he attempted to do so, there was something in Richmond which disarmed him; and, as he spoke, the earnestness of his voice, the turn of his eye, and the benevolent sympathy of his countenance, so remanded Richmond how Julia looked, how Julia spoke to any one in affliction, that his resolution to see her almost yielded to their influence; and he mournfully inquired, whether, if he then gave it up, he might hope to be favored with her father's approbation of his passion. Sir William mildly answered, "That, sir, I will not promise. My wish is to keep my Julia clear of every involvement, and to procure her that share of worldly advantages, which will rather increase than diminish the comforts she has hitherto had."

"But, if I could bestow them, sir".

"Then investigation upon many points, at present out of the question, would be necessary," interrupted the baronet. "You surely cannot expect, that I would promise to bestow the choicest blessing I possess, without such a knowledge of the receiver, as would justify me in intrusting him with the precious charge."

"I admire, though I may bewail, your caution, sir," returned Richmond; "yet even the severest scrutiny, if impartially conducted, I need not fear. Say then, if she still honor me with her regard, and if fortune smile on my hopes, will you approve my suit?"

"Do not build upon such uncertain contingencies," said Sir William; "for, in the state you represent,

with all desirable recommendations, and any lady choosing to accept them, what parent could refuse? But I here solemnly protest, that, if my daughter is now applied to, I will forever withhold my consent. I will not engage for any thing, but to do all in my power toward the promotion of her happiness; and, whatever offered connexion might seem conducive towards it, by that only would my opinion be guided. I will never force her into a marriage against her wishes."

Richmond fully entered into the reasonableness of all this; and, after a long discussion, he at length promised that he would not for the present attempt to hold communication of any sort with Miss Monson. "But, conceding thus far," added he, "I am not to be expected to give up any thing: and, as a man of honor, Sir William, I must be allowed from time to time, to inquire after your daughter through you; and, when my prospects are amended, as I feel the utmost certainty they speedily will be, I must consider myself entitled, at her option, to an impartial decision: and, mean time, considering only her happiness, whatever it may cost me, I adhere to my former declaration, that, though Miss Monson is free, I am bound."

Sir William knew not what to do with this interesting young man. For a moment he almost wished to have sanctioned his pretensions: but, while every motive of prudence and paternal care forbade it, he was only anxious to get him away, without exposing her to an influence, which it required all his own dispassionate judgement to withstand. He therefore told him he would accept the present compromise, and abide by his word of honor: at the same time, he argued strongly against Richmond's considering himself in

any way bound to Miss Monson. Here, however, he spoke in vain: and at length they parted, with every thing remaining *in statu quo*, except that Sir William felt, that he now could not be so strenuous an advocate for Mr. Saint-Villiers, or any other desirable pretender to his daughter, as before this interview: and Frederic endeavoured to reconcile himself to the disappointment which he suffered, by the single consideration that Julia's tranquillity was not disturbed by his ill-judged and hasty journey

(To be continued.)

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 126, and accompanied with an illustrative Plate.)

Sequel of Mrs. D'Anville's History.

"THE parting between Sir Thomas and me was a melancholy one indeed. When I stepped into the chaise, the thought that I had now lost nearly every object that was dear to me made my heart seem dead within me; and a train of sad ideas engrossed my mind, till I reached Seymour Hall. I had been so much engaged, that I had not myself observed the alteration of my person, till I perceived the impression it made on my father. He was very much struck with my emaciated appearance; and the tears started into his eyes, as he gazed upon me. 'Surely,' cried he, 'you are not my child, my Fanny, my own beloved Seymour. Oh! speak, and tell me what bitter sorrow has robbed my child of her blooming health.' I flung my arms around his neck: tears choked my voice; and it was long before I could tell him my tale of woe.

"Never was a parent more tender and affectionate than mine was at this time to me: he endeavoured to sooth and comfort me with more gentleness than I thought was in his

nature. He would anxiously watch every variation of my pale face, and earnestly entreat me to endeavour, for his sake, to forget past scenes.—Mortimer's dying request still vibrated in my ear: my father's increased tenderness doubly endeared him to me: I wished to make him happy by endeavouring myself to be so. I in some degree recovered my health; and my spirits grew better: and, if I was not happy, I was not absolutely miserable. My father was unremitting in his endeavours to amuse me, to prevent my becoming a prey to melancholy. He bade me be well, and said I should be happy, if it was in the power of money to make me so. I sighed at the remembrance of what might have been; and too painfully felt that his acquiescence could not reanimate the dead.

"After I had been at home some time, I received a letter from poor Byron, in which he informed me that his son did not long survive his mother, and lamented his loss in such pathetic terms, that I felt all my griefs renewed on his account: but, with respect to his child, I thought the poor babe had a happy release from a world of sorrow.

"Meanwhile I saw nothing of D'Anville, nor did my father ever mention his name to me.—I was truly sensible of this considerate tenderness; for I had reason to think that he still wished to see me united to him. I often assured my father that all the pleasure I could now enjoy, would be that of succeeding in my endeavours to make him happy.—He would look very earnestly at me when I said so, and sometimes would make me no answer: at another time he would say, 'I cannot expect it of you, my Fanny.'

"I knew the wishes that filled his soul; and many a sleepless night

have I passed, revolving a thousand arguments for and against this fatal marriage. My father was advanced in years, and his constitution was rudely shaken by his irregularities; and I knew he would be miserable, if I were not settled in the world before he died. I had often hinted to him, that it was my earnest wish to continue single: but I found the bare supposition was very disagreeable to him. As I had given him a great deal of uneasiness on account of my unfortunate attachment, I thought it was my duty to make his latter days easy to him, however painful the sacrifice might be to me. When my mind was a little reconciled to this idea, methought the spirit of Mortimer seemed to smile upon me, and approve this act of filial duty.

“ One day, when my father had been uncommonly attentive and kind to me, I asked him where his friend Mr. D’Anville was. He seemed surprised at the question: but it gave him a visible satisfaction. ‘ My dear Fanny, you glad your father’s heart by inquiring after his most esteemed friend. D’Anville is at his own seat: he would gladly have been a constant visitor here: but his respect for you has kept him at a distance, though he never fails to make the most anxious inquiries after your health. And could you, my dear girl, see this young man in the light he deserves, how happy, how inexpressibly happy would you make your father!’—‘ Then, sir, you shall be happy. Most cheerfully would your daughter resign her life, to contribute to your felicity. Send for your friend, sir: and, if he still wishes me to be his, I will give him my hand. But, my father, my dearest father, I will not deceive you, nor will I deceive D’Anville:—my affections are buried in the grave,

never to be revived. But, as the man esteemed by you, he will possess my gratitude and regard; and, when I am his wife, he shall find that I am not insensible to the duties connected with that character.’

“ My father was delighted; and in a few days D’Anville made his appearance at the Hall. He expressed so much pleasure at seeing me, and his behaviour was so respectful and tender, so very different from his former manner, that I could have respected him as a friend, though I found it impossible to do more. It was some time before he mentioned his passion; and, when he did, it was in terms so delicate and diffident, as if doubtful of meeting with success, that I thought it possible to pass my life serenely with a man that felt so tender an affection for me. I laid open my whole heart to him, and told him, that, if I could follow my own inclinations, I should certainly never enter into the matrimonial state; and I thought I paid him but a poor compliment in giving him my hand, with my health greatly injured, and my mind rudely shaken by the severest of losses: still, nevertheless, if he desired it, I would be his, and would endeavour to make him as happy as I could; but that I was afraid it would be impossible for me entirely to forget the dead.—He was in raptures: to call me his was all he asked: and, should his tender attention to me engage me in time to look upon him as a faithful and affectionate friend, he should think himself infinitely happy.

“ No man could be more attentive, more assiduous to please, than Mr. D’Anville.—Determined as I was, and studious to appear cheerful and happy to my lover, I still found it impossible to unite inclination with my desire to make others

happy. Every tender, every refined sentiment was buried in the grave with Mortimer. As I found D'Anville did not gain ground in my favor as a lover, I consented to my father's earnest entreaties of speedily solemnising our nuptials: for I flattered myself, that, when my fate was irrevocably determined, it would then be my inclination, as well as duty, to think only on my husband.

“ At this time Sir Thomas Byron paid us a visit. He did not seem in the least surprised at the preparations that were going forward for my marriage, but told me he did not possess sufficient stoicism to make one at the ceremony: he therefore took a speedy leave, promising to accept the pressing invitation my lover gave him, to make us a visit at his seat.

“ Soon after this, I accompanied D'Anville to the altar. But, at that awful period, my soul was more engrossed with the idea of Mortimer, than with the man to whom I was ‘giving my troth.’ But, from that day, I would not give admission to those beloved ideas. I took his picture, and several little memorials I had of my former attachment, and sent them to Byron, as I thought it would now be criminal to retain them in my possession. I could not but be happy at the joy which animated my father's countenance: this, and the tender and respectful behaviour of my husband, soothed and reconciled me to my situation; and I was fully determined to prove a faithful and affectionate wife. But this gleam of sunshine soon disappeared; and I again became the victim of disappointment and wretchedness. D'Anville's gentleness and affection for me was all hypocrisy and deceit; and he soon began to show his natural temper. Haughty, malevolent,

and cruel, in less than three months after we were married he roughly accused me of coldness and want of attention to him.—Shocked at his manner, I endeavoured to reason him out of those ideas: but he soon let me see what I had to expect from him, by the following declaration. ‘I will no longer, madam, be your dupe: I have been your fool long enough, and have paid more attention to your capricious whims, than the whole race of womankind are worth; but, believe me, it was not your person that I was so anxious to obtain. Do not imagine that I would have taken so much pains for a woman whom I knew to have not the slightest regard for me. No! it was your fortune that I wanted; and now that I have secured the object of my wishes, you may pine after your parson as long as you please.’

“ Terrified and hurt beyond expression, I entreated of him, on my knees, at least to preserve appearances before my father, as I knew it would make him miserable to see his child thus treated.—But D'Anville was so unguarded, that my father soon saw we were on bad terms. He questioned me on the subject: but I assured him that he was wrong in his conjectures, and that I was perfectly happy. He was not, however, to be thus deceived: he soon discovered the real state of the case; and, mortified to the soul to find D'Anville so different a character from what he had supposed him, he flew with redoubled eagerness to his bottle, in order to blunt the poignancy of his feelings.

“ In this distressed situation of affairs, Sir Thomas Byron paid us a visit; and I received him with great pleasure, as I was in hopes that his company might prove some little alleviation to my trouble, and flattered myself that my husband would be-

have with tolerable politeness before our visitor. But his 'miserable unhappy temper would not let him, or any body about him, be at peace. Studiously cautious as Sir Thomas was, yet D'Anville was disgusted at his attention to me, and vented his spleen upon me in the bitterest and most galling language.--His inhuman treatment rendered me completely wretched: my spirits were depressed: my health was rapidly declining; and I daily wished that the friendly hand of Death might speedily rescue me from such a state of misery, un-alleviated by any one comfort. At length, one day, when he was abusing me with more than usual rancor and virulence, I fell on my knees before him, earnestly beseeching him to spare my wounded feelings, and allow me some little respite from my cruel sufferings. But, instead of being moved by my humble supplication and my tears, he brutally spurned me from him with such rude violence, that my enfeebled frame was unable to sustain the shock, and I sunk senseless to the floor.--How long I continued in that state, I know not: but I was at length roused from my stupor by the voice of my father loudly exclaiming, 'Villain! is it you that have reduced my daughter to that condition?' and at the same moment he sprang forward to seize D'Anville by the collar.

"Alarmed for the consequences which seemed likely to ensue, I attempted to rise, for the purpose of separating them, if possible: but, with my utmost efforts, and with the assistance of a chair, I could only raise myself to a sitting posture on the floor. There, with agonised feelings, I witnessed a furious scuffle between my exasperated parent and my guilty husband, and soon saw the

blood flow in streams from my father's mouth and nose. That sight calling forth my utmost energies, I started up from the floor, embraced and supported him in my arms, and immediately sent for medical assistance. But, when the surgeons arrived, they assured me that all human aid was vain, for that my father had burst a blood-vessel, and must inevitably bleed to death in a very short time. My ears were pierced with my father's languid dying groans, while he pathetically entreated me to forgive him for having caused my misery by uniting me to such a wretch as D'Anville. I did all in my power to make his last moments easy, and retained my senses till my unhappy parent breathed his last; when I fell into strong hysterics, which succeeded each other so fast, that even the inhuman D'Anville seemed to feel some pity for me. By his direction, I had every assistance which the most eminent physicians could give: but my fever was so violent, that, for some time, they had no hopes of my life. At length, however, the disorder abated, and I awoke, as from a dream, to a poignant sensibility of my misfortunes.

"D'Anville now sent for his sister; and from the good and amiable Mrs. Mordaunt I experienced every friendly and affectionate attention.--When, by her care and tenderness, I was so far recovered as to bear the fatigue of travelling, she brought me to Marble Hill. Sensible as I am of her kindness, and much as my sorrows have been alleviated by her soothing gentle manner, I have now nothing to wish for, but that the Power Omnipotent, who has thus bruised me, will shortly heal my wounds for ever."

(To be continued.)

**EDUCATION and ACCOMPLISHMENTS
sometimes a MISFORTUNE.**

It not unfrequently happens that an expensive education, and the acquisition of every accomplishment, instead of being serviceable, prove a bar to comfort, and a source of unceasing misery to persons brought up by rich strangers, out of charity, as it is called—and falsely so called, if they are not well provided for at the decease of their benefactors. An interesting child, or a child left without parents or friends, or unnaturally deserted by them, falls in the way of some single old lady or gentleman, or of a married pair who have no children of their own; and is adopted, as it were, or at least taken into their house, and comfortably provided for, and attended to in infancy. Very probably, in the first instance, they have not at all considered about any ultimate provision for the child, nor formed any plan for its education. As it advances in years, if its disposition is good, and it displays a gratitude towards, and fondness for, its protectors, they are won by its artlessness, and indulge it in every way, as they would a child of their own; give it the same sort of education; endow it with the same description of accomplishments; and, in short, render it fit, in every respect, to be the inheritor of their property. How often, from various causes, are the poor beings, thus brought up, deprived of such inheritance: in some instances, the property of their foster-parents is entailed; and thus they are inevitably prevented from receiving the benefits which otherwise would have been theirs; and the little savings from property of this sort, if left to them, would not be sufficient to maintain them in decency. But too often they are left without any provision, either from their benefactors dying

intestate, or from their leaving all their property away from them, which latter case may sometimes arise from a cruel want of thought, but much oftener from an alteration of sentiment, produced by a slight quarrel, or some other trifling cause.

What is to become of a being thus left, with no one habit of industry, without any useful knowledge of the meaner and more requisite labors of life? Persons thus circumstanced have nothing but their education and their accomplishments to resort to for subsistence; and we all know but too well, how weak a resource these are for either sex to depend upon.

To a *man* in such circumstances, writing for the newspapers, or other periodical works, might be one of the few things he would probably be able to do; or some situation, where his pen might be the means of procuring him a living, such as the counting-house of the merchant, or office of the lawyer. In both, the difficulty of obtaining an introduction would be a serious obstacle; and in the first, even when the employ was obtained, the want of facility in composition, from not being used to it, or from having no inclination for such a task, would be a great bar to advancement. And, in both, the scantiness of the remuneration would but ill compensate such a man for the misery of mind he must experience, and for the disappointment that must "harrow up his soul."

To a *female*, needle-work is the only part of her industrious habits that could be useful; and the miserable, and shamefully small price, paid for this branch of labor, is positively a disgrace to the age in which we live. Her accomplishments would offer drawing, music, and works of fancy. The first of these is neither sufficiently patronised, nor paid suf-

ficiently for the time that would necessarily be employed in completing any work of that sort fit for the public eye: in music, we are already overrun with teachers—professional ones, that is, persons who have served their time to acquire a superiority: consequently the chance here would be but little, unless indeed very great excellence was fortunately the lot of the female. I have been much pleased of late, to see encouragement given to little works of fancy; trifling ornaments that are soon made, and which, I should apprehend, would pay the fair artist better than most other things. But, alas! it does not follow, that either male or female, left as I have described, should be fortunate enough to excel in any of these branches—at least enough to gain a livelihood by them: then, indeed, their fate must be wretched.

I myself knew a young man, who was so left: and who, for a long time, bore up against the frowns of Fortune, till, overcome by his feelings, in a fit of desperation, he enlisted for a soldier; was sent abroad with his regiment and died miserably, but nobly, fighting for his king and country.

I also know, at this moment, a female similarly situated, who gains an uncertain and scanty subsistence by her needle. The chances against females so circumstanced, in this crowded metropolis, are so numerous, and so dreadful, that I dare not trust my pen with a recital of them. But I do sincerely hope, that, if this essay—trifling and uninteresting as it must be to most readers—should come under the observation of any persons who are now bringing up the children of poverty in a style unbefitting their birth, they will well consider what they are doing, and either, by making a will, ensure them a provision after their death; or, by

pointing their ideas and talents to useful industry, give them a fair chance of succeeding honorably and respectably among their equals. And here I will take occasion to say, that, whether for this purpose or for any other, every person, however young, and however healthy, who is the possessor of property, should take care to insure the posthumous fulfilment of his or her wishes, by making a will, and bequeathing that property in the manner they may choose. Weak minds may fancy that making a will is one step toward their graves, or, rather, that it will hasten their progress thither; for, alas! every step we take is a step toward that "country, from whose bourn no traveller returns:" but I hope that very few minds are to be found so lamentably weak, for be it remembered, that, by so doing, we not only take care to provide for all those whom relationship, love, friendship, or charity, may have endeared to us; but we, at the same time, save all the troublesome and expensive processes of litigation, too often occasioned by persons dying without wills, or having them improperly made.

J. M. LACEY.

Hasty Irascibility.

WHEN passion has once obtained the predominance, how ill able are we to judge of any thing! Every occurrence, every word, every action, is perverted and distorted to the sort of bearing suited to our own heated imagination: friendship, esteem, and even love itself, falls before the influence of passion. Whirled amid its tremendous vortex, how many bad deeds, of more or less serious import, has not the human mind executed; which a few hours—in some instances, a few minutes—reflexion would have prevented, and

have saved the mind from the inflictions of sorrow and remorse!

Our tempers are said to be born with us: doubtless, there is a sort of innate disposition, which will either be confirmed or corrected, according as the mind of the person is, or is not, instructed: for, certain it is, that education will, if not totally suppress, at least materially allay, the ebullitions of ill temper, and render a being tolerable, who, if left to the guidance of his own bad passions, would have been a scourge to society. How carefully, then, should this be attended to in children! for not only would a parent be spared many bitter pangs; but his child would, in later life, be saved from the violent effects of a settled ill temper—violent to all around him by its inflictions, and violent to himself by the misery which his own bosom must experience after every paroxysm.

“ ’Tis granted—and no plainer truth appears—

Our most important are our earliest years.

The mind, impressible and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears
and sees,

And, through life's labyrinth, holds fast
the clue

That education gives her, false or true.

Plants, rais'd with tenderness, are self-
dom strong:

Man's coltish disposition asks the thong;
And, without discipline, the fav'rite child,
Like a neglected forester, runs wild.

But we, as if good qualities would grow
Spontaneous, take but little pains to sow.

We give some Latin, and a smatch of
Greek; [wee];

Teach him to fence and figure twice a
And, having done (we think) the best
we can,

Praise his proficiencies, and dub him
man.” Cowper.

Let any one call to mind his feelings after a serious disturbance of his temper; the beating heart, the internal weakness, the shaken nerves, and the mental and even bodily pain, that it leaves behind, will be

surely sufficient to put him on his guard against so great an enemy, who lies encamped near his own heart; and who can only be successfully resisted by the aid of Reason—man's best ally, that never fails him, when called upon.

The human mind has been aptly compared to a stream that flows in pure brilliance over a bottom of mud, which, when undisturbed by flood or other accident, lies dormant, and sullies not the purity of the water that glides over it. So, in the mind, the mud-like passions sleep in peace, till some unforeseen, and often trivial, circumstance calls them into play: then, in an instant do they pour their turbid current through the soul, which, thus clouded by their foulness, is long before it can regain its serenity; like the flood that one day's rain shall produce, which is often many days in subsiding.

Numerous have been the disquisitions on temper; many the inferences and comparisons made between the hastily-passionate man and the sullen one. I will not attempt to decide on a matter so difficult; for heaven knows they are both of them very unpleasant companions. The sullen man exhibits so few traits, and those so well known, that he may be dismissed at once to his own gloomy taciturnity: but the hasty man has certainly a few very lively touches to render him worth a remark or two. Your hasty man is generally, when pleased, a sprightly companion; but is withal so terribly irritable, that you must look at every word with your mental eye, before you dare utter it; and must be so continually upon the watch to avoid offence, that really but little pleasure can be enjoyed in such a man's company. His temper makes it seem as if he were seeking

cause for quarrel; and an innocent remark, which by any perverse twisting can be construed into a personality, or a joke ill timed, or any one of fifty other little circumstances that might easily be named, sets him in such a flame, that even utterance is denied him, and he appears for a time quite frantic.

“Infurnate vengeance from his eye-ball gleams;

And more a demon than a man he seems.”

If it be in his own house, or he happen to have quarreled with his wife, he perhaps wreaks his vengeance on a looking-glass, or a handsome set of china, and so restores himself to coolness and *good temper*, by the sacrifice of a few pounds. In some cases, indeed, the poor female suffers for his ill-temper; and an amiable woman is made miserable by the momentary brutality of a fellow, who, in a few minutes perhaps, will regret what he has done. He then endeavours to justify himself, by saying how wrong it was to offend him; and a few remarks, such as, “You know I think nothing of it when it is over”—or, “It only lasts a few minutes, and then I am sure to be sorry for it”—are supposed to be a sufficient expiation of his offence. But this is not to be borne; indeed such sort of reasoning, were it allowed, might cover almost all the crimes that are committed. It is as if a man should say to his friends, “Remember I am very irritable: therefore take care how you offend me in word or deed: if you should, I cannot answer for myself; and I may very probably do some serious mischief: but then I shall be sorry for it immediately after; and you must think no more of it.”—Such a friend, let me say, is not worth having. For what end are we blessed with reason, but to govern our passions, and to enjoy our pleasures in

a way that shall not inflict misery upon us hereafter? Then I must insist that it is in every man’s power so to govern himself by the aid of reason, that no trivial excitement shall lead him to the commission of follies which may afterwards call up the blush of shame, or the pang of guilt. Circumstances may indeed arise in a man’s intercourse with the world, that would ruffle any temper, however good: but, let the case be never so strong, still reason ought to be potent enough to save us from a violent exercise of the powers which nature has given us for better purposes.

I have said nothing, in this essay, of ill-temper in the fair sex; because I am willing to hope, and do believe, it is much—very much—more rare than in men: and I would only ask a beautiful woman, when in a passion, to go to her looking-glass; and, if the sight she would then behold did not cure her, neither reason nor philosophy could. If, when she sees her ruby lips quivering with revenge—her bosom wildly heaving and distended with the dire emotions of rage—her beautiful brows frowning a thousand horrors—her cheek divested of its bloom, and the paleness of passion usurping its place—while her whole person is shaken by a feeling of vengeance, which she scarcely dares, and certainly ought not, own to herself; if, I say, when she sees all this, reason has not sufficient power to show her the great superiority and loveliness of good-temper in woman; she must be lost to every feeling that is worth acknowledging, and must be content to drink the bitter cup of contempt, where she might have enjoyed the divine draught of friendship and love; while Virtue, that dearest inmate of our bosoms, would have looked on, and smiled.

"Thine, Virtue! thine is each persuasive
charm,
Thine ev'ry soul with heav'nly raptures
warm;
Thine all the bliss that innocence bestows,
And thine the heart that feels another's
woes." *Ogilvie.*

J. M. LACEY.

A FASHIONABLE CHARACTER.

(From Miss Edgeworth's "*Tales of
Fashionable Life.*")

MR. Wharton had prepossessing manners, and wit sufficient, whenever he pleased, "to make the worse appear the better reason." In private or in public debate, he had at his command, and could condescend to employ, all sorts of arms, and every possible mode of annoyance, from the most powerful artillery of logic, to the lowest squib of humour. He was as little nice in the company he kept, as in the style of his conversation. Frequently associating with fools, and even willing to be thought one, he made, alternately, his sport and his advantage of the weakness and follies of mankind. Wharton was philosophically, politically, and fashionably profligate. After having ruined his private fortune by unbounded extravagance, he lived on—nobody knew how—in careless profusion. In public life, he made a distinguished figure; and seemed, therefore, to think himself raised above the necessity of practising any of the minor virtues of economy, prudence, or justice, which common people find essential to their well-being in society. Far from attempting to conceal, he gloried in his faults; for, he knew full well, that, as long as he had the voice of numbers with him, he could bully, or laugh, or shame plain reason and rigid principle out of countenance. It was his grand art to represent good sense as stupidity, and virtue

as hypocrisy. Hypocrisy was, in his opinion, the only vice which merited the brand of infamy; and from this he took sufficient care to prove, or at least to proclaim, himself free. Even while he offended against the decencies of life, there seemed to be something frank and graceful in his manner of throwing aside all disguise. There appeared an air of superior liberality in his avowing himself to be governed by that absolute selfishness, which other men strive to conceal even from their own hearts. He dexterously led his acquaintance to infer, that he would prove as much better than his professions, as other people are often found to be worse than theirs. Where he wished to please, it was scarcely possible to escape the fascination of his manner; nor did he neglect any mode of counting popularity: he knew that a good table is necessary to attract even men of wit; and he made it a point to have the very best cook, and the very best wines. He paid his cook, and his cook was the only person he did pay, in ready money. His wine-merchant he paid in words—an art, in which he was a professed, and yet a successful adept, as hundreds of living witnesses were ready to attest. But, though Wharton could cajole, he could not attach his fellow-creatures—he had a party, but no friend. With this distribution of things he was perfectly satisfied; for he considered men only as beings who were to be worked to his purposes; and he declared, that, provided he had power over their interests and their humours, he cared not what became of their hearts. It was his policy to enlist young men of talents or fortune under his banners, &c.

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS
of the Sixteenth Century.*

(Continued from page 225.)

MEANWHILE Sabina and her young children lay prostrate at the feet of Alva, stretching out their suppliant hands to the ruthless tyrant, and, with timid looks, venturing to meet his fierce and angry eye. "I conjure you," said she, "in the name of every thing which Nature holds most sacred—in the name of Hymen's bands—of paternal and of filial love—I conjure you by the victories of Egmont—by those trophies, on which a warrior like you knows how to set a proper value, and which the axe of the executioner cannot overturn—save, oh! save the husband, the father, and the hero! Alas! desirous of averting the scourge of war, he still entertained a hope of being the happy mediator between Philip and the Belgians; and, at the name of peace, the weapons of war fell from his hand. The Spanish empire, for whose interests he fought—all Europe, by whom he is revered—will re-demand him of you: no doubt, Philip himself will one day re-demand of you that warrior, whose valour he esteems, and whom he has honored with marks of respect within the walls of Madrid.—I will go—I will repair to the foot of the throne: he shall see the widow and the orphans Alas! my reason is bewildered—'tis Alva I wish to mollify—'tis from Alva's hand I wish to receive my Egmont:—let my sighs—let the sighs of my children—let the cries of the whole state, touch your heart But we have not an instant to lose: at this moment he is on his way to the place of execution—he is arrived at the spot—he is already on the scaffold!" Fainting, she falls senseless to the floor; and her children crowd around her with mournful cries.

At this affecting sight, Alva remains as insensible as the rock, at whose feet the torn vessel is dashed to pieces, and the hapless mariners float on the waves, where, ready to be swallowed alive, they vainly embrace the pointed crags, and for the last time pronounce the tender names of husband and of father. Nevertheless he listens to the suggestions of selfish policy, and gives Vargas orders to repair to Egmont.

Already were the eyes of Egmont covered with the fatal bandage, when Vargas arrived. "Proud warrior," said the messenger of Alva, "thou, who, even on the scaffold, defiest the power of thy sovereign! I come to rescue thee from the fate of Horn, whose head lies before thee—to save thee from the axe which is already uplifted to strike thee. Thy wife and children are prostrate at the feet of Alva; and Alva grants thee thy forfeit life, provided that, binding thyself by the most solemn, the most awful engagement, thou swear at the foot of this scaffold, that, after having set the example of revolt to the multitude, thou wilt set them the example of submission—that thou wilt never again bear arms, never even raise thy voice, in favor of a rebellious people."

Immediately the bandage is untied; and, on the other side, advances a hoary senior, the most zealous of Egmont's menial throng. He conducts a child, whom he conceals from the eyes of his master, but who interests every heart—who suppresses his cries, and sheds a torrent of tears. "Your hapless consort," says he, "lies expiring at the feet of Alva: on you alone depends her life. She intended, if successful in mollifying him, to repair to this spot with all her children: but, feeling that her strength was unequal to the task, 'Take,' said she to me, 'the most

intrepid of my sons, and, in my stead, haste to the scaffold.' She has succeeded in touching the heart of Alva : and will *you* then show yourself inflexible ? Shall the same stroke deprive your children of both father and mother ?"

He then embraced the knees of Egmont, and suddenly presented to him the child, pale, trembling, shrieking, falling at his father's feet, and bathing them with tears. Egmont rushes to the child, seizes him in his arms, and presses him to his bosom, which throbs at the recollection of his other children, and of his expiring wife. His heart rent with anguish, he sheds a torrent of bitter tears. The crowd rend the air with loud cries ; and even the guards feel the drops of sensibility bedew their cheeks : the child courts his father with soothing caresses, and hopes that he has won him to his wishes.

"As a favor," said Egmont aloud, "Alva offers me remorse and dishonor. But, my fellow-citizens, would I be any longer worthy of your generous transports, if I accepted the disgraceful boon, and could submit to the shameful condition of remaining a quiet spectator of your calamities ? And thou, Horn, thou, whom I have dragged to this scaffold, can I descend from it alive, and leave thee on it a lifeless corse ? . . . My son ! cease thy lamentations : young as thou art, learn to know and practise virtue ; nor suffer the transactions of this day ever to escape from thy memory. . . . Clasp to thy bosom thy mother, thy brethren, thy sisters : weep with them ; and let the sad consolation of tears assuage thy grief and theirs : but thou, who seest me in this dreadful, this trying moment—thou, who receivest my last sigh—show them an example of fortitude. O Sabina ! cruel in thy tenderness ! . . . My dear child !

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though I should drag thee to the same grave with myself, I must die."

He again presses to his bosom his afflicted and almost lifeless child, and restores him to the trembling arms of his hoary attendant, on whom likewise he bestows a parting embrace. The trenchant steel is immediately uplifted : the hero's head rolls to that of Horn ; and his blood flows in joint streams with that of his martyred friend.

At this heart-rending spectacle, the gazing multitude, who had indulged the flattering hope that Egmont should escape the fatal axe, uttered loud shrieks, which echoed through the whole city. They rush upon the guards—break through their ranks—crowd round the breathless trunks of their murdered defenders—embrace them—dip their garments and their hands in the streaming blood, and collect that precious relique with mingled transports of horror and rage.

The souls of the departed heroes are instantly united, and, like the pure ætherial flame, rise toward heaven : a celestial genius crowns them with immortal palms, throws open to them the gates of the blest abode ; and, while the heroes wing their rapid way through the fields of æther, they look down with a smile on the scaffold, and on their lifeless remains, which they abandon to the hands of their former tyrants.

Meantime the widow of Egmont, again opening her eyes to the light of day, calls for her lord. She knows that Alva has pronounced his pardon ; and her heart dilates with fond hopes, when her hoary messenger returns from the foot of the scaffold. The icy hand of Death seems to have fastened on him its chilling gripe : his countenance wears the deep impression of unutterable despair : with tottering step he ad-

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vances, and in his arms presents to the view of the unfortunate mother her child, frozen with affright, motionless, his mouth a-gape, his face sprinkled with his father's blood.

At this sight, Sabina is suddenly seised with universal tremor, and makes the vaulted dome resound with her shrieks. But her despair is soon changed to delirium: with frantic steps she runs through the palace—seeks Alva—finds him surrounded by a crowd of courtly sycophants, and starts back with horror. Indignation now inflames her pallid countenance; and, with the impetuosity of a torrent, these reproaches issue from her lips—

“Thou monster! not sprung from the womb of a mortal, but engendered in the black gulfs of hell, and thrown forth upon the earth to be the scourge of human kind! murderer of my husband! barbarian! oh! that I could with my own hands tear out thy cruel heart! But Heaven, wearied with my imprecations, will not suffer thy crimes to escape unpunished. My husband's ghost, the ghosts of the numberless victims of thy cruelty, will haunt thee in every place, at every hour, like so many tormenting fiends! The torrents of blood thou hast shed will every-where pursue thy steps! At sight of thee, fathers and sons and husbands and wives will fly, as they would fly from a savage tiger. Conquered by Nassau and the Batavians, thy pride shall be humbled: thou shalt fly before them: the glory of thy past exploits shall be tarnished: the Batavians shall throw off the yoke of Philip; before thy eyes they shall be free. Thou shalt be held in contempt and detestation by all mankind: Heaven at length will collect all its thunders to crush thee, or the earth will swallow thee alive, and bury thee in the midst of those dead

bodies with which thy rage has glutted the grave. Over that gulf where thou art entombed, shall I stand, and listen to thee invoking death, prolonging thy last sigh, and imploring, as a benefactor, the man who should terminate thy life, even in the midst of tortures similar to those with which thy cruelty astonished the human race.”

With these last words she breathed forth her soul, and fell a lifeless corse.—Alva for a moment viewed her as she lay—departed, and hastened to join his army.

(To be continued.)

The ADOPTED CHILD.

(Continued from page 209.)

WHEN Marina alighted, she desired to be immediately shown to her chamber.—Fatigued, harassed, and wretched, she required silence and repose, to recruit her strength, and re-animate her spirits. Her head sunk on the pillow, weary and exhausted; and soon were her eyelids closed in a profound slumber, from which she did not awake till the approach of evening.—When she opened her eyes, the first object that she beheld was Jeannette, anxiously watching by her bed-side the effect of her long slumber. Her wearied frame, refreshed by its balsamic influence, felt itself restored to its wonted power; and she arose with that calm tranquillity of mind which is the never-failing attendant on religious and virtuous principles. Hence she answered the kind interrogatories of Jeannette with more cheerfulness than could otherwise have reasonably been expected.

Marina having declared her intention of remaining in her room that evening, Jeannette, whose countenance was brimfull of intelligence, prepared, with a short preface, to unfold the discoveries she had made.

—“Mrs. Brown, the housekeeper,” continued she—“who, by the by, is no better than she should be—has bestowed so many praises on the marquis, that I cannot help suspecting her to be secretly influenced by some undue partiality.—She informed me that she had received a letter from his lordship, desiring her to prepare for the reception of a young lady and her servant, who would arrive in a few hours. To this he added, that, as it would be some time before he should visit the Dale, she was to treat the fair stranger with all imaginable respect, and to see that no accommodation was wanting, to render her situation agreeable; but to be particularly cautious that no strangers were introduced to her; and, if she was at any time inquired for, to say that no such person was there: ‘for, as the guardian of my niece,’ adds his lordship, ‘I have certainly a right to secure her person:—any impertinent intruders may interfere with the scheme I have in view of marrying her to advantage; and she is much too handsome to be thrown away.’—This familiar epistle, addressed by his haughty lordship to such a woman, immediately excited in my mind some strange conjectures,” added Jeannette.

“I hope,” said Marina, “you betrayed no uneasiness at this intelligence.”—“Indeed, I did not,” replied Jeannette; “for I was too busy in examining the countenance of Mrs. Brown, and watching her looks, in order to discover whether the information she had given me was not intended to rouse my curiosity, as I have reason to think that the name of your intended husband was mentioned in the letter: but I made no other reply to her repeated inquiries concerning your family and expectations, than by saying that I

was lately recommended to your service, and was totally ignorant of your connexions. She appeared satisfied with my answers, and desired me to ask for every thing I wanted, and endeavour to reconcile you to this solitude. But she needed not to have informed me of the nature of your situation: your poor mother was shut up in this detested place for some months; for, when day-light appeared, I recollected the house again.”

This discovery awakened in the breast of Marina a thousand painful reflexions. “Perhaps in this room,” exclaimed she, “I received my unfortunate existence; and here I am doomed to experience a continuation of those miseries which embittered the solitary hours of my mother, unless I purchase my liberty at the expense of my future happiness.”—The idea of any husband whom the marquis was to recommend to her filled her with horror; and she determined to escape from his protection, rather than submit to a union contracted without her knowledge. But the parting advice of Mrs. Montague occurring to her, checked this hasty resolution; and she resolved patiently to wait the effect of her first interview with the marquis, before she formed any scheme for her removal.

The next morning, Marina arose divested of some part of the uneasiness which she had felt the evening before; for, though the reflexion that she now inhabited the same house where her mother had experienced so many sorrowful hours was attended at first with exquisite pain, she began to imagine that she should enjoy a melancholy pleasure in retracing all those spots which she had most delighted in. The situation of Belvoir was romantically beautiful: towns, villages, and mag-

nificent seats, bordered the opposite banks of a navigable river, whose wide and rapid current, flowing in distant murmurs, wound its meandering course along the Dale, beneath the woods, which half encircled Belvoir Lodge; while, behind it, arose rocky precipices, whence the wind, in hoarse complainings, descended to the valley below. When Marina beheld from her dressing-room these variegated scenes, she became no longer apprehensive of feeling that lassitude of mind, which too often accompanies a life of solitude and retirement; but, pleasing herself with the idea of introducing to her beloved benefactress an humble sketch of those views which had most excited her admiration, she sat down to write to her kind protectors, with a vivacity, which, the morning before, she imagined had deserted her for ever.

After the departure of Marina, Mrs. Montague again relapsed into her former dejection; and, when Mr. Montague returned from town three days afterward, the countenance of every domestic he met seemed to presage the approach of some dreadful misfortune. As he entered the avenue, he was somewhat surprised at not seeing Marina run to meet him, as was her usual custom: but, conceiving it possible that she might be wandering in her favorite wood, he carelessly asked the servant, upon his alighting, how long Marina had been out. "Alas!" replied the man, in mournful accents, "three days: and my poor lady will never survive her loss!"

"Good God!" interrupted Mr. Montague—"what do you mean?—Marina gone three days!"—But, too agitated to await the confirmation of this dreadful intelligence from the servant, he hastily sought Mrs. Montague, from whose ex-

pressive countenance he soon learned what he so much dreaded to hear. Though Mr. Montague loved Marina with the affection of a parent, the horrid apprehension of beholding his wife again relapse into a state of dejection, which had almost bordered on sullen despair, was, with him, the most powerful consideration. He led her therefore, by every tender expression, to converse on the subject of her present sorrow:—by gradually leading her mind to contemplate the agreeable consequences of the approaching interview between the marquis and Marina, whose appearance alone, he averred, was sufficient to prejudice him in her favor, he at length succeeded in tranquillising her; and the fortunate arrival of Marina's letter on the following day completely eradicated every symptom of that despondency which Mr. Montague, with such alarm, had fancied was taking possession of her mind. As a journey to Scotland had heretofore been productive of an event which (he repeatedly assured her) would, he was satisfied, in all its consequences, terminate happily—he proposed an immediate renewal of their tour: for, since Marina's abode at Sedley, that tour had been wholly laid aside; but, as Mrs. Montague knew, from her husband's great attachment to his nephew, that he had reluctantly acquiesced in the propriety of not taking her from her studies until her education was completely finished—and as she had now no longer any object at home that required her attention—she most readily agreed to his proposal.

While they were hastening the preparations for their departure, young Tudway was pursuing his fruitless search after Marina.—He had called at Sedley House, on the

morning after the gala ; and, alarmed by the servants' account of her indisposition, he was at Sedley the following day by seven o'clock, to inquire for her. But, when the groom told him that Miss Cavendish had quitted Sedley the evening before, attended only by Jeannette, and was gone, nobody knew where, he raved like a madman, and swore he would put the groom to death, if he did not instantly go and find out whither she was gone.—The groom, glad to escape with a whole skin, ran to the servants' hall, desiring, for the love of God, that the butler would go to Mr. Tudway in the stable-yard—adding, that, for his own part, he durst not venture to face him, for fear of having his brains blown out.

The butler found him traversing the yard, in a state little short of phrensy :—but, as the butler's information only corroborated that which he had already gained from the groom, he said he would wait in the breakfast-parlour till Mrs. Montague rose.—He had not, however, remained there long, before her woman came to inform him that her mistress was too ill to see him :—and, though he assailed Mrs. Catharine with a very liberal present, to induce her to reveal to him whither they had conveyed Marina ; yet, as Catharine was in reality totally ignorant of the place of her destination, he was at last obliged to quit Sedley in despair, in the agony of which he swore never to suffer any of its inhabitants to enjoy a moment's peace, till they had informed him where he should find her.

He had nearly reached the lodge gate, when he was overtaken by James Carrot, the gardener. James was esteemed by his fellow servants a cunning-man :—he had foretold that old Jeannette would not remain

long at Sedley, and that young Miss was certainly a great lady in disguise ; and he had discovered the sweet-hearts of every girl in the house. The groom, therefore, when he heard the violent denunciations of Tudway, thought he could not do better than communicate them to James, who, he was firmly persuaded, would by his art be able to tell whither Miss was gone.

(To be continued.)

Modern Life delineated.

(Continued from page 206.)

WHEN Mr. Lloyd and his daughters reached Mrs. Manville's, her son contrived to detain Mr. Lloyd with him, while Mrs. Manville accompanied the young people into the drawing-room. As Gertrude ascended the stairs, she would have given the world to have been at home again : but, when the door opened, and she caught a glimpse of her cousin's emaciated figure, her own feelings were lost in pity for his sufferings. But Emma never thought of the change that illness had effected : all her faculties were absorbed in the most delightful emotions. She pressed Edward's hand to her lips, and declared she had never been so happy.

Gertrude tremblingly approached her cousin's chair, and tenderly congratulated him on his returning health.—“ This,” said he in a faint voice, “ is the most pleasing moment of my life. I am once more restored to my sisters—and, I trust, to their affectionate regards.”—“ You are, believe me,” cried Emma, “ restored to us, in every sense of the word : but we have the most reason to rejoice ; for, when we lost you, Edward, we lost the friend of our childish years. After you quitted the Vale, all our pleasant pursuits were at an end : the garden you so

much delighted in, was soon over-spread with weeds; and all our charming walks were dull and uninteresting. The only object my eyes loved to dwell upon, was that beautiful sequestered mansion, inhabited by the antiquated Lady Purwell, and her legion of cats. I assure you, I fancied, there was a dark shade drawn over the most animated scenes."

"The loss of society we have once delighted in," said Mrs. Manville, "gives a gloom to the mental eye, which the irradiating smiles of the world cannot disperse. But you, Miss Emma, have the cheering light of happiness before you; and God grant you may never experience another reverse!"

If sympathy had the power to mitigate mental sufferings, Gertrude's expressive countenance would have given a temporary relief to Mrs. Manville's bosom. A deep sigh escaped her, as she fixed her eyes upon Mrs. Manville's care-worn countenance.—Edward involuntarily caught hold of her hand, and exclaimed, "Did Gertrude regret my absence too?"—"As a *sister*, I certainly regretted your absence; and, as a *sister*, I may venture to affirm that it will be my highest joy to be blessed with your society through life."

The emphatic manner with which she repeated the word "*sister*," destroyed all the pleasing hopes which Edward had for several hours enjoyed; and the undisguised tenderness of Emma's looks and manner gave a different turn to his thoughts. The proof which Frederic Manville had given him of her partiality, and the enthusiasm with which he had praised the beauties of her person, had certainly gratified Edward's vanity: but it was only a temporary weakness; neither would it ever have entered

his breast again, if Gertrude, whom he loved more than all the world, had given a ray of hope to his wishes. When Gertrude repeated the last sentence, he exclaimed, "Then, my dear Gertrude, continue to esteem me: it will be my pride to be esteemed by you, in whatever manner you please. If no other appellation than the one you have expressed, will obtain your friendship and regard, I must," continued he in a low voice, "submit to your will, and be content to retain your friendship on your own terms."

"I repeat it," again said Gertrude—"as a *brother* you have always had the first place in my esteem, and ever will have. In the name of *brother*, there is something congenial to our feelings: it proclaims the protector and friend. I fervently wish you had a natural claim to that title; a nominal one is so frequently disputed."

Edward sighed, but made no reply.

After the first introduction to Mrs. Manville, the two families seldom were separated. Edward in vain solicited his cousin Gertrude to alter her former determination:—she positively assured him it never could be; and, as a friend to her sister, intimated the extreme anguish she had suffered after his rash marriage. She likewise repeated to him her father's wishes. "All these circumstances combined," said she, "surely must operate upon a mind like yours. I assure you, Edward, I have given a proof of my esteem for your character, in declaring my sentiments in so undisguised a manner: for, to any other person breathing, I would not have revealed my sister Emma's regard."

Edward undoubtedly had a thousand proofs of Emma's unalterable attachment to him: but his

uncle's wishes, and Gertrude's resolute adherence to her word, were the only excitements in his breast to a union with Emma. He considered the uneasiness he had previously given to the family, and the immense debt of gratitude he owed to his worthy uncle; and these considerations urged him to offer his hand to the woman with whom he once thought he never could exist.*

Mr. Lloyd felt unwilling that the marriage should take place in London: but Gertrude's entreaties conquered his reluctance. She had observed the cool indifference of Edward's manner towards her sister, and was with justice afraid, that, if the marriage was postponed a few months, he would hardly be induced to sacrifice himself, to oblige any of his friends: and she fancied, that, if Emma was again disappointed, her death would be the inevitable consequence.

Though Edward was anxious to contribute to the happiness of a family whom he loved, he felt, at the moment when he gave his hand at the altar to his cousin Emma, that he had sacrificed every joy in life to oblige them. At that moment, so acute were his feelings, that he would have given ten thousand worlds to have revoked the sentence he had passed upon himself.—As he turned from the altar, with a low agitated voice, he said to Gertrude, "This moment, my beloved cousin, you have condemned me to a life of misery."

Gertrude was so shocked by this speech, that she was deprived of utterance, and hardly able to support herself: but, clinging to her father's arm, she with difficulty walked to the carriage; and so hurt was she by her cousin's inconsistent conduct, that she could not recover her spirits during the day.—It was indeed a day

of stupid reserve to all the party.—Emma seemed the only happy being among them.—Even Frederic Manville could not account for the uneasy sensations he experienced. "I ought," said he to Gertrude, "to rejoice in my friend's happiness; and I certainly do, for he has married a most lovely woman: but my sensations are extremely complicated; for I feel more inclined to sadness than to mirth. I have always pictured to myself a wedding-day as the most delightful in our existence: but I find there is a solemnity attending it, far more suitable for a funeral. I fervently pray that my own may not prove as serious as this is, or I shall be tempted to repine at my loss of liberty; but there are few, I believe, whose feelings would assimilate to mine. I despair indeed of ever enjoying the domestic felicity which crowned my youthful days."

"There are few, indeed," said Gertrude, "capable of supplying the place of tender and indulgent parents: and, to my fancy, the comforts of the marriage state are so intermixed with corroding cares, that I should dread forming an alliance with any one."

"And yet," said Mr. Manville, "how few would contribute so highly to the happiness of that state as yourself!" The old adage declares that a good daughter must make an excellent wife."

"I do not think the adage perfectly correct," replied Gertrude: "for a good daughter in a great measure derives her virtues from her parents: but, when she enters the marriage state, her excellence may be lost. The imperfections of her husband may influence her conduct: for women, in every state, are but too prone to be led from their duty; and, as children and wives, we are

commanded to obey our parents and husbands."—"Only in those things which are just," said Mr. Manville. "You deviate in a very essential point, if you allow the errors of any human being to influence your conduct."

"But," rejoined Gertrude, "it is hardly possible to avoid being injured by corrupt examples."

Mrs. Pope and her daughters, who had been at Brighton a few weeks, returned to town on the day after Emma's marriage.—Mr. Lloyd had apprised his friend of the intended union: but it seemed so sudden and strange a piece of business, that she gave no credence to it. The evening she arrived, he called upon her, and confirmed what he had communicated in his letter.—"I will not," exclaimed Mrs. Pope, "tax you with imprudence in this affair; for I am convinced that you must have had the most powerful motive for your conduct: but so frequently have I heard you censure the levities of fashionable life respecting the system of divorce, that I acknowledge I am greatly surprised that you have sanctioned Emma's marriage with her cousin."

"My daughter's affection for her cousin was formed in the early days of childhood; and it increased with her increasing years.—I could not then behold her the victim of disappointed affection, without endeavouring to remove the impediments to her happiness. I have therefore, my friend, acted as a father anxious for his daughter's welfare, not as a rigid exactor of those laws which I had fixed upon as the standard of all moral excellence. We must be lenient in some respects to the imperfections of a youthful heart: for, however we may reason, I find it is impossible to endow it with our own sentiments and opinions; and

there is one passion of the human heart, which, like Aaron's rod, swallows up all the rest."

"True," said Mrs. Pope: "and we, who have been blessed with its irradiating smiles, should make every allowance for its impetuosity. But, as time blunts the remembrance of our own happiness, we are too apt to scrutinise closely into our children's conduct; and are unreasonable enough to expect the same prudence and discretion in them, which we have obtained only through a long intercourse with the world, and our knowledge of good and evil in it. Yet allow me to ask what profession or business Edward means to pursue. I hope you do not intend that he shall lead an inactive life; for I am confident that idleness in youth creates sorrow in old age. Whatever fortune a young man possesses, if he has not some pursuit to occupy his time and attention, he imperceptibly contracts the most indolent habits, and, not unfrequently, the most vicious ones. I am, I confess, so great an advocate for mental and bodily employment, that I would rather see my daughters married to respectable mechanics, than to dissipated indolent men of quality."—"It is far from my wish," replied Mr. Lloyd, "that Edward should lead a life of inactivity: but I am greatly at a loss what business or profession to fix upon. I fear it is now too late to establish him exactly to my wishes; for he has many disadvantages and difficulties to encounter."

"I have formed a plan," said Mrs. Pope, "which, I trust, will answer. Charlotte is soon to be united to a most respectable and amiable man in the mercantile world: and I am convinced that my interest will succeed in bringing Edward into the concern."

"But you know he is wholly unacquainted with business."

"I know it very well: but he has a quick apprehension, and good abilities, and therefore must succeed, if he can but reconcile his mind to the confinement of a counting-house. I assure you, my friend, I have set my mind upon it: and you know," continued Mrs. Pope, smiling, "that women's wishes are always considered as established laws by well-bred men. The fact is, I would have our friendship continued in our children. The greatest, the sweetest joys in this life spring from friendship. When a connected circle of individuals have one object of pursuit, their hopes and fears imperceptibly blend together: if disappointments attend them, they are softened by sympathy for their fellow sufferers: but, if prosperity smile upon their honest endeavours, their happiness is increased tenfold, in witnessing the animated countenances of those they love. Of what consequence is it, to possess immoderate wealth? It may enable us to indulge in luxury: but it will not eventually prove a blessing; for it may lead us into excesses which will destroy our health and peace of mind. It is far more delightful, when we behold our friends' prosperity uniting with our own.—In my opinion, there is too much importance attached to riches. How often do they contract the heart, and confine every species of generosity to the domestic circle! A father of a family imagines that his duty consists in hoarding up thousands for his children: but, if one hundred pounds would save the friend of his early years, and a numerous family, from irretrievable ruin, he checks the impulse of humanity, to augment the large fortunes he has acquired for his own offspring.—As citizens of the

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world, we ought not to confine our views entirely to our own families. Prudence and natural affection will dictate what is required for them: but there is something due to those whose health is impaired by afflictions—to others who are bereft of their natural protectors—and to those who are distressed by misfortunes in business, or the infirmities of old age. I would not that any one should extend his liberality to support the dissipated or the idle; for money that is earned by honest perseverance and industry, should not be squandered upon the profligate. I only wish, that, when we are tempted to repulse suffering merit, we may never forget to ask ourselves this question—'If this were the last hour of my existence, should I refuse my mite to rescue that fellow creature from misery?'—and afterwards act in conformity to the reply which our feelings would suggest."

"If," replied Mr. Lloyd, "we were to ask ourselves a similar question on every occurrence in life, I think we should prove better members of society than we now are.—Pride would then sink into humility: the voice of anger would assume the soft tone of pity and forgiveness: resentment would be exchanged for tenderness; and the worst passions of the human heart would either lose their power of acting, or become converts to virtue."

(To be continued.)

Anecdotes of FREDERIC-WILLIAM II.
of Prussia.

THE Margravine of Bareith, in her "*Mémoires*," lately published, relates, that this prince—her father, and father of the Great Frederic—having asked one of his daughters, how she would regulate her household when married, the princess replied that she would "keep a good

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table well furnished with delicacies, and which shall be," added she, "better than yours; and if I have children, I will not ill use them as you do, nor force them to eat what disgusts them."—"What do you mean by that?" said the king; "what is there wanting at my table?"—"There wants," said she, "the means of satisfying one's hunger; and the little there is, consists of nothing but coarse garden-stuff, that it is impossible to touch." The king (continues the Margravine) had been already enraged by her first answer: the last threw him into a complete fury: but all his anger was vented upon my brother and me. He began by throwing a plate at my brother's head, who avoided the blow. He next threw another at mine, which I avoided in the same manner. A volley of invectives followed this commencement of hostilities: he railed at the queen, reproaching her with the wretched education she had given her children; and then addressing himself to my brother, "You ought," said he, "to curse your mother."

In another place, the Margravine adds—"The king left my brother and myself to perish with hunger. The king himself performed the office of carver: he helped every body but my brother and me. We lived upon coffee and milk, and dried cherries, which entirely destroyed my stomach."

Treated with such brutal cruelty, no wonder that young Frederic should seek to escape from the tyranny of his unnatural parent. He accordingly made the attempt; of which the Margravine thus relates the result—

A strong guard, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Borek, sent by the king to meet the prince, overtook him, and conducted him to a house in the town close to the resi-

dence of the king. The king himself examined the prince the next day. There was no one with his majesty but General Mosel, an officer of fortune, whom his valour and merit had raised to that rank. The king's first question, and which he proposed in a furious tone, was this: "Why have you attempted to desert?" (These were his very words.) "Because," answered the prince in a firm tone, "you have not treated me as your son, but as a worthless slave."—"Then you are," replied the king, "nothing but a base deserter, without honor."—"I have as much honor as you," said the prince: "I have only attempted what you told me a hundred times you would do, if you were in my place." Vexed at this last answer, the king, in a transport of rage, drew his sword, and was going to run him through. General Mosel perceived his intentions, and placed himself between them, to parry the blow. "Run me through, sire," exclaimed he; "but spare your son." These words arrested the king's fury. He ordered my brother to be reconducted to his house. The general remonstrated strongly with the king, and represented to him, "that he would always be master of the person of his son; that he ought not to condemn him without hearing him; and finally, that he would commit an irremissible crime, if he became his executioner. He entreated his majesty at the same time to have him examined by honorable and loyal men, and not to see him any more, since he could not sufficiently master his passion to bear his presence." The king approved of these suggestions, and complied with them.

He remained but a few days at Wesel, and then prosecuted his journey to Berlin. Before he left Wesel, he added General Dossow to the two

other guards of my brother, and ordered them to follow him in four days, leaving them sealed instructions, in which the place was named whither they were to take him, and which they were not to open before they had got to the distance of some German miles from Wesel.

My brother was adored all over the country. The cruel treatment which he had experienced from the king, excused, in some degree, his attempts. Fears were entertained for his life, from the well-known violence of the king. Several officers, who had at their head Colonel Grœbnitz, resolved to risk every thing to set the prince free. They had already procured him the dress of a peasant girl, and some ropes to let himself down from the window; when General Dossow deranged these plans, by getting iron bars fixed in the window. This general was a favorite of the king, to whom he reported every thing. Unfortunately, the favorites of the monarch were all men of wicked dispositions. This was a true imp of Satan, who injured the virtuous, and oppressed the poor. The four days being elapsed, they set out with the prince, and took him, according to the king's orders, to a small market-town, named Mittenwalde, three German miles distant from Berlin.

The king's behaviour to the other members of his family on this occasion is thus described—

Her majesty was alone in the king's room when he arrived. The moment he saw her, though at a distance, he bawled out, "Your worthless son is no more; he is dead."—"What!" cried the queen, "have you had the barbarity to kill him?"—"Yes, I tell you," continued the king: "but I want his writing-desk." The queen went to fetch it; I availed myself of that moment to see

her: she was distracted with anguish, and continually crying, "Heavens! my son! Just Heavens! my son!" I fell breathless and fainting into the arms of Madam de Sonsfeld.

When the queen delivered the desk to the king, he broke it into pieces, seized the letters, and took them with him. The queen then returned to the room, where I was just recovering. She told us what had happened, and exhorted me to show some fortitude. Our hopes were a little revived by Mrs. Ramen, who assured the queen that my brother was alive; that she had her information from a good quarter. The king came back in the mean time. We all ran up to him to kiss his hands; but he had scarcely cast his eyes upon me, when anger and fury overpowered him. He grew black, his eyes sparkled with rage, and he foamed at the mouth. "Infamous baggage!" said he to me, "dare you show yourself before me? Go and keep company with your rascally brother." In uttering these words, he seized me with one hand, and he struck me several times in the face with his fist: one of his blows fell upon my temples so violently, that I fell backwards, and should have split my head against a corner of the wainscot, had not Madam de Sonsfeld broken my fall by seising me by my head-dress. I remained senseless on the ground. The king, no longer master of himself, strove to renew the blows, and trample upon me; but the queen, my brothers and sisters, and all who were present, prevented him: they all surrounded me; which gave Madam de Kamken and Madam de Sonsfeld time to lift me up. They placed me in a window-seat which was close by; but seeing that I continued senseless, they sent one of my sisters for a glass of water and some salts,

with which they insensibly recalled me to life. As soon as I was able to speak, I reproached them for the pains which they took with me; death being a thousand times more agreeable than life in the situation in which we were. To describe its horror is impossible.

The queen was uttering mournful screams: her fortitude had forsaken her; she was wringing her hands in despair, and running disconsolate through the room. The face of the king was so greatly disfigured by his rage, that one could not look upon him but with terror. My brothers and sisters, the youngest of whom was four years old, were embracing his knees, and endeavouring to move him by their tears. Madam de Soussfeld was supporting my head, which was bruised and swollen by the blows I had received.

The king, it is true, had changed his tone; he confessed that my brother was still alive; but his horrible menaces of having him sentenced to death, and myself confined between four walls for the remainder of my life, caused our dismay. He accused me of being the accomplice in the attempt of the prince-royal, which he called high treason. . . .

During this shocking scene, another object of the king's resentment makes his appearance—the prince's confidential friend, Katt, who had aided him in his luckless attempt to escape.

Turning my head round, (continues the Margravine) I beheld poor Katt crossing the palace-yard, attended by four horse-guards, who were conducting him to the king. Though pale and depressed, yet he took off his hat to bow to me. His and my brother's trunks, which had been seized and sealed, were carried after him. A moment after, the king was informed that Katt was brought. He left the room, ex-

claiming "Now I shall have a plea for condemning the rascally Frederic and the baggage Wilhelmina*; I shall find motives sufficiently weighty to have them beheaded."

Katt was tried, and condemned to death: and the unfeeling tyrant ordered him to be executed in the fortress of Custrin, where the prince was kept in confinement, and that the execution should take place under the prince's window. The Margravine thus describes the transaction.

The day before Katt was brought to Custrin, General Lepel, governor of the fortress, and the President Munchow, had conducted my brother to an apartment that had been purposely prepared for him on the floor above that where he had lodged. He there found a bed and some furniture. The window-curtains were let down, which at first prevented his seeing what was going on without. A plain brown coat was brought to him, in which he was obliged to dress himself. A similar coat had been given to Katt. The general, having then drawn up the curtains, pointed out to the prince a scaffold covered with black, and as high as the window, which had been widened, and the bars of which had been removed. After this, both the general and Munchow retired. This sight, and the downcast look of Munchow, induced my brother to think that sentence of death was going to be passed upon him, and that these preparations regarded himself; which caused him a violent agitation.

General Lepel and President Munchow entered the prince's room in the morning a little before Katt appeared, and endeavoured to prepare the prince in the best manner they could for this horrible scene. It is

* The Margravine, the writer.

said that he was in such a state of despair and grief as had never before been witnessed. In the mean time, Schenk was rendering the like friendly office to Katt. On entering the fortress, he said to him, "Continue firm, my dear Katt; you are going to undergo a severe trial; you are at Custrin, and you will see the Prince Royal."—"Rather say," answered Katt, "that I am going to have the greatest consolation that could have been granted to me." With these words he ascended the scaffold. My unfortunate brother was then forced to stand at the window. He attempted to throw himself out of it; but was prevented. "I entreat you, for Heaven's sake," said the prince to those who were around him, "delay the execution; I shall inform the king that I am ready to renounce my right to the crown, if his majesty will pardon Katt." M. de Munchow stopped the prince's mouth with a handkerchief. When the prince saw Katt, he exclaimed, "How wretched I am, my dear Katt! I am the cause of your death. Would to Heaven I were in your place!"—"Ah!" replied Katt? "if I had a thousand lives, I would sacrifice them all for your royal highness." At the same time he dropped on his knees. One of his servants attempted to blindfold him: but he would not suffer it, and, elevating his thoughts to heaven, he ejaculated, "My God! I commit my soul into thy hands!" Scarcely had he pronounced these words, when his head, cut off at one blow, rolled at his feet. The trunk, in its fall, extended its arms towards the window where my brother had been: but he was there no longer: he had fainted away, and the gentlemen about him had laid him on his bed, where he remained senseless for some hours. When he recovered his senses, the first object

that struck his eyes was the mangled corpse of poor Katt, which had been placed in such a manner that he could not avoid seeing it. This ghastly object threw him into a second swoon, which was succeeded by a violent fever. M. de Munchow, in spite of the orders of the king, let the curtains down, and sent for physicians, who found the prince in a very dangerous state. He would not take any thing that was given him. His mind was so bewildered, and his agitation so great, that he would have destroyed himself, had he not been prevented. Religious considerations, it was thought, would soften him; a clergyman was sent for to comfort him: but all in vain; the violent convulsions ceased only when his strength was exhausted. Tears succeeded to these dreadful agitations. It was with extreme difficulty that he was prevailed upon to take medicine. Nothing could induce him to do it, but the representation that he would also cause the queen's death and mine, if he persisted in his own destruction. A profound melancholy fastened upon him for a long time, and, for three successive days, his life was in imminent danger. The body of Katt remained exposed on the scaffold until sun-set. It was buried in one of the bastions of the fortress. The next day the executioner went to demand the payment for this execution from Field-marshal Wartenleben*, which had nearly cost him his life, so greatly did it affect him.

The HANDKERCHIEF; an Anecdote.

SUSPICION has often produced the worst of consequences. It is more dangerous to encourage, than a thoughtless unsuspecting temper:

* Katt was a relative of the field-marshal.

for, where the one would only subject you to a few worldly impositions, which time and experience would gradually teach you to avoid, the other, in every scene of life, threatens jealousy, distractions, and false suppositions. My friend Maria at this moment presents herself to my mind, not less to guard the fair, than to show one of many instances which I have witnessed of its ill effects.

For one who had lost her parents young, she entered society most happily. She had a grandmamma who doted upon her—a fortune that ensured her an easy independence whenever that relative died—wit—good humour—beauty enough for any man, of moderate ideas to approve—and withal a demeanour so affable, genteel, and engaging, as few could surpass. She had many suitors—some in reality lovers: but her heart, guarded by her grandmamma's admonitions, remained proof against them all, till a young gentleman, whose name I shall suppress, and merely call him Robert, became a candidate for her hand; when her heart insensibly owned reciprocal affection. Unfortunately, his expectations were slender: but Maria generously overlooked such paltry considerations; and while, with ingenuous honesty, he acknowledged himself unauthorised to look so high, her love gave him courage, and conscious merit supported his hopes.

Maria every day beheld something more estimable in the character of her admirer: her attachment increased accordingly; and, with that, her desire of pleasing.—Robert, in return, studied by every means to promote her pleasures. His attentions, without being servile, were marked with sincere and unwearied zeal: she was the directress of his

actions; and her wishes were considered as a law.

Anxious to prove his truth, her caprices were innumerable: and, had not his good temper been equal to his love, he would have found it impossible to gratify her. Happening one day to be of a party at an exhibition of wild beasts, Maria, who determined once for all to prove whether he was indeed as fond of her as he professed to be, threw her handkerchief through the rails of the lion's den, and, feigning extreme uneasiness at its loss, demanded its restoration of Robert, as a testimony of his regard. Neither would she reflect on the danger to which she exposed him, but left him, resolved upon giving him her hand at the instant he fulfilled her command.

Robert paused but one moment on what he should do. With manly courage he advanced to the keeper, and held out such reward for admittance, as immediately procured it. Luckily, the handkerchief lay directly on one side: the man threw a large piece of beef into the corner opposite, as an attraction to the lion, while he opened his cage; and, as the beast rushed towards it, Robert lightly and quickly secured what he prized more than life. Safe and unhurt, he shook hands with the friendly keeper, and then went with the handkerchief to Maria, who would have received him with tenderness: but, feeling, as he now did, that she either could not love him, or was of a disposition ill calculated to ensure his felicity, he returned not her kindness; but in concise terms firmly and resolutely renounced her; nor could her tears have any effect to change his resolution.—He left her, never to meet again; and she, subdued and broken-hearted, retired into the country, where she lived to

lament the groundless suspicion she had once encouraged, and to feel that to herself, and not to others, she owed her misery.

Such was the disastrous effect of ill-grounded suspicion. Had Maria been less inclined to believe that deceit dwelt in every breast, she had never for a moment suspected Robert's sincerity: but to a woman of her ideas, her fortune naturally appeared the magnet; and, to ascertain the truth, she had recourse to the above-mentioned experiment, which, bringing conviction to her mind, at the same moment left her, from his loss, a prey to anguish and regret.

ELIZA YEAMES.

MISS SEWARD.

(From Mr. Scott's Preface to his Edition of her Poetical Works.)

IN summer 1807, the editor [Mr. Scott], visited Miss Seward, with whom he had corresponded occasionally for some years. Robertson observes, that, in a female reign, the queen's personal charms are a subject of importance; and, as the same rule may apply to the case of a female author, this may be no improper place to mention the impression which her appearance and conversation were calculated to make upon a stranger.—They were, indeed, well worth a longer pilgrimage. Miss Seward, when young, must have been exquisitely beautiful; for, in advanced age*, the regularity of her features, the fire and expression of her countenance, gave her the appearance of beauty, and almost of youth. Her eyes were auburn, of the precise shade and hue of her hair, and possessed great expression. In reciting, or in speaking with animation, they appeared to become darker; and,

as it were, to flash fire. I should have hesitated to state the impression which this peculiarity made upon me at the time, had not my observation been confirmed by that of the first actress of this or any other age, with whom I lately happened to converse on our deceased friend's expressive powers of countenance.—Miss Seward's tone of voice was melodious, guided by excellent taste, and well suited to reading and recitation, in which she willingly exercised it. She did not sing, nor was she a great proficient in music, though very fond of it, having studied it later in life than is now usual. Her stature was tall, and her form was originally elegant; but having broken the *patella* of the knee by a fall in the year 1768, she walked with pain and difficulty, which increased with the pressure of years.

The great command of literary anecdote which Miss Seward possessed, her ready perception both of the serious and ludicrous, and her just observation and original taste, rendered her society delightful. She entered into every topic with the keenness and vivacity of youth, and it was difficult to associate the idea of advanced years either with her countenance or conversation. The possessor of such quick feelings seldom escapes the portion of pain with which all earthly good is alloyed and tempered. With the warmest heart for her friends, and an unbounded enthusiasm in their service, Miss Seward united a sensibility to coldness, or to injuries, real or supposed, which she permitted to disturb her more than was consistent with prudence or with happiness. The same tone of mind rendered her jealous of critical authority, when exercised over her own productions, or those of her friends.

* At this time, she was in her sixty-fourth year.

*Instability of LOVE and FRIENDSHIP
in uncongenial Minds.**(From a Letter of Miss Seward, inserted in
Mr Scott's Edition of her Poetical Works.)*

I MUST not permit you to suppose that my youthful*, perhaps enthusiastic credulity, extends so far as to adopt the idea, either in friendship or love, of the one only kindred spirit destined to subdue our hearts, if of the other sex, or to engross our whole stock of amity, if of our own; but I do religiously believe that nature, or rather the God of nature, has formed the human mind into different classes, and that there can be no enduring happiness in any connexion for dispositions which are not of the same order of mind.

In love, the impermanent pleasures of the eye eternally mislead uncongenial spirits into bands which are legally indissoluble. Hence that matrimonial infelicity which we often see exist between persons, neither of whom are unamiable; where each, in a better-suited connexion, might have found that comfort which they lost, by not attending to the dissimilarity of their tastes and pursuits; a dissimilarity, which ought to have shown them the impossibility of finding it in each other's society, and have restrained them from wandering out of their own class.

Friendship, less influenced than love by the intoxication of the eye, is less apt to lead the soul out of her bounds; yet sometimes, in the choice of friends, even thinking minds are dazzled by the glitter of superficial attractions, and caught by the fascination of a smile; and, oftener still, circumstances of convenience, consciousness of obligation, or reverence for imputed virtues, shall over-rule the want of native sympathy in the formation of friendship.

* This letter was written about the age of nineteen.

Such friendship, however, is mighty apt to be suddenly dissolved. Their acquaintance wonder, and the parties themselves wonder, at the ease with which they had mutually renounced a communication, that, from its frequency, might well be supposed to have been important to their happiness. But, in reality, there is little marvel in the matter. Friendship not having, like marriage, a legal indissolubility, the connexion which convenience or accident had formed, we are not to wonder if convenience or accident dissolves.

*Notices of LA PLATA.**(From "Geographical, Commercial, and
Political Essays.")*

THE country is very thinly peopled; but its trade has been very much cramped by the exactions of the officers and the priests. If a planter reap 10 bushels of fine wheat (and they only eat the best), nine go to the above. Hence the Spaniards have long been prepared for a revolt. All the goods of Europe are there sold at from 500 to 1000 per cent. above the European prices. In the interior, however, they live luxuriously from their own farms: many only reap half of their wheat: it is useless to them. Oats and rye they do not sow; for the wild horse is broken when he is wanted, and, when no longer required, is turned loose into the plains. Winter is unknown: the warmth is not entirely as great as that of Spain: during three years, he* only saw ice of the thickness of a shilling, and it melted at sun-rise. The plains and woods enjoy a perpetual verdure; for a succession of grasses and leaves take the place of those which decay. Near the towns, the cattle are marked in the horn by the owner; and are soon mixed

* Captain Wallis, from whose papers these particulars were taken.

with the innumerable herds. In the interior, a planter often knows not the real number of his cattle, nor the miles of his vast estate. Near the towns, a hunter, or rather butcher, is sent out, in the season to kill; he jirks the flesh, i. e. cuts it into circular steaks, two inches thick, and the circumference of the beast; hangs it in this circular form on the branch of a tree, or on the pole with which he rides; dries it; and, on his return, it is put into his store: it will keep for twelve months. It could therefore be exported to the West Indian islands, cheap, and in amazing quantities.

A quarter of a cow sells in Buenos Ayres at two shillings: the butcher will not cut off half a quarter. A family and their negroes, who are very numerous, and are brought from the Brazilian Portuguese, eat part of, and cast the major part of it every three days out of the window into the street. If rats were not their scavengers, these offals would cause an infection. The people are dirty; the streets, though wide, are not paved nor lighted; the back river of Buenos Ayres renders the town plentiful in provision, as well as healthy: in spring, you feel a constriction in the chest from the atmosphere; but no agues. The captain saw peaches shot into the market-place, like our turnips, and as cheap. Grapes grow in the open air at every cottage; but no sugar is made beyond the boundary of the Brasils.

The wild horses amount to millions. Frequently you pass through thirty-five miles in extent, composed of the same herd of horses and black cattle, as you travel through this level region, extending over 350 miles, without a hill, a tree, or a bush: it is a plain, waving with white rich clover, nearly a yard high; the black cattle trampling, and feed-

ing on it, and horses and swine mixed with them.

The native wild Indians are tall, active, and light; they ride without saddle or bridle, armed with a spear, which they use for a whip, and with a gun: if they are more numerous than the Spaniards, they engage them; if fewer, they escape by flight, and by their knowledge of the fastnesses. A company of Spanish cavalry often ride in pursuit of them a whole fortnight: but, being loaded with a saddle, which weighs 20lb. and with powder and arms, they are easily outstripped in speed.

The NEGROES of the Gold Coast.

(From Meredith's "*Account of the Gold Coast of Africa.*")

THOSE who are governed by an arbitrary or despotic power, are reserved and cautious in their manner and proceedings; they are fearful of communicating their thoughts to each other; their passions seldom get to that state of maturity, as to oppose restraint; they are humble, submissive, and respectful; whereas those, whose government encourages more freedom, or where it is lodged in the hands of the community, are under little constraint, and every kind of licentiousness is daily practised; they are strangers to all moral obligations, and the ties of affection are very loosely united. They have a great desire for gain, and will undergo many vicissitudes and hardships to obtain it; patient under misfortunes, and meeting affliction with tolerable fortitude. Frugality and temperance in eating prevail among them in a rigid manner. They have a great turn for oratory; and on occasions, where they are obliged to display their eloquence to the utmost extent, their expressions are accompanied with much feeling and energy. They are disposed to sing-

ing, dancing, and music; and appear to have a strong idea of the harmony of sound. The women are very industrious, and remarkably prolific.

Among the traders, when there is a prospect of a good bargain to be obtained, every species of low cunning and mercenary artifice is practised to acquire it. They accommodate themselves, with much ingenuity and facility, to our humours and fancies; every attitude, every expression, is carefully recommended by flexibility and supplication; yet they artfully avoid too great a desire of obtaining what would turn out profitable or advantageous to them: and when they know that their wishes are not to be gratified as easily as was expected, disappointment is carefully concealed, and a seeming indifference is preserved in their behaviour. In observing a native of the Gold Coast throughout this scene, we see him place every confidence in his rational faculties: he contracts a bargain with keenness; he is not precipitate in making an exchange, without being pretty well assured of the advantages that will arise from it: he conducts himself with ease and address, and, on the whole, manages himself in a manner that betokens a perfect knowledge of what he is about.

Those who gain a livelihood by fishing, are a laborious people; and our knowledge of them extends a little further than of the trader, because they are employed frequently by us, as canoe-men and laborers. Their employment is profitable; for fish is readily purchased by the people inland, and on the coast. When these men are employed by us, as canoe-men, they perform their duty with cheerfulness; and, if encouraged, will go through a vast deal of labor: but they must be treated with exactness and punctu-

ality. When they call for any customary allowance, or for payment, they do not like to be put off; they expect that their labor should meet with its instant reward. If they be not punctually attended to, they become neglectful, and inattentive to the interest of their employer. They are much addicted to that vice (theft) which prevails in almost every part of the world, and, indeed, are very expert in the practice of it, particularly as to small articles, which they can easily conceal.

Men who follow an agricultural life, and who chiefly inhabit the inland parts, will be found more uniform in their conduct than the traders or fishermen. They are divested of that low cunning and deceitful artifice known and practised by those who gain a livelihood by a more intimate connexion with Europeans. They possess no small share of honesty, sincerity, and benevolence; and are strangers to the corrupt and licentious conduct plainly to be seen among the inhabitants of the waterside, particularly among the Fantees, a people who bear the most unfavorable character of any of the inhabitants of the Gold Coast. The natives of the sea-coast, from a more immediate connexion with Europeans, we should suppose, are more inclined to industry than those inland; but it will be found that real industry prevails more uniformly inland, and vice is less encouraged. Every person on the coast appears very diligent in acquiring the profits of his occupation; but profligacy, drunkenness, and debauchery, are practised to a pernicious extent.

A Visit to JERUSALEM.

(From Dr. Clarke's *Travels*.)

WE left Napolose* one hour after midnight, that we might reach

* The ancient Sichem, now a flourishing city. EDITOR.

Jerusalem the same day.—The road was mountainous, rocky, and full of loose stones: yet the cultivation was every where marvellous, and afforded one of the most striking pictures of human industry which it is possible to behold. The limestone rocks, and stony valleys of Judæa, were entirely covered with plantations of figs, vines, and olive-trees; not a single spot seemed to be neglected. The hills, from their bases to their upmost summits, were entirely covered with gardens.—Among the standing crops, we noticed millet, cotton, linseed, and tobacco; and occasionally small fields of barley.—Instead of the depressed and gloomy looks of Djezzar Pacha's desolated plains*, health, hilarity, and peace, were visible in the features of the inhabitants. Under a wise and a beneficial government, the produce of the Holy Land would exceed all calculation. Its perennial harvest; the salubrity of its air; its limpid springs; its rivers, lakes, and matchless plains; its hills and vales;—all these, added to the serenity of its climate, prove this land to be indeed “a field which the Lord hath blessed.”—The first part of our journey led through the valley lying between the two mountains, Ebal and Gerizim. We passed the Sepulchre of Joseph, and the Well of Jacob, where the valley of Sichem opens into a fruitful plain, watered by a stream which rises near the town.—This is allowed by all writers to be the piece of land mentioned by St. John, which Jacob bought “at the hand of the children of Emmor,” and where he erected his altar to “the God of Israel.” Afterwards, as the day dawned, a cloudless sky foretold the excessive heat we should have to encounter in this day's journey; and before noon, the mercury

* The country about Acre. EDITOR.

in Fahrenheit's thermometer, in the most shaded situation we could find, stood at 102.—At two o'clock, P. M. we halted for a little repose near a well, beneath the shade of a ruined building. Here, upon some pieces of mouldy biscuit, a few raw onions, (the only food we could find upon the spot,) and the water of the well, we all of us fed with the best possible appetite.—At three P. M. we again mounted our horses, and proceeded on our route. No sensation of fatigue or heat could counterbalance the eagerness and zeal which animated all our party in the approach to Jerusalem; every individual pressed forward, hoping to be the first to announce the joyful intelligence of its appearance. At length, after about two hours had been passed in this state of anxiety and suspense, a Greek in the van of our cavalcade, ascending a hill towards the south, exclaimed “*Hagiopolis* *!” and, throwing himself from his horse, was seen bareheaded, upon his knees, facing the prospect he surveyed. Suddenly the sight burst upon us all. We had not been prepared for the grandeur of the spectacle which the city exhibited. Instead of a wretched and ruined town, by some described as the desolated remnant of Jerusalem, we beheld, as it were, a flourishing and stately metropolis; presenting a magnificent assemblage of domes, towers, palaces, churches, and monasteries; all of which, glittering in the sun's rays, shone with inconceivable splendor

We were conducted to the house of the governor, who received us in very great state. Being informed of all our projects, he ordered his interpreter to go with us to the Fran-

* This Greek appellation signifies *the holy city*, or, to make it a name after the English fashion, “*Holytown*.” EDITOR.

ciscan convent of St. Salvador, a large building like a fortress, the gates of which were thrown open to receive our whole cavalcade. Here, when we were admitted into a court, with all our horses and camels, the vast portals were again closed, and a party of the most corpulent friars we had ever seen from the warmest cloisters of Spain and Italy waddled round us, and heartily welcomed our arrival. . . .

The room allotted to our English party, we found to be the same which many travellers have before described. It was clean, and its walls were white-washed. The beds, also, had a cleanly appearance; although a few bugs warned us to spread our hammocks upon the floor. Upon the substantial door of this chamber, whose roof was of vaulted stone, the names of many English travellers had been carved. . . .

A large part of this convent, surrounding an elevated open court or terrace, is appropriated to the reception of pilgrims, for whose maintenance the monks have considerable funds, the result of donations from Catholics of all ranks, but especially from Catholic princes. Knowing, from long habit in waiting upon pilgrims, the taste of different nations, they most hospitably entertain their comers according to the notions they have thus acquired. If a table be provided for Englishmen or for Dutchmen, they supply it copiously with tea. This pleasing and refreshing beverage was served every morning and evening while we remained, in large bowls, and we drank it out of pewter porringers. . . .

Friday, July 10.—This morning our room was filled with Armenians and Jews, bringing for sale the only produce of the Jerusalem manufactures; beads, crosses, shells, &c.—We set out to visit what are called

“the Holy Places.” These are all amply described by at least a hundred authors. From the monastery we descended to the church of the Holy Sepulchre; attended by several pilgrims, bearing with them rosaries and crucifixes, for consecration on the tomb of Jesus Christ.—We came to a goodly structure, whose external appearance resembled that of an ordinary Roman Catholic church. Over the door we observed a bas-relief, executed in a style of sculpture meriting more attention than it has hitherto received. Upon a nearer view, we recognised the history of the Messiah’s entry into Jerusalem, the multitude strewing palm-branches before him.—Entering the church, the first thing they showed to us was a slab of white marble in the pavement, surrounded by a rail. It seemed like one of the grave-stones in the floor of our English churches. This, they told us, was the spot where our Saviour’s body was anointed by Joseph of Arimathea. The interior of this strange fabric is divided into two parts. Having entered the first part, which is a kind of ante-chapel, they show you, before the mouth of what is called the Sepulchre, the stone whereon the angel sat; this is a block of white marble, neither corresponding with the mouth of the sepulchre, nor with the substance from which it must have been hewn; for the rocks of Jerusalem are all of common compact limestone. All that can therefore now be affirmed, is, that, if the Empress Helena had reason to believe she could identify the spot where the sepulchre was, she took especial care to remove every existing trace of it, in order to introduce the fanciful and modern work which now remains. The place may be the same pointed out to her: but not a rem-

nant of the original sepulchre can now be ascertained.

The REWARDS of GENIUS.
(From Mr. D'Israeli's "*Calamities of Authors.*")

EVEN in the reign of the literary James, great authors were reduced to a state of mendicity, and lived on alms, although their lives and their fortunes had been consumed in forming national labors. The antiquary Stowe exhibits a striking example of the rewards conferred on such valued authors. Stowe had devoted his life, and exhausted his patrimony, in the study of English antiquities; he had travelled on foot throughout the kingdom, inspecting all monuments of antiquity, and rescuing what he could from the dispersed libraries of the monasteries. His stupendous collections, in his own hand-writing, still exist, to provoke the feeble industry of literary loiterers. He felt, through life, the enthusiasm of study; and, seated in his monkish library, living with the dead more than with the living, he was still a student of taste: for Spenser the poet visited the library of Stowe, and the first good edition of Chaucer was made so chiefly by the labors of our author. Late in life, worn out with study and the cares of poverty, neglected by that proud metropolis of which he had been the historian, yet his good humour did not desert him; for, being afflicted with sharp pains in his aged feet, he observed that "his affliction lay in that part which formerly he had made so much use of." Many a mile had he wandered, many a pound had he yielded, for those treasures of antiquities which had exhausted his fortune, and with which he had formed works of great public utility. It was in his eightieth year that Stowe at length received a public acknowledgement of his

services, which will appear to us of a very extraordinary nature. He was so reduced in his circumstances, that he petitioned James I. for a licence to collect alms for himself! "as a recompense for his labor and travel of forty-five years in setting forth the '*Chronicles of England*,' and eight years taken up in the '*Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster*,' towards his relief now in his old age; having left his former means of living, and only employing himself for the service and good of his country." Letters patent under the great seal were granted. After no penurious commendation of Stowe's labors, he is permitted "to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people within this realm of England: to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects." These letters patent were to be published by the clergy from their pulpits: they produced so little, that they were renewed for another twelvemonth: one entire parish in the city contributed seven shillings and sixpence! Such then was the patronage received by Stowe, to be a licensed beggar throughout the kingdom for one twelvemonth! Such was the public remuneration of a man who had been useful to his nation, but not to himself!

In another part of the work, Mr. D'Israeli gives the following account of Mr. James White, author of "*Letters to Lord Camden on the State of Ireland*," &c.

During the winters of 1797 and 1798, some persons noticed in the pump-room at Bath, or in the streets, a thin, pale, emaciated man, with a wild yet penetrating look. No one knew the awful stranger: but his habits of life were discovered. He had eaten no animal food for months; a cold potatoe, bread, and water, were his meal: unable to pay his

286 *Voyage to Botany Bay.—Remains of Voltaire.*

lodging, he was known to sleep for nights beneath a hay-rick—too proud to ask relief, yet once failing, sinking Nature drove him, in wild agony, into an inn at Bath; yet his pride, even in the inn to which his wants had driven him, refused to accept the sustenance offered to him. His deranged conduct alarmed the magistrate, and, when the magistrate placed him under the parish officers, his only sense was the indignity he had incurred. It was at this moment he produced the “Letters to Lord Camden.” A subscription was soon raised; White was persuaded to receive it as a loan; on no other terms would he accept it. The struggle of literary glory, of honor, and pauperism, did not last; he had pushed Nature to the verge of human existence; and he was found dead in his bed at a public house near Bath, in March 1799.

VOYAGE to BOTANY BAY.

THE condition of the transported convicts, in their voyage to New South Wales, is thus described in “Geographical, Commercial, and Political Essays”—

Chains tied round the body, and fettered round the ankles, confine and distress each male convict, by the clanking sound, and by annoying the feet. This image of slavery is copied from the irons used in the slave-ships in Guinea; as in these, bolts and locks also are at hand in the sides and ribs of each transport, to prevent the escape, or preclude the movements of a convict. If he attempt to pass the sentry, he is liable to be stabbed for the attempt. A convict was lately shot, and his executioner was applauded by his officer, for a faithful, though severe discharge of his duty. If a felon kill his companion, a case very frequent in the quarrels with these highway-

men and robbers, the murderer is hung at the yard-arm, and his body is slowly carried through the ship, and launched into the deep. For the theft of provisions, or of clothes from his neighbour, a case yet more common, and more natural to foot-pads, the convicted depredator is shot. For inferior crimes, as riot or quarrels, a soldier is commanded to whip the offender with martial severity; the first stroke leaves a deep impression of the wire, the second causes the blood to trickle, the third draws a stream of gore: under several faintings, the debilitated and disordered convict receives two dozen of lashes. On the slightest appearance of a mutiny, the ring-leader is cast headlong into the sea, in his irons and his clothes. “We commit this body to the deep,” the chaplain repeats.

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(Continued from page 239.)

CALVIN caused the first syndic [of Geneva], and another ancient syndic, to be censured, and to do penance, by order of the consistory, for having danced with their wives on the ramparts after supper. “Thou shalt not keep company with a woman that dances,” says the author of the book of Ecclesiasticus.—In his “Institutes,” Calvin has said: “We believe that the pope is Antichrist, and the scarlet whore sitting on the seven hills.”

Hassan, son of Ali, going into a bath, a slave overturned a vessel of boiling water upon him. Hassan gave him money, saying: “There is a degree in Paradise for those who resist being in a passion; a degree for those who pardon wrongs; and a still higher for those who reward involuntary offences.”

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

*The PRISON.**By Mr. J. M. LACEY,**Author of "The Farm-House," and other Poems.*

OH! pow'r unseen! mute melancholy's
Muse!

To thee a pensive poet humbly sues:
Shadow his faults with thy protecting
wing,

While sad Misfortune's cares he strives
to sing.

To thee, Melpomene, I lowly bend;
For thou wast ever found the poet's friend,
When hapless Misery employ'd his strain,
With Grief and Anguish weeping in her
train;

When Nature's sorrows fill'd each ling'ring
line,

The task to guide his pen was ever thine.

How much then, Muse, must I such
help desire,

Who boast no learning great, no bard-
like fire!

An humbler hope is all my wishes claim—
Content, if censure wait not on my name.
For, lo! with hesitating hand I write;
My theme, the gloomy prison's wasting
night!

'Tis mine to paint, for Fancy's fearful eye,
The victims there entomb'd, that breathe
the sigh;

Who mourn the loss of liberty's bright day,
As want and debt have led their doubt-
ful way.

But, ah! it pains the heart of Truth
to tell,

All are not mourners, in those walls that
dwell.

Some men there are, unblest with souls
that feel,

Whose callous minds cold apathy can steel
'Gainst all the horrors in a prison found,
And all the griefs that haunt its cheerless
round;

Who still can find, in Dissipation's arms,
A balm for liberty's thrice-barrow'd
charms.

Mark, where the fabric frowns upon
the plain!

See, o'er the gate, the emblematic chain!
The lofty wall a terror flings around;

And peace appears to fly the hated ground.
Hark! now the doors on grating hinges
turn!

Behold the sullen turnkey's aspect stern,
Where ev'ry frowful feature seems to say,
"No feeling round this heart e'er deign'd
to play;

No sigh for sad affliction heav'd this
breast;

No tear e'er fell for those by want op-
press'd;

No soft emotion e'er could touch this soul,
O'er which the fiend of hatred has con-
trol."

In him no smile e'er speaks the mind of
ease:

His heart is harder than his prison keys!
Now be the hard mild Fancy's pensive
guide,

To show the various forms that here reside:
Yet, as we roam the prison's purlieu's
round,

And catch each mournful or tumultuous
sound,

The heart must still each changing im-
pulse know;

Now melting at sad Mis'ry's tale of woe;
Burning, anon, with indignation's fire,

To hear some tale of villany transpire;
Then sharing soft Compassion's sweetest
sigh,

To see some piteous victim's care-worn
eye;

Now shudd'ring wildly on its throne of life,
As some lost wretch, with mad, in-
temperate strife,

Seeks, in sad dissipation's drunken course,
To drown the whisp'rings of his soul's
remorse.

Our ling'ring steps shall seek this
lighter way,

Where debtors only waste the dreary day:
For Justice still, with sure, protecting
pow'r,

To guard morality's much-menac'd hour,
Has fix'd the felon's comfortless abode,

Where the damp wall invites the nauseous
load;

Far from the less corrupt, whom debt's
wide sway

Has yielded up to mis'ry's mournful day.
See that young man in threadbare
garb array'd,

Of modern make, but by long wear de-
cay'd.

No gloomy signs of sorrow cloud his eye;
Nor breaking heart sends forth the heavy
sigh:

His easy air bespeaks no sense of shame,
While, to amuse, he seeks some sportive
game.

The dawn of life on him shone doubly fair:
He knew no pang of want, no thought of
care:

Each joy was his, that could with gold be
[thought;

Each joy was his, that could with gold be

Each moment seem'd with rosy pleasure
fraught.
Thus fled his early years, till illness came,
And seisd his last-left parent's feeble
frame.
Soon life was lost: his mother met her
doom;
And Death, terrific, open'd wide her tomb!
Now left sole master of a large estate,
Profusive waste soon led him to his fate.
The worth of wealth to him was never
known,
But as it purchas'd gaiety alone.
Bright equipage and dress engross'd his
time:
He hunted pleasure's shade from clime
to clime:
But real joy still shunn'd his loath'd em-
brace;
And, foil'd, he sought again his native
place.
Return'd, he found a large and clam'rous
train,
Who sought their long-unsettled debts to
gain:
Still hercus'd to pay each tradesman's due,
Till threats were made, that they would
instant sue,
To gain by law the long-evaded right,
And bring such shameless conduct into
sight
This to prevent, he mortgag'd deep his
land,
And satisfied each creditor's demand;
Then heedless plung'd again in pleasure's
round:—
His riotous excesses knew no bound.
To routs and balls, to masquerades and
plays,
He gave his nights: in sleep he pass'd
his days.
He felt no joy in morning's vivid beam;
The only light he lov'd, night's mimic
gleam.
At length the "baseless dream" of bliss
was o'er; [more.
And he was doom'd to taste these joys no
Accumulated debts had grown so great,
That all he had could not avert his fate.
And now (to family, oh! direful stain!)
His patrimonial lands were sold—in vain:
The sum they brought, from prison could
not save,
Where soon immur'd, he found a living
grave. [less mien,
But, with unblushing front and shame-
Pleasure's vain votary he still is seen;
And—ruin'd in the search for Pleasure's
round— [ground!
Still hopes to find her on imprison'd
(To be continued.)

The MATCH-SELLER.

SEE yonder abject, squallid form, on
which
Disease and want their baleful phials pour;
Upon whose faded cheek, so ghastly pale,
Dull grief has plough'd deep furrows.—
Ah! that eye
Has lost its wonted lustre: on the ground
'Tis fix'd intent, nor heeds proud fashion's
son,
Who flutters by it, like the gilded fly,
That wantons in gay summer's fervid
beam,
And sips sweet nectar from the flow'rs of
June.
How slow he moves! his better hand a
staff
Grasps hard—with rude enormous knob,
Such as our antique grandsires us'd,
what time
Fair Anna rul'd, and gallant Marlborough
fought.
But mark! his left, a small and wither'd
stump,
A basket holds with sordid matches fill'd.
"Poor mendicant! methinks thy hand
was lost
In fighting for thy country and for me!
I'll tarry till thou com'st, and to my cot
invite thee, woe-worn wretch! My man-
tling ale
Shall rouse thy drooping spirits—make
thy heart
(That seldom knows the pulse of joy)
rejoice."
'Tis done.—The lazy loit'ring crimson
tide
Bounds with an active current through
his veins:
His eye emits a ray replete with fire;
And features, long bedew'd with mis'ry's
tear,
Brighten in smiles.—Thus, oft, when Na-
ture mourns
Her verdant realms deform'd by drizzly
show'rs,
Forth looks the golden sun, and glads the
scene.
"Friend," cries the happy beggar, "by
that look
Inquisitive, I judge that thou wouldst like
To hear my tale of woe:—'tis all I can—
That little all I give.
In yon green vale, that's water'd by a
stream
Unknown to song, (for there no woodland
bard,
As genius prompted, tun'd his artless reed)
Where beauteous landscapes charm the
curious eye,
Where flow'rs of ev'ry hue regale the sense,

And congregated songsters feast the ear
 With soft mellifluous symphonies, I drew
 My vital breath, and enter'd life's new
 scene.
 My father till'd a small, but fertile farm,
 Which well supply'd his household. He
 was kind,
 Plain, honest, tender-hearted; lov'd us all
 With pure paternal love, and acted well
 The father's and the husband's arduous
 part.
 Full largely of his bounty I partook.
 He wept my helpless state.—No battle-
 stroke,
 Edge of keen sword, nor cannon's mur-
 derous ball,
 Depriv'd me of my hand; for I, alas!
 Was a lorn cripple even from my birth.
 Parental kindness, like a guardian seraph,
 Was ever hov'ring o'er me for my good:
 But, ere his plan of kindness was fulfill'd,
 I shed the tear-drop o'er his early bier.
 Ah me! though young, I heav'd a heart-
 felt sigh,
 When his lov'd form repos'd on earth's
 cold breast:
 I deeply felt his loss, and feel it still;
 Though grief has sapp'd, and black mis-
 fortune's storm
 Has shook the seat of mem'ry to its base.
 My mother griev'd: but, like a summer-
 shower,
 Her sorrows soon subsided:—all was
 calm.
 The change at length seem'd grateful:—
 fond of rule,
 In that she soon her consolation found.
 Her sway was thriftless: many a need-
 less debt
 By folly was contracted, till that fiend,
 Gaunt Poverty, drew near, with aspect
 wan;
 And Ruin grip'd us with her harpy claw.
 As years roll'd o'er me, all the varied ills,
 That haunt the meagre train of sordid
 Want,
 Beset me close. Of Sorrow's bitter cup
 I drank long draughts. Ill fortune and
 ill health
 Conspir'd to make me wretched.
 Though spring, advancing, strew'd the
 earth with flowers,
 And summer shed on all her golden beam;
 Though autumn from her lap ripe fruitage
 pour'd, [friend,
 And winter brought her train of social
 Her fireside comforts, and domestic bliss;
 Yet circling seasons brought no joy to me;
 And pleasure seem'd an alien to my breast.
 From simple childhood up to gainish
 youth,

I was vile Fortune's sport: 'some star
 malign
 Shed its pernicious influence o'er my path,
 And cross'd my fairest purpose. But I
 tire."—

"No! no! old friend, proceed!—The
 woe-fraught tale
 Can yield a pensive pleasure to the mind
 That longs to give relief, and sooth dis-
 tress."

"In few—To manhood grown, I hir'd
 a farm,
 And singled from the damsels of the vale
 A blooming sprightly helpmate.—The
 bright sun
 Cast not his radiance on a pair more blest.
 But short the reign of sublimary bliss,
 Bright as the drop that gems the bend-
 ing thorn,
 Alas! as short-hiv'd too: for human joy
 (Like the perceptive plant) recoils in haste
 From grim Misfortune's felon touch, and
 shrinks,
 And falls to earth.

While thus supremely blest,
 We soon forgot the sense of former ills.
 A lovely boy and girl our union crown'd.
 But, while we fondly idolis'd our babes,
 We liv'd unmindful of that gracious
 source
 From which our blessings and our mer-
 cies flow'd:
 The Pow'r we ecas'd to homage, was in-
 cens'd,
 And soon destroy'd our idols. The dear boy
 A fiery bane, a burning fever, seisd,
 And dry'd the fount of life.—One fatal
 morn,
 Our little cherub daughter left her home,
 To gather flow'rs, what time the hand of
 May
 Emboss'd green nature's carpet with
 bright gold.—
 Not far she wander'd, when a pool ap-
 pear'd,
 Whose surface shone with such aquatic
 blooms
 As paint a stagnate fluid; when, allur'd
 By the fair blossoms that bedeck'd the
 scene,
 She fearless strove to gain the flow'ry prize,
 And perish'd there —
 Words are too weak, no language can de-
 scribe
 The pangs that tore my bosom. Still I hid
 From my dear mate the anguish of my
 heart,
 And sought to hush the tempest in her
 breast
 With sympathy's mild balm.—Alas! this
 stroke,

This second stroke, was fatal in th' extreme;
 And reason, tumbling from her shatter'd throne,
 Laid waste the mind's fair empire; and—instead
 Of the sweet bliss of social intercourse,
 And all the soft felicities that wait
 On happy wedded love—mine ears were stunn'd
 With jest obscene, loud laugh, and wanton song,
 The curse that shock'd me, and the impious phrase
 That bade defiance to Almighty pow'r,
 And dar'd his fiercest vengeance.—Thus I liv'd
 Sev'n years! a tedious term, where woe presides,
 And with her sables hangs the dreary scene.
 For sev'n long years she suffer'd, and I mourn'd, [skies,
 Till Heav'n in mercy call'd her to the
 And left me here a solitary wretch,
 A desolated pilgrim.—I could tell—
 When dire Affliction had reduc'd my store—
 How wolf-cy'd Rapine drove me from my farm,
 And Law's staunch blood-hounds long pursu'd their prey,
 And seiz'd the little that Oppression left.
 I must forbear:—my swelling heart forbids
 Proceed further:—but this care-worn frame
 Will tell the sequel."

"Thanks, my aged friend,
 For thy sad story. May I gather thence
 That wisdom which inspires a grateful mind, [pier fate."
 'To bless kind Heav'n, for this, my hap-
 Hacerhull. JOHN WEBB.

SIR EGBERT; a Ballad.

THE night was dark: the rain fell fast,
 And thunder rent the air;
 When brave Sir Egbert left his home,
 A prey to dark despair.
 Sir Egbert was his country's pride,
 For daring deeds renown'd.
 Fame's deathless hand, around his brow,
 Her freshest wreath had bound.
 But Love, whose peace-destroying sway
 The brave, the proud, shall own,
 Within his gallant breast had fix'd
 His all-usurping throne.
 Long had he lov'd a peerless fair,
 But lov'd, alas! in vain.
 She heard his ardent sighs, unmov'd—
 Unmov'd, beheld his pain.

Yet Hope, who loves to feed the flame
 Proud reason would subdue,
 Athwart Despair's appalling gloom
 A transient brightness threw.
 But Rumor's busy tongue, too soon,
 The fatal tidings spread,
 Glenathmore's heir to Hymen's shrine
 Theauteous maid had led.
 In silent woe Sir Egbert heard
 The tale that seal'd his doom,
 Then bade his faithful followers stay,
 And rush'd amid the gloom.
 Despairing, wild, intent on death,
 He flew in frantic haste,
 Nor stopp'd, till, from the jutting steep,
 He view'd the wat'ry waste.

The thunder roar'd: against the rock,
 Loud beat the furious wave;
 And forked lightnings gleam'd, to mark
 Sir Egbert's wat'ry grave.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

The POET'S REMONSTRANCE.

Occasioned by seeing some young Females laugh, and otherwise behave in a very improper manner, at the Chapel of the Foundling Hospital, during a very impressive Charity Sermon, preached in the evening of Sunday, April 11, 1813.

THERE'S not a son of song more prone
 than I
 To shadow Beauty's faults, if faults she shows:
 But, ah! I love in woman's face to spy
 Each gentle trace, with heav'n's high
 hope that glows.

And, when I sit within the holy fane,
 When all around a pious glory steals,
 When pealing organs pour the solemn
 strain,

When sacred eloquence the bosom feels;
 I like to see fair woman's melting eye
 Bent to the ground—not wand'ring
 round each aisle;
 To see her bosom heave the feeling sigh;
 Each action proving her devoid of guile;

Not, as I've seen—and seen with aching
 breast—
 The practis'd leer, the unaverted gaze,
 The shameless laugh—mad folly's surest
 test— [of praise.

While converse loud disturb'd the song
 Oh! it is sweet to mark the beaming eye;
 To see the smile illumine dear woman's
 cheeks; [sigh,
 To hear her converse, catch her dulcet
 And dwell on ev'ry accent, when she
 speaks!

But, when these charms, to wild perversion giv'n,
 Insult the sacred silence of the just;
 When Beauty dares be insolent to Heav'n,
 Forgetting that her brightest charms
 are dust,
 She forfeits ev'ry claim to good or fair;
 Robs her own bosom of its dearest peace;
 Lays up a hoard of anguish and despair;
 Shuts out the truest balm to bid them
 cease;
 While, to the man of feeling's searching
 glance,
 Each charm grows dim, the rosy cheek
 turns pale,
 Ugliness seems her horrors to advance,
 And dark deformity fills up the tale!
 Fair ones!—for still I wish to deem you so—
 Oh! shun not virtue's brightest, dearest
 day;
 And, when to scenes of worship you
 would go,
 Act as you ought to act—or keep away!
 J. M. L.

INVOCATIONS, *serious and comic.*
 By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

The Lady's INVOCATION to LOVE.

On! listen to me, Love! for I
 Have oft espous'd thy cause;
 Have vow'd a willing slave to die,
 Obedient to thy laws.
 I know thou art a fickle pow'r,
 Unheeding mortal moans;
 Changing, with ev'ry passing hour,
 Thy wild harp's wav'ring tones.
 To me they've warbled many a strain,
 Sweet, but of transient date,
 Have bid me love, then soon again
 Have turn'd that love to hate.
 Thy pow'r has taught my breast to freeze,
 Or bid my bosom burn;
 First made me strive some youth to please;
 Then taught me soon to spurn.
 Then listen to me, gentle Love!
 For know, my fond wish now
 Is, that my soul's affection prove
 Lasting as truth's firm vow.
 Inspire some youth, whose love may bear
 The test of life's long round:
 Teach me with him my heart to share
 In wedlock's lightsome round.
 Be his the arm of nervous pow'r,
 The mind of manly mould,
 The breast that owns thy brightest hour,
 Unmix'd with feelings cold.

And, oh! be mine the task to please;
 To smooth life's rugged way;
 To plant the balmy bliss of ease,
 Where woe had borne the sway.
 Then may our hearts unite their throbs,
 Our lives unclouded ever;
 Unmix'd with mis'ry's heart-felt sobs,
 Till death at last shall sever.
 And, Love, in that last hour of gloom,
 Be thy dear solace giv'n;
 Together guide us to the tomb,
 And wait our souls to heav'n!

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed
 in our Magazine for April.*
 By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

WOMAN.

Oh! woman! loveliest work of heav'n!
 For man's delight and solace giv'n;
 His bosom's cherish'd queen—
 Receive a poet's votive lays,
 Who twines an humble wreath of praise
 To Beauty's lovely *mien*.

Without thee, life would seem a void;
 Pleasure's bright hour would be destroy'd,
 With ev'ry bliss *retard*:
 Gloom, grief, and horror, then would sway,
 And, with united forces, prey
 On man's afflicted *mind*.

To thee, fair excellence, we owe
 The whole of comfort that we know.
 'Tis thine to save from *fear*:
 'Tis thine, on infancy's weak hour,
 To shed soft cares in ceaseless show'r,
 With feeling most *sincere*!

'Tis thine to watch through life's long
 scene;
 And, if sad sickness intervene,
 Thy tenderness is *spent*
 In dear attentions, sweetly mild,
 Which gently sooth each passion wild,
 And bid the soul *repent*.

While Heav'n, to mark thee for its own,
 And make thy better feelings known—
 Has giv'n thee ev'ry *grace*,
 And ev'ry beauty's beamy glow,
 With spirits light, in airy flow,
 To bless man's stubborn *race*.

Thine is the bright bewitching eye;
 Thine is the love-inspiring sigh;
 And thine the seraph *smile*:
 Thine is the cheek's unfading rose,
 And thine the bosom's whitest snows,
 - Man's sorrows to *beguile*.

Thine are the virtues of the soul,
 Which win with silent, sweet control,

And ev'ry joy ensure:
Thine are the moments most like heav'n;
In short, thy ev'ry charm is giv'n,
To bid man's heart be pure!

Till death shall end life's little dream,
Dear woman! still be thou my theme,
My soul's decided choice;
Still let me own thy soothing sway,

Which, through the bright or cloudy day,
Shall bid my mind rejoice!

BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed.

*Left, best; Grieve, believe; Spent, re-
lent; Glow, bestow; Lure, procure; Told,
spoil; Cheer, endear; Scene, serene.*

FASHIONS for JULY.

Morning Promenade Dress.—A morning-gown of jacquet muslin: the front made low, with a full plaiting of lace: long sleeves, made full at the top: the bottom ornamented with a trimming of light lilac ribbon; bracer of the same.—A tunic pelisse of white figured muslin lined with lilac sarsnet, with a broad trimming of lace round the front, bottom, and sleeves.—A Flora cap of thread lace, with a small cluster of flowers on one side.—A village hat of lilac satin, with the edge of open straw-work: a cluster of flowers, similar to those which ornament the cap, on one side. The hair in thin flat curls on the temples, and turned up in the Grecian knot behind.—Necklace of pearl or black beads.—Parasol of lilac silk, with white floss trimming.—Gloves of lemon-colored kid.—Shoes of lilac or black kid.

Evening Dress.—A Grecian round robe of white crape muslin: the bottom of the robe ornamented with a broad border of linen needle-work: the front cut low, and ornamented with white beads and drops *à la militaire*; a triple row continued down the dress in front: bracer of narrow silver ribbon: short Circassian sleeves, with a festoon of white beads on the outer sides, looped up with a drop.—An occasional silk scarf of Pomona green.—Necklace, a triple row of white satin beads.—Ear-rings to correspond.—The hair in the Grecian style in small curls on the temples, drawn to the back of the head in a large knot, with a wreath of variegated flowers on one side.—Gloves of white kid.—Slippers of white satin, with silver rosettes.—Fan of white crape, ornamented with frosted silver.

Morning Half Dress.—A robe gown of lilac figured muslin, made with the frock bosom: long sleeves, made full, tied at the wrists: a tucker of plaited lace, with a full gathered frill round the neck.—A cap of white satin and lace, with a ribbon of lilac to go round the head, and tie in a bow on one side: a cluster of variegated flowers on the other side.—

The hair in disheveled curls falling negligently on the forehead.—A scarf of white silk, with a border of worked flowers.—Necklace and cross of white beads.—Gloves of white or grey kid.—Shoes of black kid.

General Observations.—The robe tunic pelisse of figured muslin, worn over a lining of green, yellow, or lilac, is very prevalent for the carriage and promenade dress.—The cottage and Provençal hat, of silk and straw blended, is generally worn with this order of costume. The hair is generally in thin flat curls on the temples, blended with a cluster of flowers on one side.—Necklace and ear-rings are generally of the satin bead, of a corresponding color with the appendages of the dress.—Shoes generally of black kid.

Walking Dresses for the evening are pink or yellow sarsnet pelisses or spencers, trimmed with lace, with bonnets of straw in various forms.—The gypsy hat appears a general attendant on the evening dress.—Parasols are of white muslin, trimmed with silk net borders, or of colored silk.—Gloves for walking dresses are generally of lemon, stone, or lilac kid.

Evening Dresses are, in general, of colored crape, as light blue, stone, faint pink, or blush-color, worn over a petticoat of white satin. The satin bodice, of the color of the robe, is sometimes worn, ornamented with white beads down the front, and round the bosom.—The Circassian short sleeve is come into general request, with the long glove of white kid, worn above the elbow.—Small bouquets continue to be worn in evening dress.—We never remember to have seen flowers so general.—The evening dresses are generally made with frock backs—very low on the bosom—and to fall off on the shoulder.—Slippers are of white satin, with silver rosettes.—In full dress, the hair is plain on the sides, in small flat curls on the temples, blended with clusters of variegated flowers, with a small turban of silver frosted crape.



G. M. Wright del.

Morning Promenade & Evening Dresses.

H. M. G. sculp.

CHRONICLE.

His Majesty.—*Bulletin of June 5.*—“His Majesty has been tranquil and comfortable, in general, since the last monthly report.”

Price of Bread.—Quartern wheaten loaf, June 3, eighteen pence, halfpenny—June 10, 17, and 24, the same.

[*London, May 27*] Intelligence from Buenos Ayres, of Feb. 27, says—“On the 31st ult. was installed the assembly of the representatives of the different provinces, who immediately assumed the supreme power, and are expected to establish a constitution resembling that of the United States of America.”

On the 12th instant, Bonaparté and the King of Saxony had a meeting near Dresden, and, after embracing, entered the city together at the head of the French imperial guard.—Twelve thousand Saxons were soon after placed under the command of a French general, and further re-inforcements promised.

Light Bread.—Yesterday, two bakers were fined at the rate of 3s. per ounce, and costs, for having exposed to sale a number of loaves deficient in weight—in one case sixty ounces, and in the other 110 ounces. The bread was distributed to several charitable institutions.

Planting.—Sir Thomas Mostyn, bart. member for the county of Flint, has, this spring, planted seven hundred thousand forest trees upon his estates in that county.

Forged Characters.—A man of the name of Green was hired in a gentleman's family, in Saville-row, as footman, about three weeks since, who described himself as having just left the service of Mr. Montague, at Bristol; and, on reference for character agreeably to the address, a very favorable answer was returned. After Green had been a fortnight in his new service, he decamped with gold and silver articles to a very considerable amount. It was then discovered that no such person as Mr. Montague could be found at the stated address, and that the letter was altogether a fabrication.—Another trick of the same sort was played off upon one of the foreign ambassadors a short time since, which also led to the robbery of the house.

[28] *Child-dropping.*—Two decently dressed women lately entered at the private door of a lodging-house in Snow's

Fields, Southwark—proceeded up stairs—left an infant on the floor of one of the apartments, and escaped unnoticed by the mistress of the house, who supposed them to be visitors to some of her lodgers.—In another case, a girl about twelve years old being left alone to keep house in her mother's absence, a young woman came in, and left an infant, telling the girl to give it to her mother, as it was (she said) her father's child.

[31] *Good Fortune.*—Two instances of extraordinary good fortune by sudden elevation from obscurity to great wealth have occurred to persons in the neighbourhood of Stamford, within this month. One is the case of a man servant of J. Clementson, Esq. of Tixover, who, by a decree in Chancery, has become heir to property amounting to about £300,000—the other is that of Mr. Bradshaw, game-keeper to S. O'Brien, Esq. of Glaston, who, by the death of a brother, some years resident in India, has (with another brother, in still humbler circumstances than himself) acquired £30,000.

On Saturday morning, the Hon. Mrs. Gordon fell from a garet window in Somerset street, Portman square. Attempting to open the window, with the view of admitting fresh air into the room where her maid lay indisposed—and kneeling, for that purpose, on a chest under the window—she tumbled out on the foot-path, and, though taken up alive, expired in a few minutes.—A man happening to pass the house at the moment, was severely lacerated by her falling on him.

[June 1] *Shocking Murder.*—Yesterday morning, Thomas Bonar, esq. an eminent merchant, of the City, was found dead on the floor of his bed-chamber at his country-seat at Chislehurst; and Mrs. Bonar, though yet alive, in a state of insensibility, which was followed by death in a few hours. Having incautiously left their chamber-door open, they met their fate during the night from the hand of Philip Nicholson, a footman, who had been in the family only about five weeks, and who, having since confessed the fact, declared at the same time that it was not premeditated—that he had no intention to rob—that he bore no malice to either his master or mistress—but was urged by an irresistible impulse on suddenly awaking from his sleep. With a poker he first

gave Mrs. Bonar two blows, which fractured her skull in a shocking manner; after which, he attacked Mr. Bonar, with whom he had a severe struggle, but at length succeeded in dashing out his brains with the same instrument.

[2] A new coinage of guineas has recently been made at the Mint, and delivered to the Bank; the dye varies considerably from the impression on those hitherto issued, and they are smaller. Fifty thousand of them were sent last week to Sweden, as part of our promised subsidy.—*See June 12.*

Juryman's Evidence.—Yesterday, in the Court of Common Pleas, a cause was tried, Keene against the celebrated Mary Anne Clarke, for furniture to the amount of £130. The plea of coverture was set up as a defence: but satisfactory evidence not being adduced to prove that her husband was still alive, her counsel was on the point of giving up the defence as untenable, when one of the jury said, that, if he were not a juror, he could speak to the fact. He had himself seen Clarke, the husband, within the last ten days: he employed him as a stone-mason. On this singular interference, a verdict was given for the defendant.

Contraband Goods.—Yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench, on the trial of an information against a dress-maker, in whose possession had been found French silks and other contraband articles (which had been seized and condemned) a verdict was given against her for £1930. 10s. being three times the value of the goods. A similar verdict, for the threefold sum of £234. 15s. was given against the mistress of a lodging-house, on whose premises had been found a box, containing (but unknown to her) certain contraband goods, the property of a neighbouring shopkeeper.

[4] *Prolific Cow.*—A cow, belonging to John Barnes, of Moss-dike, in the parish of Graystoke, Cumberland, that produced six calves in less than two years, again calved twins on the 19th of last month; which makes eight calves she has produced in less than three years, and nine in all, though only seven years old.

[7] *Porto Rico, April 3.*—Our new government has, by public proclamation, declared, that "all the ports and harbours of this island are open and free, for every kind of trade, without any limitation."

St. Pierre, Martinique, April 8.—An account has just been received of the total

destruction of the town of Castres, in the island of St. Lucie, by fire, on the night of the 6th. The conflagration commenced in a small negro house to the north of the town; and the wind blowing strong from that quarter, the whole was soon in flames. Little or no property has been saved. Some children lost their lives by the fire. The rest of the inhabitants are now on board the shipping in the roads.

Malta, April 8.—The plague rages at Alexandria. A ship has arrived here from thence; and, having been examined by the Board of Health, it is recommended that she should be burned with all her cargo. The passengers and crew have been taken out, steeped in vinegar, shaved, and sent to the Lazaretto.

A dreadful mortality has taken place among the horses in Hungary. Whole regiments of cavalry have been dismounted.

We have now upon the establishment of our army a new corps, called the Rocket Corps. They are employed both mounted and on foot.

[8] *A Dwarf.*—John Hayes, born in the neighbourhood of Rotherham, Yorkshire, lately died at Blackburn, aged thirty-three years, and about three feet, six inches high.

A blind Sharper.—Yesterday a blind and lame mendicant was committed for examination from Union-Hall—charged with an attempt to defraud a publican by showing a flash note as a Bank of England note, and thereby obtaining board and lodging on credit. This fellow was employed by several persons in the City to pass forged notes and counterfeit coin; his blindness serving as an excuse, whenever the notes or money were discovered to be bad.

Fatal Gambling.—Mr. Brograve, brother to Sir Geo. Brograve, having lost a considerable sum at the last Newmarket meeting, and above £10,000 more at the Epsom races, shot himself yesterday.

Miraculous Escape.—Saturday se'night, Mr. Jas. Ewins, of Newport, Monmouthshire, dreaming of some persons attempting to break open his house, raised up the sash of a window in his sleep, and leaped into the street, a height of nearly 20 feet, but providentially escaped unhurt!

[9] There has not been known for years such a profusion of mackerel as are now on the Sussex coast. On Sunday and Monday last, they were sold at Brighton for five shillings per hundred—the hundred being six score and twelve fish. They were retailed at 20 for a shilling,

many of them weighing above a pound. The quantity brought ashore on Monday was so great, that the fishing companies could not procure carriages and horses sufficient to convey them to London.

Sir Charles Bunbury has refused 4,000 guineas for his race-horse, Smolensko.

The New Bedlam in St. George's-fields is now completely covered in, the fine large dome in the centre coppered, and the scaffolding removed.

Shark.—A few days since, some fishermen, fishing for mackarel at the back of the Goodwin Sands, found, entangled in their nets, a large fish, which they dragged to land, and which proved to be a shark, thirty-one feet in length.

Another Murder!—Monday morning, Mrs. Stephens, who kept a chandler's shop at Woodford in Essex, was found dead behind her counter, having her brains beaten out with a mallet, and her throat cut in several places.

[10] May 20, some sharp conflicts took place between the allies and the French at Bautzen, in which the advantage was on the side of the French. This, however, was but the prelude to a more sanguinary contest at Wurschen on the following day, when the French, commanded by Bonaparte in person, defeated their opponents with considerable loss, and compelled them to retreat. Early the next morning they pursued them, and gained some further advantages. — Sir Charles Stewart, in his official dispatches to our Government, states the allied force to have been not more than 65,000 men, while that of the French was, according to his estimate, at least 120,000.

[11] *Remarkable Verdict.*—Yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench, the driver of a stage-coach, who had been severely injured by a fall in the oversetting of his carriage, occasioned by the heaps of earth thrown up by a water-company in laying their pipes, obtained a verdict against the company. His damages had been laid only at £390: but the jury awarded him five hundred guineas, and (notwithstanding the remonstrances of the company's counsel) insisted on having a verdict recorded for that sum.

[12] By a treaty between G Britain and Sweden, signed on the 3d of last March, the former cedes to the latter the island of Guadaloupe, and grants a subsidy of one million sterling, on condition of Sweden furnishing 30,000 men to co-operate with the Russians against Bonaparte.

The latest advices from Bombay announce, that, through the failure of the rice-crops, a severe scarcity prevails in the adjacent country, and that thousands of the inhabitants had fled for relief to the island of Bombay, where upwards of 7000 persons (two thirds of them women and children) had been, for above two months, supported by charitable subscriptions.

[14] *A serpent* was lately killed in Barbadoes, twelve feet long, and two feet in girth, which had killed several head of cattle, by folding its body round their throat, and suffocating them. It displayed extraordinary sagacity in eluding search, never choosing a hiding-place which had not several openings remote from each other, and from whence it usually escaped. Its powers of mobility were incredible, distancing the swiftest dogs, and clearing, at a bound, a space of 14 feet.

A quantity of ice (supposed to have been exported from Glasgow) was offered for sale, last month, at Kingston, Jamaica, at the prices of 15 and 18d per pound.

Lisbon, May 31.—On the 20th, Lord Wellington entered Salamanca at full gallop, at the head of a regiment of hussars. Villat had retired in part; but Lord Wellington came up with his rear, and took 300 prisoners.

[14] *Private Mad-Houses.*—In the Court of King's Bench, June 12, the treasurer of the College of Physicians, suing in behalf of that body, obtained a verdict against Mary Foulks, keeper of an unlicensed house, for the reception of female Innatics, in Ivy Lane, Hoxton.—The law has ordained, that any keeper of a private mad-house, confining more than one person at a time, without being licensed, should incur a penalty of £500: and it being proved that Mary Foulks had kept four ladies at once confined, and given them most harsh and cruel treatment, the jury, without hesitation, pronounced a verdict against her for the legal penalty.

[16] A suspension of hostilities, between the allies and the French, took place on the 1st of June; and, on the 4th, they signed an armistice, to continue to the 20th of July, inclusive, with six days' previous notice of the recommencement of hostilities.

[19] April 27, an American army, of about 5000 men under General Dearborn, aided by a naval force under Commodore Chauncy, took the town of York, the capital of Upper Canada, situate on the

border of Lake Ontario. The attack commenced soon after sun-rise; and at two o'clock P. M. the town surrendered; when a considerable number of militia and Indians were made prisoners, and a vast quantity of military stores and merchandise taken. During the engagement, a magazine blew up; by which explosion, an American general (Pike), with above a hundred of his men, and about fifty British artillerists, were killed.

[21] The following extraordinary circumstance is mentioned in a letter from Edinburgh.—A gentleman of respectability, in the medical profession, cut his throat last Saturday in that city. Immediately before he committed suicide, it is said he wrote a paper, in which he acknowledged that he was the person who robbed and murdered Begbie, the porter, some years ago.

[22] The French, having regained possession of Hamburg, have imposed on the citizens a contribution amounting to £2,400,000 sterling.

The benevolent Mr. Webb, who commenced his charitable career at Norwich some time ago, lately distributed £1250 in Shrewsbury, £670 of which is appropriated to the apprenticing of friendless and orphan children. It is said that Mr. Webb's income amounts to £12,000, of which he annually dispenses £10,000 in charities.

The increased allowance to innkeepers and others, of 2d. per day, for the subsistence of non-commissioned officers and soldiers, takes place on the 24th inst.

[26] *Privilege of Parliament*.—Last night, in the H. of Commons, Mr. Crevoy made a motion relative to his late condemnation and punishment for libel, which he represented as an infringement of parliamentary privilege. [See our last No. page 247.] But his arguments not having convinced the House of the propriety of their interference, his motion was set aside, by their proceeding to other business.

Books lately published.

Miscellaneous.

History of Voyages and Discoveries in the South Sea. By Captain James Burney. Vol. 3d. £2. 2s.

Travels in Sweden during the Autumn of 1812. By T. Thompson, M. D. £2. 2s.

Tour through Italy. By the Rev. J. Chetwode Eustace. £5. 5s.

Geographical Memoir of the Persian Empire. By J. Macdonald Kinneir. £2. 2s.

Letters written in a Mahratta Camp. By T. Duer Broughton. £2. 2s.

Voyage round the World, by Command of the Emperor Alexander. £3. 3s.

Tour through Norway and Sweden in 1807. By Alexander Lamotte. £2. 2s.

The Life of Nelson. By R. Southey. 10s.

The Life of Luther. By Alexander Bowes. 12s.

History of the Reign of Solomon. By T. Thomas. 7s.

The Philosophy of Nature, or the Influence of Scenery on the Mind and Heart. 18s.

The Lady's Companion for visiting the Poor. By the Author of Lucy Franklin. 2s.

Punctuation; or an Attempt to facilitate the Art of Pointing, on the Principles of Grammar and Reason. By S. Rousseau. 5s.

Education, a Comedy. By T. Morton. 2s. 6d.

Account of what appeared in opening the Coffin of Charles I. By Sir Henry Hallford. 2s. 6d.

Letter to H. R. H. the Prince Regent, on recent domestic Occurrences. 2s.

Cottage Dialogues among the Irish Peasantry. Part 2d. By Mary Leadbeather. 6s.

Poetry.

Equanimity in Death. By G. Watson. 4s.

The World before the Flood. By James Montgomery. 12s.

Narrative Poems on the female Character. By Miss Mitford. Vol. 1st. 10s. 6d.

The Queen's Wake, a legendary Poem. By James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. 12s.

Werter to Charlotte. 2s. 6d.

Fingal, a Fine Eirin. Intended to delineate the Manners and State of Society of ancient Ireland. 9s.

Collections from the Greek Anthology, &c. By the Rev. R. Bland, and others. 18s.

Novels and Romances.

The Heroine; or the Adventures of a fair Romance-Reader. By Eaton Stannard Barrett. 18s.

La Feuille des Gens du Monde, ou Journal Imaginaire. Par Madame de Genlis. 12s.

The Wife, or Caroline Herbert. By the late Mrs. Cooper, Author of the Exemplary Mother. 10s.

The Old School. 12s.

The Sisters, a domestic Tale. 5s.

The Brother in high Life, or the North of Ireland. By Mrs. D. Johnson. 15s.

EDUCATION of the POOR.

By particular desire, we are induced to copy the following pieces from the "Morning Post:" but we give them in a separate, additional quarter-sheet, to avoid any defalcation of the usual quantity of miscellaneous matter expected by our fair readers.

Morning Post, of June 4.

The NATIONAL SOCIETY.

ON Wednesday last, the anniversary meeting of the National Society was held in the hall of St. John College. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose attention to the business of the society has been unremitting, took the chair on the occasion. There were present the Archbishop of York, the Earls of Shaftesbury, Nelson, Lord Kenyon, Lord Radstock, the Bishops of London, Chichester, Chester, Exeter, Hereford, St. David's, Worcester, Ely, Salisbury, the Speaker of the House of Commons together with a very numerous and highly respectable list of subscribers and friends to the institution. The annual report of the proceedings of the society was read by the secretary; and some remarks were made on the prominent and leading features of it by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The report proved in the highest degree gratifying and satisfactory to the company assembled. It appeared that the beneficial purposes of the institution have been carried into effect, in the course of the last year, in various parts of the kingdom, on a very extended scale: the number of schools formed in connexion with the National Society, are five times greater than they were at the time of the preceding annual report; and, of course, the number of children, educated in different parts of the kingdom, on the Madras system, has increased about in the same proportion. Besides this, a number of schools have been formed precisely on the same plan, in various places,

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which have not yet established a connexion with the National Society; so that the extension of this important system of education has been considerably greater even than that above stated from the annual report. It appeared also, that, in the metropolis, not only has the central school, in Baldwin's Gardens, been carried on with distinguished energy and effect, but other schools have been instituted, so numerous and on so extended a scale, as to constitute, on the whole, no inadequate system of education for the lower classes of this large mass of population. One particular instance of the perfection to which this plan of education has been brought, was mentioned by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and drew the very marked attention of the meeting: this was, that, in the Deanery of Tendring, near Colchester, the number of children, reported as proper objects of the Madras system of education, amounted to about 2000; and that, of these, more than 1700 are now actually receiving this education in the schools formed under the National Society.

On the whole, the report of the advancement of national education, made during the last year, was such as fully to satisfy the highest expectations of the friends and supporters of the system. It showed that the exertions of the National Society, for the furtherance of its great and beneficial objects, have been and are unremitting: it showed that the spirit, by which those exertions are prompted and supported, has increased, and is still increasing, in the country at large; and it encouraged the gratifying hope, that,

2 P

by the continuance of those exertions and of that spirit, the great and beneficial purpose of generally diffusing the blessings of sound religion and sound morality by means of this national system of education, may soon be effected in this kingdom to a very satisfactory extent.

The treasurer of the society, at the same time, made a report of the general state of the society's funds. It appeared, that, from the very liberal grants which had been made for the establishment of schools in various parts of the kingdom, some diminution of the permanent property of the society has unavoidably taken place in the course of the present year: but the committee have readily acquiesced in suffering this to be done, under the fullest feeling of conviction that a judicious and well-directed application of their funds, for the purposes of the Society, **must**, under all circumstances, furnish the most certain means of ensuring the liberality of the public, so as to prevent their permanent diminution.

A SPECTATOR.

— June 7.

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

Religion and Loyalty inseparable.—

The Madras System the sure Road to make good Subjects.

SIR—The annual meeting of the National Society, on Wednesday last, in the hall of Sion College, as described in your paper of the 4th instant, was, no doubt, highly gratifying to all those who were present on that interesting occasion; but how much more delightful must it have been to those who, in addition to the above satisfaction, had the still further gratification to behold this beautiful theory carried into practice at the grand central school, in Baldwin's Gardens, on the late

anniversary of His Majesty's birthday—a day, on which the general committee had previously determined to give the children of both schools a dinner, as a reward for the rapid progress they had made in their learning, and for the general excellency of their conduct and behaviour.

The arrangement of the dinner was confided to the school committee; but, at their request, Mr. David Pike Watts (to whom the Madras system, next to the Rev. Andrew Bell, owes its origin* in this country) most kindly undertook the weighty charge. To those who have the happiness to possess this excellent man's friendship, I have nothing to communicate concerning him; but to those who are ignorant of his virtues, I hope I may be permitted to add as a tribute justly due to him, that, if we are to judge of men by their deeds as well as their professions, few more excellent men are to be found, even in this land of true worth; as there is scarcely a charity in this vast metropolis but what has been largely benefited by Mr. Watts's beneficence, not only as to pecuniary aid, but likewise as to his time, his activity, and his ever superior judgement in all matters that can possibly tend to the alleviation of human misery, and the improvement of the moral and religious character.

But to return from this digression. The school committee assembled at the usual hour, when, having gone through the business of the day, they proceeded to the boys' school-room, where the tables were so

* Dr. Bell arrived in Europe, in 1797, and "the Madras System was immediately introduced into the parochial school of St. Botolph, Aldgate, by a trustee (N. D. P. Watts) of distinguished and exemplary zeal for the poor."—Clergy of London Report.

systematically arranged, that the children, without the slightest difficulty, walked by pairs to their respective places, and were instantly gratified by the sight of half a pound of excellent cold roast beef upon their plates, to which succeeded a full proportion of no less excellent baked plum-pudding—true Englishmen's fare. The children, as might be supposed, were all dressed in their Sunday clothes, and being clean and tidy in all respects, and, above all, wearing countenances denoting consummate happiness, awakened such feelings in the midst [*minds?*] of the by-standers, as many a moistened eye far better described, than it would be in the power of words to express. Whilst the children were marching to their seats, the beauty of the system displayed itself in the twinkling of an eye; as order, regularity, obedience, self-command, were obvious throughout the whole; for, although the procession proceeded like clock-work, yet the arrangement of upwards of six hundred boys, and nearly two hundred girls, was not to be effected in a moment, so that the children who arrived first at their seats, had to exert all their powers of patience to restrain themselves from making the assault ere the word of command was given for that purpose. This command was sublime, and impressive beyond description. It was that incomparable Grace used in all the Madras Schools previous to their meals. The Amen that accompanied it, was not less harmonious than touching and sonorous; the cadence was perfect; the sounds seemed almost seraphic; they penetrated the heart; they would have converted an atheist.

The spectators were numerous, and seemingly gratified beyond measure. Among the most distinguished personages, appeared—

His Serene Highness the Prince of

Orange, accompanied by the Earl of Shaftesbury; Lady F. Harris and her aunt, Mrs. Robinson; the Duke of Beaufort, Lord and Lady Kenyon, Lord and Lady Radstock and their daughters, the Bishop of Hereford and family, Sir John Nichol and family, Archdeacon Cambridge, Rev. Dr. Watson, Rev. Mr. Walmsley, Rev. Mr. Iremonger, Rev. Mr. Inglis, Rev. Dr. Carey, Rev. H. H. Norris, Rev. W. Whitear, Colonel Wood, Messrs. D. P. Watts, Henry Hoare, W. Davis, John Bowdler, G. Marriott, T. Bowdler, and many other highly respectable characters too numerous to mention; Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Marriott, Mrs. G. Cambridge, Mrs. Richardson, Miss Porter, Miss Blackburnes.

It is much to be lamented, that certain indispensable duties prevented the dignitaries of the church from attending on this at once sublime and joyous occasion, as their presence could not have failed to produce the most impressive and striking effect. During the repast, many of the company passed between the benches, not only in order to have a better view of the whole, but to afford the children their assistance, by replenishing their plates, serving them with bread, beer, &c. Although each individual did his best on this occasion, it was impossible not to distinguish the good old Bishop of Hereford, the father of the School Committee, trudging about with his miraculous pitcher, and filling every empty cup, whilst his honest heart brightened up a countenance naturally marked with the strongest character of beneyolence. Lord Kenyon, that most liberal, that most worthy, that best, ever foremost of the foremost in all things which have goodness for their end, whom [*was?*], if possible, still more conspicuous amidst this most interesting of scenes; and at one moment in para

ticular, did he offer such a lesson of humility, and of that true Christian economy, which the Holy Scriptures only could have taught him. For no inconsiderable time were both his hands most actively employed in delivering, with profusion, bread or meat, as they seemed wanted; but, the repast ended, he was no less actively occupied in carrying about a large brown pan to collect the remains of bread, that not a scrap be wasted; for the fragments were destined for the poorest parents of the children.

“ And thus did they all eat, and were filled: and they took up, of the fragments that remained, twelve baskets ”

This heavenly lesson was his guide. I read it in each gesture, and every line of his manly, animated, and beneficent countenance. Ye proud, ye unthinking, ye idle and silly worldlings, contemplate this scene, and blush.

That which seemed to crown the whole, and leave nothing wanting to complete this true picture of earthly happiness, was the effect produced on the parents of the children, by the judicious indulgence of the managers, who directed that the fathers and mothers of the children might be suffered to pass through the room, that they might be taught, from ocular demonstration, that goodness levels all ranks and conditions, and that their children, owing to the excellency of their conduct, were treated by persons of the first distinction in the kingdom as if they had been of their own flesh and blood.

But I fear I am too prolix; and yet I know not how to tear myself from such a scene. The dinner ended, a second Grace was repeated with no less striking effect than the former. After a solemn pause of a few moments, the silence was suddenly broken by the boys striking

up, with one heart and voice, our immortal “ God save the King.” This was done in honor of the day, and in a style that astonished all the hearers. Then immediately followed three, or rather endless huzzas, when the faces of these dear children suddenly brightening up, became instantaneously so undescribably animated, so irradiated with boundless joy, as proved to demonstration, that their susceptible grateful little hearts had received, as it were, an electric stroke, which had stamped them for ever as good men and true—the defenders, till death, of their king and country. Would to Heaven that our beloved Sovereign could have beheld this scene; for it was the one, of all others, for which his pious heart so long and so earnestly panted, namely, the bright promise of that goodly season, when each person in his dominions might be enabled to read his own Bible. This joyful day concluded with an exhibition of the first class, to enable the Prince of Orange to comprehend and leave [*have?*] a just notion of the wonderful powers of the Madras system.

I could here say much of the immortal founder of this astonishing system, the never sufficiently to be respected and admired Dr. Andrew Bell; and much also of his highly valuable assistant superintendant, the Rev. Mr. Johnstone, who has formed the grand Central School. I feel no less desirous to speak of the acute and indefatigable Mrs. Rogers, who is considered, by many excellent judges, to be, without exception, among the very first and most valuable of the Madras school-mistresses that this kingdom can boast.—But praise is one thing, and demonstration is another. Let the sceptics then satisfy their doubts on this head. Let them visit the grand Central School, and their doubts will instantly vanish.

A LAYMAN.

N^o 7.

Lady's Magazine. — July, 1813



Intelligence from the Stars.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 44, N^o. 7, for July, 1813.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. INTELLIGENCE from the STARS.
2. Fashionable COSTUMÈ for August.
3. PATTERNS for various BORDERS.

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where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

An *unpaid* letter, with the *Totness* post-mark, and the superscription in an *unknown* hand, we have refused to take in.—If the writer choose to send us a duplicate (*post paid*), its contents shall experience such attention as they may appear to deserve.

Our fair correspondent at *Uppingham* ought to have recollected that our plan has been altered: but, even if not, *could* she reasonably expect us to send to Cambridge for the necessary information?

We thank our anonymous correspondent at *Carlton* for her obliging hint, though we cannot conveniently avail ourselves of it.

We beg leave to decline the offer of “*A new Correspondent, personally acquainted,*” &c.

“*A. J.*”s strange “*Sonnet*” is inadmissible.

Our *Spalding* correspondent’s “*Ode to Liberty*” is in the same predicament.

With respect to “*William*”—we must refer him to *Cornelius Nepos* and *Dr. Goldsmith*—and point to *Scipio* and *Timoleon*.—He will readily comprehend our meaning; or, if not, some fellow member of the *Club* can probably furnish him with an explanation.

Mr. *Webb*’s Lines on “*Peace*” are come to hand, but too late for insertion in our present Number.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR JULY, 1813.

The ADOPTED CHILD.

(Continued from page 269, and accompanied
with an illustrative Plate.)

JAMES was well acquainted with the generous spirit of Tudway, and hesitated not a moment to declare that he had already found out where she was, and immediately set off in pursuit of Tudway, who was repeating his inquiries to the old woman who kept the lodge; when the gardener, with many bows, asserted his ability to satisfy him. After much circumlocution, which Tudway often impatiently interrupted, he said, he was *sartin sure* Miss was carried away into Warwickshire; but, as to the exact spot whereabouts, he could not say. This information, vague as it was, was eagerly embraced by the ardent and impetuous Tudway, who, after rewarding the gardener's falsehood with a guinea, rode home—gave immediate orders to his valet to prepare to follow him into Warwickshire—took leave of his father and mother under pretence of visiting his uncle—and, before Marina had been a week at Belvoir, had nearly traversed half the county.

Marina passed six weeks in the Dale, in the calm enjoyment of uninterrupted solitude, and had pursued her favorite amusement with such constant assiduity, that she had completed many beautiful pictures of the surrounding scenes, and ornamented her dressing-room with the productions of her pencil. But she had never yet strayed beyond the wild woods which encircled the sloping lawn before the lodge, never attempted

to climb the tremendous precipices, that rose with majestic grandeur behind it; and, had not the appearance of a graceful figure in a regimental frock, sometimes seated on the summit of those rocky cliffs, reminded her that the neighbourhood must be inhabited by beings less rude and savage than the rustic class who dwelt in the miserable hovels in the valley, she might have fancied herself, like some damsel in romance, transported to a desolate region. Often had she contemplated this singular appearance, with a curiosity which she could not suppress; and, while his eyes were intently fixed on a book, which he would read for hours together, she frequently endeavoured to examine his features: but the distance was so great, it was impossible to discover whether he bore any resemblance to any person of her acquaintance.—Jeannette's prolific imagination readily suggested that it was Mr. Tudway, of whose passion for her young mistress she had seen too many proofs, while at Sedley, not to believe him capable of assuming any disguise, or attempting any expedition, however wild and hazardous, to obtain a sight of her.

The eager curiosity of Jeannette soon discovered a winding path, by which she could ascend the cliff: and, the next time the officer took his seat, she sallied forth in full expectation of beholding, as she approached, the welcome figure of her old favorite. It was with some difficulty that Jeannette (whom increasing corpulency rendered not

very agile) climbed this steep ascent: and, long before she gained the summit, the object of her solicitude, whose meditations were disturbed by her approach, hastily quitted his seat; and, by the time she had reached the spot, he was entirely out of sight. Jeannette, however, was convinced, from the slight view she had taken, that it was not Tudway; and, after wandering some time on the skirts of a spacious forest, which extended beyond the rocks, she returned to relate her disappointment to Marina, to whom she gave so animated a description of the beautiful prospect which the country exhibited on the left side of the valley, that Marina, who was an enthusiastic admirer of nature, requested she would inquire of Mrs. Brown whether the marquis had prohibited her walking beyond the bounds of the lodge.—Jeannette soon obtained from Mrs. Brown a ready acquiescence, provided that she were attended by Mistress Mary, of whose care and fidelity she entertained no doubts.

In the evening, Marina, with “Mrs. Mary” (her own Jeannette), ascended the precipices: but it is impossible to express the pleasure and astonishment with which she surveyed the boundless extent of the country around her.—They slowly moved along the edge of the cliffs, till they came to a triangular point, whence they looked down on a woody valley, in the centre of which they discerned only one solitary cottage: and, at a small distance among the thick enwoven shades, a Gothic spire reared its sacred head.—The valley was surrounded by a winding river, whose calm, unruffled surface seemed to proclaim the peaceful tranquillity of the inhabitants who dwelt within its boundaries; while a circular chain of rocks appeared, from the point

on which they stood, to inclose the river and the vale. The sun was declining toward the horizon, before Marina could be prevailed upon to quit this delightful spot; and she determined the next day to extend their walk across the forest, and explore its woody shades.

Accordingly, the following afternoon, escorted by Jeannette, she penetrated into the thickest part of the forest. They had wandered so long amid its gloomy recesses, that they began at last to be apprehensive they should not be able to trace their way back again. They saw grey evening slowly advancing: and, though the pale new moon lent her feeble rays to illumine the earth, she was beginning already to double shade the forest, when fortunately Marina espied, carelessly reclined under the spreading branches of a lofty elm, the same officer who had so often been the object of their curiosity. His book was thrown aside; and he appeared to be indulging himself in one of those agreeable *rêveries*, in which the prolific imagination represents to our fancy scenes of ideal happiness.—The pleasing smile, which played upon his features, in consequence perhaps of this mental enjoyment, was heightened by the glow of admiration, when he beheld the lovely and interesting figure of Marina standing before him. There was no time for him to testify his surprise at their appearance in so sequestered a spot, before Jeannette eagerly inquired if he would have the goodness to direct them the nearest way out of the forest. The officer, with a gravity infinitely more correspondent with the dignity of his manners, and a politeness which never fails to charm, offered to be their conductor; but observed, that, as they must certainly be fatigued with their long ramble, he should be hap-

py, before they quitted the forest, to be allowed the honor of introducing them to his mother and sister, who lived in a cottage just by.

Marina hesitated : but Jeannette, whose curiosity few considerations could restrain, said she was certain her young lady must be greatly fatigued, and gladly accepted his offer ; when, turning into a narrow path, which they had not before discovered, a very few yards brought them to a little wicket.—It opened into a small grass-plot, in the centre of which was a narrow gravel walk, that led to the glass door of this humble cottage.

The young gentleman led the way ; and, as he opened the door (which exhibited to their view a small, but neat, stone parlour) he thus addressed Marina : - " In this abode, madam, you will find only the conveniences of life, and inhabitants nearly as plain and simple in their manners, as those wild scenes with which you are surrounded." This preface—intended to banish from Marina any uneasy apprehensions, lest her introduction might prove unseasonable—was concluded by their immediate entrance into the house.

The sound of the officer's voice soon brought from an inner apartment a beautiful girl, who appeared to be about sixteen years of age. The sight of two strangers changed the lively expression of her eye, which seemed to welcome his return, into an inquiring look of who and what they were : but, instantly collecting herself, she stepped back, to inform her mother of their approach.—The old lady advanced to meet them, and, with an air which at once bespoke hospitality and ease, desired them to be seated.

While Mr. Mervil (for that was the officer's name) was relating the circumstance which had induced him

to solicit Marina to enter the cottage, Jeannette was attentively surveying the countenance of Mrs. Mervil, which was of that interesting cast, that a silent observer, versed in the language of affliction, might trace, in her mild and placid aspect, the effects of secret sorrow.—The dignity of her deportment strongly characterised a mind perfectly resigned, yet not weakened by misfortune ; and she seemed to command respect, without exacting it.—Her dress corresponded with her situation : it was plain, but respectable ; and her whole figure and appearance so evidently denoted that she was entitled to move in a higher sphere, that Jeannette felt very sensibly the impropriety she had been guilty of, in seating herself in her presence.—Impressed with this idea, she made many apologies for the liberty she had taken, and begged leave to wait in the other room, till her young lady was ready to depart. Marina, by this time equally affected and delighted with the grace and affability of Mrs. Mervil, secretly blamed herself, for having thus abruptly suffered Jeannette to enter the room with her : but the respectful excuses of Jeannette removed every rising apprehension ; and, fearful lest their long absence might create suspicion, she reluctantly took her leave of this amiable family, promising very shortly to avail herself of Mrs. Mervil's pressing invitation to spend an afternoon at the cottage.—Mervil conducted her by a nearer path to the summit of that precipice, whose grassy brow overshadowed the dale of Belvoir ; and here, at Marina's entreaty, he left her.

The evening was now so far advanced, that it was with some difficulty they explored their way ; and, when they reached the lodge, Mrs. Brown expressed herself much alarm-

ed at their long absence, and added that she was just going to dispatch a servant in search of them.—Marina therefore restrained the inclination she felt to revisit the cottage, and, for three days, confined herself within the bounds of the lodge.—Having, by this prudential caution, lulled into security the suspicions of Mrs. Brown, she again (attended by her faithful companion) made her appearance at the humble abode of her new acquaintance.—At the wicket, Jeannette declared her intention of rambling about the forest for an hour; after which, she would return, and call for Marina.

Mrs. Mervil had been so much prejudiced in favor of her young visitor, that she began to fear some disagreeable consequences had arisen from her late visit, which prevented her again renewing it. The marquis's prohibition had been industriously propagated by Mrs. Brown; and Mrs. Mervil was apprehensive that a further restriction had been imposed, in order to seclude her entirely; when, to her inexpressible satisfaction, she beheld Marina at the wicket.—Frances flew to receive her, and declared how anxiously they had watched at the entrance of the wood, every afternoon, in hopes of seeing her. "I almost cried with vexation," added she, "at the disappointment: and even my brother, who seldom cares whether we have any company or not, expressed his mortification."

This flattering reception, so congenial to the feelings of Marina, banished that cautious reserve which she had determined to observe; and she ingenuously confessed the reason of her absence.—Mrs. Mervil commended her prudence in strictly adhering to the marquis's injunctions, and advised her never to come out alone, lest the inquisitive curiosity

of Mrs. Brown should prompt her to discover their retreat, which she wished to be utterly unknown, "except to those only, whose knowledge of our secret history," said Mrs. Mervil, with an energy which astonished Marina, "induces them to seek our society in this sequestered spot."—The entrance of Mr. Mervil, whose animated features sufficiently testified the joy he felt at seeing Marina, interrupted the continuation of a speech, which, from the nature of its delivery, had made a deep impression on the mind of her fair auditors.—The conversation soon took a general turn.

(To be continued.)

Modern LIFE delineated,

(Continued from page 273.)

WHEN Mr. Lloyd returned home, he mentioned Mrs. Pope's kind intentions toward Edward, and poured out the advantages that would arise from the execution of her plan, as he knew the house of Steward and Bertie was one of the first in town. Edward joyfully acceded to the proposal, assuring his father-in-law, that he was tired of the inactive life he led.—Emma abruptly asked, if it would deprive her of her father's and sister's society.—"Undoubtedly it will," said Mr. Lloyd: "but we shall leave you to the protection of a worthy man, and one whom you have preferred to all the rest of the world."

Emma tried to stifle her emotion; but, clasping her sister round the neck, exclaimed, "My dear Gertrude! do prevail with my father to continue in London."—"This is unreasonable," said Mr. Lloyd. "We have sacrificed much to contribute to your happiness. You will not then, I trust, be so selfish, as to expect that we should renounce every comfort for your gratification!"

—"But cannot we accompany you, sir, into the Vale? You have frequently said, my dear father, it was your first wish to see Edward settled there."—"The profession I had then fixed upon, would not suit after a military life. It would be making too great a convenience of religion: and I am certain Edward does not wish to spend an inactive life; neither would it be prudent to do so."

Emma thought it was the extreme of cruelty to separate her from Gertrude; and she looked at her husband in the most supplicating manner, to second her wishes. But, though Edward anxiously desired to be settled near his sister, he was resolved that prudence should supersede every selfish gratification. "I cannot, my dear Emma," said he, "urge your father to resign a country life for the gloomy atmosphere of London: but, if you can reconcile your mind to a temporary separation, I assure you, if it is consistent with other engagements, I will accompany you every year into the Vale.—In the intermediate space, your sister, I am convinced, will derive pleasure from communicating with you by letter."—"I am not convinced of the justness of our separation," said Emma, smiling through her tears: "but I will endeavour to be resigned."

Her father tenderly embraced her, and told her he hoped, that, in a very few years, Edward would acquire a fortune sufficient to purchase an estate in the Vale, and spend the remainder of his days with his friends. "Thus, I expect," said he, smiling, "that the sum I shall advance for him, will prove a fortunate speculation."

A few evenings preceding their return to the country, Mrs. Pope insisted upon Gertrude's accompanying a party to the opera. She assured

her it would be deemed vulgar in the extreme, to return into Wales, without hearing Mrs. Billington's sweet voice. What would Doctor Wilson and all the amateurs of music say of her want of taste? "I am convinced," said Mrs. Pope, "they will black-ball you out of all their card-rooms, ball-rooms, and music-rooms, if you are not able to give a scientific account of Mrs. Billington's performance."

Gertrude did not repent of having accompanied the party. The uncommon power, but more uncommon sweetness, of Mrs. Billington's voice thrilled her heart with ecstasy. So delightful were her emotions, that she scarcely fancied herself an inhabitant of this world. After the first act was over, her feelings were again levelled to this state, and all its vain concerns; and her attention was drawn from the stage, to a party who were seated on the bench next to her. Their immoderate mirth induced her to turn her head to look at them; and she beheld a fashionable elegant woman with three or four dashing young fellows. Their laughter was instantly suppressed, to gaze at Gertrude: but in a moment she turned her face from them; and they again resumed their noisy conversation. "Your description," said the lady to one of her attendants, "is so admirably drawn, it would make an excellent scene for one of our modern plays.—And so my poor deluded Edward has taken unto himself another wife! But are you certain, Percy, that it is the younger of his country cousins?"—"Oh! beyond all doubt. The authority I have is indisputable: for his quondam friend Manville informed me of it yesterday in Hyde Park, at the very moment when I paid my obedience to the invaluable gem that your phaëton contained."

"I dare not doubt the moral Manville's assertion : but I confess I am amazed at it ; for I always considered Enima as scarcely a degree removed from an idiot : but he will protect the unassuming gentle maid from the barbarous insults of an unfeeling world.—I suppose ' love and a cottage ' is his motto : for he has too much pride to bring an idiot into notice. He will now dwindle into a mere non-entity."

The theatric tone in which this remark was uttered, excited another laugh.

"As for his cousin Gertrude, he was as much devoted to her, as any Celadon in romance. I have found a thousand tender sonnets dedicated to the bewitching fair ; and his midnight slumbers were always interrupted by her cruelty and desertion."

"Upon my soul, madam, I wonder you had patience to continue with him so many months. He must have had less taste than a Hottentot, to think of a vulgar country girl, when he was blessed with the society of a female who has combined, in her own person and mind, every talent and perfection to fascinate our sex."

Gertrude turned round to the party, and, moving in the most graceful manner to them, "I thank you, gentlemen," said she, "and you, madam, for the extreme liberality of your sentiments. The two country girls are infinitely obliged to you."—The consternation and surprise of the party deprived them for a moment of the power of utterance.—At last the gentleman, who had so freely commented on the subject, resumed his assurance, and affected to apologise for his rudeness : but Gertrude did not condescend to take any further notice either of him or the rest of his party. Their conversation now assumed a quite diffe-

rent tone. Gertrude could distinguish in half whispers, "It is very odd : it undoubtedly is one of the sisters ; and a fine spirited girl she is.—What lovely black eyes she has ! I am convinced she has had a town education ; for her manners are perfectly well bred."

On her return home, Gertrude gave a concise account of the conversation to Mrs. Pope. Her friend seemed pleased with her firmness, but observed, that Gertrude was the last person in the world from whom she should have expected a retort.—"You are unacquainted, my dear Mrs. Pope, with my character.—Though I would not, for the world, suffuse the face of a modest person with a blush, I think it is the duty of the most insignificant to rebuke the insolence of vice, and the effrontery of those who dare to attack the innocence and virtue of an absent female."

"But in the world, my love," said Mrs. Pope, "we must hear the most unpleasant things related, without attempting a vindication ; for it would be a Quixotic undertaking, to prove the invalidity of every tale which escapes the lips of Scandal. In the empire of fashion, there is a certain routine of conversation adopted. He who admires the person of a woman whose character is dubious, must sacrifice a considerable portion of truth, to obtain an interest in her eyes. The character of a virtuous female is treated with contempt or ridicule, to please the woman who has lost the noblest feeling of the human heart—self-approbation. I am persuaded, that severe reflexions upon the most amiable part of our sex are a thousand times more acceptable to her who has deviated, than the highest incense of flattery relative to her own personal charms. The vicious

indeed, of every description, derive their chief happiness from hearing or seeing others degraded to a level with themselves."

Gertrude and her father called to take leave of Mrs. Manville and her son, on the morning preceding their return home. — They found her quite indisposed, and Frederic reading to her. He held the book in his hand a few minutes after they were seated: but, his mother requesting him to give her one of her powders, he laid the volume on the table. Gertrude's eyes involuntarily turned upon it; and she beheld her favorite sermon on our imperfect knowledge of good and evil. The mingled sensations of pain and pleasure filled her eyes with tears. She abruptly arose from the chair, and walked toward the window, to hide her emotion. Frederic followed her, and said, "To-morrow, Miss Lloyd, we shall be deprived of your society. I assure you, my mother will regret it much: and I fear it will be some time ere we shall meet again."

"I hope not," said Gertrude. "If your worthy mother is restored to health, I flatter myself we shall all meet again in Wales. I assure you, the kind attention my brother Edward has received from Mrs. Manville will never be obliterated from the remembrance of any part of our family; and it is a debt of gratitude, which we shall greatly rejoice to pay."

"Do you never think of returning to town?" said Frederic. — "I confess, I do not wish it," replied Gertrude. "If my sister Emma were not a very powerful inducement for visiting London, I should not desire ever to quit my own native vale again. — Travelling may enlarge the understanding; but I am persuaded it does not increase our happiness. —

VOL. 44.

At home, though the occurrences of life are regular, and void of any striking changes, yet there is a pleasing diversity, far more acceptable to my mind, than the hurry and bustle of town enjoyments. We can form very few permanent friendships here; for it is almost impossible to form a proper judgement of those we associate with: but, in a country village or town, we know those who deserve our affections the most."

"I believe you judge right," said Frederic, with a sigh. "It is not here, that any permanent attachments are formed: and, in every circle of gaiety and pleasure, there is a something wanting, which neither art nor luxury can supply."

"I rather think," said Gertrude, smiling, "that politeness has dictated an observation so accordant with mine; for gentlemen who are partial to a military life, seldom object to the cheerful gaiety of a town."

"I dare not give the reply to this," answered Frederic, "which my feelings dictate."

"Come, my love!" said Mr. Lloyd — "we must return immediately to town; for this is a day of urgent business with us."

Mrs. Manville most affectionately parted with Gertrude. — "I feel, my love," said she, "that this is the last time we shall ever meet in this world: but remember that you have my prayers for your happiness."

Gertrude tenderly kissed her faded hand, and fervently wished her health restored. — Frederic handed her into the carriage, without speaking a word. He merely wished Mr. Lloyd a pleasant journey, and then returned into the house.

Mr. Lloyd expressed his surprise at Frederic's manner, and asked his daughter, if she had said any thing to offend him. — Gertrude smiled, and said she was not conscious of ha-

ving offended him: at the same time, she should be sorry, if she had inadvertently done it; for he was a young man whom she highly esteemed.—“He is a most amiable young man,” said Mr. Lloyd. “I never saw a son so uniformly attentive and affectionate to a parent, as he is. He watches every turn of her countenance; and, before she can form her wishes into words, she has them realised.”

The parting between the sisters and father affected their feelings too keenly. A considerable time elapsed, before Edward could reason his wife into a state of composure; for, at the time he was endeavouring to appease the violence of her grief, he sensibly felt that he had lost, in Gertrude, every bliss in life. But he was resolved to conquer the partiality he felt for her, and, if possible, give every thought to Emma—conscious as he was, that her tenderness and long-tried love merited his sincerest regard.—The night before their departure, Gertrude and he were a few minutes in the drawing-room by themselves. “I have anxiously wished,” said Edward, “for an opportunity of speaking to you without any observer. I have to ask your pardon for the uneasiness I occasioned you, the day I married Emma. I assure you, Gertrude, I have severely condemned myself for uttering at that moment so improper an expression.”—“I forgive you, Edward, with all my heart; and I trust the unassuming gentleness of my sister’s disposition, and the fervency of her regard for you, will secure her happiness. Believe me, Edward, I shall quit London with pleasure, if you assure me that it shall be the study of your life to render her comfortable. After we have left town, she will be deprived of a tender father, and an affectionate sister, to whom

she might impart her joys and griefs. It is your kindness alone which must supply the love of a parent, and the solicitude of a sister. Let then the character of brother blend, in you, with that of a good husband; and, in parting from Emma, we shall only have a temporary separation to regret.”

“They shall blend in my character; for it is not in my nature either to desert, or behave with indifference to, the sister of your fond affections; and, when I am absent from you, it will be my only consolation to merit your esteem.”

“Rather say, the approbation of your own conscience.—Your present language, Edward, is not suitable for a brother to utter, or a sister to hear. Remember, there is an insuperable barrier now placed to any other sentiment: and it is a degree of weakness unbecoming any human being to neglect the blessings he possesses, for those which are merely imaginary.”

(To be continued.)

The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.

(Continued from page 255.)

CHAP. 27.

..... Fame her golden trumpet blew;
And Pow’r display’d her gorgeous charms;
And Wealth engag’d my wand’ring view;
And Pleasure woo’d me to her arms.
But soon I found ’twas all a dream,
And learn’d the fond pursuit to shun,
Where few can reach their purpos’d aim,
And thousands daily are undone.
And fame, I found, was empty air;
And Wealth had Terror for her guest;
And Pleasure’s path was strewn with care;
And Pow’r was vanity at best.

Hammond.

RICHMOND returned to London less elate with hope than when he left it, and completely harassed both in body and mind. Yet, fatigued as he was, he deemed it so necessary for him to go to Grosvenor Square,

that he dressed immediately, and was but just in time to keep his appointment.

* Some of the company he had not seen before, and to these he was accordingly introduced: but, when Lord Dellington, upon the same presumption, was going to name him to Sir Bettsworth Harrop, the baronet said, he had had the honor of meeting "Mr. Richmond before." No further conversation then passed between them: but it may easily be supposed, that the sight of one who had been present during the last hours he spent with Miss Monson, by recalling them more forcibly to Richmond's mind, did not tend to tranquillise it. His abstracted manner, and his total indifference to all around him, were peculiarly striking. Sir Bettsworth forbore at first to address him, lest he should again receive such a retort as had marked their former meeting, and which he had not yet either forgotten or forgiven: but, when his carriage was announced, and the company were departing, unwilling to move without revenging himself by the mortification he could inflict, he crossed the room to Frederic, and asked him if he had lately seen or heard of Miss Monson.

That magical name rivetted his attention: and Sir Bettsworth, with all the malignity of his disposition, said, "I saw perfectly well, Mr. Richmond, that you were deeply smitten, when I met you at Woodfield; and I suspect you have not yet recovered from the wound."

"Well, sir! and what then?" said Frederic haughtily.

"Why, then, sir, you should get acquainted with Lord Blenmore, who is just such another love-stricken swain as yourself, that you may console each other. She has refused him twice, and now accepts Mr.

Saint-Villiers, a son of the Irish viscount. All is settled. He went to bring over his father to make settlements: and, as soon as the old peer gets well enough to travel, they go down to seize upon the lady, whom her father meanwhile is guarding like a dragon."

Sir Bettsworth had done no more than deliver the reports of the day as facts.—His intention, however, was fulfilled, and his revenge ample; for his auditor was so completely overpowered, that he sank motionless in his chair; and, before he was sufficiently recovered to ask from what authority this was derived, and where either Mr. Saint-Villiers or his father was, his informant was gone; and Lord Dellington, who had previously wished him good night, had set off for the House of Peers. It was then too late to make further inquiries: and Frederic was so completely disordered, that, when he arrived at his lodgings, he hardly had strength to get up stairs to his room.

Sir Bettsworth was at that time a guest of Lord Dellington's. Not having any thing better to do, he accompanied him to the House; and, as they were going, his lordship said, "The young man you saw at my house to-day, I wish you would take abroad with you. I want him put a little *en train* in diplomatic business. We will call him an assistant under secretary: but I will take care of his appointment; and, from the fluency with which he expresses himself in different languages, you will find him a very useful sort of personage attached to your suite; and his person and address, which in fact are all you have to do with, are sufficiently good."

"Is it Richmond you mean?" exclaimed Sir Bettsworth.—"My God! how completely your lordship is taken in! The fellow is a com-

mon swindler—lives by his wits—goes under different names; and, if he does not win money enough to discharge his debts, leaves his bills unpaid, as he did last summer at a little bathing-place in the north, where he stole a young lady's heart, and made a devil of a piece of work in the family.—I first saw him as Monsieur something or other—I forget what—in Paris, where, like an idiot as I then was, I let him chouse me out of a good deal of money: and, furthermore, I have lately heard it hinted, that he had had some acquaintance of the same nature with your lordship, as your having taken him by the hand now, I assure you, excites general surprise: and, I declare, I would not accept an appointment, with this fellow attached to it, in any capacity whatever—or even an invitation, where I expected to be scated by a common gambler.”

Sir Bettesworth knew that at present he was privileged to say what he pleased to Lord Dellington, and not only took the opportunity of venting his spleen against poor Frederic, but added what he knew would prevent his lordship's future association with one who could relate stories which the baronet was now more than ever desirous should be consigned to oblivion.

His lordship *would not* at any rate contradict Sir Bettesworth, being only anxious to preserve his good will, and get him quietly out of the kingdom; and he *could not* refute this representation. The change of names could be easily accounted for: but that was the most trivial part of the accusation. It now, for the first time, struck his lordship, that there was an obscurity over that part of Frederic Saint-Villiers's life, between the period of his being thrown off by his father, and the present, which

would not have appeared, had it been employed in any laudable pursuit. He was mortified also to find that he admitted a person to his table, to whom even the report of living by play had attached; and, in his wish to humour his intended relative, and remove the idea of his patronising a man of the description he so pointedly execrated, the talents and necessities of Frederic were alike overlooked. His lordship now rejoiced that he had not announced him to the world as a connexion of his own, as he had purposed doing, when he should be thrown forward into notice; and the whole of his subsequent conduct proved him the man of affected principle, rather than real virtue. Had he been of the latter description, circumstanced as was the youth whom he had been feeding with delusive hopes, he would rather have endeavoured, by his services and countenance, to preserve him from an improper course of life, than abandoned him to it. On the contrary, however, he now determined to cut the connexion. To do it in the civilest mode, therefore, was his only consideration; and accordingly, with the most cool-blooded indifference, he wrote the following letter:

“ I cannot express, my dear sir, the concern I feel that my wishes to procure you an immediate appointment are defeated, by the gentleman in whose bureau it was, having already supplied himself—a circumstance so unusual in the routine of office, (situated as he was) that I could not possibly have formed an idea of such anticipation at the time I inquired if you would condescend to accept it. I am the more mortified on this account, as I almost immediately leave town for some time, and shall, consequently, have no opportunity of exerting that influence, which, as it might enable me

to serve you, I should doubly value. As my carriage is now waiting, it is impossible for me to inquire personally what steps I can take to prove my zeal and anxiety for your welfare: allow me, however, to mention the only one that at present suggests itself, which arises from having accidentally heard that your brother, Mr. Saint-Villiers, is in town. I have not the honor of his acquaintance: but let me advise you, through some mutual friend, to have your situation and present views stated to him. I shall rejoice to second them, by any representation in my power to make; and he will doubtless perceive it is incumbent upon him, to take care that you be properly provided for, as a younger son of the Saint-Villiers' family.

"Permit me once more to assure you of my unfeigned concern, that my own wishes to assist you have been so feebly seconded by the power of rendering them efficient, and believe me, my dear sir, to be your devoted and most faithful humble servant,

DELLINGTON.

"Dellington House, Saturday noon."

Frederic, after passing a most miserable night, from the anguish both of his body and mind, was just risen, when this letter was brought to him. No language can describe the effect it produced. He opened it with the elation of hope; supposing that it contained the particulars of his appointment: but his senses almost refused belief to the intelligence it conveyed. He was at first unconscious of any other part of its contents, than such as conveyed as severe a disappointment as human nature could receive; and he held it some time in his hand, without ability to bestow another perusal.

When, however, he had at length read it a second time, he easily per-

ceived it was not merely a present destruction to his hopes, but a total annihilation of their dependence on Lord Dellington. Not all the courtly civility, with which it was glossed, could disguise the real state of the case. His lordship's leaving town, was an evident pretence to avoid being any more troubled with solicitations which he was predetermined to disregard; and the cruel sarcasm of begging the assistance of Mr. Saint-Villiers, was a piece of unfeeling malignity, that incensed him beyond endurance against the man who proposed it.

"Now—now indeed," he exclaimed, in the agony of his soul, "may Sir William really brand me as the deceitful pretender that I have been represented, and rejoice in having kept me from seeing his daughter."

At this moment, his distraction almost amounted to phrensy; and, struck with some wild idea of learning if any secret enemy had prejudiced Lord Dellington against him, and endeavouring to refute such calumnies as he might have heard, he seized his hat, quitted the house, and, with a speed not easy for a foot-passenger to put in practice in the crowded streets of the metropolis, was soon in Grosvenor Square.

He was refused admittance at Dellington House. Neither bribes nor threats could avail. He attempted to collar the porter: but, other domestics overpowering him, he was ignominiously forced from the gates, which, a few weeks before, flew open at his approach; and while, at a little distance, he was left by a set of insolent footmen to perish for any thing they cared to the contrary, their unfeeling lord rejoiced he had in good time freed himself from one, who, by evincing a temper of such frantic violence, would have been

useless, if not eventually injurious, in any political business, and stamped a disgrace upon his recommendation. Yet, instead of gratefully humbling himself to the Power who decreed him a more fortunate lot, his prayer, if he uttered any, was that of the Pharisee—"Lord, I thank thee, I am not like this man."

(*To be continued.*)

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(*Continued from page 258.*)

Mr. Middleton to Sir Henry Hastings.

I WRITE this on the borders which part the two kingdoms. I have just taken leave of Brudenel. This is the first separation we have ever known: in a few short hours I shall likewise bid adieu to Sydney, the friend of my youth; and, when I have finished this letter to you, I must think no more on scenes which once constituted all my felicity. I must, if possible, forget Lenox Abbey, and its amiable inhabitants: far other scenes must now engage my attention.

There is something rather serious in entering a new line of life: yet I feel infinitely greater satisfaction in the prospect before me, than I did in the elegant sphere in which I have hitherto passed my time. The reason is obvious:—my birth gave me no pretensions to such advantages; and, though my generous friend did every thing to make me forget my origin, the idea was ever uppermost in my mind. I felt my dependent condition; and my soul ever revolted at dependence. Therefore, Hastings, if ever we meet again, it must be on terms more equal than at present. What I mean by equality is simply this—that I will no longer owe to bounty the bread which I eat, but will endeavour to earn it. This once gained by industry—possessed of something I can

call my own, if it be only a cottage in the Highlands—full gladly will I greet you all again, much more at ease, than if master of a palace, which I must owe entirely to favor—neither birth, fortune, nor merit, having placed me there.—These are my sentiments.—I will now proceed to give you an account of what has passed since I wrote to you last; and what is to be my future plan of operations.

When I found my health re-established, I came to town, and received, as usual, a most cordial reception from Lord Malcombe. My mind was too full of the schemes I had formed, to let much time elapse before I disclosed them to his lordship. I began by expressing my regret at the heavy incumbrance I was sensible I must be to him, and hinting my wishes to be placed in some situation in which I might have an opportunity to do something for my country.

—His lordship seemed quite surprised that I had mentioned this subject, as his wishes to get a proper establishment for me, had, he was pleased to say, long hung heavy on his mind. He wished me to turn my views either to the church, or the army: to the latter he would give the preference, as he thought he had interest enough to get me promoted.—I returned him my warmest thanks for all his goodness to me, but begged leave to decline both his proposals, as my objections to them could not be overcome. I had many reasons, which I would not trouble his lordship to listen to, against my taking orders.—I had still stronger objections to the army. My birth, I told him, forbade my obtruding myself on men of rank: I had pride, and a too quick sensibility of my dependent situation. That pride, and those feelings, would for ever lay me open to real or imaginary

affronts; and I should, from the irascibility of my temper, be exposed to insults which I could not bear. I therefore flattered myself his lordship would not be offended with me for declining a military life: and, if I might trespass still further on his patience, I would beg his attention to a plan which I had long revolved in my mind, and which, I hoped, would meet his approbation. In that case, I should find myself settled in a situation, in which none of the objections I had made to the army could affect me, and where I flattered myself the first wish of my heart might be consummated; which was, that I might be of some service to him, my most generous benefactor. "I have often," said I, "heard your lordship express your apprehensions with regard to the management of your affairs in Scotland, which have made a deep impression on my mind; and some time back, I took the liberty of inquiring into the particulars of the character and proceedings of your steward. The result of those inquiries has convinced me that your suspicions of his integrity are not without foundation. I have for some years endeavoured to make myself acquainted with the value and proper culture of different lands; and, as I have often expressed a predilection in favor of that country, if your lordship would be kind enough to permit me to visit your estates there, and do me the honor to invest me with discretionary power, it would be the ambition of my life to manage your affairs there to your advantage, and to protect your poor and honest tenants from oppression. This employment," continued I, "would be instructive, laudable, and ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~ing~~ ^{ing}. And, if I should have the happiness of rendering service to your lordship, I could, with more

ease to my mind, receive the favors you are continually and with so liberal a hand heaping upon me."

My lord listened to me attentively, and paused some time after I had ceased speaking, before he returned me an answer. The reply he made was too flattering for me to repeat, without giving evident proofs of my vanity. To be short, after having ineffectually employed many generous arguments to persuade me to continue in England, he told me, that, if this scheme was really my wish, it was too beneficial to him not to feel the highest satisfaction in seeing it put into execution; for that he had long been convinced of the necessity of a more minute inquiry into his affairs in Scotland; but that, from a lassitude of mind, joined to the infirmities of age, which he felt growing upon him, he had dreaded coming to an open rupture with a violent vindictive man: wherefore, if I would relieve him from that care, which had long hung a weight upon his mind, he should be entirely at ease.

Every thing was soon settled, for I wanted but little preparation for my journey. My powers are unlimited; his lordship insisting on my managing his estates entirely as I think proper. I take with me my own servant; and, by his own particular desire, an old and faithful Scotch domestic, who has spent his life in this family.—"You will find old Donald very useful to you," said my lord. "He has a double motive for desiring to accompany you in this tour—the joy it will give him once more to see his native country, and the satisfaction he feels in always being with you, for whom he has discovered a strong attachment from your childhood. He knows every foot of my estate, and is acquainted with most of the old tenants, who

I fear, have reason to reproach me for my neglect of them.—I have but one thing more to say," continued my lord—"if you find yourself disgusted with the barren scenes you are going to visit, return immediately to me, to whom you ever were and ever will be dear."

The goodness of his noble heart made the tear of affection moisten his eye; and those of gratitude and respect trembled in mine.—Quickly, very quickly must I banish from my mind those scenes of elegant and social life which once were so dear to me. It will possibly be a considerable time before you hear from me again: for, as I mean to devote my time entirely to the business I go upon, it can be little entertainment to you, to read the dry accounts of my measuring and dividing lands, or the methods I use to settle the differences of the honest Highlanders. Farewell then, Hastings. If ever the charming circle of your friends do me the honor to inquire after me, tell them the heart of Middleton is too deeply impressed with the remembrance of their goodness, ever to forget them.—I remain your devoted humble servant,

H. MIDDLETON.

Miss Charlotte Pembroke to Miss Pembroke.

Stanley Grove.

MY Emma, kind, good, and unrepenting! how superior are you to your gay, your giddy, your unthinking sister! I will not trouble you with apologies for not writing; for, if your heart forgives me, they will be unnecessary; and, if it does not, you will think any reasons I can give too superficial to plead my excuse. Totally absorbed in the pleasurable scenes which awaited me on my arrival here, I contented myself with writing that short, unconnected note, just to let you know; I arrived

at the Grove in health and spirits. But you have one satisfaction, my Emma; this amiable family did you greater justice than your mad-cap Charlotte. The pleasure they expressed on seeing me was damped when they saw that I was alone.—"Where is Miss Pembroke?" cried my friend.—"Had my sister," replied I, "consulted only her own inclinations, she would gladly have accompanied me; but my aunt's illness made the attendance of one of her nieces necessary to her; and Emma, ever my superior, insisted on my keeping my engagement with my friends, while she would endeavour to sooth and soften the painful hours of an infirm relative."

You wish me to be particular in my account of Miss Lenox and Mrs. D'Anville: but I am unequal to the task. Could I write with the ease and sweetness that you do, my description might possibly give you some idea of them. I undoubtedly have seen women much handsomer than Miss Lenox, but never one half so interesting. The perfect symmetry of her form, the easy elegance of every motion, gives a charm to her person, that is not to be described.—Mrs. D'Anville—this is a still more difficult task. After telling you that she is a plain woman, will it not seem strange to say,

"How can I paint the countless charms
That round her love to dwell?"

Her wan cheek, and the faded lustre of her speaking eye, attract one to her, by the softest sentiments of pity and tenderness. And, unaccountable as you may think it, so deeply was I engaged with those ladies, that I did not even wish for the introduction of some gentlemen among us, till the arrival of two ~~starts~~ ^{smarts} convinced me that my heart could still flutter at the sight of a beau.

Sir Henry Hastings is a tall, elegant, accomplished man, and seems every way worthy of my fair friend. His friend, Sir Frederic Aubrey—Oh! Emma, why does my hand tremble, and my face glow, as if thy penetrating eye could at this distance perceive the suffusion on my cheek? This gentleman, to the finest person imaginable, unites polished manners, and the most insinuating address. To this I believe I may add, that there is a strong trait of the libertine about him: but the worthier parts of his character are surely predominant, or Sir Henry would not have introduced him to our society.

I am giddy and vain; yet I think that vanity would not so far have misled my judgement, as to mistake the common-place gallantry of a polite man for a particular attention. I am not, I cannot be deceived. Sir Frederic Aubrey is ever at my side: he says a thousand flattering things with the best grace imaginable: he walks, he dances with me; yet why all this assiduity, if it is meant only to deceive? Can such a man receive any satisfaction in gaining the heart of an artless inexperienced girl, and then leaving her to lament her credulity?

Methinks I hear my kind and partial sister say, "Why all these uneasy suspicions? Let Sir Frederic's rank in life be never so elevated, a connexion with Charlotte Pembroke will reflect no dishonor on him. He cannot mean to trifle with women of our family and fortune."—True; I think he cannot. Yet why—Oh! why, in the midst of his attentions to me, do I so frequently see his eyes wander after Miss Lenox? Why, on her approach, does an additional glow animate his fine face? and why do I so often hear a half-smothered sigh, when he gazes upon

her? If he loved me, would he feel those emotions at the sight of another? Have I not then some reason to suppose, that I am only the amusement of his leisure hours, while Matilda is mistress of his heart? Oh! why am I thus involved in this labyrinth of doubt and uncertainty? I fear my bosom has given admittance to a guest that will greatly disturb my peace, if encouraged. Yet do not be alarmed on my account, my Emma: this is yet but an infant passion: my pride will prevent its increase: nor have I lost any of my vivacity. I talk and I laugh with the same freedom as ever, even with this too insinuating man.—A very little time will determine this affair: he will either turn his regards entirely to Miss Lenox, or he will be more explicit in his behaviour to me. But if he still continue the same ungenerous conduct, and I find that I cannot see him with indifference, I will fly from this place: I will return to the shades of Embden; and there thy soothing converse will soon tune my soul to peace.

I will now wave this subject, and choose another, which I know will give you much greater pleasure. Mrs. D'Anville has heard from Sir Thomas Byron. In his letter, he tells her, that, as she is happily again at liberty, he once more offers her a heart, long and tenderly attached to her: but if, from the unfortunate consequences attending her former marriage, her heart should be averse to entering into a union to which his soul has ever ardently aspired, he will endeavour to be satisfied with her friendship, of which he hopes that no future incident in life can ever deprive him; for, to see her happy, and to contribute to her felicity, will constitute all his happiness.

The soul of Mrs. D'Anville was agitated, as she read this tender and generous epistle.—“ My dear Byron !” she exclaimed—“ can you think me insensible to your worth, your known honor, your steady and unabated attachment ? You are all that is left me of my former dear and valued connexions. You will be to me” (she continued, with the tears trembling in her eyes) “ the father I have lost, the lover I have lamented, and the husband I must ever love.”

Every heart in which there is the least trace of goodness, will feel a pleasurable sensation at the prospect of so happy a termination of Mrs. D'Anville's sorrows.—Lord Ossenvor is acquainted with Sir Thomas Byron : he has sent him a pressing invitation to meet his beloved widow at the Grove. His arrival will, I fancy, make a great alteration in the state of things here. Sir Henry is very importunate with Lady Louisa to fix an early day to complete his happiness ; and her denials are too faint to be of long continuance.—I have a kind of presentiment that the widow and my fair friend have agreed to sacrifice at the altar of Hymen together.

I cannot here omit a very just observation of Mrs. D'Anville's, which she introduced one day in the course of conversation on her affairs, and which I repeat, as nearly as I can recollect, in her own words—“ I cannot help thinking, that, if the story of my life were generally known, it might have a salutary effect on the conduct of many young and inexperienced females. They would there see the propriety of a strict adherence to the relative duties of life, not only as considered in a moral view, but likewise as being probably the most efficacious means they can pursue to attain the happiness they sigh for. Do I not speak from experience ? My cup of sorrow,

I will own, did, in the moments of anguish, appear to me to overflow. But with a grateful heart I avow, I am now amply rewarded for all my sufferings.—What a society of friends here honor me with their attention ! With what an amiable and deserving man am I about to pass my future life ! Even in this world, do I not enjoy all that a mortal can wish for ? and, in the world to come,” (continued the dear enthusiast, with her hands clasped, and her eyes turned to heaven) “ my heart indulges the cheering hope, that, happy myself, I shall see my lost Mortimer happy too.”

Miss Hastings—I cry you mercy, fair lady, for having so long deferred to mention your name. You are of too much consequence in your own, nay in every one's opinion, to be neglected. Miss Hastings is Sir Henry's only sister : she is a very elegant woman ; and, in any other circle than this, she would shine a star of the first magnitude. But here, where the obsolete virtues of humanity, humility, delicacy, and diffidence, are thought the first requisites to form a female character, what charms can there be in the conversation of a society of this description to Clara Hastings, who has been brought up in more modern notions ? Her large black eyes are continually wandering about in search of admiration : but here she plays off her attractions in vain ; for, unfortunately, there are no beaux to pay her the adoration she sighs for. And I do believe that it is much against her inclination that she has made so long a visit at the Grove ; but, in compliance with the wishes of her brother, she is to stay till the fair Louisa is his bride. Adieu, my dear sister !—Believe me most affectionately yours,

CHARLOTTE PEMBROOK.
(To be continued)

FAVORITE ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

As you have lately published a complaint of the inconveniences occasioned by a certain set of ladies, owing to different innocent objects that excite their antipathy*, I wish to state my case, which is equally distressing, though originating from an opposite cause.

A rich old lady, from whom my family have considerable expectations, has lately returned to settle in her old neighbourhood, after an absence of many years. She has, unhappily, more sensibility than sense: and, in some of her nonsensical *réveries*, having pondered upon the system of Pythagoras, till she doubts whether it is real or imaginary, she compromises the matter by saying, that, as we do not know it to be false, we ought to act as if it were true.—“Then I presume, madam, you will give us a Braminical sort of repast, when we have the honor of dining with you on Sunday,” said I, supposing the aim of her discourse was to prepare us for a dinner, for which no life had been sacrificed.

“By no means,” replied she. “The fowls of the air, the fish of the sea, the beasts of the field, are all for the use of man.—When dead, it is immaterial what they may have been, or what new body is now animated by the immortal principle which once vivified theirs. But, while alive, it seems to me an indispensable duty to render their lives happy: and, upon the possibility that my cat or my dog may once have been an individual of the human species, I take as much pains for their comfort, as for my own.”

This strange sophistry was broached upon Mrs. Belworthy's first morn-

ing visit to my wife: and by this ridiculous system, she models her conduct—trimming between her doubts and her appetites, with a nicety which would not have disgraced the most subtle casuist. Her dinners and her wines are excellent; for she prides herself on having the best of every thing: but then all the other parts of her domestic economy are influenced by that silly attachment to the Pythagorean doctrine. The number of noisy, disagreeable animals that she keeps about her, is equally offensive to the eyes, the ears, and the olfactory nerves of her guests—to say nothing of the mischief they cause to their clothes, as well as to her furniture.

Of this, however, I should not complain, if the evil was confined to her house, as I could easily avoid it by keeping away from a place where I do not feel myself comfortable. But my own house is no better. To gratiate themselves with Mrs. Belworthy, the females of my family copy her follies. One is become dotingly fond of dogs, another of cats, a third of birds; and my wife—an old fool—on seeing a flag taken up, which covered a nest of young mice, would not let them be destroyed, in hopes the mason, who is employed by Mrs. Belworthy, might sound forth the praises of her humanity. An ugly terrier, redeemed from the gallows by Miss Anastasia's humanity, is become a prime favorite, and, like all other favorites, is spoiled and presumptuous. I have vainly remonstrated against his being suffered to lie on the parlour chairs: for, if I drive him off, his next station is upon his mistress's knee, which I think a still less proper place. In short, for quietness' sake, I am obliged to yield; and many are the provocations I endure.

* *Lady's Magazine* for April, page 174.

Our worthy vicar, who came in after it grew dark last night to have a little neighbourly chat, did not perceive that the chair he intended to take was pre-occupied, and squatted down upon Testy. Testy, who cares for no man, resented the intrusion by a sudden snap. The vicar rose with the agility of a Harlequin, but unfortunately treading upon an old Tom cat, that reposed within half a yard of him, he fell down, bringing along with him a stand of old china, which he seised in trying to save himself. The confusion of this grand crash was increased by Testy springing, with a hideous growl, toward his fallen foe—puss mewling—and the frightened Canaries outscreeaming all the noise I had ever heard them make before; while the shrill screams of the ladies made a treble to the deep bass of the churchman's anger.

In time, however, peace was restored: but this cross accident has lost me a kind companion. The vicar declares he will visit me no more; and, in addition to the diminution of my domestic comforts, I am deprived of the society of the man who ought to teach me patience under my sufferings. In consequence of this, and as a last resource, I have determined to make my case public, trusting that a sense of shame will correct this dog-nursing, cat-fondling, bird-fancying mania, which has crept into my family, and bapished all comfort from my fire-side.

I do not believe, with all the pains my daughters take, Mrs. Belworthy will enlarge their legacies beyond her original intentions; and I am sure, that nothing which she will leave, or I can give, will procure husbands for girls who would slight them for the first ugly puppy they saw.—I am, sir, your humble servant,
ANTIPYTHAGORAS.

Fashionable WATERING-PLACES.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

As you have not thought my observations on the Ball-Room unworthy of publication*, I am induced to offer such further remarks on society and manners, as have lately struck me in the more extensive sphere of a fashionable watering-place.

The alterations, that surprised me so much before, have rather increased than lost their power of astonishing me; and the more I reflect, the more I am struck with the want of that reserve and decorum, which used formerly to prevail in all promiscuous meetings. As to dress—no distinction exists between the mistress and the maid, except that the one wears a cap; and the difference between master and man is only marked by the latter wearing powder. 'Tis no less strange than true, that gentlemen—or, at least, peers and baronets—will dine with ladies in great coats, trowsers, and colored handkerchiefs about their necks.

The errors I have fallen into from this perversion of appearances, are innumerable. A person, whom I saw drive a mail-coach to the door, and then sit upon a horse-block, and converse with a groom, I naturally supposed to be one of the fraternity with whom he associated. Our servants were not to be found; and I wanted something brought from a shop. I opened a window, and offered sixpence to the lounge, who, I thought, would be glad to go on my errand. "*Wo'n't you double the tixxy, my good grandame?*" said he with a loud laugh; and, cracking his whip, went off to a young baronet, of similar appearance, who had just

* See our Magazine for April, page 168.

been pointed out to me as one of the most famous charioteers of the day.

My next mistake was of an exactly opposite nature. At dinner, a better dressed, better looking man than usual, desired me to make a little room.—I thought he wanted a place for himself—moved my chair—and asked him to sit down: but, alas! I only proved my country ignorance, in showing my civility to an occupant of the second table, instead of the first.

This said quality, however, ycleped civility, is by no means one of the annoyances of a public table. No person has yet evinced it in drinking my health: but when those of the king, queen, and royal family, remained unnoticed, I ceased to think the omission of my own so extraordinary as it appeared.

Another wonderful change in the manners of modern days is the multiplication of noise. Nobody now cares how far he disturbs another. The elevation of one voice is the signal for half a dozen more being raised to their highest pitch; and, no matter whether people speak well or ill, they will be heard.

Instead of the slow quiet walk, which formerly denoted persons of dignity and consequence, young ladies now run up and down a room, as if they were answering a bell; and, by this agility, secure the easiest chairs, and the best places, before their seniors have got half way to them.

These things, Mr. Editor, I allow, are in themselves trivial; but their tendency is serious. One stone, you know, does not make a house; but, by the accumulation of many, the largest edifices are erected. 'Tis thus, that, by degrees, the whole structure of morals and of manners will be overturned. Already has the ease of the women created insolence in the men; and I am con-

vinced they think they honor every female, to whom they listen or speak. For instance, one of our gentlemen of consequence, after a little rattling conversation with a very pretty girl, said—"Now, if you wish to play, I will go and hear you: but you really must get the music I mentioned; for 'tis quite a tax on one's patience to listen to such antediluvian stuff as you have here." To her mother, I afterwards heard the same personage say, "If you are inclined for cards, Mrs. Foxton, I have just leisure to play half an hour with you."

Another fashionable beau, in my hearing, told another fashionable belle, that, when he was ready to ride, he would send to her; and, without the least appearance of surprise, she answered, that she would wait.

It does not appear remarkable to any one but myself, to hear the young men speak of their dogs and horses, as the only objects for which they feel any interest: and, when not on subjects of such importance, a sort of quizzing raillery marks their tone, that would formerly have been offensive in the company of ladies, but which, by the accommodating fair ones of the present day, seems not merely allowed, but preferred.

Another absurdity that astonishes me, is the languid indolence which people assume at some times, while at others they are equal to any exertions, except, indeed, those of the mind, which seems constantly in a state of inanity. They dare not drink or bathe without advice; yet, from long walks, long rides, crowded rooms, and midnight balls, no advice can restrain them.

One day, I saw a lady assiduously studying a treatise upon the different mineral waters of the place, and the diseases for which they are efficacious. I told her, that, from her appearance, I hoped she came rather

for pleasure than for health. "Ah! no indeed!" was the reply. "I mean to consult Dr. A*** to-morrow: and so I purchased his book to-day, that I might ascertain exactly the symptoms of my disorder, and be prepared as to what I ought to describe."—"No desperate case," thought I, "where the lady must read in order to know what she shall complain of." But really it seems to me, that, though regaining health is the nominal reason for resorting to these places, more will be sacrificed than acquired, where the quiet and comfort of the aged and the sick are secondary objects to the amusement of the young and the healthy.

In short, sir, I find myself totally at a loss how to assimilate to the race that have succeeded my contemporaries. My actions are different, my thoughts dissimilar, my words obsolete: and I listen with astonishment, instead of mixing in conversation, where the men talk like cooks or grooms, and the women like chemists.—I am, sir, with much respect, your humble servant,

AN OLD GENTLEWOMAN.

For the Lady's Magazine.

POLITENESS.—*A Sketch.*

WHAT is politeness? Not what is frequently termed so; not a profusion of compliments without meaning, or the apologies that give pain to the bosom of friendship; not the parade that shows you the house is to be disturbed by your arrival; or the ceremony that proves you are considered as a stranger:—no: politeness is the genuine offspring of philanthropy! Politeness! are we aware, when we use that term, how comprehensive it is? that it is a sentiment, which, without any apparent exertion, diffuses a charm over the whole manner of the person possessing it? Politeness always prompts

the most obliging attentions to a friend, but never passes beyond the bounds of propriety. Apology, delicately managed, is conciliating to the feelings of every one: it is an oblation to pride, which reason needs not blush to offer; and forbids the observation of many little defects: but apology overstrained becomes ceremony; politeness vanishes, while ease and harmony are no longer seen or experienced. Politeness consults the feelings and inclinations of others, and, leading to those subjects of conversation most likely to give pleasure, is careful to avoid all that have an opposite tendency.

Flavilla, with the best intentions possible, always mistakes this amiable sentiment, and substitutes ceremony in its place. Her house is sure to be more disordered when her friends visit her, than at any other time: her dinner is worse dressed, and she has nothing that she would have procured if she had had an idea of being favored with their company. As soon as they enter the house, she overwhelms them with apologies; and, by the time they are seated, quits the room, to give directions to her servants about dinner. After a long absence, during which a little girl has been sent three or four times to assure them that her mamma will be down directly, she returns, dressed as fine as she can make herself, asking a thousand pardons for leaving them so long: but the pleasure of seeing them was so unexpected, she was not in the least prepared; by these means civilly telling them they have disturbed the tranquillity of her whole house: and this Flavilla calls "paying respect to her friends!"

Honorina understands true politeness better. She is convinced, that, if not the basis, it is the cement, of friendship; and she knows perfectly

well how to preserve the happy mean between ceremony and familiarity ; well aware that the one is not more destructive of the ease and comfort of society, than the other is of that respect for ourselves and others, which ought always to be preserved among the most intimate connexions. Honoria is always neat : but, as she is the mistress of a family, and possesses only a small fortune, she is sometimes surprised, not in a manner that needs raise a blush upon her cheek, but as she would not designedly meet her friends. When this occurs, which is but seldom, though respect may dictate an apology, the most fastidious could not suppose herself to be considered as an intruder. Honoria does not think politeness requires that she should express any regret for the want of delicacies which her fortune does not enable her to obtain ; but pays her friends the compliment of supposing that they visit her for the sake of enjoying her company, not her table. Without descending to servility, she employs the versatility of talent which she so eminently possesses, in rendering herself agreeable to every one ; and cheerfulness, the attendant upon ease, is ever to be found in the happy circle of friends whom her amiable disposition draws round her.—The best cultivated mind, though it may excite admiration, will fail to charm, if not graced by urbanity of manners.

MARINA.

ECONOMY and AVARICE.

“Saving knowledge is the perfection of knowledge.”

PERHAPS there are no two propensities of our nature, that appear to have their origin from the same source—a principle of saving—more really opposite than economy and avarice. The economic man is constantly anxious to live within his

income, and to save whatever may be saved, with propriety, and without debarring himself from any essential comfort. It is not from the delight he experiences in knowing himself to be the possessor of this or that sum of money, that he is anxious to avoid expense ; but it is from a wish to escape extravagance and ruin, and to do as he would be done by, in paying every one their own. This is a proper feeling ; and the term “*economic*” may be as properly applied, according to their respective modes of living, to the man of ten thousand pounds a year, as to the man who has but a hundred. The economic nobleman will perhaps neither frequent the hazard-table nor the race-course ; will perhaps neither expend a whole year’s income upon one feast, that may serve to fill two columns of a newspaper ; nor, in any other most fashionable mode, render himself the public talk ; even though, by such conduct, he will probably lose—what many appear to sigh for with much anxiety—the loud-mouthed praise of fools, and the shoulder-shrugging censure of wiser men : but he will be more than repaid in his own better feelings, by reflecting that he has paid his tradesmen promptly, made his tenants comfortable, and dried up many a bitter tear of anguish. He may close his eyes, without the galling thought that his extravagancies have made many an honest man’s heart to ache through the day, and kept him awake through the night.

The economic man with but a hundred a year, may be called by some of his equals a niggard, a mean fellow, and a variety of such epithets ; because, forsooth, he will not join them in an extra pint of porter, a trip out of town on a Sunday, a treat to the play, or any other such

recreation. But look at the consequences to each party, and you will at once perceive which is in the right. The man of economy can still have his accustomed meal, and his single pint of porter; can still make his appearance in public, dressed as a decent and respectable man should be dressed; and, from paying his way regularly, can look every man in the face, without a dread of being dunned. On the other hand, the man who has indulged himself in his little extra luxuries, finds himself at last incapable of obtaining even what nature demands; becomes dirty and careless of himself; and, from being in debt, is obliged to skulk about in holes and corners, to avoid his creditors; and perhaps at last ends his days in a prison! Hence it may be seen, that economy should be pursued by all, whatever their income may be; it is a useful and a virtuous habit.

Avarice, on the contrary, is a most hateful vice. The miser is influenced by no good feeling whatever: he would almost rob his neighbour, to enrich himself; therefore it is a mere propensity to gain that influences him. The two old proverbs—

“Farthings, long sav’d, amount to pounds at last”—

and “Take care of the farthings, and the pounds will take care of themselves”—are perpetually on his lips; and there is nothing that will retard him in his darling pursuit—neither time, distance, nor difficulty—provided he do but get money by it in the end. He has nothing *extra*: it is well if he allows himself sufficient food; and that is sure to be of the very worst kind; so bad, often, that a hungry dog would scarcely eat it. His drink is seldom stronger than water; and some think even that is too good for him.

He will frequently rail at the good living of his neighbours, and that as feelingly, as if the cost of it went from his own pocket; where, there is no question, he would gladly see the amount of every such treat go.

As to dress, that of the miser would generally beggar all description; and this I say without intending a pun, though it has more of the beggar in it than any thing else: a slouched hat, that very likely may have been once black; a coat that may have had a distinctive color of its own, but now so faded and soiled, that it is impossible to guess what was its original hue; and so of the rest; while his stockings will probably be darned nearly up to the calf of his leg, and this too, no doubt, by his own hands; and his shoes, like the celebrated *pantoufles* of Abu Casem in the eastern story, will be mended, till no vestige either of the original upper-leather or sole is to be seen.

In this description, we can, without any difficulty, recognise the dress of the mendicant: but that such should be, as it sometimes is, the dress of a rich man, excites a feeling something between shame and resentment; shame at the degradation of human nature, and resentment against the wretched being who so degrades it.

Of the repose of the miser, perhaps little is known: but it is generally believed to be uneasy, and frequently broken by the idea of the possibility that his hoards may become the prey of the midnight robber, notwithstanding the “locks, bolts, and bars,” that secure them. If he dreams, one would suppose his visions had nothing of gentleness in them. As the hungry are said to dream of feasts, the warriors of battles, and the lover of his mistress; so the miser’s dream most likely would be

of new frauds, usuries, and other successful methods of increasing his self.

In sickness, the miser is too mean to allow himself either physician or medicine. Perhaps indeed his situation is so remote, and unattended to, that, not unfrequently, he falls beneath the barbed shaft of Death, unassisted and alone! Very likely too, he is found with his dear-loved treasure clasped to his breast, as if he had indulged a vain hope of taking it with him, from this to the other world.

Alas! how miserable a picture is the foregoing! yet has it been realised in its principal features in our own times; and Elwes and Dance will be handed down to posterity, as two of the prime worshippers at the modern altar of Avarice.

It very often happens, that the property of such men falls, at their decease, into the hands of relatives, who, from the wretched parsimony of their predecessors, have been kept uneducated, without the least knowledge of the real use or value of money; and who, when such immense riches become theirs by inheritance, squander them away in the basest and most unworthy manner.

Gentle fair ones! much of the conduct of men depends upon your influence. Oh! then, let it be so used over those who may be allied to you, either by the ties of love or kindred, as to guard them from the two extremes of extravagance and avarice. The sensible among you—and they are many—well know that true comfort waits not upon either. Want is the follower of both; in the one instance from necessity, in the other from choice. Teach us then to follow the road of economy; your sparkling eyes will give the only sun-beams needed, to light us

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on our cheerful way; your voice will be the only guide we shall want; your smile of approbation, the only reward we shall look for!

J. M. LACEY.

The CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

I do not know a more abused set of unfortunates, than the poor boys who are apprenticed to chimney-sweepers. Many have been the affecting tales, in prose and verse, elicited from feeling bosoms by their sufferings. Unfortunately, however, most of these rather awake a sense of the beautiful in composition, than call the heart to any thing like a real reflexion on their situation.

I was returning westward, on the night of Whitsun-Tuesday last, from having supped with a friend in the city. It was about twelve o'clock; and, as I passed the end of a court, I heard a considerable noise proceed from it; and, looking up, saw a watchman standing with his lantern, surrounded by four or five men, at the door of one of the houses. Being blessed with a certain portion of curiosity, and feeling anxious to know what was the matter, I went up; when I found that the inhabitants of a tolerably decent-looking house had gone out without fastening their parlour window-shutters; and the constable of the night, in going his rounds, had discovered this, and was knocking and calling for some one to come and shut them.

At this time I knew not the business of the person who kept the house; but the constable seemed to be familiar with the place, and was lustily bawling out, "Bill! Bill! come and fasten the shutters."

While I was looking at the door of the house, expecting to see it

2 T

open, a cellar flap was pushed up, which I had not before noticed ; and out popped the head of a poor boy, about twelve or thirteen years old, whose features were begrimed with soot, and who, in great confusion, began to rub his poor inflamed eyes ; and, thinking he was called up to go to his labor, stammered something about " night-carts," and that he did not know " where his job was," with so much simplicity, and yet with such apparent apathy, that " poor fellow" was spontaneously ejaculated by all the by-standers ; and I certainly felt infinitely more the real misery of the lad's situation, than ever I had before done, from reading any labored piece of writing on the subject.

When he had a little recovered his recollection, poor " Bill" told the constable, that he could not close the shutters, not being able to get at them ; his abode at night being always in the cellar ; the communication from which to the house was shut against him ; and that his master and mistress were out holiday-making. The poor boy now closed his shutter again, and retired in total darkness to his bed, which I understood to be made up of sacks, laid upon the soot-heap.

My heart bled for the boy : and, when, as I slowly walked home, I recollected that he was not the only victim, by perhaps some thousands, to such a business, my feelings of pity were increased to an intensity that made me quite uneasy.

Surely something might be done, to relieve such poor children. If it is found that chimneys cannot be swept but by human beings, it does not follow that they are to be perpetually involved in the filth of such an employ ; and, after having from a very early hour of the morning been occupied in sweeping, carrying

home soot, and sifting cinders, be condemned—I can describe it by no better term—to lie down in a damp, dark, unwholesome cellar, with all this accumulated dirt about them, and sleep even less comfortably than a dog.

I do not mean to assert that all boys, so employed, are treated as ill as the one I saw : I most sincerely hope not : but I do think that their condition calls for the interference of the legislature. The act already passed, which, I believe, merely badges them with their master's name, and regulates some other trifling matters, might be extended to their dress, sleeping, &c.—might, for example, state the number of hours in a day that the boys should be employed, and enforce, under a severe penalty on the master, that, when those hours were over, he should see the boys stripped of their sooty garments—which might be left in the cellar, or some out-house—well washed, and clothed in a dress that should be free from filth ; and that at night they should sleep on clean beds or mattresses.

Such a system would, I conceive, not be attended with difficulty in the adoption ; and the benefit to the poor boys would be incalculable. By the present mode, their growth is prevented, their eye-sight impaired, and rheumatisms, or other diseases, fixed upon them for life : in the proposed one, they would stand a good chance of being saved from all these miseries.

These are the feeble hints of a feeble-minded man, but nevertheless of one who wishes well to humanity ; and who will be amply repaid, if they induce an abler mind, and one who has the power as well as the wish to assist the distressed, to espouse the poor chimney-sweepers' cause.

J. M. L.

Feminine Modesty.—Magnanimous Clemency. 327

Feminine MODESTY.

(From "*Says she to her Neighbour, What ?*")

Lady.—WHAT do you mean by modesty ?

Gentleman —I mean that intuitive delicacy, heightened by education and habit, which leads the truly feminine to shrink not only from guilt, but its faintest shadow, and to tremble at every species of sexual allusion, by a sense of impropriety more subtle than reason, more rapid than reflexion, more animated than prudence, yet combining the essence of them all ; in short, it is to the mind what your veil is to your face, a thing many people conceive you could do without, because you have a handsome set of features under it, and which the purblind condemn, because they cannot see through it, but which every finer eye delights in, as the medium which adds loveliness to beauty, and softness to brilliance.

Magnanimous CLEMENCY.

THE following instance of magnanimous clemency, in Gustavus III. of Sweden, after he had been shot by the assassin Ankerstroem in 1792, is extracted from a state paper published, after his death, by his brother, the Duke of Sudermania.

"Being with his late majesty, who was then upon his death-bed, and who expired in a very few days, we talked to him of the cruel misfortune that had befallen him, and the fatal consequence that would ensue. The king condescended to tell us, that the idea of the deserved tortures which awaited his murderers pained him more than his own sufferings ; and he added, that it weighed so much upon his spirits as to prevent his enjoying a moment's peace, till we had promised and sworn to him, upon the faith of a brother and a prince, that, in case he

died, we would, in consideration of his entreaties, save the lives of those unhappy wretches who had thus forgotten the fidelity they owed him. Melting into tears at the noble interest he took in their fate, we however ventured to represent, that no laws, either human or divine, could suffer so horrible a crime to escape the punishment of death ; and that the honor of the Swedish name, together with the public safety, expressly demanded this justice. His majesty was sensibly touched at these sincere representations, and said, with much sorrow, that, if the law of reprisal necessarily required blood for blood, and if his intercessions, as the party concerned, were not sufficient so save the criminal who was so unfortunate as to strike the blow, he reserved to himself the power of pronouncing that the assassin alone should be punished with death, and that he granted their lives to all who were concerned in the plot."

We have to add, that, agreeably to the humane intentions of the dying monarch, the sentence of death, passed on four of Ankerstroem's fellow conspirators, was changed to that of perpetual banishment, and the actual assassin alone suffered capital punishment.

TRADITION and REVELATION.

(From Mr. Ewing's "*Essays addressed to the Jews.*")

IN the earliest ages of the world, the memory of divine communications, as well as that of all remarkable events and transactions in the history of mankind, was transmitted to posterity by means of verbal recitation. This method of preserving it was sufficient, while revelations were short and few in number, while the life of man was long, and while patriarchs of a chosen race could transmit the knowledge of

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them by domestic instruction. But when both the revelations and the people who received them were greatly multiplied, when a code of laws was given to a nation, when a government of God was established in Israel, the annals of which were to be published to the world, and recorded for an example to posterity to the end of time, it pleased God to direct his inspired servants to commit his oracles to writing. This important æra in the divine dispensations ought ever to be remembered with gratitude and joy. How completely are the Jews distinguished from all other nations, by the authentic history which they possess, of their origin, and of the most remarkable events of their subsequent progress, as well as by the predictions which regard their future lot! If indeed the revelations of God had not been thus secured, the means of religious knowledge would soon have been inferior to those of the knowledge of ordinary affairs. For no sooner did writing become generally known, than it was used for records of every kind; and how strange would it have been, if the fables, and crimes, and speculations of heathens had been thus transmitted to after ages, while the history, the laws, and the oracles of the sacred nation had no other monument than a transient and treacherous succession of impressions on the human memory—no other channel of communication than the fleeting sounds of the human voice! Miracles could, indeed, preserve any thing, in any way; but God works not miracles without a suitable occasion. The books of Moses have accordingly transmitted all the oral traditions of the patriarchs, which it was the will of God to preserve; and none of the sacred books acknowledge any oral traditions of posterior date.

The RESURRECTION of the BODY.
(From Dr Gregory's "*Letters to a Friend.*")

OBJECTORS urge, that, after death, the body may not merely become insensible, inactive, and undergo corruption; but, further, may experience dispersion of particles, and union with other bodies. Thus the body of a dead man may be burned (as were those of some primitive martyrs, by their enemies, in derision of the resurrection), its ashes scattered in the air, blown about by the wind, or exhaled into the atmosphere: or, after it is resolved into earth or humid matter, it may be taken up by the vessels which supply plants with nutriment, and at length become constituent parts of the substance of those plants. How can particles thus dispersed half over the earth, or thus intimately combined with other bodies, be recalled from their state of dispersion, or separated from the bodies of which they have subsequently formed constituent parts, and re-united so as to form one body? Here, again, we may deprive the objection of all force, by contemplating processes of daily occurrence. Chemists can intermix several liquids of essentially different kinds in such manner, that the smallest sensible particle of the resulting liquid shall partake of all the constituent liquids; and then they can by analysis separate this compound substance into all the simple liquids of which it was composed. They can detect, separate, and measure, the several simple substances of which a certain compound natural mass shall be formed, ... and all this, be it recollected, by means within the compass of human agents. Does the collecting together of the scattered particles of dead bodies, or the separation of them from other bodies with which, they may have become combined, require skill or energy so much greater than the operations of

art to which I have just been adverting, that we must pronounce them too difficult for the Creator of the world to perform? Is his knowledge so circumscribed that He cannot tell what he omes of every particle of every body He has created? Or cannot matchless knowledge, and unlimited power, know and accomplish all things required by infinite wisdom, or promised by boundless love, as easily and successfully as a chemist can ascertain or separate the various substances in a compound mass?

MUNGO PARK.

THE melancholy tale of that adventurous and indefatigable traveller is thus related by the Directors of the African Institution, in their sixth Report, read at their annual general meeting, in March, 1812.

The last accounts, received from this distinguished traveller, were dated from Sansanding, on the river Niger. He then transmitted to the secretary of state the journal of his proceedings down to that period. This journal has been received; and the substance of it, which is highly interesting, the directors have obtained leave from government to publish.

In a former report, it was mentioned that Governor Maxwell, who then commanded at Senegal, had sent a native Mohammedan, of the name of Isaac (the same man who had accompanied Mr. Park, as guide, to Sansanding), into the interior, in order to procure some correct account of his fate. This man returned to Senegal after an absence of about twenty months, and made a written report of his proceedings to Governor Maxwell. A translation of this report has been forwarded by Governor Maxwell to the board; and it is intended to publish the substance of

it, along with Mr. Park's Journal. In the meantime, they have thought it right to lay before the meeting an extract from that part of it which gives an account of the fate of Mr. Park.

Isaac had accompanied Mr. Park, as his guide, as far as Sansanding, on the Niger. He then quitted him, after having procured another guide, of the name of Amadee-Fatouma, who agreed to accompany Mr. Park to the confines of Haoussa.

Isaac found this man at Sansanding, and from him he received a detailed account of Mr. Park's proceedings from the time of his embarking at Sansanding, on board a large schooner-rigged canoe, in which he had undertaken to navigate the Niger to its mouth, until the period of his parting with him, which was a day or two after they had reached the kingdom of Haoussa. The narrative of Amadee-Fatouma then proceeds as follows.

"Next day Mr. Park departed, and I slept in the village (Yaour). Next morning I went to the king, to pay my respects to him. On entering the house, I found two men, who came on horseback. They were sent by the chief of Yaour. They said to the king, 'We are sent by the chief of Yaour, to let you know, that the white men went away, without giving you or him (the chief) any thing. They have a great many things with them; and we have received nothing from them: and this Amadee-Fatouma, now before you, is a bad man, and has likewise made a fool of you both.' The king immediately ordered me to be put in irons; which was accordingly done, and every thing I had taken from me. Some were for killing me, and some for preserving my life. The next morning, early, the king sent an army to a village called Boussa, near the river's side. There is be-

fore this village a rock across the whole breadth of the river. One part of the rock is very high: there is there a large opening in that rock, in the form of a door, which is the only passage for the water to pass through: the tide current is here very strong. The army went and took possession of the top of this opening. Mr. Park came there after the army had posted itself: he, nevertheless, attempted to pass. The people began to attack him, throwing lances, pikes, arrows, and stones. Mr. Park defended himself for a long time: two of his slaves, at the stern of the canoe, were killed. They threw every thing they had in the canoe into the river, and kept firing; but, being overpowered by numbers and fatigue, and unable to keep up the canoe against the current, and no probability of escaping, Mr. Park took hold of one of the white men, and jumped into the water. Martin did the same; and they were drowned in the stream in attempting to escape. The only slave remaining in the boat, seeing the natives persist in throwing weapons at the canoe, stood up, and said to them, 'Stop throwing, now you see nothing in the canoe, and nobody but myself; therefore cease. Take me and the canoe, but don't kill me.' They took possession of the canoe and the man, and carried them to the king.

"I was kept in irons three months. The king then released me, and gave me a male slave. I immediately went to the slave taken in the canoe, who told me in what manner Mr. Park and all of them had died, and what I have related above."

SUPERSTITIONS

of the SCOTCH HIGHLANDERS.

FROM Mrs. Grant's "Essay on the Superstitions of the Highlanders of Scotland," we have selected the fol-

lowing passages for the entertainment of our fair readers.

It were long and strange to tell all the different forms which superstition assumed; but, in order to go on progressively through the most prominent of them, we shall begin with infancy.

The first danger to be guarded against, then, was the power of fairies, in taking away the infant, or its mother; who were never considered as entirely safe, till the one was baptised, and the other had performed her devotions at some chapel or consecrated place. All the powers of darkness, and even those equivocal spirits who did good or evil as they happened to be inclined, were supposed to yield instantly before the performance of a religious rite, or even a solemn invocation of the Deity.

But, then, the danger was, that one might be carried off in sleep. Sound orthodoxy would object to this, that the same power guards us waking and asleep. This argument would not in the least stagger a Highland devotee. He would tell you, that, till those sacred rites, which admit the child, and re-admit the mother into the church, were performed, both were in a state of impurity; which subjected them (the body, not the soul) to the power of evil spirits; and that it was the duty of the friends of such, to watch them during their sleep, that, on the approach of evil spirits (who never came unseen) they might adjure them, in the holiest name, to depart; which they never failed to do, when thus repelled. If these vigilant duties were neglected, the soul of the abstracted person might be saved; but his friends, in the privation they sustained, suffered the due punishment of their negligence of what was at once a duty of affection and of religion.

If, however, they were not able or willing to watch, or wished for a still greater security, the bed, containing the mother and the infant, was drawn out on the floor; the attendant took a Bible, and went thrice round it, waving all the time the open leaves, and adjuring all the enemies of mankind, by the power and virtue contained in that book, to fly instantly to the Red Sea, &c.

After this ceremony had been gone through, all slept quiet and safely; yet it was not accounted a proof of diligent attachment to have recourse to this mode of securing a night's rest to the watcher.

When the infant was secured by the performance of this hallowed rite from all risk of being carried away, or exchanged for a fairy, there was still an impending danger, which required the utmost vigilance of mistaken piety to avert. This was not only the well-known dread of an evil eye, which, by a strange coincidence, is to be traced not only in every country, in the first stages of civilization, but in every age of which any memorials are preserved.

There was, besides this, an indistinct notion, that it was impious and too self-dependent to boast of the health or beauty of any creature, rational or irrational, which seemed to belong to us; but which was not, in fact, a gift, but a loan to be resumed at pleasure, which we ought not to appropriate, far less glory in.

The punishment assigned to boasting of what was not, in fact, our own, or praising it without some qualifying expression to denote our own inability to preserve it, was a very severe one: no less than that of leaving the defenceless babe at the mercy of evil eyes and evil spirits, to be instantly deprived of the vigor, or the bloom and symmetry so admired. An infant, in short, was not

to be praised at all, without a previous invocation of the Deity.

If you praised a fine child, or even a fine heifer or cow, without the usual prelude, the nurse, or dairy-maid, darting at you a look of indignation, was sure instantly to supply the deficiency with "God save the bairn," or "the beast!" Woe be to you, if any thing happened to either for a week after. Unless you lost all regard for opinion, you found it necessary to comply with this custom.

The operation of human vanity, or human envy, in bursting the shining bubble of worldly prosperity, was not supposed to be confined to infancy. A Highlander's glory and felicity consisted in the extent of his fold, and the number of his family.

He could never have too many children, or too many cows; however great the difficulty might be of rearing the first to maturity, or providing winter fodder for the last. But to parade either one's cows, or one's children, in any unnecessary display, or for a stranger to make any remark on the abundance of them, is by no means safe.

Of this superstition, numberless instances might be given. Of these, the most signalised, which I recollect, derives interest from the royal and beautiful personage concerned in it; it is said to have happened when Queen Mary made that memorable excursion to the North, which proved so fatal to the Gordons.

She staid for some days at Inverness, in the castle, (so well known as the scene of King Duncan's murder) and received there the homage of all the neighbouring gentry and nobility.

There lived at that time in Ross-shire a wealthy and powerful family, of the name of Monro, whose title I do not remember.

The laird had been attending his

sovereign with all due loyalty on her expedition. The lady had twelve sons, and twelve daughters, many of whom were married, or otherwise detached from the family.

She was at much pains, however, in collecting them, wherever they were dispersed, to adorn her train, in the presence of royalty.

The sons were all dressed in "Lincoln green," the wonted costume of knights and hunters, and led the procession in gallant array, mounted on sable steeds. Next, their mother, decked no doubt in her best array, followed, attended by her daughters, attired in white, and mounted on horses of the same color. This goodly train was ushered into the royal presence, after being duly announced. The matron, dropping on one knee, made obeisance, and told her sovereign, she had here brought twelve 'squines and twelve damsels, ready to devote themselves to her service. The queen started from her seat, overwhelmed with astonishment and admiration, and cried, "Madam, ye sud tak this chaire; ye best deserve it." After this exclamation, the ceremonial was properly adjusted, and the family returned home, enchanted with the grace and loveliness of their accomplished sovereign. It was, however, remarked, that from that day they were never again seen together, and that this imprudent mother was the sad survivor of the far greater number of the children thus rashly exhibited.

Traits of IRISH CHARACTER.

In the Numbers of our Magazine for February and March, 1811, and December, 1812, we have given several striking traits of Irish character from the writings of Sir Jonah Barrington, and Mr. Newenham; to which we now add the following,

from "Observations on the Character, &c. of the Irish," by Mr. Dewar.

Acuteness and shrewdness are qualities which strongly mark the Irish character; and yet these valuable qualities are often concealed by that appearance of simplicity, and that blundering precipitancy, which so mightily amuse every stranger. Indeed, these last dispositions seem not very compatible with any extraordinary quickness of apprehension, and might lead one to suppose, were it not for the most undeniable evidence to the contrary, that it really had no existence. But let any one converse with an Irishman on any subject that is not altogether beyond his understanding; and he will find him shrewd though unlettered, and not quite unintelligent, though on most subjects uninformed; possessing a wonderful facility of comprehension, and an equally singular talent for acute and original remark. These enduements, when found in a person educated and polished, and when allied, as in his case they generally are, with a brilliant playfulness of fancy, produce the happiest effect, and form a character at once pleasing and original.

Strong local attachment forms a very prominent part of this character. The Irishman, like the Highlander, must often go from home; he must go in search of that bread which his country denies him; but he can never forget the cottage of his early years: whether in the east or west, though even buried amid the ignorance and vice of St. Giles's, the lovely valley in which he first began to live, and the green hills of his native ~~isle~~, with all the soft and endearing associations which they awaken, never cease to warm his imagination, nor, to his latest hour, do they depart from his memory.

The wild and simple strains which first delighted him in the cabin, while they sooth his sorrows in a foreign clime, cherish his fondness for home, by exciting the tenderest and most delightful sympathies of the human heart.

In this short sketch of the character of an Irishman, I cannot omit fidelity to friends, as a component part. It is the more necessary to make this remark, since this quality has sometimes been denied him.—It is said, that the Irish are deceitful; that, notwithstanding all their promises, they will betray a friend to serve themselves; and this is held forth as the general character of that people. No opinion can be more contrary to truth. Let them only be convinced, that you are their friend; and they will never forsake you; they will do their utmost to serve you. Were it necessary, I could refer to many instances in support of this assertion.

From fidelity to friends, the transition is easy to hospitality. The hospitality of the Irish, like that of the Scottish Highlanders, is proverbial; and never surely has a stranger visited the neighbouring isle, without having had satisfactory proofs of it. The poor laborer, who has only potatoes for himself and his children, will give the best in his pot to the guest, from whatever quarter he may come: he bestows his simple fare with a kindness that has often delighted me. Unlike the peasants of some other countries, who frown at the wandering intruder, he seems to feel a real pleasure in giving food to the hungry; he gives the hearty welcome of his country to all who approach his humble cot—*ceud mile faille duit**! At first I thought that this might be the form of salutation on extraordi-

* A hundred thousand welcomes!

nary occasions; but when I found that man, woman, and child, shouted *ceud mile faille duit* to every visitant, and even to every beggar, I felt rather astonished.

A dashing BELLE.

(From Miss Burney's "*Traits of Nature*.")

"WHAT is your real opinion of Mrs. Elmer?"

"She is—but *entre nous* be it spoken—a sort of character which I should tremble to see you much connected with, were I less confident of your good sense, your good taste, and your good principles. She is not addicted to any glaring improprieties: she is no gamestress; she has escaped all stigma, on the score of gallantry; she pays her tradesmen, and she behaves tolerably to her family and dependents. But her craving appetite for notoriety makes her guilty of many outrageous breaches of true feminine delicacy. She talks loud in public; she aims always at being the principal object of general attention, the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes." She is confident, familiar, and overbearing in her manner towards men, and very often insolently negligent towards women. To say the truth, she constantly reminds me, though ambitious of being thought original, of an humble copyist of some saucy woman of fashion in a novel or a play. These are characters which, if their delineators have any other meaning in describing them, than to write an amusing and vendible book, are probably less intended for imitation than for beacons. But they are often so sportively, so glaringly drawn, so much popularity seems attached, and so much influence is ascribed to them, that they allure infinitely more followers, than the less flippant and imperfect heroines with whom they are meant to contrast. Let not

Mrs. Elmer, however, dearest Adela, allure you to renounce the unaffected and unobtrusive simplicity of demeanour, for which I am persuaded, that, even in this sophisticated town, you will gain many sincere admirers. Never adopt the odious maxim, so openly in vogue among some of our misses, that a slight degree of affectation is a necessary ingredient to procure attention. The young and handsome debase themselves by such paltry arts; and what charm can they give to the old and ugly?"

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Character of PRINCE POTESKIN.

OF that celebrated favorite of the Empress Catharine II. and commander in chief in her army, the following portrait (copied by us from the Memoirs of his Life) was drawn by the Prince de Ligne, in a letter written from the Russian camp before Oczakoff, August 1, 1788—

"I here behold a commander in chief, who looks idle, and is always busy; who has no other desk than his knees, no other comb than his fingers; constantly reclined on his couch, yet sleeping neither in night nor in day-time. His zeal for the empress keeps him incessantly awake and uneasy; and a cannon-shot, to which he himself is not exposed, disturbs him with the idea that it costs the life of some of his soldiers.— Alarmed at the approach of danger, frolicsome when it surrounds him; dull in the midst of pleasure; unhappy for being too lucky, surfeited with every thing, easily disgusted, morose, inconstant, a profound philosopher, an able minister, a sublime politician, or like a child of ten years of age; not revengeful, asking pardon for a pain he has inflicted; quickly repairing an injustice; thinking he loves God, when he fears the devil, whom he fancies still greater and bigger than himself; abandoning himself

to distrust or to confidence, to jealousy or to gratitude, to ill-humour or to pleasantry; easily prejudiced in favor of or against any thing, and as easily cured of a prejudice; talking divinity to his generals, and tactics to his bishops; never reading, but pumping every one with whom he converses, and contradicting to be better informed; uncommonly affable, or extremely savage; whimsical with regard to time, repasts, rest, and inclinations; like a child, wanting to have every thing, or, like a great man, knowing how to do without many things; sober, though seemingly a glutton; in his shirt, without drawers, or in rich regimentals embroidered on all the seams; barefoot, or in slippers embroidered with spangles. What then is his magic? Genius, natural abilities, an excellent memory, much elevation of soul, malice without the design of injuring, artifice without craft, a happy mixture of caprices, the art of conquering every heart in his good moments; the talent of guessing what he is ignorant of, and a consummate knowledge of mankind."

A further description of his character is thus given by the Count de Ségur, the French ambassador at the court of Petersburg, who was well acquainted with him—

"In his person were combined the most opposite defects and accomplishments of every description. He was avaricious and ostentatious, despotic and popular, inflexible and beneficent, haughty and obliging, politic and confiding, licentious and superstitious, bold and timid, ambitious and indiscreet: lavish of his bounties to his relations, his mistresses, and his favorites; yet oftentimes obstinately refusing to pay either his household or his creditors: always attached to some female, and always unfaithful. Nothing could

equal the vigor of his mind, or the indolence of his body. No dangers could appal his courage; no difficulties force him to abandon his projects: but the success of an enterprise never failed to disappoint him. He was fatigued with the burden of his own existence, envious of every thing that was not done by himself, and disgusted with all he did. To him rest was not grateful, nor occupation pleasing. Every thing with him was desultory; business, pleasure, temper, carriage. In company, he looked embarrassed; his presence was a restraint wherever he went. He was morose to all that stood in awe of him, and affable to those who accosted him with familiarity.

“ Ever lavish of promises, seldom performing them, and never forgetting what he had heard or seen. None had read less than he; few were better informed. None knew better how to draw forth and to appropriate to himself the knowledge of others. His information was not deep, but extensive. He never dived into any subject, but he spoke well on all

“ The inequality of his temper was productive of an indescribable singularity in his desires, in his conduct, and in his manner of life.— One day he would think of nothing but war; and only officers, Tartars, and Cossacks, were admitted to his presence. The next day he was busily employed in politics; he would partition the Ottoman empire, and set all the cabinets of Europe in motion. At other times he played the courtier; dressed in a magnificent suit, covered with ribbons, the gift of every potentate, displaying diamonds of extraordinary magnitude and brilliancy, he was giving splendid entertainments without any motive.

“ For whole months together, neglecting alike business and deco-

rum, he would openly pass his evenings at the apartments of a young female. Sometimes shut up in his room for successive weeks with his nieces and some intimate friends, he would lounge on a sofa without speaking; play at chess or at cards with his legs bare, his shirt-collar unbuttoned, wrapped up in a morning-gown, knitting his eyebrows, and looking like an unpolished and squalid Cossack.

“ In his youth he had pleased the empress by the ardor of his passion, by his valor, and by his masculine beauty: at a more advanced period of life, he continued to charm her by flattering her pride; by calming her apprehensions, by confirming her power, by caressing her dreams of Oriental empire, the expulsion of the barbarians, and the restoration of the Grecian republics.”

An ICELANDIC BALL.

(From Muckenzie's "*Travels in the Island of Iceland.*")

THE company began to assemble about nine o'clock. We were shown into a small low-roofed room, in which were a number of men; but, to my surprise, I saw no females. We soon found them, however, in one adjoining, where it is the custom for them to wait till their partners go to hand them out. On entering this apartment, I felt considerable disappointment at not observing a single woman dressed in the Icelandic costume. The dresses had some resemblance to those of English chambermaids, but were not so smart. An old lady, the wife of the man who kept the tavern, was habited like the pictures of our great grandmothers. Some time after the dancing commenced, the bishop's lady, and two others, appeared in the proper dress of the country.

We found ourselves extremely

awkward in dancing what the ladies were pleased to call English country-dances. The music, which came from a solitary ill-scraped fiddle, accompanied by the rumbling of the same half-rotten drum that had summoned the high court of justice, and by the jingling of a rusty triangle, was to me utterly unintelligible. The extreme rapidity with which it was necessary to go through a multiplied series of complicated evolutions in proper time, completely bewildered us; and our mistakes, and frequent collisions with our neighbours, afforded much amusement to our fair partners, who found it, for a long time, impracticable to keep us in the right track. When allowed to breathe a little, we had an opportunity of remarking some singularities in the state of society and manners, among the Danes of Reikiavik. While unengaged in the dance, the men drink punch, and walk about with tobacco-pipes in their mouths. Several ladies, whose virtue could not bear a very strict scrutiny, were pointed out to us. These ladies, and others who paid as little regard to character, were received into company, and treated with as much complaisance and familiarity as the most virtuous. This total disregard to moral character, and the rules of decorum, may, without breach of candor, be regarded as impeaching the virtue even of those who maintain the appearance of greater strictness in their behaviour. It is no overstrained inference, that their associating with such ladies as those whose conduct has been described, is owing to some fellow-feeling, some necessity for keeping secrets which it might be dangerous to divulge. Where no guardian of morals is present; or where there is one, if he winks at such indecorum; if he converses

with those who have broken the dearest ties of affection; there may, indeed, be some excuse. Here we saw the bishop himself countenancing vice in its worst shape, and appearing perfectly familiar with persons who, he must have known, bore the worst characters. I was informed, that, when a couple are dissatisfied with each other, or when a lady chooses to change her helpmate, the separation is sanctioned without any inquiry into the cause; and new bands solemnly unite those who have most openly slighted their former engagements. Such are the morals of the people of Reikiavik.

During the dances, tea and coffee were handed about; and negus and punch were ready for those who chose to partake of them. A cold supper was provided, consisting of hams, beef, cheese, &c. and wine. While at table, several of the ladies sang, and acquitted themselves tolerably well. But I could not enjoy the performance, on account of the incessant talking, which was often loud enough to overpower the harmony. This was not considered as in the least unpolite. One of the songs was in praise of the donors of the entertainment; and, during the chorus, the ceremony of touching each other's glasses was performed. After supper, waltzes were danced, in a style that reminded me of soldiers marching in cadence to the dead march in Saul. Though there was no need of artificial light, a number of candles were placed in the rooms. When the company broke up, about three o'clock, the sun was high above the horizon.

The Poor-Laws.

(From Bishop Horsley's Sermons.)

It may be proper that the law should do something for the protection of the necessitous. The law

should be careful not to do too much: its provisions should be such as may save poverty from neglect, and yet leave the danger of poverty indiscriminately impendent over every individual in every station; that the community may receive the full benefit of the universal dread of that contingency. Whether this joint end, of removing the evil of actual poverty from private life without losing the public advantage of the danger, may be attained by any laws which give the poor a claim to a maintenance to be levied upon certain districts in proportion to the wants of the poor which each shall at any time contain—when the effect of all such laws must be to change the dread of want in the lowest orders of the people into an expectation of a competency, or of something which idleness will prefer to a competency—is a question which it is not my province to discuss. The fact I may take leave to mention—that the burden of the imposition in this country is grown, as all know, to an enormous size: the benefit to the industrious poor, I fear, is less than the vast sum annually levied on the nation ought to procure for them; and the pernicious effect on the manners of the lowest rank of people is notorious. In another place the question might deserve a serious investigation, how far the manner of our legal provision for the poor may or may not operate to increase the frequency of criminal executions.

GOOD-NATURE, *English and French.*

COLONEL Pinckney, a late American traveler in France, makes the following remarks on the national character of the English and the French, with respect to good-humour or good-nature—

I have frequently heard, and still more frequently read, that the En-

glish nation were characteristically the most good-natured people in the world, and that the Americans, as descendents from the same stock, had not lost this virtue of the parent tree. I give no credit to the justice of this observation. Experience has convinced me, that neither the English nor the Americans deserve it as a national distinction. The French are, beyond all manner of doubt, the most good-humoured people on the surface of the earth; if we understand, indeed, by the term good-humour, those minor courtesies, those considerate kindnesses, those cursory attentions, which, though they cost little to the giver, are not the less valuable to the receiver; which soften the asperities of life, and, by their frequent occurrence, and the constant necessity in which we stand of them, have an aggregate, if not an individual, importance. The English, perhaps, as nationally possessing the more solid virtues, may be the best friends, and the most generous benefactors; but as friendship, in this more exalted acceptance of it, is rare, and beneficence almost miraculous, it is a serious question with me, which is the most useful being in society—the light good-humoured Frenchman, or the slow meditating Englishman?

Sacred FARCES.

(From Dr. Irvine's "*Letters on Sicily.*")

IN every city of Sicily, at least in every one of any importance, holy farces are enacted with all the fervency of devotion of the dark ages; and, at the village of Santa Lucia, near Milazzo, once every year is yet performed a comedy, representing the whole Bible history, from Adam to Jesus Christ, in the course of which, little boys, with wings, are suspended by cords from the roofs, and fly round the representative of

our Saviour, while others, in a diabolic habit, terrify the spectators by running across the stage. This exhibition lasts from an early hour in the evening to three or four in the morning, and, though infinitely laughable at first, becomes so excessively stupid by the repetition of similar absurdities, that very few English have remained to the conclusion.

Anecdotes of PETER the GREAT.

(From a recent Publication of Anecdotes of his private Life.)

WHEN he was in a town of Poland, he heard a great deal of a miraculous image of the Virgin, which shed tears during mass, and he determined to examine closely this celebrated miracle. The image being at some height from the ground, he asked for a ladder, which he mounted; and perceiving, upon examination, two small holes near the eyes of the figure, he put his hand upon the cap, and took off the wig, together with a part of the skull, whilst some monks, who were at the foot of the ladder, looking quietly at the Czar, and not imagining that he could so soon discover the fraud, trembled upon seeing the head of their miraculous Virgin thus dishonored.—The Czar found within the head a small reservoir of water, the top of which was on a level with the eyes; and which contained some very small fish, whose motion agitating the water, caused it to flow slowly and in small quantities to the holes made in the corners of the eyes. He descended from the ladder without endeavouring to undeceive the devotees, or any other person, and, turning to the monks, coolly said to them, “That is a very singular image.”

The Russians, dissatisfied at the preference which the Czar showed

for his new city of Petersburg, and having conceived a great aversion for it, fabricated a prophecy, pretending that the rising town would be entirely swallowed up by the sea. To gain credit for this prophecy, a miracle was necessary, and they had recourse to another image of the Virgin, constructed nearly upon the same model as that of Poland, which shed tears for the future fate of Petersburg. This was not a time to keep the secret; Peter discovered and exposed the imposture.

Though he despised all superstition, he respected and tolerated in his empire every religion, except that of the Jews. Ann, or Elizabeth, upon being requested to admit them into the kingdom, replied, “What would the Jews do in Russia? they would die of hunger:” thus meaning to imply the character the Russians bear for selfishness and cunning.

Peter, who, as it has been before mentioned, respected all established religions, arrived one Sunday at Dantzic. The gates of the town, which he found shut, were opened to him; and, upon his entrance, not seeing any person in the streets, he inquired the reason, and was informed that every one was at church. The inhabitants were Lutherans; and the Czar, having a curiosity to be present during the Lutheran service, desired to be conducted to the principal church. As soon as he entered it, every person rose up out of respect, and the magistrates prepared to leave their seats, and advance to meet him: but he made a sign that the service should not be interrupted, and that every one should remain in his place, and walking immediately up to the first burgomaster, or magistrate, he seated himself beside him. This burgomaster, according to the custom of the place,

had on a large wig. Peter, out of reverence, had taken off his fur cap, which he held in his hand, and feeling his head cold, he turned round, took off the wig of the burgomaster, and put it on his own head, not thinking that this method which he took to preserve himself from the cold, had any thing extraordinary in it. The astonishment of the assembly at the sight of the bald head of the magistrate, and that of Peter muffled up in an enormous wig, may be easily imagined.—The sermon being ended, to which Peter

listened with great attention, he rose to go away, and taking the wig off his head, returned it to the burgomaster, thanking him for it in the most obliging manner. There was no affectation in this action; he did not imagine it would be even noticed, and was quite unconscious of the astonishment it occasioned at Dantzic, as he was in the habit of acting in the same manner by Menzikoff, whose wig he took off whenever he wanted to make use of it; for, as he had little hair, he was very susceptible of cold.

POETRY.

*The OLD MAID'S REMONSTRANCE to
her young Friends.*

MY heart is kind; and I can feel
For others' sorrows, as my own.
Oh! then, my youthful friends, reveal,
Why always I am left alone.
'Tis true, as life's last scenes advance,
I cannot join the giddy throng;
Can lead no more the sportive dance,
Or raise my voice in tuneful song.
Yet oft my cares your hours beguile:
Restraint I banish far away;
And still affection's placid smile
Beams in my face, when you are gay.
Why then forsake the path I tread?
Did e'er my presence mirth destroy?
Dwells in the name of ancient maid
So dire a foe to youth and joy?
Is it because no husband's care
On me bids smiling comforts beam,
Nor pious children now prepare
Returns for love long shown to them?
I once was gay and blest as you
In thoughtless youth, that knew not fear.
The world's gay visions met my view;
And pleasure's voice to me was dear!
Fled is the glitt'ring prospect now,
Or but in mem'ry's glass appears.
Deep lines of age deform my brow,
The signals of declining years.
Hope, that in radiant day-dreams drew
More promis'd bliss than earth e'er gave,
Now veils in clouds the darken'd view,
And only points the peaceful grave!
My wishes, fears, and hopes at rest,
Calm through the world my steps I
bend—
Till, in the regions of the blest,
My soul shall join each dear-lov'd friend.
Visions of rapture! smile again!
The earth-born cares of life are o'er.
Unheeded is the present pain;
For we shall meet, to part no more.

Fitzhenry! dare my lips pronounce
That name, in sacred silence still
Preserv'd? and can I then renounce
The joy which yet my soul can fill?
Dear is to mis'ry's wayward child
The secret tear, the silent sigh,
When the heart seems of grief beguil'd,
But breathes its woe, when none are nigh.
For who can tell, that never lov'd,
How dear the bliss? or what the pain,
Two fond and faithful hearts have prov'd,
When parted, ne'er to meet again?
Yes, it was mine, in life's fair spring—
In youth's gay dawn, when hope was
new—
When joys their smiling tribute bring,
And pleasure only meets the view—
'Twas mine to please one gallant youth;
And well I might the conquest prize:
His soul was form'd for love and truth,
And beam'd from his expressive eyes,
Whose eagle glance could guilt appal;
Though milder than the tender dove's,
When mercy's voice, or pity's call,
The soul to acts of kindness moves.
And he was brave—Alas! too brave;
For, lur'd by glory's meteor flame,
He found in foreign lands a grave,
But first obtain'd the wreath of fame.
The fatal morn, the parting hour,
Still to my bosom dear shall be;
When, yielding to affection's pow'r,
Fitzhenry shed the tear for me!
The soldier in the lover lost,
He wept, and vow'd eternal truth;
Then o'er the foaming ocean cross'd,
With all the buoyant hope of youth.
Five tedious years I mourn'd his stay,
And slowly seem'd the sixth to move;
Yet never did my fancy stray
From him, my first, and only love.

Then, while my throbbing breast heav'd high
 With hope and joy for his return,
 'Twas mine, in nameless agony,
 The story of his death to learn;
 To weep the dread effects, too late,
 Of India's poison-tainted gale;
 And muse upon his early fate,
 Till life and reason seem'd to fail.
 But life and reason fail'd me not,
 Though well my rebel heart had chose—
 "Forgetting all, by all forgot"—
 To bury in the grave my woes.
 What then remain'd? what joy was mine?
 Fancy and love gave life a charm;
 Forbade me longer to repine;
 And grief could of its sting disarm!
 I fancied, in the viewless air,
 My lover's earth-freed spirit dwelt,
 To guard me still with tender care,
 And still the same affection felt.
 The thought my sadden'd bosom cheer'd,
 Soften'd the bitterness of grief;
 While men'rystill his name endear'd,
 And gave to present woes relief.
 I mark'd the summer-suns decay,
 And secrets smil'd when they were gone;
 The tedious winters pass'd away,
 While weary life was gliding on!
 Soon shall the sullen strife be o'er;
 And, sharing in the common lot,
 This heart shall love and mourn no more;
 And e'en Fitzhenry be forgot!

MARINA.

EPITAPH

On a Private in the German Legion, who, laboring under a depression of spirits occasioned by a Disappointment in a tender Attachment, shot himself, May 19, 1813.
 SOLDIER! let awe pervade thy callous breast;
 Nor tread unmov'd, where Henry's ashes rest.
 That careless air, that vacant smile forego;
 And ponder where a comrade sleeps below.
 Like thee, the mould'ring tenant of this tomb [bloom,
 Once flourish'd fair in youth's inviting
 Flush'd with gay hopes, with heart replete with glee,
 As trifling and as vain as thou can'st be;
 Till Love—whose potent sway can all enslave,
 And foil alike the coward and the brave,
 Can humble the proud youth, whose trade is war,
 And heroes bind to his triumphal car—
 With influence strong his thoughtless heart enchain'd, [reign'd.
 And o'er his vanquish'd mind despotic

Alas! the hapless youth was doom'd to mourn [return.
 A hopeless flame, that knew no kind
 Despondence came:—not all the martial din,
 Flute, trumpet, drum, could chase the gloom within.
 Despair—black demon—urg'd the baleful deed,
 And grinsly smil'd to see the victim bleed.
 When to his last retreat each friend drew near,
 And dropp'd, as feeling prompted, the soft tear, [gave,
 His young compeers a volley'd tribute
 And plac'd this marble to protect his grave.
 Oh! should'st thou, reader, from this spot depart,
 With cheek unmoisten'd, unaffected heart;
 Reflect, a season is elaps'd, which might
 Have brought a blessing, ere it took its flight;
 Had'st thou been wise, and with a heart sincere,
 Invok'd assistance from yon heav'nly sphere!
Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

The PRISON.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY,
 Author of "The Farm-House," &c.
 (Continued from page 288.)

YON man, that moves with slow, half-pausing pace,
 Whose plodding mind is mark'd upon his face,
 Ne'er boasted any feelings finely form'd;
 No mild benevolence his bosom warm'd.
 But he was honesty itself in trade:
 He let not other thoughts his breast invade.
 His wife and children claim'd his constant care: [spare.
 For others' wants he had not aught to
 His mind in commerce was so much employ'd, [enjoy'd.
 Friendship's sweet solace he had scarce
 One man alone he e'er had call'd a friend:
 To him his inmost soul he would unbend;
 For he was, like himself, an honest man,
 And ne'er was known to prompt the fraudulent plan.
 So thought, alas! this victim to his art,
 Till sad distress inflicted deep its smart.
 To help his friend in some concern of trade,
 Mercator, though so cautious, gave his aid:
 For a large sum his bondsman he became,
 And confidently lent this man his name.
 Suspicion enter'd not Mercator's mind,
 To all his friend's duplicity quite blind,

[The preceding line, incorrectly given in part of our impression, should run thus—

To all this fiend's duplicity quite blind,
Till, when the bond had nearly run its time,
The wretch left Britain for Columbia's
clime,

Blotting fair friendship's sweetly-sounding name;

Blasting Mercator's yet untarnish'd fame.
Soon non handed Ruin's form appear'd,
Nor left one blessing that so lately cheer'd.
Confinement then became his hapless
doom.

No joy can now dispel the prison's gloom.
His infant family appal his mind;
For them no comfort he can hope to find.
His wife at times, to sooth his soul, appears;

But soon the visit ends in mutual tears!

Another son of trade now meets our
view—

Emblem of its uncertainty too true;
For, though success still seem'd on him
to wait,

Lurking beneath it, grew the sufferer's
fate.

Of those whom he had trusted, many fail'd;
Yet still he strove; but struggles nought
avail'd.

Too soon distress o'erwhelm'd him with
its pow'r,

Doom'd him to feel misfortune's mourn-
ful hour,

And brought the harpy Ruin in its train,
More to increase his bosom's pang of
pain.—

Alas! to close this scene of grief and dead,
A prison pillow soon receiv'd his head!

(To be continued.)

LOVE.

I KNOW not why my soul is sad:

But pleasure has departed.

The Muse no more can make me glad.

I'm truly heavy-hearted.

I am not poor; I am not ill:

Then why should I feel sorrow?

From joys, that once my breast could fill,

No comfort can I borrow.

Can it be love? Indeed it may:

For, since I saw Eliza,

My ev'ry thought proclaims her sway,

And proves how much I prize her.

Her cheek of bloom, her eye's bright glow,

Her voice so sweetly breathing,

All seem to aid my sigh of woe;

All round my soul are wreathing!

J. M. LACEY.

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AFFECTION'S FAREWELL.

ANOTHER smile! Another tear!

And then, alas! we part!

To love, an age—for one long year,

We separate each heart!

Together, but a month 'twould seem,

A week, a day, an hour!

Parted, the year an age we deem;

So strange affection's pow'r!

But, oh! 'twill pass; and then again

True love will hail our meeting;

And we shall soon forget all pain,

In that soft moment's greeting.

Then, cheer thee, love! forget thy scars;

And smile when I shall go;

For, ah! to leave thee thus in tears,

Would fill my breast with woe!

J. M. LACEY.

INVOCATIONS, serious and comic.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY,

Author of "The Farm-House," &c.

The GRUB STREET POET'S INVOCATION

to his PEN.

GOOSE QUILL of fame! I care not half
a pin,

In what green pool thy parent us'd to
paddle;

'Tis quite enough for me that goose has
been,

And o'er some dirty common us'd to
waddle;

Hissing abuse at ev'ry passer by,

And strutting proudly till Saint Michael
came;

A time, alas! that stops each tuneful cry,
And doometh geese to roast before the
flame.

Goose-quill of fame! of Grub Street now
the glory!

Perchance thou know'st it not,

But I will tell thee thine own story,

Ev'ry jot.

Know then, I found thee in an inn of court,
Call'd Clement's Inn;

As poet's prize, I seiz'd thee:—pretty sport

'Thought I, nor shame nor sin.

I bore thee off to Grub Street, where, 'tis
true,

The air, that fans my garret story,

Is not so pure as that which you once knew,
Where lawyers' visages oft greet the view,

So full of glory!

Here, 'stead of trees and shrubs, and
grass so green,

Red tiles, and frisking cats, fill all the
scene,

And chimney-pots.

2 X

No lawyers here have deign'd to share
thy labors;
And, 'stead of legal men, you've had, for
neighbours,
Cobblers and sots!

Yet, in the inkstand snug reposing,
Sometimes employ'd, and sometimes
dozing,
But uncomplaining ever,
Long hast thou been, O child of goose!
To me of most important use—
Thy like, before, I met with never!

Thus let me eulogise thee, then,
While ev'ry thought is bent upon it.
Oh! thou hast form'd for me, my pen,
Song, stanza, canzonet, and sonnet,

Ode, epic, of each sort and size,
And little love-songs for the Mags;
Hast spread, o'er paper, themes most
wise,

Thus aiding the consumption of old rags.

Descending from heroic stilts, sometimes
You deign'd to form for me much hum-
bler rhimes,

Such as acrostich, rebus, riddle;
Nay, even lower still than that,
At rhyming ever smart and pat,
A song hast ended with "Hey diddle
diddle,"

Now, more than half worn out, (thy
stumpy form
Shorten'd at top by my vehement biting)
Still canst assist me in the wordy storm;
Canst aid in forming themes or cold or
warm—

I mean in writing.

Be this then, peerless pen, my invocation,
To grace for Madame Faine her tem-
ple's portal.

'Twill gain a niche for me in that high
station,
And make us both, without a doubt,
immortal!

"Oh! pen! receive the poet's purest
praise,

A pill prepar'd, produc'd, perform'd
by thee;

Which he, though poor, thus plenteously
pays,

Pours, pleas'd, his primest poem, full
of P.

*Pen, prone to parody, and parsing too,
Now parenthetical, now paraphrastic,
Now painting peace all perfect to the view,
Now praising punch in paltry Hud-
brastic!

"Paper and parchment, procreative pen,
Prov'd that both prose and poetry
were thine;

Prolix, prolific—pensive now and then:—
The praise be yours, the purse and
pudding mine!

"Still, pen of pens, put forth my
polish'd lays—

No pecculating pedagogue am I:—

And, when pale Death, perverse, shall
end thy days,

My poor, perturbed; panting soul shall
sigh!"

*Completion of the BOOTS-RHIMS proposed
in our Magazine for May.*

By J. M. LACEY

The LOVER to his MISTRESS.

Who shall with thee, my Jane, compare,
In ev'ry charm of beauty—

A combination bright and rare,
To make love's sigh a duty?

Where is the eye, like yours, can *shine*
With pure, unclouded lustre?

There rays of love then light combine,
In most bewitching muster

How shall my pen thy bosom praise,
Where purest peace reposes?

Or how shall these too feeble *toys*
Describe thy cheeks' sweet roses?

What language can with truth proclaim
That dear mouth's smile of pleasure,

Or give the stolen joy a name,
That robs thy red lip's treasure?

Or tell each full, delightful *note*,
That from thy voice is spunging,

When thou thy talent dost devote
To charm us with thy singing?

No words, of all the letter'd throng,
Can paint thy charms so glowing;

Can form the rapture-breathing song,
In softest numbers flowing!

The poet, who shall dare *rehearse*,
And all thy beauties hail,

May string his rhimes, verse after *verse*,
But, in the end, must fail.

Then, Jane, be thou thy lover's *mood*:—
Though life I'll love thee duly:—

So may my lays of love *succeed*,
And paint each beauty truly!

Timid LOVE.

*Addressed (with the unfashionable feelings
of sincerity) to MARY.*

ACCEPT, dear girl, these artless lines
From one who loves thy valued name—
Whose heart-felt sigh to thee inclines—
Who feels for thee the purest flame.

Ne'er did this breast such warmth of love,
 Such anxious tenderness, betray.
 In vain I seek the leafy grove :
 In vain I meet the eye of day.
 But, if I see thy winning smile,
 When passing by thy happy home,
 The pow'ful charm can care beguile :—
 There would I fix, nor wish to roam.
 Yes! there, dear maid, my envied hours
 Should glide away in love and joy :
 Oh! there the sweet enchanting pow'rs
 Of Peace should all my mind employ.
 I love thee truly: thou art dear,
 Above all mortals, to my heart :—
 Then let not Coldness frown severe,
 Nor bid the rays of Hope depart.
 Let not Affection hope in vain —
 Let me still meet the smiles, that give
 The warmth that bids my love remain
 On thee, till I shall cease to live!

W. HERSEE.

The BROTHER HEROES.

(From the "Fall of Badajoz," by Mr.
 Hersee.)

EDWARD was much lov'd—the hero
 knew
 The heavenly blessing of a gen'rous
 heart;
 He had a friend, and they together grew
 From early youth, till fate now bade
 them part.
 When battle call'd them to the doubtful
 strife,
 Oft side by side they struggled in the
 field;
 And oft would each protect the other's life,
 And faithful Friendship prove their
 guardian shield.
 Firmly they stood—prepar'd to bleed
 or die
 In Honor's cause, their country to de-
 fend;
 Fearless they heard the bullets round
 them fly,
 Or only fear'd to lose the bosom friend.
 But darkness reign'd when firm Badajoz
 fell;
 The faithful friends the plunging sword
 defied;
 And, from the battle Alfred lives to tell
 How nobly Edward fought, how nobly
 died!
 When morning glenn'd, and shudd'ring
 Night recoil'd
 To see her blood-stain'd veil—then
 Alfred came

To where but late the brother heroes toil'd,
 And anxious call'd on Edward's valu'd
 name.

He found him panting in the arms of
 Death!

Languid his eyes, and pale his manly
 cheek—

And weaker grew the struggles for his
 breath,

And soon his feeble tongue must cease
 to speak!

But Alfred came to sooth his dying
 hour:

He rais'd his head to hear the well-
 known voice;

And Friendship seem'd to give such
 wondrous pow'r,

That ev'n in death he felt his heart re-
 joice.

He rais'd his head—and saw Affection
 stand

With tender Pity weeping o'er his doom:

"Alfred!" he cried, and feebly press'd
 his hand,

"Alfred! the shrine of Glory is my tomb!

"I faint—Oh! think of me—of one who
 dies

For England's honor—and forget me
 never!—

Remember—dear Maria!"—Struggling
 sighs

Burst his big soul!—his eyes are clos'd
 for ever!

"Remember thee!—ah! ne'er shall I
 forget

The gen'rous kind companion of my
 way;

How oft in battle's heat our swords have
 met!

How oft thy arm has sav'd me in the
 fray!

"And thy Maria too shall hear from me,
 That her lov'd hero fell in glory's field;
 But sure her maiden heart will break for
 thee!

How shall the dreadful tidings be re-
 veal'd?

"Farewell the noblest heart that ever
 beat!

Farewell the dear, the ever valued friend!
 Thy bosom was of sacred truth the seat,
 And virgin love thy spirit shall attend!"

Thus o'er the silent corse the manly heart
 Pours its warm friendship for the ya-
 liant dead;

And, when in battle's field the heroes part,
 The gushing tear of gratitude is shed.



Morning Walking Dress.

[2] May 28, the French evacuated Madrid, which the allies entered on the 3d of June.

A beggarman, apparently very old, and in great distress, with a child in his arms, came into the Swan public-house, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, on Sunday evening, and begged an alms with great earnestness. A young man, in the house at the time, suspecting that all was not right, took hold of the child; when immediately the head came off, and was discovered to be made of plaster of Paris. After shaking the old man a little, an old wig fell off, and discovered him to be a young man about thirty.

[3] *Nullity of Marriage*—Yesterday, in Doctors' Commons, at the suit of Lewis Wm. Buckeridge, married by licence to a lady under age without the knowledge or consent of her father, the marriage was pronounced null and void.

A divorce was yesterday obtained by the wife of Walter Henrywood Esq. on account of acts of adultery committed by him.

[5] On the 21st of June, near the town of Vittoria, the allied forces, under Lord Wellington, attacked the French army under Joseph Bonaparte aided by Marshal Jourdan, and gained a most complete victory; having "driven them from all their positions, and taken from them 151 pieces of cannon, 415 waggons of ammunition, all their baggage, provisions, cattle, treasure, &c. and a considerable number of prisoners."—The loss of the allies in this battle was—British, 503 killed, 2807 wounded—Spanish and Portuguese, 289 killed, 1363 wounded.—King Joseph had a very narrow escape, being closely pursued by the Marquis of Worcester with a body of British cavalry, and Capt. Wyndham having fired two pistol-shots at the carriage in which he fled.—Jourdan escaped with the loss of his marshal's baton, which has been brought to England.—The French, after their defeat, retreated to Pamplona (or Pampeluna), which they entered, on the 24th, with only one piece of artillery remaining.

Private letters, received from Lord Wellington and other general officers, state the booty which was captured near Vittoria to have been immense. Besides the baggage, horses, and other articles taken in the field, the value of the specie, plate, and jewels, is estimated at six millions of dollars. Of this vast sum, only 100,000 dollars came into the military chest; the rest was divided by the troops upon the spot. The soldiers are represented as

quite encumbered with the quantity of silver they have taken.—One drummer is said to have obtained £1500 in gold.

Lieutenant Henry Fitzclarence, second son of the Duke of Clarence, broke his right arm two days before the battle of Vittoria; notwithstanding this accident, he could not be restrained from taking post in his troop. In the course of the action, a French dragoon had raised his sabre to cut him down; which, however, was heroically prevented, by the gallant youth drawing a pistol from his holster with his left hand, and shooting his adversary instantly through the body.

[6] Yesterday, at the admiralty sessions at the Old Bailey, M. Wiltshire, a native of England, was convicted of having served on board a French privateer. He pleaded that he had escaped to the privateer from a French prison, after above three years' confinement: but the judge (Sir W. Scott) sentenced him to death, observing that escape from confinement is no excuse for entering into an enemy's service.

[7] On Monday, the Lord Mayor went in state, with the aldermen, sheriffs, and committee, to lay the first stone of the debtors' prison in White-Cross-street.

[8] Last night, in the House of Commons, it was stated, that, in Col Orde's regiment (the 99th) of only four hundred men, one hundred and thirty two thousand lashes had been inflicted in three years and a half.

[9] On Monday and Tuesday nights, London and Westminster exhibited most brilliant and general illuminations in honor of Lord Wellington's recent victory.—Much mischief was done by letting off fire-works; of which offence fifty persons were yesterday convicted at Bow-street; one of whom, for the sake of surer aim and more distant execution, had attached to each of his squibs a leaden weight, sufficient (it is thought) to have killed a man, if it had struck him in the head.—See "*Cheap and safe Illuminations*," in the subjoined APPENDIX.

[10] Advices from Malta, of June 20, mention the prevalence there of a pestilential disorder, and the deaths of about fifty victims, to it.

On Thursday morning, a fire broke out in a hemp store-house in the rope-yard at Woolwich, which raged with great fury for about three hours, and consumed a considerable quantity of hemp and oakum, besides destroying the roof of that part of the building. By the exertions of the artillery-men from the bat-

racks, it was prevented from spreading further.—The cause of this disaster is unknown.

Marrying two Sisters—Yesterday, in Doctors' Commons, a marriage between Mr. G. Watts and the sister of his former wife was declared null and void.

[12] At the end of April, and beginning of May, Rear admiral Cockburn, with a flotilla of seven small vessels detached from the British naval force on the American coast, having penetrated the rivers at the head of the Chesapeake, set fire to several towns in the heart of the country, burned a number of ships; and destroyed several magazines, founderies, &c. with very trifling loss on the part of the invaders.

June 26, Sir Rowland Hill, with a detachment of the allied army, invested the fort of Pamplona.

July 1st, the British frigate, Shannon, Captain Broke, engaged, near the entrance of Boston Bay, the American frigate Chesapeake, of much superior force in guns and men, and, after a close and gallant action of fifteen minutes, gained possession of her, with the loss of 23 men killed and 36 wounded on board the Shannon—and about 70 killed and 100 wounded on board the Chesapeake.—The latter was carried to Halifax, where the American captain, Lawrence, who had been killed in the action, was, by order of the British governor, buried with the honors of war.

[14] All the British manufactures and colonial produce in Leipsic have been sequestered.

[15] Last night, it was stated in the House of Commons, that the slave trade, still carried on by the Portuguese, exceeds the whole amount of our traffic at any period previous to the abolition—they having carried away no less, within the last year, than from 70 to 80,000 of the unhappy Africans.

Sir F. Goold, bart. and Mr. Burke, of Glynsk, waited yesterday upon her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, at Kensington Palace, with a congratulatory address from the Roman Catholics of Ireland.

[16] Monday, an acolith, or thunder-stone, fell in Dempster-street, Glasgow, immediately preceding a peal of thunder. It struck on the pavement, and rebounded through a window. When taken up, it was so hot that it could not be held in the hand, and was covered with a flaming matter, of a sulphureous smell; it weighs a pound, and is of a grey color.

[17] Thursday evening, the largest rectifying still in the distillery of Messrs. Langdale and Co. Holborn, caught fire, and burst with a tremendous explosion. Fortunately, the fire did not reach any of the other stills or receivers of spirits, but ascended to the roof of the distillery, to which it instantly set fire. In consequence, however, of a large reservoir of water at the top of the premises being immediately opened, the progress of the fire was arrested, and, by the timely arrival of several engines, got completely under by seven o'clock. The still which exploded is said to be the largest in London, and contained, at the time it burst, 2804 gallons.

[19] A gentleman, who left Holland on the 10th instant, states, that about 11,000 men, levied under the new conscription, had left Holland for Dresden; and so great was the severity with which this measure was enforced, that a gentleman who was comprehended in it, made the offer of 10,000 guilders (equal to nearly £10,000) to be excused from the service. His application was ineffectual; he was told that the example would be injurious, and that the emperor's commands must be obeyed.

A new military contribution, in addition to the former exactions, has been imposed at Hamburg: and, to answer this demand, the directors of the Hamburg bank are required to advance to their fellow citizens sums not smaller than 300 marks banco, on the security of the plate of the respective families from which the assessment is demanded: and, if the property so pledged be not redeemed within the term limited, it is to be forfeited.

A silver-mine has recently been discovered in France. Several members of the National Institute, who have examined the ore, report that it will produce about 40 per cent.

A mineral water, having the properties of the Cheltenham and Leamington spas, has lately been found in a field near Melksham, Wilts, to which numbers of people continually resort to avail themselves of its medicinal efficacy.

Upwards of 300,000 mackerel have been caught at Weymouth during the last week; they have been sold as low as two shillings a hundred.

The price of gold was on Saturday £5. 7s. 6d per oz.

Income-Tax.—In the Court of Exchequer, July 16, a verdict for £900 was given against the lender of £300 upon mortgage,

for having refused to allow a deduction of the property-tax on the interest of that sum.

[20] Dispatches from Lord Wellington, dated Ostiz, July 3, announce that the enemy's troops, whom he was pursuing, had all retreated into France.

A few days ago, a serious disturbance took place at Abercromby, between some of the Frenchmen upon parole there, and some of the inhabitants of the town, occasioned by a laboring man, much intoxicated, reeling against two or three of the Frenchmen, who thereupon knocked him down two or three times; which irritated the lower order of the town's people, and a general scuffle ensued. Several persons were severely wounded, but the activity of the magistrates at length restored order.

[21] An expedition from Alicante, under the command of Sir John Murray, landed, on the 3d of June, near Salon, in the coast of Catalonia, and immediately invested Tarragona. On the 12th, however, a report reached him (a false one, it is said) that Marshal Surbet was coming against him with a superior French force, whereupon he raised the siege and re-embarked his troops, leaving behind him a considerable proportion of his heavy artillery.

On Saturday se'nnight, was pulled, in the garden of Mr. Jones, at Lady-mansions, a little north from Glasgow, a strawberry, which weighed a full ounce.

Extract of a letter from an officer, a prisoner of war, dated June 17.—"We inhabit, I may say, the whole department of the Meuse, as we have the power of choosing our place of residence in any village or town in it, on condition of presenting ourselves on stated days at Verdun—that is to say, every fifth, tenth, fifteenth, or twentieth, according to the distance from it. Since no indulgence has been decided us, there have been no desertions. When a great proportion of the British was kept in the strictest confinement in the citadel, under the charge of numberless sentries, desertions took place every night, in spite of bolts, bars, and guards. At present, no class of prisoners is in confinement at Verdun: all are on parole."

Yesterday, by order of the Regent, a grand national *Fête* was given at Vauxhall, in commemoration of Marquis Wellington's late victory at Vittoria. To defray the expenses, an association of nobles and gentlemen, undertaking the office of stewards, (in number above 120) sub-

scribed fifty guineas each, for which each was supplied with fifty tickets for evening admission to the ball; and a limited number of dinner-tickets were issued to the public, at two guineas and a half each. —The Duke of York presided as chairman; the Regent himself (as *sovereign*) being prevented by inviolable *étiquette* from appearing at a subscription dinner: and, at five o'clock, above 1300 gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous repast from the City of London Tavern—all cold, except turtle-soup.—Ladies were not admitted, till after nine o'clock: it was past two in the morning, before all the guests had alighted from their carriages; and the dancing began about four.—The company assembled, of both sexes, was respectable and brilliant to the extreme: the gardens were illuminated with a taste and splendor unparalleled; and several beautiful exhibitions of fire works took place at different periods of the night.—There was no regular supper: but the company partook of cold refreshments about two in the morning.—Much confusion prevailed at the entrance, and in the avenues leading to the scene of festivity: many accidents occurred; and many holders of tickets, unable either to approach the spot, or to obtain a homeward passage for their carriages, were—after a detention of three or four hours in the crowd—obliged to return disappointed, and on foot.

[22] The French at Hamburg had required of the citizens to furnish daily 1500 men to labor on the fortifications of the place, and this demand not being complied with to the full extent, fifty opulent inhabitants were forced to submit to the employment, among whom is Mr. Wortman, a gentleman of great respectability, and nearly seventy years of age.

Yesterday, the Regent went in state to the House of Peers, and prorogued the parliament to the 23d of August.

July 9, Leicester, Loughborough, and the interfacent villages, were visited by a tremendous thunder-storm, attended with excessive rain and hail. The latter, after the cessation of the storm, was found lying, in some places, four or five inches deep.

[23] The Spanish Cortes have unanimously voted to Lord Wellington a territorial property, "in the name of the Spanish nation, in testimony of its most sincere gratitude."

On Saturday, by an explosion of fire-damp in a colliery near North Shields,

eight men were killed, and two severely burned.

[26] Dispatches from Marquis Wellington, of July 10, announce that the remnant of King Joseph's discomfited army, who lingered on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees after their brethren had escaped from his Lordship across the mountains, were driven from all their posts by Sir Rowland Hill, and compelled to seek refuge in France.

[27] By recent advices from Canada, we learn that the American invaders of that province had penetrated sixty miles within the British frontier, and rendered themselves masters of the whole chain of forts, from Fort George to Fort Erie. But, on the 5th of May, a British force of 850 men, under Col. Proctor, being attacked, near the Rapids of the Miami, by a much superior number of Americans, completely defeated them, with very trifling loss on their own part, but with the loss, on the American side, of between 1900 and 2000 men killed or captured:—and, in the beginning of June, Colonel Vincent, with a British force of about 700 men surprised and routed an American army of between 3 and 4000, near Burlington Heights, at the head of Lake Ontario.

APPENDIX.

Cheap and safe Illuminations.—Mr. Deakin, of St. John's-street, West Smithfield, (whose ingenious and economic kitchen-range we noticed in our last vol p. 280) has provided an illumination apparatus for rejoicing-nights, at once safe, cheap, and convenient. It consists of small tin or brass lamps, like those used in pocket lanterns. A sufficient number of these (at a very moderate price) may be ranged on the upper edge of the lower sash of a window, or upon one or more cross pieces: and as, with sperm-ceti oil, they will neither smoke nor flare, the shutters may be immediately closed, or the curtains drawn; and the family, without further trouble or solicitude, may enjoy their usual privacy, and retire to rest in perfect safety, leaving the lamps to burn as long as the oil lasts.—A set of these lamps, which may be packed in a small compass, will serve a family from generation to generation, and will save much trouble, expense, and danger.—We highly approve the plan, and recommend it to those sober families who are content with modestly testifying their participation in any public joy, without seeking to out-

blaze their neighbours by the ostentatious glare of more costly glass-lights.—For remarks on night-lamps, see our Magazine for December, 1810; to which we here add, that, from long experience and observation, we have found the diameter of the burner to be, in general, the proper measure for the height of the wick; that is to say, that, if the orifice of the tube be one sixth of an inch wide, the wick is to stand only about one sixth above it. At that height, it will not smoke: a very little higher, it will.

Coffee-Machine.—Messrs. Lloyd and Co. of the Strand, offer to the public a coffee-machine of their invention, which they represent as productive of a better beverage than that prepared in the usual way: but, as we have not seen the machine, or witnessed its effects, we cannot venture to hazard any opinion respecting its probable utility.

State of the City Hospitals, as read to the Lord Mayor, &c. on Easter Monday.

Christ's Hospital.
Children put forth apprentices . . . 198
(Ten of whom, being instructed in navigation, were apprenticed to Captains in the Navy)
Children buried last year . . . 11
Children now under the care of the Hospital, and to be admitted to this time } 1229

St. Bartholomew's Hospital.
Patients admitted, cured, and discharged, during the last year—
In patients . . . 4075
Out patients . . . 4168
Buried, last year . . . 311
Remaining under cure—In patients 436
Out patients 435

So that there have been under the cure of the Hospital, last year } 9420

St. Thomas's Hospital.
There have been cured and discharged, last year—
In patients . . . 2733
Out patients . . . 6282

Bridewell Hospital.
Vagrants received by order of the Lord Mayor and sitting Aldermen . . . } 214
Persons passed to Parishes . . . } 782
Apprentices brought up to divers trades . . . } 49

Bethlem Hospital.
Distressed men and women remaining in the Hospital from 1811 and 1812 . . . } 148
Buried, last year . . . 11
Under cure, men and women . . . 146

N^o 8.

Lady's Magazine.. August, 1813.



Marshal Kutusoff.

Published by G. & Robinson, Paternoster Row, London, September 1813.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 44, No. 8 for August, 1813.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. Portrait of Marshal KUTUSOFF.
2. Fashionable Cost for September.
3. Pattern for the Skirt of a Dress.

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LONDON:

Printed for G. and S. ROBINSON, No. 25, Monaster Row;
where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

Our present Number is embellished with a Portrait of the celebrated Russian Commander, Marshal Kutusoff, Prince of Smolensko, whose courage and conduct have been so conspicuously displayed in the present war, particularly at the period of the retreat of the French from Moscow, when he gained two signal victories over two divisions of their grand army, the one commanded by Marshal Davoust, the other by Marshal Ney.—He died about the middle of last May, at Buntzlau, in Silesia, whence his remains were conveyed to the Russian capital, to receive from the gratitude of his Sovereign the well-merited honor of a pompous military funeral.

The “*Effusion*” of Alexis requires revision. If amended to our satisfaction, we will insert it.

Amator's Ballad, being of an immoral tendency, is inadmissible.

Caroline's specimen of a Poem does not meet our approbation.

We cannot think that *Master Caius* was soberly serious when he sent us his *Impromptu*.

Matilda's Sonnet is not original.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE

FOR AUGUST, 1813.

Modern LIFE delineated.

(Continued from page 310.)

MR. Lloyd and his daughter were infinitely surprised, on their arrival at Llanarth, to find every cottage window illuminated, and the church bells ringing a loud peal. The moment they alighted from the carriage, the servants all flocked around them, to express their joy for their master's and young mistress's return.—The congratulations were mutual. "But," said Mr. Lloyd to the old nurse, "what has occasioned the rejoicings I witnessed in the village? I observed every cottage window was lighted up."

"It is for your happy return, my good master, and for Master Edward and Miss Emma's wedding: but I am sorry to find they are not come with you; for we all longed to see young master again."

"I hope," said Mr. Lloyd, "in a very few months he will be with us: and I am certain he will be as glad to see you, as you will be to see him."

"I hope, though, my good master, he is tired of a soldiering life: for, if they are as wild and mischievous in the regular army, as these here people in the next town, that belong to the army of reserve, I am sure we shall have sad work with him: he will be making dreadful havoc among our nice poultry."

Mr. Lloyd smiled at Winifred's simplicity, and assured her, that she had not any thing to fear from Edward, and that the poultry would be unmolested by him.

When the servants had withdrawn, Gertie exclaimed, "How delight-

ful it is to witness the honest warmth of our poor friends! we seem here surrounded with those who love us. In London, how very differently were we situated! Thousands daily passed the house we dwelt in, without either knowing us, or feeling an interest in any thing relating to us; and, if it had not been for the kindness of a few individuals, we might have existed an age there without society.—Many a pleasing countenance has attracted my attention: and I frequently thought, if they were at Llanarth, I should become their friend, and they would be mine. But the Londoners appear to possess the freezing indifference of Laplanders."

"The indifference you complain of, proceeds, in a great measure, from distrust. In all populous cities, avarice and vice assume a thousand pleasing forms, to accomplish their dark designs. Of course, those who become the dupes of hypocrisy or villany, naturally acquire suspicious habits. They dare not trust entirely to external appearances, however favorable they may be: and, considering the various arts of mankind, prudence suggests extreme caution in forming friendships with strangers; for, in a place like London, we may be imposed upon, every hour in the day.—In a retired country village, or even in a country town, the inhabitants are generally known to each other. In such situations, candor and simplicity seldom become dupes to villany. The kindness of the rich excites gratitude in the breasts of the poor; and mutual ob-

ligations cement the harmony of life. It is therefore in retirement that old age finds its greatest comfort; for it has neither the follies nor the vices of mankind to combat with."

"And I am confident, my dear father," exclaimed Gertrude, "that in retirement youth finds its highest gratifications; for, in the beauties of nature, a good home, and a contented mind, we enjoy perpetual happiness."

"I rejoice," said Mr. Lloyd, "that your visit to the gay metropolis has not changed your sentiments."

"I should be unworthy of the excellent home, but more excellent father, if I for a moment preferred the united amusements of London to those real domestic blessings which await me in the vale of Clwyd."

The week after their arrival at Llanarth, a constant succession of visitors from the village and its neighbourhood called at Mr. Lloyd's, to congratulate him on his return home, and his daughter's union with her cousin, which seemed a source of surprise and joy to every individual. Edward had universally been esteemed in the country; and his first rash marriage had proved a subject of discussion in every party in the village, and some miles round it: but Mr. Lloyd's feelings had never been hurt with the most distant allusion to his nephew's imprudence.

It is a remark generally made, that few men pass through life without enemies: but Mr. Lloyd was an exception to this rule. The poor venerated him, as the noblest earthly benefactor: his tenants considered him as a just and indulgent landlord: his domestics almost idolised him; and his friends highly esteemed him, as an amiable, well-bred man, possessed of good sense, and a knowledge of the world, which qualified

him to shine in general conversation. He treated his friends with the utmost respect; but he would not flatter their failings. His sincerity and candor never degenerated into rudeness: and, as to those individuals whom he could neither respect nor reclaim, he simply avoided associating with them. He was not ambitious of the applause of mankind: the only ambition which pervaded his bosom, was that of excelling as a tender husband, a good father, and a virtuous citizen of the world. He thought this life was too short to be spent in fruitless endeavours to obtain worldly honors: for he was well aware that an elevated station requires elevated talents and virtues, to fill it with dignity, and obtain the precarious approbation of the multitude. In the sequestered village of Llanarth, he knew he might conduce to the happiness of a few individuals; and it was here that he endeavoured to treasure up those mental riches, which the fluctuating world could not prevent him from enjoying.

Mr. Lloyd heard frequently from Emma. Her letters contained a glowing description of her happiness with Edward. "He is," she wrote in one of them, "the most perfect of human beings: but still I fancy we should be more cheerful, if we had the society of my beloved father and sister. Whatever amusements we partake of, Edward fancies what my dear Gertrude would say, if she were with us. I assure you, our greatest pleasures are derived from a retrospect of past happiness. We think of the most trifling incidents that occurred at Llanarth; and hope paints a renewal of them, when a few years shall have expired. I am indeed already disgusted with merchandise; for Edward's time is occupied ten hours in the day in a

dirty counting-house: and, during all that time, I am no more than a blank in the creation. I fly from my books to music, and from music to the window, to watch all the droll figures passing and repassing: but the moment I hear Edward open the door, I forget every thing in the world but him.—I fear, Gertrude will be hurt at my weakness, when I tell her that an hour or two in every day I spend in tears: but, if Edward were not obliged to go to that trading-place, I should be completely happy;—though his amiable society almost compensates me for the anguish of my heart when he is absent.”

Gertrude's reply to this letter was in a very serious strain. She admonished her sister to beware of indulging indolent habits; assuring her, that, if she employed her time in a proper manner, imaginary vexations would never haunt her path. She likewise intimated, that it was unbecoming the character of a wife to spend an hour every day in tears, because her husband was obliged to attend to his mercantile affairs. She endeavoured to convince her that she had infinite cause to rejoice that the time he was absent from her, was not passed in idleness or dissipation; and concluded by exhorting her to consider the very important duties attached to the name of wife, which she pointed out with clearness and precision, and with all the energy of a virtuous mind, solely bent upon conducting to a sister's happiness.

Two months had elapsed since Mr. Lloyd's return home; when a heavy fall of snow prevented, during three or four days, any intercourse with their friends.—Gertrude was engaged in making baby-clothes for a poor cottager's wife; and her father was reading to her the *Reflexions* of an Englishman in Paris.—He had just

finished a chapter, and was going to express his high approbation of it, when a loud knocking at the door put all his pleasing ideas to flight.

In a moment Frederic Manville entered the parlour.—Mr. Lloyd and Gertrude received him with infinite joy, and were delighted to learn from him, that Mrs. Manville was considerably better, and Edward and his wife as happy as it was possible to be.

“But what, my young friend, has brought you hither at this dreary season?” said Mr. Lloyd.—“I observe you were obliged to have a chaise and four to prosecute your journey, without endangering your life.”

“I fear, sir, I may incur your displeasure, if I own it: but my feelings compel me to act explicitly, whatever the result may be.—I am come, sir, with no other motive than to avow my attachment to your amiable daughter. It was my intention to have declared my partiality for her before you left town: but, when I last saw you, I was piqued at an expression Miss Lloyd made use of, though my reason has since convinced me that it was not intended as a personal affront.”

Mr. Lloyd's consternation, and Gertrude's embarrassment, prevented an immediate reply to this abrupt declaration.—Frederic paused, and anxiously fixed his eyes upon Gertrude's countenance, and afterwards upon that of her father.—Gertrude confusedly bent her eyes to the floor; and Mr. Lloyd shaded his face with his hand.—“I fear,” continued Frederic, “I am considered as an intruder here.”—“Far from it, my young friend,” said Mr. Lloyd. “It was the abruptness of your manner that checked my words. Believe me, sir, I respect you, nay, highly esteem you; and, if my daughter's sentiments accord with

mine, there is not a young man existing, to whom I would so freely resign her. But I shall leave it entirely to herself. On a subject so important as this, she is the best judge of her own sentiments. I only beg, that to-night the subject may not again be renewed. There is time sufficient to resume it afterwards.—Go, Gertrude, my love! order the horses to be taken from the carriage, and send our young friend some refreshment: and do not, my dear, forget the postillions.”

Gertrude joyfully availed herself of the commission, to quit the room; and, after she had given the orders to the old nurse, she retired to her own apartment, to give vent to the complicated sensations which had overpowered her.—Though Frederic's attention had frequently been particular to her when she was in town, she never suspected the motive, or drew any inference from his words: but now a thousand instances of his attachment, and of his mother's kindness, recurred to her mind.—In tracing his character from their first acquaintance, she found every thing to excite her admiration and esteem: and, though she endeavoured to discover some imperfections in his character, or some unpleasant traits in his disposition, the justice of her own sentiments led her to acquit him honorably of every failing that could afford her a reasonable plea for refusing his addresses.

Though she was charmed with his filial affection, and highly pleased with him as an acquaintance, that lively regard was wanting, which she had so many years felt for her cousin Edward. But, when she thought of her father's sentiments in favor of Frederic, and his words, “There is not a young man existing, to whom I would so freely resign her,” her own scruples were instantly

banished from her bosom. “If,” said she, “my father esteems him above all mankind for a son, I cannot be otherwise than happy with him; and the best of parents will have another prop to sustain the infirmities of approaching old age.” This delightful idea suffused her eyes with the tears of transport: and, when she returned to her father and Frederic, the animated smile that enlivened her countenance, dispelled all their apprehensions, and awakened a sense of joy.

Though Gertrude had not decided the happiness of her lover, he read in her countenance a proof more convincing than language, that his journey to the Vale was not unsuccessful, and that he should return to town with the transporting hope of being united to the woman he esteemed and loved.

In the early state of his acquaintance with Gertrude, he did not admire either her person or her manners: but her sister, he thought, was the most lovely creature he had ever beheld. He often expressed surprise at Edward's uncommon partiality for Gertrude, and always received a reply, that it was the invaluable virtues of her heart he adored: neither did he think, that, in point of personal charms, she was inferior to Emma; for her features expressed the soul within; and her manners were a model of grace and loveliness.—Though Frederic was inclined to dispute the praise bestowed upon Gertrude, yet, every time he saw her, his own opinion imperceptibly inclined toward that of his friend. But, highly as his esteem for her increased, he could not avoid paying the tribute of admiration to her sister's personal charms. The one he admired for her beauty: the other he esteemed and loved for her virtues, and for those qualities which are requisite to render the marriage state

happy : for he was well assured that beauty is but an ideal blessing ; and, though the lover may, in the first moments of enthusiasm, view it with rapture, yet, if the mind do not in some degree accord with the external appearance, the marriage state almost invariably becomes to him a scene of unceasing misery and regret. Such were Frederic's sentiments, previous to Gertrude's departure from town : but they were chiefly derived from his conversations with his friend Edward ; for, at one time, he was so captivated with Emma's external appearance, so completely enthralled by her charms, that he was willing to run every risk of future happiness for the sake of obtaining her, and would have actually made proposals to her, if he had not seen the utter improbability of ever gaining any interest in her affections, which were unalterably fixed on Edward.

(To be continued.)

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS
of the Sixteenth Century.
(Continued from page 266.)*

BOOK 7.

SCARCELY had Liberty raised her voice and displayed her features in the isle of Voorn, and in the two provinces favored by Ocanor, when the Batavians glowed with ardent impatience to fly with her to new victories ; and already William prepared to conduct them in the paths of honor. But he hesitates in his choice of the theatre on which their valour is to be exerted. His soul, divided between the glory of the most brilliant triumph and the suggestions of exalted friendship, alternately yields to the different impulses by which he is prompted—now, to march at the head of his laureled army to attack and defeat Alva—now, to postpone that momentous conflict, in order to rescue from their chains the

heroes confined in the dungeons of Brussels. His mind incessantly occupied by the danger of those illustrious victims, he feels his bosom assailed by turbid emotions, of which he is unable to explain the cause.

The veil of night is now spread over the earth : while he snatches a short repose, the shades of Horn and of Egmont appear to Nassau, salute his ears with their well-known voices, and press him to their bosoms. Pale and bloody, they are crowned with rays of light, and seem as if returned victorious from the most arduous of combats. They invoke the genius of liberty ; they pronounce the names of victory, of their country, of friendship, and of vengeance.

Suddenly starting from his sleep, William hastes to the sandy beach, and, addressing the chiefs by whom he is soon environed, "What mean," says he, "these sad bodings of my mind ? Sinister sounds disturb the tranquillity of my breast : wherever I turn my steps, Horn and Egmont still pursue me : this very night again have I fancied I saw their shades ; I heard their voices ; I felt them press me to their bosoms : pale and bloody, they were crowned with rays of light, and seemed as if returned victorious from the most arduous of combats. The sight of them affected me with feelings the most tender, yet most terrific. They invoked our guardian Liberty : they pronounced the name of victory ; yet they called me to vengeance. . . . What are we to dread ? what are we to hope ? what ought we to undertake ? Are we to believe that Heaven at length gratifies our wishes, and conducts those warriors to our camp ? or does the danger, to which they stand exposed, render it our duty to encounter death, in order to accomplish their deliverance ?"

While he was yet speaking, he

descried a vessel, which seemed to fly over the waves, and soon approached the shore. A female debarks from it, clad in mourning weeds, and displaying in one hand a naked sword, in the other a funereal urn. Her countenance at once inspires respect, pity, and terror, and leaves the beholder in doubt whether sorrow or the hope of vengeance predominates in her features. She is accompanied by a single warrior, who waves before her a banner stained with gore.

"Who can that woman be?" asked William, shuddering with horror.—She advances; and the hero exclaims, "Wife of Horn! what mean these appearances? Animated with the desire of bursting his chains, com'st thou with the intention of braving death in our company? Ah! we are animated with the same desire: and would to heaven we could at this instant conduct thee to the walls of his dungeon, force the strong gates and bars, and, in spite of our tyrants, restore two heroes to their country!"

"Nassau!" replies she, "talk not of opening their dungeon! the ruthless hand of Alva has already opened it: he seised both his victims—he conducted them to the scaffold . . ."

At these words, a general murmur of indignation and horror was heard; and the whole assembly was overwhelmed with deep consternation.

"The wife of Horn," she resumed, "I have imbibed from him a portion of his courage. I followed him to the scaffold; I saw him mount it uncompelled. . . I did not see his head fall:—my eyes, long sealed, as in death, did not open again to the light, till after the completion of the crimes which stained that dreadful day. As soon as night favored me with her friendly shade,

I ran to the grave of my murdered lord, and invoked the vengeance of heaven and earth against our tyrants, while my attendants were enshrining his heart in this urn. With what torrents of tears I bedewed it, when the voice of my husband himself resounded from his grave, and said to me—'Cease to weep over that urn: boldly carry it into the midst of the battle; and let it be inundated with the blood of our enemies:—be that thy mourning, widow of Horn!'

"I obeyed the sacred injunction: guided, as it were, by the hand of the Almighty who screened me from the sight of our persecutors, I hastened to these shores, where I come to anticipate the tardy voice of Fame: she seems to be leagued with our tyrants, since she has not yet informed you of our disasters. From me then learn, thou friend of my lord and of Egmont, and ye warriors thus cruelly deprived of those valiant chiefs who would have conducted you to certain triumph—learn that the unfortunate widow of Egmont, as if struck with the same blow which terminated that hero's existence, expired in an agony of grief at the feet of the sanguinary Alva. I alone remain, to implore your aid; and I already perceive your sorrow, and the resentment which kindles in your souls—sure presages of speedy vengeance. Ah! may I live to see the wives of our tyrants clad in mourning weeds! Let the villains tremble! In the midst of the battle, they shall behold this banner, stained with the blood of the two heroes: in the hands of Horn's widow they shall see this sword which once graced his side, and this urn which now incloses his heart."

William demands the banner, which is immediately put into his hands. He also takes the urn—long contemplates it in silence,

while inwardly perturbed with tumultuous emotions—alternately bedews it with tears, and darts on it terrific looks—then, stooping over the vase and the banner—

“O my friends!” cried he, in a voice that issued from his inmost soul, “what I feared, is then at length accomplished! Alas! why did I haste to open that path which finally led to a scaffold? Were the repeated entreaties of their friends—of universal Spain—of so many kings—and of France, whom their valour once humbled, but who since interceded for their lives—were they incapable of at length mollifying the inflexible Philip?—Before I formed any other enterprise, ought I not to have burst open their dungeons, and snatched them from the rage of those tigers?”

“My dear departed friends! Ah! when, locked in your arms, I could not tear myself away from the tender embrace—when my affectionate entreaties urged you to accompany me—was friendship less strongly pictured in my countenance, than I felt it in my heart? My tears, which already flowed for you—were they not sufficiently affecting? Beloved shades! it was not an illusion, when your voice rang in my ears, and, addressing to me *your adieux*, you folded your arms around me, and pressed me to your bosoms Horn! how ardently thy generous bosom glowed with the noble flame of patriotism, of glory, of friendship! Egmont! how gentle, how exalted thy soul! O my country! have we yet offered thee sufficiently great sacrifices? Ah! how many more we have still to offer!—how many sons, brothers, valiant warriors

“But you, Horn and Egmont, are now no more. I swear upon this urn, upon this banner stained

with your generous blood—I swear, and we all swear, to avenge your death, the most cruel wound hitherto inflicted on the Batavian—and to erect on the site of your scaffold a temple to Liberty.—Warriors! let us march against Alva: while his ferocious soul feasts on the recollected image of their death, let us interrupt his barbarous joy: let him see in us so many heroes, sprung, as it were, from their blood: let us drive him to the spot where they were sacrificed; and there, in sight of their scaffold, let us, together with their cause, avenge that of our country and of human nature.—Illustrious victims! Oh! that Heaven would grant us, in the hour of battle, to immolate on your tomb the tyrant who prematurely cut, you off in the midst of your glorious career! That sacrifice would appease your shades; and the sighs of our sorrow should be mingled with the joyous shouts of triumph.”

Thus he spoke with terrific voice: his tears no longer flow; and he fixes on the urn his eyes flashing with martial fire. The urn then passes from his hands to those of all the chiefs and all the warriors; they are transported, in imagination, to the foot of the bloody scaffold; and there, as on a sacred altar, they swear to avenge the murder of those heroes—to emulate their magnanimous courage—to defy the sword of Alva, and the axe of his executioners. The countenance of Horn's relict, up-lifted toward heaven, announces the consolatory hope which springs up in her bosom.

Meanwhile Alva, impatient to shed fresh torrents of blood, advances with hasty marches; and Fanaticism and Tyranny, with loud cries, call on the dæmon of war. From the gloomy recesses of the frozen North,

where stands his horrid temple, the dæmon stalks forth to their aid, armed with that enormous shield, before which so many towers have been laid prostrate in the dust—with that antique helmet, over which waves a crest of nodding plumes, that rustle in the wind, like the branches of the oak shaken by the breath of the tempest—with that gore-stained javelin, which, from the infancy of time to the present hour, has been incessantly employed in the work of death, without as yet having its point blunted.

Soaring high in air, and seeing on one side the Spanish fleets proudly furrowing the main—and, on the other, still more proud, Alva rapidly advancing at the head of his warriors—the dæmons utter a shout of joy, which shakes the Belgic towers, and the tall masts of the Batavian fleet. But, at the sight of the two provinces which have shaken off the yoke of Spain—of the valour of Nassau—of the resentment which inflames his bosom, which hurries him on to vengeance, and which is equally felt by all his warlike associates—the dæmons, goaded by impatient rage, and even shuddering with fear, resolve to strike a tremendous blow, even before the arrival of Alva and of the Spanish fleet. Furious they wing their way to the cave of Tempest. Oceanor perceives them in their airy flight; but, submissive to the orders of the Almighty—who, to exercise the courage of man, and urge him to the sublimest efforts of virtue, oft conducts him to happiness through the rugged paths of misfortune—he suffers them to exercise a momentary sway on the Batavian shores.

Toward the northern pole, the gloomy abode of Tempest, from the bosom of the ocean ascend enormous

rocks of ice, which, while mountains elsewhere sink and valleys rise, remain undisturbed on their primæval foundations since the commencement of time. The god of day never turns his eyes toward them; or he bestows on them but an oblique glance: his genial ray, instead of warming those frozen piles, loses on them its heat and vivifying power: they are crowned with forests of icicles; and, if a refreshing spring ventures to pour forth its waters in this unfavored spot, it is suddenly arrested in its course, and bound in icy chains. The Halcyon, that delights in the deep, deposits not here her eggs, the dear hope of future offspring; nor were the tuneful denizens of air ever heard to pour forth their melody: even the bird of night shudders, while she views at a distance this inauspicious clime, where nought is heard but the dire tumult of the warring winds and waves. In the centre of these rocks, gapes a profound cavern, where Tempest incessantly roars; and the borders of his domain are strewn with lifeless corpses, and the shattered wrecks of vessels.

Tyranny, approaching, addresses the dæmon—"O thou!" says she, "so dreaded on the seas—thou, whose dominion is there universally acknowledged—in me thou beholdest thy sister and thy rival: as thou reignest on the ocean, I reign on the land. Nevertheless an insolent nation, and a proud host of warriors, insult my power. Incensed that the scaffold has been bedewed with the blood of victims whom they honor—formidable by their valour and their resentment—were they to combat at this moment, they would be victorious. Let us unite against them: let all Hell rise in arms to destroy them.

"Wilt thou suffer the insulting

Batavian to rear his lofty dikes to oppose thee? In vain thou coverest the sea and land with ruins: from the top of those dikes, he defies thy power. Nay, the obscure premonitions of fate already announce, that, in future times, he will erect still more formidable ramparts, to defend those lands which he has wrested from the azure domain—that his numerous fleets, setting thee at defiance on the waves, will connect him with every port, and reign triumphant in the eastern and the western climes—that, with increasing audacity, he will come to insult thee in the very seat of thy empire, and endeavour to penetrate beyond these pillars of eternal ice, that have hitherto opposed an insurmountable barrier to the union of the two worlds, which have stretched forth their arms through the immense ocean, to meet here in social embraces.”

“Those rash mortals,” cried Tempest, “shall receive due punishment from my hand. They shall be frozen to ice, like those rocks which form the ramparts of my dominion; and their vessel, suddenly chained with them between these rocks, shall long stand a terrific monument of my power. But ’tis better prevent all those enterprises dictated by a hitherto-unexampled audacity: yes! I’ll overwhelm those dikes, against which the roaring deep spends its unavailing rage: I’ll sink in the abysses of the sea that fleet, which so proudly exults in the triumph it has gained over my stormy legions: let not a wreck of it remain; let it be swallowed up in the gulf of oblivion; and let my irresistible might and vengeance extend to the bosom of his country, and terrify the Batavian by ravages unparalleled in the history of the world!”

(To be continued.)

GENTILITY, and the WANT of it.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine,
SIR,

I WAS much pleased with the justice of some remarks in your last Number, on “Economy and Avarice,” some of which seem so applicable to my own case, that I hope you will indulge me with a small space in your miscellany, to state my circumstances, and make what few remarks may arise therefrom.

I am a married man, but without children, and have a limited, and rather small, income. I endeavour to guide myself by the strictest rules of economy, and yet have every wish to render myself, and those about me, as comfortable as my means will admit: and this, in these times, is certainly right. Still, sir, I cannot please all my friends, some of whom have an unfortunate taste for expense and elegance. With these I am not genteel enough; and I understand they say of me, “Why, Peter is a good fellow; but he wants gentility and spirit.” Now this is provoking; for, to say that a man wants spirit, is to convey a mean and degrading opinion of him, and there is always such an idea annexed to it; although I have seen men become rich, and obtain worldly honors, by the want of that very spirit which has been the ruin of others.

I am thus blamed merely because I do not choose to exceed the limits of my annual income: but if it be genteel and spirited to keep out of debt, and, as far as one can, to make a friend welcome when he drops in at our habitation; these things I do. But, when I have given a little dinner, the minds of those who would otherwise have been very well satisfied, are poisoned by my over genteel acquaintance; and

they are officiously reminded, in some after-conversation, that I had neither fish nor poultry ; that the pastry was not so good as it might have been ; that the only wine I gave was Port, and that not till after dinner ; that my dessert did not deserve the name of one, being only a few oranges, apples, and nuts. In short, sir, when I had done every thing in my power to make them comfortable, and had strained my purse-strings as far as I dared, noses and eyes were turned up at my want of gentility. Yet it is a fact, that some of these people are friendly enough to borrow money of me sometimes ; but this, I suppose, is genteel and spirited. To be sure, I have occasionally dined with some of these borrowers ; and our dinner has invariably been of the very first order, both as to viands and wines. I would attempt a description ; but so little am I acquainted with many of the fine nick-nacks of the day, that I should either not be able to name them at all, or give them wrong names : and my want of spirit is such, that I have frequently left dishes untasted, merely because I did not know the names of them ; and to have asked for a little of " this," or " that," or the other, you know, would have looked very silly.

This taste for gentility and high spirit seems to have pervaded all ranks and conditions. You will equally find the nobleman, and the man of trade, ridiculing economy and frugality, and laughing at the idea of avoiding superfluous expenses. Unfortunately, however, for these high-spirited people, our jails are swarming with their forerunners in this notable art of extravagance ; and the streets are filled with the poor deserted offspring of such men. While I see these things, and know them to be facts, I shall not heed the

sneers that are thrown out at me for my meanness and " miserableness," as common economy is now termed ; for I am quite satisfied, that, if those genteel and high-spirited gentlemen would condescend to become a little less vain and ostentatious, it would be of incalculable benefit to themselves. and to the public, at whose expense they too often keep up all their gay appearances ; to say nothing of the force of pernicious example, which is not a little.

For myself, I shall still go on in my plain path ; and, when I am laughed at for not going oftener to the theatres, and other places of public amusement—to balls, routs, and masquerades—I shall console myself with the satisfactory remembrance, that, while I conduct myself as I do, I shall still be able to provide my little household with all the necessities and comforts, and some few of the elegancies, of life ; and shall content myself with the simple round of uncloying pleasures that a contented mind, and a taste for music, poetry, and the charms of nature, can produce. In this course, I shall not hazard either my income, my health, or my peace of mind ; all of which are certainly staked, and very often lost, by the desperate conduct of men, who, from their notions of gentility and spirit, set about aping their superiors in life.—I am, &c. PETER PLAINWAY.

—
EDWIN and ELIZA ;

or the EFFECTS of JEALOUSY.

How easily friendship and love may be turned to contempt and hatred, by some circumstance so trifling, as to seem in its origin more like joke than earnest ! Yet taunt will too often follow taunt, till what was at first but a slight difference, becomes a serious quarrel, and ends perhaps in settled dislike. It is bad

enough that friendship should be thus sacrificed ; but that love should be lost by such means, is really lamentable ; I mean the sincere love of two persons who seemed happily married, and with every prospect of a continuance of happiness through life.

Edwin and Eliza had been united about three years : it was an equal match, and their choice mutual ; force or persuasion had nothing to do in bringing them together : and, at the time of the event which I am about to mention, happy and satisfied with each other, and charmed with the innocent endearments of two blooming children, neither themselves nor their friends had the slightest idea that any thing could occur, to put an end to so much comfort. Jealousy is a bad feeling ; yet it is a feeling which ought to be respected, as it certainly proves the fulness of attachment from the person over whom it spreads its baneful influence. I do not mean to say it should be indulged upon any but the most serious occasions ; for, in the present instance, by suffering it to gain an ascendancy over the mind, an irremediable mischief followed.

Eliza had for some time fancied that Edwin was more frequently from home than usual, and for longer periods : the dæmon got possession of her soul ; and at length she began to insinuate to him, that his absences from home were occasioned by an attachment to some other female. Unfortunately, he treated her remarks with a sort of levity that irritated her temper, and confirmed a suspicion which was certainly groundless. A violent quarrel was the fruit of this, or indeed a succession of quarrels, which at length ended in a separation ! They are now mutually miserable, the

victims of misunderstanding and irritation.

The very first approaches of jealousy should be guarded against in the bosom of man or woman ; and the moment the one finds the least appearance of it in the other, they should watch over their own conduct with the most scrutinising care ; and neither by word nor deed give the slightest occasion to increase so dreadful a feeling ; nor to irritate the temper of a person over whose mind such a demoniac power has spread itself. It is easy to commence a quarrel ; but, alas ! as a river that breaks its bank, slightly at first, when left to itself, soon pours destruction over the plains ; so passion carries the mind beyond itself into all the mischiefs and miseries that render the remainder of life a scene of wretchedness and despair. A wife naturally demands and deserves from her husband every possible attention ; and it should be his study to devote to her all the leisure that his business may leave him : and he may be assured that he will take the surest means to guard against the approach of jealousy ; and not only that, but he will find the attentions bestowed upon him in return so far "above all price," that he must be either a fool or a madman to endanger his happiness by neglecting a duty so easily performed, and so delightful in its rewards.

J. M. LACEY.

The ADOPTED CHILD.

(*continued from page 306.*)

To a classical taste, Mr. Mervil added general information ; and, in addition to his talents, inherited qualities which fitted him for a military station. Brave, generous, and humane, he was idolised by the regiment. His noble and dignified exterior commanded respect ; while

his correct and polished manners conciliated esteem.—Susceptible of every filial feeling, he not only loved, but revered, his mother; and he considered himself bound by duty (as well as affection) to render the evening of her days serene and happy, at least as much so as the nature of his profession would admit.—She now approved the line he had chosen; and, though often pained by his absence, and anticipating a thousand ills to impede his return, yet, confiding in his veracity, her judgement always reconciled her to the disappointment.

Mr. Mervil contemplated the virtues of his sister with heart-felt delight:—her affectionate and delicate attention to his mother evinced a sensibility superior to her age.—The virtues, which he inculcated, she refined; and that rigid sense of feminine propriety, which he contended was the true criterion of a spotless mind, her innocent, though animated conduct, correctly exemplified.—No levity attached to her vivacity, which was unbounded: it was the guileless effusion of a sportive fancy enlivened by genuine humour.

Fearful lest her unsuspecting temper should betray her into difficulties, Mervil often warned her against sudden attachments: but, whenever these admonitions were repeated, Mrs. Mervil's countenance as frequently brightened with conscious security in her discretion.—Proud of her mother's confidence, Frances, with infinite drollery, caricatured her own timidity on her first introduction into fashionable life, and anticipated, in such terms of comic import, the frequent attacks on her rustic credulity, as convinced Mervil that he had nothing to fear respecting her, on the score of either discrimination or principles.

Light as a fawn, she danced and sang as nature dictated.—Her wild notes were melodious; and, when tuned to sympathy, every finer feeling beat responsive:—but, when the provincial songs of the country called forth her powers, the expression of her features, in unison with the tune, exceeded all description.

These mimic propensities never degenerated into satire:—no malignant quality tainted the pure spring from which they originated: the well-directed piety of Mrs. Mervil had defined their limits; and Frances doted on her mother too much to err against conviction.

Marina had been so much pleased with the conversation of Mrs. Mervil, that the hour which she had allotted for Jeannette's absence seemed to have fled with unusual rapidity. Expressing her surprise at Jeannette's speedy return, and at the same instant looking at her watch, she found that it was indeed time for them to depart.—Mrs. Mervil entreated, that, in future, Jeannette might accompany Marina into the house—adding, “I have an old domestic, whose fidelity entitles her to respect; and she will prove an admirable companion to your faithful attendant.”

Marina—happy to avail herself of any expedient, that procured her the continuation of an intercourse whose pleasing effects she already sensibly felt—willingly agreed to this proposition, more especially as it would at once remove every impediment that might arise from the suspicions of Mrs. Brown, who had declared that she should never be averse to the long rambles of Miss Cavendish, provided that she were but attended by “Mrs. Mary,” who had so effectually insinuated herself into her good graces, that she placed in her the most implicit

confidence ; and shame alone withheld her from revealing to her even her own secrets.

During the course of a month, unless prevented by the weather, Marina seldom failed to pay an evening visit at Deane Wood : and the more she saw of Mrs. Mervil and her family, the less she regretted her compliance with the wishes of her father. In her letters to Mrs. Montague, she frequently expatiated on the happiness she enjoyed in the society of the old lady and her daughter ; and, though the ingenuous mind of Marina, as often as she mentioned them, accused her of duplicity in passing over in silence the secretly acknowledged merit of the son—a certain something, for which she hardly knew how to account, always withheld her. Perhaps she imagined that her pen could not do justice to a character, which, in her partial estimation, was faultless. However it was—though she sometimes attempted to introduce this object of her daily admiration to her beloved benefactress, displeased with her own expressions, she as constantly shrunk from the task, and generally committed her imperfect sketches to the flames.

At this period, a letter from Mrs. Montague (communicating the melancholy tidings of the death of their worthy rector Mr. Burnaby, and the rapid decline of her favorite William Manby, who was pronounced to be in the last stage of a consumption) awakened all the tender feelings of Marina. She regretted the loss of Mr. Burnaby with even more afflictive sensations, than the approaching dissolution of young Manby—She knew her kind protectress was now deprived of the only friend, whose society could compensate for her loss : and, fearful lest she should again relapse into that state which

Mr. Montague had often so pathetically described, she immediately wrote to him, saying that even the authority of the marquis should not restrain her from attending her maternal friends, if Mr. Montague imagined that her presence could in any degree alleviate their concern. In his reply, he assured her, that, however gratified they might feel in again experiencing her soothing attentions, no selfish consideration would ever prevail upon them to wish her to relinquish for a moment the purpose which had alone extorted their consent to part with her.

This kind epistle was accompanied by one from the marquis : but how different the style of her real, from that of her nominal, parent !—The marquis's letter breathed the spirit of indifference and pride : no tender expression mitigated the harsh information, that, as he could not prevail upon the marchioness to receive her as his daughter, she must be satisfied to remain some time longer at Belvoir, in the character of his niece ;—that he intended seeing her in the course of the summer, and hoped the propriety of her present conduct would enable him to receive her with pleasure. He expressed no wish to hear from her ; and, if he had, her high spirit (which ever revolted at the idea of compulsive obedience) might have dictated an answer that would have destroyed the influence which she was so solicitous to gain.

The feelings of Marina had also, for the last week, been cruelly exercised by the conduct of Captain Mervil. That pleasure, which he at first so evidently betrayed whenever she appeared, was no longer visible : he seemed restrained only by that politeness, which marked his every action, from quitting the room soon after she entered it : and, though he

attended her, as usual, to the end of the wood; he was, upon these occasions, more particularly thoughtful and reserved.—If he conversed, she plainly perceived that he did it with reluctance; and his manner, as if in conformity with his sentiments, became insensibly tinged with coldness and formality. An alteration so mortifying could not fail to excite in the mind of Marina very unpleasant sensations; and, one evening, as she was sitting alone with Mrs. Mervil, she was resolved to take the opportunity of his absence, to ask her, if any unpleasant circumstance had arisen, to create this extraordinary revolution in his conduct; when the entrance of Frances, exclaiming that her dear Tudway was come at last, effectually silenced her.

“Now, my amiable friend,” said the worthy Mrs. Mervil, without perceiving the rising blush that crimsoned the cheek of Marina—“now I shall have the happiness of introducing to you that generous young man, with whose disinterested friendship I shall at some future period make you better acquainted. Once a year, he enlivens our solitude with his agreeable society: I have been expecting him some days, and intended surprising you with this welcome addition to our little circle.”

She had scarcely uttered these words, when Tudway himself entered. But the transport, the ecstasy, with which he beheld the long-lost object of his adoration, no language can express; nor ever perhaps were assembled, in one groupe, a set of countenances, in which the effects of surprise and astonishment were more strongly delineated.—The rapture, which his words but incoherently expressed, was visibly depicted in the animated eyes of young Tudway; while confusion and distress as clearly marked the features

of Marina. The florid hue of Mervil's cheek was succeeded by a deadly pale; and surprise and wonder were conspicuous in the looks of Mrs. Mervil and Frances.

As soon as Tudway was sufficiently recovered from his ecstasy, to converse rationally, he began relating to Marina, (who listened to him with evident impatience) how he had pursued her. After a brief account of his unsuccessful excursion into Warwickshire, “I returned,” continued he, “determined to wreak my vengeance on the rascal gardener, who had sent me on such a wild-goose chase: but the sly old dog had got a scent of my return; and, before I arrived at Sedley House, he had stolen away. To complete my mortification, I learned that Mr. and Mrs. Montague were both in Scotland; and it was with the utmost difficulty I procured their address from their cross old housekeeper. After dispatching letters innumerable, I at length obtained this concise reply—that you had quitted them, and were under the protection of a powerful relative; but *who* that relative was, they very kindly left me to conjecture. My good stars, however, soon threw in my way a fair little female belonging to Sedley House, who told me she believed you went away in one of the Marquis of Ormville's carriages. To a temper sanguine and ardent as mine, this information amounted to a certainty; and I immediately set off in pursuit of the marquis.”

“Surely, Mr. Tudway,” interrupted Marina, “you were not so mad as to”

“Oh! but I was,” continued Tudway: “I overtook his lordship at Spa: but he totally denied any knowledge of you. Yet, although a courtier in general lies with a tolerable grace, the mask of hypocrisy

fell at the presumptuous appearance of a grocer's son before so august a personage; and his inflamed countenance pronounced that his assertion was a falsehood. It was with infinite difficulty that I reined in the natural violence of my untamed spirit: but your pleasing image crossed my imagination, and curbed my rising anger.—I left the proud patrician to digest at his leisure my plebeian assurance, and again continued my search.—In vain I inquired at his town-house, and at Ormville: you were not in either of those places; and I was returning home in despair, when the rapidity of my career was suddenly arrested by a fever which I caught at Henly.—I was on the borders of the grave:—but, alas! Marina, my illness served rather to increase than abate the fervor of my passion. Your angelic virtues were ever present to my mind.—Hope, that visionary inspirer of the youthful breast, still cheered my fancy with the animating idea, that, if I could but find you, the sincerity and ardor of my affection might perhaps excite in your gentle heart some pity for my sufferings.—This flattering illusion made me so in love with life, that I heard with impatience every intimation that I should not for some time be able to travel; while the continual agitation of my mind only irritated my disorder, and retarded my recovery.—However, as my good old father often tells me, 'Naught is never in danger'—after three weeks' confinement, I was conveyed home.—A letter, from my uncle at Monmouth, called me to this part of the world: but little did I imagine I should find, in this sequestered spot, the lovely object of my search."—Here Tudway entreated to be favored with a few moments' private conversation with Marina; which she gravely refused, saying, at

the same time, that he could not have any business with her, which might not be imparted before Mrs. Mervil's family.

(*To be continued.*)

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(*Continued from page 318.*)

Sir Frederic Aubrey, to Lord William Mandeville.

Stanly Grove.

I BELIEVE your lordship was mortally chagrined that you were not included in the invitation which Hastings gave me to accompany him to Stanly Grove. Yet I really wonder how you could think of such a thing; for I dare be sworn you never associated with such a society as I am now with. (Mind, I except the females of your own family.) It is true, the good people here think I am a little too free in my notions of things: but then I am young and flexible, and may in time imbibe the principles of virtue.

"What," you exclaim—"what, in the name of wonder, is to follow this soporific prelude?"—Why, this, my lord—that I have found out (what perhaps you may have long ago discovered) that I am a most egregious fool, and consummate coxcomb. My vanity had so completely veiled my sight, that I could not perceive this disagreeable truth. But, not to weary you with a tedious preamble—know, my friend, that, short as the time is since I parted from you, I have found it long enough to plunge over head and ears in love; and have made an abrupt tender of my person and fortune to an elegant and amiable woman, who, like myself, is a visitor at the Grove. The consequence of this indelicate precipitancy was a most peremptory refusal of my overtures. But, as a punishment which I think I justly deserve, I will endure the mortifi-

cation of disclosing to you the particulars of my proceedings.

It would be little amusement to you, to particularise the charms of the female part of the company assembled here; for beauty has so long been familiar to you, that I believe it has nearly lost its influence. But you could not, Mandeville—I am sure you could not have seen the fine form of Lord Granville's daughter with indifference: you could not hear the melody of her voice unmoved: you could not behold the soft expression that beams in her eye, without feeling your heart affected. My whole soul was entranced; and I thought it impossible that my eyes could, for a moment, wander from this fascinating object, till a maid, blooming and wild as the nymph who fled from the suit of Apollo, caught such hold on my senses, that I was ever by her side, and poured into her ear a profusion of soft nonsense, to which she listened with such a bewitching archness in her manner, as completely captivated me: yes! every look, every smile of the bewitching Pembroke quite enraptured me: and, when she sang, her wild notes would swell my soul to the highest pitch of ecstasy. But, though I thought this was not love, I would not have seen her the wife of another for the wealth of worlds.

Though powerfully attracted by the charms of that lively maid, yet, when the pensive Lenox has glided by me, my heart, by its tumultuous emotions, owned her power; my pulse beat quick; and my eyes followed her with inexpressible delight; and I would have given millions to have been the man she could have blessed with her heart.

Headstrong and impetuous, I madly, and without consideration, made proposals to this charming woman. I only considered that my pride, my

ambition, my love, would be gratified in such a union: and at the very time when I dedicated my whole care and attention to another, when I had never expressed any sentiments of tenderness for this charming Lenox, (unless she could have read the language of my eyes) I, puppy-like, not doubting of success, asked her for her hand and heart.

The look she gave me, told me my error in a moment. "Had you reflected a moment, Sir Frederic, you would not have paid your vows to me: your heart is not in the compliment you have paid me; and you may be more hurt, than you imagine, by this precipitancy. By me, however, this conversation shall be buried in oblivion. If you forget it, sir, and think as you ought, I very sincerely wish you happiness, where, in my opinion, you ought first to have sought it."

After this severe, though just rebuke, she was going to leave me; nor had I power to say one word to her; I was so awed by her manner, and so thoroughly humbled by the sense I had of my very ridiculous conduct. But—as if Fortune was determined to make my mortification complete—just as Miss Lenox was quitting the room, the laughter-loving Pembroke entered. She was the last woman in the world, that I could have wished to see at that moment. The situation was awkward to even the pure and delicate mind of Miss Lenox: she looked embarrassed; and never, sure, did a poor luckless wight appear so much like a fool, as I did.

Words were unnecessary to explain the business. Miss Pembroke instantly saw how affairs stood.—I could have borne her ridicule: her usual lively manner would have been a relief to me: but, when she cast on me her sweet eyes, which seemed

to beam with a kind of languid reproach, I could not bear their expression: it wounded me to the soul.—Unable to recover myself, I hurried out of the room; nor have I yet regained my former ease and tranquillity.

Miss Lenox, indeed, ever amiable and considerate, is quite herself: she talks to me, as usual, in her easy placid way. But Pembroke—the ever charming Pembroke!—her eyes, which used to be full of softness and pleasure at my approach, are constantly averted from me, so that I have lost her too; for I believe I may, without vanity, say that I once was not absolutely indifferent to her. But now she despises me; and I am, in every way, humbled for my folly. But I must recover my spirits; for I find we are to have a wedding here; and Hastings tells me that he expects you will give him the meeting, when he carries home his bride. There will be a rich regale of beauty, for your lordship to feast your eyes on. But come not near Miss Pembroke! She must not listen to the poisonous flattery of your tongue. I swear, Mandeville, that I would rather break our long-established friendship, than see her cast her bewitching eyes upon you. Oh! why did I not cultivate the good opinion she once had of me? But it is now too late! I cannot recall the past: yet I cannot bear, with any degree of temper, the thoughts of her looking favorably on any other man.—You will think me a madman: therefore I will, for the present, take my leave of you.—Yours, sincerely,
AUBREY.

Charlotte Pembroke, to Miss Pembroke.

ALL is now settled, my dear sister: in a few days, the sun will shine on two of the happiest of bridegrooms, and will, I trust, shed its kindly influence on two equally happy brides.

A few days after I wrote to you, as we were one morning sitting listening to a very interesting tale, which Mrs. D'Anville was reading to us, a servant came in, and whispered Lord Ossenvor.—His lordship withdrew, but presently returned, introducing two gentlemen. The moment that one of them caught Mrs. D'Anville's eye, the book dropped from her hand.—He eagerly approached her, and pressed her hand in his for some time, without speaking; and such looks were interchanged between them, as convinced us, that this stranger could be no other than Sir Thomas Byron.

As soon as the first transports of their meeting were a little subsided, Mrs. D'Anville, with a grace peculiar to her, introduced her lover to Lady Ossenvor. "Permit me, my lady, to introduce to your friendship the man most dear to one whom you have so highly favored. In Sir Thomas Byron, you see the friend of my youth, the man who has honored me with a constant and unabated attachment."

Sir Thomas Byron, my Emma, is just the kind of man that you and I formed an idea of, and the only one, in my opinion, who could stand any chance of succeeding Mortimer in the affections of Mrs. D'Anville. He is neither young nor handsome, but has the finest pair of eyes that ever gave intelligence to a face. His form and figure are marked with perfect symmetry: in every turn of his person, in every word he speaks, you may discover the accomplished gentleman. The other gentleman, who accompanied him, was a stranger to most of the company, but seemed well known to Miss Lenox. Frederic Beville is as elegant a young fellow as I ever saw; and he paid his devoirs to the ladies with true Parisian *politesse*.

Miss Hastings' eyes sparkled with unusual brilliancy at this agreeable addition to our society ; and she is now playing off the whole artillery of her charms, to captivate this well-bred beau, just imported from the land of taste and elegance ; and, if I mistake not, he will prove an admirable match for her : he will be as attentive, for a while, as she can wish ; but, in a very short time, they will both sicken for variety. He seems to have too high a sense of his own superlative attractions, to think any one woman of sufficient consequence to engross him entirely to herself. Yet, though he seems so strongly marked with foreign frippery and folly, Sir Thomas Byron says that he is a sensible, accomplished young man ; that he often laughs at his own absurdity, into which he thoughtlessly enters, hurried on by a volatile disposition, and the depraved taste of the times. A short acquaintance, Sir Thomas politely said, with the company he had lately had the honor of being introduced to, would soon reform his manners, and give him that steadiness, which he thought was alone wanting to make him a very amiable character.

Lady Louisa thinks that the happiness of her nuptials will not be complete, unless you favor her with your company : but I need say nothing on this subject, as I think the letter, which will accompany this, will not leave it in your power to refuse her request ; so that I flatter myself with the pleasure of seeing you in a few days.

Lady Louisa and Mrs D'Anville, as I before intimated to you, are to be united on the same day to the men of their choice ; and the whole party that are now at the Grove, will accompany them to Park-Place, the seat of Sir Henry Hastings ; and the plan is, that we are not to sepa-

rate, till we go to town for the winter season.

Poor Aubrey ! I vow I had almost forgotten you. I pity you ; and, if I know my own heart, pity is now the only sensation I feel for you.—Aubrey, like a wayward child, despised the toy within his reach, and anxiously sighed for that which another possessed. Sir Frederic, my sister, has at last fixed his choice. Accident introduced me at the moment when he was making his first professions to Miss Lenox. The sudden, the unexpected emotions which this sight gave my heart, filled my eyes, I fear, with an expression which I did not wish. Unable to bear his embarrassed situation, Aubrey quickly left the room. I stood lost for some time in a profound *rêverie*, till Miss Lenox, with a voice full of sweetness, thus addressed me. "The conversation, Miss Pembroke, which has just passed between Sir Frederic and me, was as little expected or wished for on my side, as inconsiderately entered into on his. His heart was not in the vows he made to me : that is still true to its first sensations. I cannot, I will not attempt to exculpate him : his own reflexions will be his punishment ; to say nothing of that which he will receive from a more interesting object."—Miss Lenox saw my confusion, and kindly felt for me ; and, to give me time to recover myself, she quitted me.

I own, I was hurt, exceedingly hurt, at the disappointment of my hopes—hopes, which perhaps I had too fondly encouraged.—I am very sensible of Miss Lenox's superiority ; and, if Sir Frederic had first attached himself to her, I should have considered his choice as a proof of his judgement. Perhaps he thought his heart would be an offer of more consequence in Matilda's eyes, when

there was reason to think I would not have refused it. He knew little of the mind of Miss Lenox, if he thought that the sacrifice of my peace would be an offering acceptable to her. Rather must I think him governed by an ungenerous vanity—a vanity, too often indulged by men who think highly of themselves, and which is but too often gratified by the liberal encouragement given to them by our sex. But, whatever was his motive, the progress and termination of his attentions has made an impression on my mind, which will not easily be effaced. I will, however, do him the justice to say that his present behaviour is unexceptionable. He has not the effrontery to be in any wise particular to me: indeed his conduct is quite the reverse of what it was. To Miss Lenox, he is open, polite, and unembarrassed: to me, he is more reserved; yet he follows me, like my shadow; and I often hear his sighs, though I do not seem to observe them.

I was in hopes that he would have quitted us; for he appears unhappy; and I cannot shake off a little awkwardness, which hangs about me when he is present. But I cannot, for the soul of me, forbear playing off, at his expense, a little coquetry, of which, you know, I have a strong dash in my composition.—I endeavour to engage a little of Beville's attention; for which I know I shall gain Clara Hastings' mortal enmity: but that I do not mind, any more than I do Sir Frederic's glowing cheek, or the evident chagrin he discovers at my laughing easy behaviour with this volatile young man.

Do not condemn me, Emma, though I own that I do enjoy the uneasiness of this poor mortified swain. I would not have given a pin to have flirted with Beville, if I

had not seen that it distressed Aubrey, who dares not complain. Yet do not be too serious on reading this, my Emma: there is no danger in this flirtation: it will not hurt either Beville or me; and, as to Sir Frederic, you must own that he deserves a little mortification. But, to let you see that I am not so hard-hearted as you may imagine, I will relate an instance of my lenity to a man who certainly has treated me ungenerously.

Last week, Lord Ossenvor gave a ball to a small private party.—Beville, who thought himself sure of Miss Hastings, was not in a hurry to solicit the honor of her hand for the evening; and, when he did, she told him, with an air of triumph, that she was just engaged to an elegant red-coat. He then asked me; but I could not find in my heart to make Aubrey miserable for the evening, as I could perceive that he anxiously watched me, whenever any gentleman spoke to me.—I told Beville that I did not intend to dance. Sir Frederic could not with any propriety ask me; nor, if he had, would I have danced with him: but I own it gave me inexpressible pleasure to see that he would not dance with any one else.

“But what foolery is all this?” you will very naturally ask me. “Why so much about a man who has openly avowed a preference for another?”—I can give no other reason, than that my pen governs me, not I my pen. It is because this inconstant swain is continually endeavouring to make me understand with his eyes that I am not indifferent to him. Aubrey! I will not understand your dumb language. I once thought I could translate it: but I found that I was wrong: I will therefore be more careful how I commit the same error again.—

But mind, I make no promises, Emma: there is no absolute occasion for me to do that. Come then, my sister, you shall be judge between him and me.—Miss Lenox often smiles at me, and tells me, in the language of Portia, to be merciful—that “mercy’s the darling attribute of Heaven: ’tis mightiest in the mightiest.”—Adieu! adieu! this subject intoxicates my reason.

Yours, with the truest affection,

CHARLOTTE PEMBROOK.

(*To be continued.*)

The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.

(*Continued from page 314.*)

CHAP. 28.

... The sad pow’r to gen’rous hearts
may bring

Delirious anguish on his fiery wing!

Barr’d from delight by Fate’s untimely
hand,

By wealthless lot, or pitiless command;
Peace may depart, and life and nature
seem

A barren path, a wildness and a dream.”

..... The troubled heart consign’d to
share

Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary hopes, that stray
To count the joys of fortune’s better day.

Pleasures of Hope.

LET us now, however, pursue the poor victim of misfortune. Wrought up to a climax by the deceptive arts of Lord Dellington, and completely under the influence of a fever, which had seised his brain, he ran wildly forward, unknowing what he did, till, by the total failure of bodily power, he dropped down on the threshold of a shop in New Bond Street.

Among the crowd collected by such a circumstance, was Mr. Saint-Villiers, who, though no loungeur in that place of fashionable resort, chanced accidentally to be passing, and, with the humanity inherent in his nature, stopped, to see what assistance could be given.

Having with some difficulty made his way through the crowd of spectators, he perceived that the poor sufferer was totally senseless, and that no one seemed to take a part which could be of any actual utility, though every mouth was open with conjectures and advice.

Mr. Saint-Villiers, on the contrary, was a man who would always rather act than talk, and, instantly sending for medical assistance, inquired of the master of the shop, if he could accommodate the invalid.

The purse-proud haberdasher, on whose premisses this catastrophe had taken place, was always the primary object of his own consideration. He observed, that nobody knew what might happen, and it was best always to keep out of trouble. He could not tell of any one acquainted with the sick gentleman: to have him in the house, would make much *vork* and confusion in the family, for which they had no chance of being recompensed, as ever he knew *on*.

Saint-Villiers, without any hesitation, would have made such a deposit as should have removed these apprehensions: but he thought so little attention or tenderness was to be expected from a man like this, that, confiding the sufferer to one of the faculty, who was just arrived, he hastened to try and procure a reception for him in the house of a very respectable widow, who had once lived in the neighbourhood of Messham, and now let lodgings in that part of the town.

During his absence, the curiosity of some of the by-standers induced them to search the pockets of the invalid; but there was no letter or card to supply information. A plain gold watch was the only thing produced; and, instead of arms or crest, a seal, with the cipher C. W., was the only appendage to it: but this

was so common a cipher, that it could not in the least degree elucidate the matter, while it failed of exciting the interest which a coronet, or even a bloody hand, would immediately have called forth.

Among others, who stopped to see if they could recognise the sick gentleman, was Sir Bettesworth Harrop, who no sooner looked at him, than, with a contemptuous air, he observed, *he "knew" the person, but in charity would keep his knowledge to himself: the young man had best be sent to some hospital or workhouse, as it was not likely that any person would acknowledge him; and, as to his initials, they had been so frequently varied, it was improbable the seal would lead to any discovery.*"

He had but just taken himself away after uttering this brutal speech, when the more benevolent Saint-Villiers returned. The watch was put into his hands: he examined it attentively, again cast his eyes upon the invalid, and, thus assisted, traced the features of the once animated and interesting youth he had met with amid the Pyrenean mountains three years before, and, one may say, had loved almost instinctively.

The watch, that had thus in so extraordinary a manner aided Mr. Saint-Villiers's recollection, came into his younger brother's possession, by his accidentally knocking Frederic's from a table, where it lay, while they staid together, and breaking it. Having two of his own, he insisted on atoning for the injury he had committed, (in a place where it was impossible to remedy it by any other means) by his friend's taking one of them. The inferior of them was accordingly chosen; and so highly had it been valued for the sake of the donor, that it had since been constantly worn, without even making the trifling alteration of adding a proper seal.

The humanity of Saint-Villiers was now, if possible, more anxiously interested than before. He had fortunately secured the accommodation he went to seek. He assisted the medical man in the removal of his patient. Nothing, that money or skill could do, was omitted: but the consolatory soothing of friendship were, alas! for a long time useless; and it was only by the judicious exertions of the most eminent of the faculty that his strength was sufficiently restored to carry him through the violence of the fever, by which he had been scised. The illness had probably been hanging upon him before: but his extreme agitation and distress, immediately succeeding the fatigue of a rapid journey, had aggravated its force. When, however, he was at length able to converse—when he knew the benevolence that had been exercised by his former friend, whom he recognised in his first lucid interval—his gratitude was boundless; and he never felt so easy as when Williams was beside him: for he had called him so upon his first recollection; and Saint-Villiers then forbade himself to be spoken of by any other name, to avoid any confusion or strain upon the memory of an invalid.

The more he saw of this interesting young man, the more anxiously he sought to assuage his sufferings, and to fathom the mystery that enveloped him. By degrees, so much of his history came to light, as sufficiently discovered the relationship between them; and, at the first conviction, it was with difficulty Saint-Villiers so far suppressed his feelings as to forbear claiming it. Luckily, however, he was sensible of the impropriety of agitating a person in a state of extreme weakness; and therefore he kept his own counsel, though he resolved, as his brother's strength improved, to disclose their

connexion, and that they should, on a future occasion, make an equal division of the family property.

Meanwhile, every good he possessed was embittered by a recollection of the price at which it was procured; for, instead of rescuing the family honors and fortune, as had been represented to him, from a dissolute spendthrift, he saw that the privation of them had thrown upon the world a youth endowed with abilities equal to any thing, and possessing a heart replete with nobleness of sentiment and virtuous warmth. Frequently had Saint-Villiers made inquiries concerning this lost brother from those most likely to give him information, but uniformly found that they replied with a torrent of reprobation. It had ever appeared incumbent upon him to make what atonement was in his power for those advantages, of which he had been the innocent means of depriving a prior owner: yet, till thus favored by chance, he never fell upon any means of discovering the fugitive.

Frederic's relation of his adventures was a labor of many days; for, on all of them, he was perfectly explicit, save those relating to Miss Monson, of whose character and feelings he was so tender, that every trait which could give the most remote suspicion of the lady to whom he had devoted himself, was sedulously avoided. When he came to speak of the letter he had received from Lord Dellington, it was then that the energy of his soul, and the violence of his feelings, broke loose, declaring, that, rather than make application to a person whom fortune had so cruelly put over his head, he would submit to the lowest extreme of poverty.

"But why, my God!" said Saint-Villiers—"why are you so inveterate? *I know* your brother's character: I know, that, with true frater-

nal regard, he would fold you to his heart—would share with you his last shilling, and do every thing which tended not to invalidate those rights in which a mother's fame is involved, and which, but for that motive, are, in his estimation, valueless and insipid. He is a man of no expense or ambition—best suited to a station of mediocrity; and, if he but knew how you could be restored to your proper station in society—could be united to him by such ties of friendship as no interest would sever—I will pledge my honor, that you have but to hold out the olive-branch, and he will receive it with a gratitude beyond all other gifts."

"Spare me on this subject," replied Frederic; "and tell me, if *you* would meanly supplicate the instrument of your degradation—the possessor of your birth-right."

"But is he not innocently so?" rejoined the other. "Has he, in *his* situation, done any thing which you would not have done? I wish to impress you in favor of one, whose heart, I well know, longs to claim a brother"

"And, when found, sink him lower than before in the pit of perdition," exclaimed Frederic in a manner almost frantic.—"He, doubtless, wishes I should witness the triumph he already anticipates: and well he may.—But no!—I can die—and I pray to the eternal"

The wildness of his eyes, and the vehemence of his gestures, made Saint-Villiers now apprehend that the violence of his emotions was bringing on a return of the delirium; and he never felt a more seasonable interruption than at this moment, by the entrance of one of the medical gentlemen who attended him.

Doctor Wilmore seemed much disappointed at the unpleasant alteration in his patient; but, ordering

what he judged necessary to allay the increase of fever, gave the strictest injunctions for his being kept perfectly quiet; and, desiring Mr. Saint-Villiers to leave him, inquired, as they walked down stairs, if any particular circumstance had occurred, to occasion this extraordinary agitation; adding, that he hoped the extreme quickness of his pulse at present might be rather accidental, than from a real augmentation of his disorder.

Saint-Villiers acknowledged that he believed it was owing to some retrospective conversation, which his friend had gone into upon a subject where he could not control his passions.

Doctor Wilmore observed, that any thing of this kind must be most scrupulously avoided: for, after so severe a malady, any extraordinary agitation might disorder the frame in such a manner, as eventually to destroy it altogether.

(To be continued.)

THINGS have TWO FACES.

To evince contentment, as proceeding from a reliance on the care of Providence, with a conviction that its ordinations are right, is a frame of mind which marks at once the moral and religious temperament. But, when people affect, without feeling it, then, like every other species of affectation, it becomes absurd: it dwindles into a foolish sort of self-consequence, as different from the virtue to which it pretends, as twilight is from the glare of the meridian sun.

To disagreeable or humiliating circumstances people should submit with composure: but to pretend that the consequence of those circumstances is a matter of choice, affords a proof, that it is only the

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semblance, and not the reality, of resignation.

This is forcibly illustrated in the characters of Matilda and Caroline. Amid the fluctuations of the present eventful period, they have both experienced those reverses of fortune, in which the multiplied failures of commercial connexions have involved so many families.

Caroline, from an expenditure of nearly two thousand a year, is now reduced to about a twentieth part. She feels: but she submits with quietness, and rejoices that any thing has been spared from the general wreck. She receives the kind assistance of her friends with gratitude; but, taking it as it is meant, never apologises for not making returns, or for the inferior style of reception which she is obliged to give them. She leaves the world to make their own comments, and neither endeavours to make things appear in a better nor a worse light than they really are.

Matilda, equally reduced in fortune, affects great spirits; professes that she never lived half so much to her own satisfaction, and wearies her acquaintance by details, which, if true, are foolish—if false, much worse. She affects to rejoice in doing without a servant: she finds it more comfortable to use queen's ware than china, because she is not anxious about it; and declares that a cart is a vehicle preferable to a close carriage, as the former affords so much more advantage of air and exercise.

If Matilda receives any token of a friend's remembrance, she makes abundance of excuses for not returning it, without reflecting that such a thing was never expected, and that a wish to relieve her necessities had alone prompted the offering.

In her prosperity, a flower-garden had been one of her principal sources

of expense; and to a family, who, in her poverty, were in the habit of sending her some of the produce of the dairy and farm, she apologised that she could no longer, as formerly, supply them with myrtles and geraniums for their portico; but she had found the rearing of plants so troublesome, that she was completely tired of it. To one lady, who gave her some household linen, she said she would have felt a pleasure in sending her a pair of painted screens; but she had lately taken a dislike to her pencil, and had omitted writing to London for her yearly supply of colors.

It is thus, that Matilda adopts a system of perpetual subterfuge, which is far from creditable, and, instead of veiling the humiliation of her circumstances, renders it more striking, by her futile attempts to make that appear a measure of choice, which all her acquaintance know to be one of necessity.

An ICELANDIC WEDDING.

(From Mackenzie's "*Travels in the Island of Iceland.*")

DURING our stay in the town, my friends had an opportunity of seeing the marriage-ceremony of the Icelanders, which was performed in the church. The bride, in full dress, was seated on one side of the church, accompanied by an elderly woman, probably her mother. Opposite to her, on the other side, was the bridegroom. His seal-skin shoes were fastened by cross bands of white tape; and his striped garters were crossed about his legs. He was attended by several of his friends, who, during the whole of the ceremony, indulged themselves with a profusion of snuff. The priest, standing at the altar opposite to the party, began the ceremony by chaunting, in which he was joined by all present. This was followed by a prayer, and a long ex-

hortation to the bride and bridegroom, who were now brought forward. Three questions, similar to those used in the English service, were then put to them; first to the man. The priest afterward joined their hands, laid his hands upon their shoulders, and gave them his blessing. They were then conducted to their respective seats; and the service concluded by chaunting. In going from the church, the bride preceded the bridegroom; both being attended by their friends of the same sex. They usually go, on such occasions, to the house of some relation. When the bride retires after supper, she is accompanied by her female friends. When the husband arrives, he finds them all seated by his wife's bed-side, and is refused admittance. On his persisting, he is told he must pay; and he offers a snuff-box, or any trifle he may have in his pocket, which is refused. At last he promises some present of value, from twenty to a hundred dollars, according to his circumstances; and the women tell him that he must give it to his bride. This altercation sometimes continues for an hour, in perfect good humour. In the morning, the husband makes a present to his wife of some articles of dress, money, or silver spoons. They now go to their own house. We did not see the procession to the church; but were informed, that, from the house of the minister, or some cottage near the church, girls go first, two and two, then the bride attended by a female relation, or the most respectable woman in the company. She is followed by the women, after whom goes the bridegroom with a friend. Next in order is the priest; and the men close the procession.

An ELEPHANT-HUNT.

FROM Professor Lichtenstein's "*Travels in Southern Africa,*" we extract

the following relation of a *rencontre*, in the Caffre country, between an elephant, and two sportsmen, named Prince and Müller; from the latter of whom our traveler received the account, that

He and Prince only were out together, when they discovered the footsteps of a very large elephant, and soon espied the animal itself upon the declivity of a naked and widely out-stretched hill. It is a rule, when an elephant is found thus, to endeavour to get above him upon the hill, that, in case of necessity, the hunter may fly to the summit, whither the animal, on account of the unwieldiness of its body, cannot follow him fast. This precaution was neglected by Prince; he shot too soon, while they were yet at too great a distance, and the elephant was upon higher ground than himself and his companion; the wounded monster rushed down towards them, while they endeavoured to push their horses on, and gain the brow of the hill. But the elephant, who, upon favorable ground, will run as fast as a horse, soon came up with them, and struck with his tusk at Müller's thigh, he being the nearest of the two fugitives. Müller now considered his fate as inevitable, as he endeavoured in vain to set his almost exhausted horse into a gallop, and saw the monster, after giving a violent snort, raise his powerful trunk above his head; but it was not on himself, it was on his companion, that the stroke fell; and in an instant he saw him snatched from his horse, and thrown up into the air. Scarcely in his senses, he continued his flight, and only in some degree recovered himself, on finding Prince's horse running by his side without a rider; then looking back, he saw his unfortunate friend on the ground, and the elephant

stamping upon him with the utmost fury. He was now convinced, not without the utmost astonishment, that the sagacious animal had distinguished which of the two it was that wounded him, and wreaked his whole vengeance upon him alone. Müller, on this, went in search of the rest of the party, that they might collect the mangled remains of their companion, and bury them; but they were soon put to flight by the elephant rushing again from a neighbouring thicket, to vent his wrath once more upon the corpse, already so dreadfully mangled. While he was busied in doing this, however, he was attacked by the dispersed hunters, and sacrificed to the manes of his unfortunate victim.

DJEZZAR PACHA.

OF that extraordinary character, Djezzar, Pacha of Acre, distinguished in the transactions of our Egyptian campaign, Dr. Clarke, in his "*Travels*," gives the following curious account—

Soon after we arrived, we went on shore with the captain, to visit Djezzar Pacha, whom Baron de Tott found at Acre, and described as a horrible tyrant, above twenty years prior to our coming. Having acted as interpreter for Captain Culverhouse in all his interviews with this extraordinary man, and occasionally as his confidential agent when he was not himself present, I had favorable opportunities of studying Djezzar's character. At that time, shut up in his fortress at Acre, he defied the whole power of Turkey, despised the vizier, and derided the menaces of the Capudan Pacha; although he always affected to venerate the title and the authority of the Sultan. His mere name carried terror with it over all the Holy Land; the most lawless tribes of Arabs expressing their

awe and obeisance, whensoever it was uttered. As for his appellation, *Djezzar*, as explained by himself, it signified *butcher*; but of this name, notwithstanding its avowed allusion to the slaughters committed by him, he was evidently vain. He was his own minister, chancellor, treasurer, and secretary; often his own cook and gardener; and not unfrequently both judge and executioner in the same instant. Yet there were persons who had acted, and still occasionally officiated, in these several capacities, standing by the door of his apartment; some without a nose, others without an arm, with one ear only, or one eye; '*marked men*,' as he termed them; persons *bearing signs* of their having been instructed to serve their master with fidelity. Through such an assemblage we were conducted to the door of a small chamber, in a lofty part of his castle, overlooking the port. A Jew, who had been his private secretary, met us, and desired us to wait in an open court or garden before this floor, until Djezzar was informed of our coming. This man, for some breach of trust, had been deprived of an ear and an eye at the same time. At one period of the Pacha's life, having reason to suspect the fidelity of his wives, he put seven of them to death with his own hands. It was after his return from a pilgrimage to Mecca; the Janissaries, during his absence, having obtained access to the charem. If his history be ever written, it will have all the air of a romance. His real name is Achmed. He was a native of Bosnia, and speaks the Slavonian language better than any other. It is impossible to give even a detail of his numerous adventures here. At an early period of his life, he sold himself to a slave-merchant in Constantinople; and being purchased by Ali Bey, in Egypt,

he rose from the humble situation of a Mamluke slave, to the post of governor of Caïro. In this situation, he distinguished himself by the most rigorous execution of justice, and realised the stories related of Oriental caliphs, by mingling, in disguise, with the inhabitants of the city, and thus making himself master of all that was said concerning himself, or transacted by his officers. The interior of his mysterious palace, inhabited by his women, or, to use the Oriental mode of expression, the charem of his seraglio, is accessible only by himself. Early in every evening he regularly retired to this place, through three massive doors, every one of which he closed and barred with his own hands. To have knocked at the outer door after he had retired, or even to enter the seraglio, was an offence that would have been punished with death. No person in Acre knew the number of his women, but from the circumstance of a certain number of covers being daily placed in a kind of wheel or turning cylinder, so contrived as to convey dishes to the interior, without any possibility of observing the person who received them. He had from time to time received presents of female slaves; these had been sent into his charem, but, afterwards, whether they were alive or dead, no one knew except himself. They entered, never to go out again; and, thus immured, were cut off from all knowledge of the world, except what he thought proper to communicate. If any of them were ill, he brought a physician to a hole in the wall of the charem, through which the sick person was allowed to thrust her arm; the Pacha himself holding the hand of the physician during the time her pulse was examined. If any of them died, the event was kept as secret as when

he had massacred them with his own hands; and this, it was said, he had done in more than one instance. Such stories are easily propagated, and as readily believed; and it is probable that many of them are without foundation. We must however admit the truth of the terrible examples he made after his return from Mecca, in consequence of the infidelity of his women. From all the information we could obtain he considered the female tenants of his charem as the children of his family. When he retired, he carried with him a number of watch papers he had amused himself by cutting with scissors during the day, as toys to distribute among them; neither could there be any possible motive of cruelty, even in the worst of tyrants, towards such defenceless victims. He was above sixty years old at the time of our arrival, but vain of the vigor he still retained at that advanced age. He frequently boasted of his extraordinary strength, and used to bare his arm, in order to exhibit his brawny muscles. Sometimes, in conversation with strangers, he would suddenly leap upright from his seat, to show his activity. He has been improperly considered as Pacha of Acre. His real Pachalic was that of Seïde, anciently called Sidon; but, at the time of our arrival, he was also Lord of Damascus, of Berytus, Tyre, and Sidon; and, with the exception of a revolt among the Druses, might be considered as master of all Syria. The seat of government was removed to Acre, on account of its port, which has been at all times the key to Palestine.

PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY.

(From Dr. Brichan's Sermons)

PROSPERITY elates the human mind to a degree unbecoming at once our dependence and our guilt;

affliction humbles it. Witness the king of Babylon in his palace, and after his recovery from that visitation of the Almighty which was corrective of his pride. It is when we have all and abound, that we are apt to forget and to deny the God who hath blessed us; it is in trouble we say "it is the Lord," as the first impressions of superior agency are conceived by some to have been derived, not from the splendor of summer, or the plenty of autumn, but from the tempest and the earthquake, the thunder and the pestilence. The plenty which we derive from the divine hand is abused to the indulgence of appetite; the privations and the pains incident to affliction, check the cravings of sense.—Prosperity enervates, and unfits us for exertion and for trial; it is in the school of adversity we learn fortitude and patience; it is amidst its discipline, that faith is strengthened by exercise, as the mountain oak hardens to the blast, and, when shaken, strikes its roots still deeper into the soil. The prosperous are selfish. The young man who had great possessions, would not part with them to feed the poor, though treasures in heaven were to recompense the sacrifice; the afflicted are taught sympathy from their experience of a sufferer's heart; as we have not a high-priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but who was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. Temporal affluence conceals from us our spiritual wants, as the Laodiceans, when rich and increased in goods, fondly presumed that they stood in need of nothing; but we recur, in time of distress, to the support, the consolation, the hopes of religion. To the poor was the gospel originally preached, and by the poor it is still

most cordially embraced, and most faithfully obeyed.—Prosperity is an opiate to the conscience; in the day of adversity we connect suffering with guilt; “we are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear: therefore is this distress come upon us.” Affliction recalls to duty those whom the bounty of Providence could not keep in the ways of the Lord; “It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes. Before I was afflicted, I went astray: but now have I kept thy word. If they are bound in fetters and holden in the cords of affliction, then he sheweth them their work, and the transgressions that they have exceeded; he openeth also their ear to discipline, and commandeth that they return from iniquity.” Prosperity is the sultry heat that generates the pestilence; affliction, the storm that purifies the atmosphere. Prosperity is the unruffled deep and the gentle breeze, when a novice may guide the vessel: it is the time of peace, when the coward may boast; but adversity is the tempest, and the conflict, where skill and courage are put to the test. And, O Death, how bitter are the thoughts of thee to the man who liveth at rest in his possessions, to the man who hath nothing to vex him, and who hath prosperity in all things! But acceptable is thy sentence to the poor and the needy, to him whose strength faileth, and who is vexed with all things.

EDUCATION *above* RANK.

IN Miss Plumptre’s “History of Myself and my Friend,” Samuel Danville, the son of a village blacksmith, and the hero and narrator of the tale, thus naturally and feelingly describes what passed in his mind at

Christ’s Hospital, while in danger of losing a protector by whom he had been educated with a view to the sacerdotal profession.

I was more than once induced to ask myself whether there was not as much pain as pleasure in being raised by education so far above our parents and natural connexions, that our intercourse with them can no longer be on that footing of perfect ease and equality so delightful between parents and children; that the respect and attention we pay them, must arise rather from a sense of duty, than from that sweet sympathy and perfect union of hearts which ought to bind together persons standing in so near and dear a relationship. I know that the moment when I was first fully impressed with the little equality there was between my parents and myself, was a very painful one; so painful, that I half wished my old attachment to my father’s trade had never forsaken me, but that I had retained it so pertinaciously, as to render it impossible to push me into any other way of life.

Dancing SNAKES.

OF these surprising creatures, Mr. Forbes thus speaks in his “Oriental Memoirs”—

The dancing snakes are carried in baskets throughout Hindostan, and procure a maintenance for a set of people, who play a few simple notes on the flute, with which the snakes seem much delighted, and keep time by a graceful motion of the head, erecting about half their length from the ground, and following the music with gentle curves, like the undulating lines of a swan’s neck. It is a well attested fact, that, when a house is infested with these snakes, and some others of the coluber genus, which destroy poultry and small do-

mestic animals, as also by the larger serpents of the boa tribe, the musicians are sent for; who, by playing on a flageolet, find out their hiding-places, and charm them to destruction; for no sooner do the snakes hear the music, than they come softly from their retreat, and are easily taken. I imagine these musical snakes were known in Palestine, from the psalmist comparing the ungodly to "the deaf adder, which stoppeth her ears, and refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

When the music ceases, the snakes appear motionless: but, if not immediately covered up in the basket, the spectators are liable to fatal accidents. Among my drawings, is that of a cobra de capello, which danced for an hour on the table while I painted it; during which I frequently handled it, to observe the beauty of the spots, and especially the spectacles on the hood, not doubting that its venomous fangs had been previously extracted. But, the next morning, my upper servant, who was a zealous Mussulman, came to me in great haste, and desired I would instantly retire, and praise the Almighty for my good fortune. Not understanding his meaning, I told him that I had already performed my devotions, and had not so many stated prayers as the followers of his prophet. Mahomet then informed me, that, while purchasing some fruit in the bazar, he observed the man who had been with me on the preceding evening, entertaining the country people with his dancing snakes: they, according to their usual custom, sat on the ground around him; when, either from the music stopping too suddenly, or from some other cause irritating the vicious reptile which I had so often handled, it darted at the throat of a young

woman, and inflicted a wound, of which she died in about half an hour. Mahomet once more repeated his advice for praise and thanksgiving to Alla, and recorded me in his calendar for a lucky man.

—
MONKEY AFFECTION.

THE author just quoted, gives the following curious account of an adventure with a party of monkeys—

On a shooting-party, one of my friends killed a female monkey, and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, who made a great noise, and in a menacing posture advanced towards it: on presenting his fowling-piece, they retreated, and appeared irresolute; but one, who, from his age and station in the van, seemed the head of the troop, stood his ground, chattering and menacing in a furious manner; nor could any efforts less cruel than firing drive him off: he at length approached the tent door; when, finding his threatenings were of no avail, he began a lamentable moaning, and, by every token of grief and supplication, seemed to beg the body of the deceased. on this, it was given to him; with tender sorrow he took it up in his arms, embraced it with conjugal affection, and carried it off with a sort of triumph to his expecting comrades.

MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT in AFRICA.

PROFESSOR Lichtenstein, whose work we have quoted in a preceding page, gives the following account of a settlement founded in the Hottentot country, by Moravian missionaries, of that sect called Herrenhuters, from Herrenhut, an establishment of their society, on Count Zinzendorf's estate, in Lusatia.

Two hundred houses and huts,

with gardens annexed to them, and built in regular rows, give this place the appearance of a European village; a sight, which surprised me exceedingly, and for the first time brought in a lively manner to my mind the idea of my native country. Excepting this place, I never saw any thing in the whole colony bearing the least resemblance to a German village.

The five brethren, with their wives, received us at the door of a house where they live all together. One of them made a short speech to welcome us; after which, a chorus of perhaps a hundred Hottentots, men and women, ranged in two rows before the door, the women on the right hand, the men on the left, sung a hymn, which was truly affecting and elevating to the heart. At first, the whole number of voices sang the simple melody in slow time; then the verses were sung, three voices together, by the men and the women alternately, and the melody was sung in two voices only, till the last verse, when again they all joined in chorus.

The Hottentots have a strong feeling of music, and are soon impressed with the harmony of our intervals; yet hitherto I had never supposed that, with those thin, and often sharp female voices, and those hoarse men's voices, so much effect could be produced.

After we had rested a short time in the house, we were carried to a table extremely well set out, and all prepared by the good wives themselves, every one in her different department. Instead of a prayer before the meal, the five couple sang a verse of a hymn, and then, with the utmost cheerfulness, and in a style equally removed from studied seriousness and from frivolity, entered into conversation with us. This

was carried on in a manner which showed so much correctness of thinking, and soundness of understanding, that our good opinion of them was increased at every moment; we were so well entertained, that we did not break up the party till near midnight.

The next morning, every different part of the institution was shown to us; the church in the first place. It is a simple, neat, quadrangular edifice. . . . Within are two rows of benches, and a simple pulpit; the utmost simplicity is, indeed, observable in every part of the building; but at the same time the due proportions are exceedingly well observed, and the workmanship is extremely neat. The timbers are all of sumach wood, the yellow tint and polish of which gives a sort of simple elegance to the appearance of the whole. The English government gave the brethren permission to cut down as much timber as they wanted, from the woods belonging to the company, free of expense.

By the side of the church, is the garden of the pastors, in the midst of which stands a large old pear-tree, planted by Schmidt himself, the original founder of the institution*. Benches are standing under its shade; and this is a favorite place of resort among the brethren. The garden is two hundred paces long, and about a hundred and fifty broad; it is well stored with all kinds of kitchen vegetables and pulse, and intersected all over with little channels, by which it is constantly well watered. Brother Schwin, who is an excellent gardener, has the management of it. The church-yard is directly behind it, and is laid out exactly in the

* George Schmidt resided in Africa from the year 1737 to 1744; and Dr. Lichtenstein's travels were in the years 1803, -4, -5, and -6. EDITOR.

manner of the Herrnhuters in Germany: a walk divides it in two, on the right hand of which lie the men, on the left the women. The graves follow each other in regular rows, and the utmost care is taken of them: each has over it a little wooden cross, on which is inscribed the name of the deceased, his age, and the day of his death. The graves of two children of the brethren have tombstones; and those of the Hottentots that had been baptised are distinguished from the rest.

The house inhabited by the brethren has, besides the hall in which they assemble, and where they take their meals, two chambers for two of the couples, and various household conveniences: the other three couple lodge in small houses close by. Another house is appropriated to the manufacture of knives, of which Kuhnel is the director, and which begins already to be very profitable. Four Hottentots were employed in it, who, when first they began learning, had no pay; they are now paid wages by the day, and, when they are perfect in their work, are to be paid by the piece. The knives are strong and well made, and are much sought after at the Cape-Town, though they are dear: pocket-knives sell from a dollar to a dollar and a half. Kuhnel complained much of the want of tools, and the difficulty of getting them from Europe, so that he is obliged to make them almost all himself.

Marsveld is the miller, and has built a water-mill after the European manner, in which he grinds, not only all the corn for the household and Hottentots, but a great deal for the neighbouring colonists. . . .

But, in order to form a just estimate of the worth of these excellent men, their manner of conducting themselves toward the Hotten-

tots must be seen; the mildness, yet dignity, with which they instruct them, and the effect which has already been produced in improving the condition of their uncivilised brethren, is truly admirable. It is the more astonishing, since all has been accomplished by persuasion and exhortation; no violence, or even harshness, has ever been employed. No other punishment is known but being prohibited from attending divine service, or being banished the society; but it is very rarely that they are obliged to have recourse to these things, only when repeated exhortations and remonstrances have failed, and a determined perverseness of disposition appears, which cannot otherwise be subdued. The highest reward of industry and good behaviour is to be baptised, and received into the society. Of this, however, they are so sparing, that the whole number of the baptised scarcely yet amounts to fifty*. To the most distinguished among these, the still higher honors are granted of being appointed to little offices in the church, such as elders and deacons†. The latter are also, very naturally, from their diligence and industry, in the best circumstances of any of the community, and have houses built by themselves, not at all inferior to those of the colonists on the borders. The men are clothed like the peasants, in linen jackets, and leather small-clothes, and wear hats; the women have woollen petticoats, cotton jackets with long

* A writer in the *Eclectic Review* says, that, in December, 1810, the number of baptised was five hundred and sixty-six.

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† The same writer supposes that Professor Lichtenstein probably means the assistants and chapel-servants; the offices of elders and deacons in the church of the Brethren being (he observes) very different.

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sleeves, and caps: the lower class are still clothed in skins; but they are made to keep themselves and their clothing clean, and no nakedness is permitted.

Every family of Hottentots has a garden behind the house, planted with vegetables, pulse, and fruit-trees, with a portion of land according to the number of persons to be fed from it; this they cultivate themselves, under the direction of the father, as he is called; and they have the implements of agriculture, and the seed-corn, given them. Industry is rewarded by an occasional addition to the portion of land, negligence by being deprived of a part: but the brethren still find a disposition to indolence the greatest subject of complaint they have against their disciples: many of them will only gain their slender sustenance by the same occasional labors to which they have been accustomed in the service of the colonists, by assisting in the harvest, for example, by attending upon their cattle, or by working at their buildings. The women and children are left behind when they go out to work in this way, a burden upon the community, and are not without difficulty incited to gain a trifle, by working in the gardens of the Brethren, or of their more substantial fellow countrymen.

A MATCH IN EMBRYO.

THE following extract from the novel of "*Pride and Prejudice*" will, we doubt not, afford amusement to our fair readers.—Mrs. Bennet is introduced, thus addressing her husband—

"My dear Mr. Bennet, have you heard, that Netherfield Park is let at last?"—Mr. Bennet replied, that he had not.—"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs Long has just been

here, and she told me all about it."

—Mr. Bennet made no answer.—

"Do you not want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.—"You want to tell me; and I have no objection to hearing it."

This was invitation enough. "Why, my dear, you must know Mrs. Long says, that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England."—"What is his name?"—"Bingley."—"Is he married or single?"—"Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!"—"How so? How can it affect them?"—"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome? You must know, that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."—"Is that his design in settling here?"—

"Design! nonsense! how can you talk so? But it is very likely, that he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes."—"I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go; or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better; for, as you are as handsome as any one of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party."—"My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have *had* my share of beauty; but I do not pretend to be any thing extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty."—"In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of."—"But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley, when he comes into the neighbourhood."—"It is more than I engage for, I assure you."—"But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of

them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go merely on that account; for, in general, you know they visit no new comers. Indeed you must go; for it will be impossible for us to visit him, if you do not."—"You are over-scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr. Ringley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you, to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy."—"I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference."—"They have, none of them, much to recommend them," replied he; "they are all silly and ignorant, like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters."—"Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way? You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves."—"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least."—"Ah! you do not know what I suffer."—"But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighbourhood."—"It will be of no use to us, if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them."—"Depend upon it, my dear, that, when there are twenty, I will visit them all."

The last Years of THOMAS PAINE.

MR. ADAMS, in his "Democracy unveiled," has the following short notice of T. Paine, whose writings

materially contributed to the overthrow of the British dominion in America, and the consequent independence of the United States.—Our fair readers hardly need to be reminded, that, at an early period of the French revolution, he fled from England to France, where he was elected a member of the National Assembly, and afterward narrowly escaped being guillotined under the tyranny of Robespierre—an escape, for which he was indebted to a mistake of the tyrant's myrmidons, in chalking the mark of death on the wrong side of his prison-door.

He had indulged himself at Paris in drinking ardent spirits, which had destroyed his constitution. On his return to the United States, he was regarded as a sort of fiend. His abusive letter to General Washington made the Americans his political enemies. His "Age of Reason" rendered them his enemies on the score of religion. Thus was the torrent of public hatred and terror so strong, that, to avoid it, he was obliged to conceal himself in the wilderness of a great city. He chose New York, and even there he was compelled to remove from quarter to quarter; for as soon as the knowledge of his being a neighbour became general, a proportionate degree of terror was excited.

Within the last twelve months of his life, he was induced, from some reasons with which the world is unacquainted, to suffer any gentleman to call on him. The excuse was, to purchase of him a blasphemous pamphlet, which was also to be obtained in any bookseller's shop; and Mr. Paine was always willing to see the most utter strangers. This circumstance may, perhaps, be ascribed to his being so completely deserted by those who formerly had almost deified him. For he scarcely had a

friend; and his principal, if not his only correspondent, was Mr. Jefferson.

The writer of these pages, and three other gentlemen, were some of those who, induced by curiosity to see a man that had raised such a storm in the political world, went to visit him. They found him sitting behind a table, which was necessary to his support, as he had received a paralytic stroke. He was endeavouring to shave himself. After the usual compliments, the visitors drew their chairs, and sat down. The usual inquiries were made by Mr. Paine, about the news, &c. In the course of the conversation, in which every thing of local politics, or religion, was avoided, one of the gentlemen asked him why he did not get a barber to shave him? He replied, that he could not get one to come from the town, although it was scarcely more than a mile and a half. It may seem strange to mention this circumstance; but it is done in order to illustrate the regard in which he was held by the mass of the people. It could not be for want of money, as he died worth seven or eight thousand pounds.

His appearance was that of a man of superior mind. He had been a tall man, and, as far as the writer could judge, well made. His blue eye was full, lucid, and indicated his true character. His conversation was calm and gentleman-like, except when religion or party politics were mentioned. In this case he became irascible, and the deformity of his face, rendered so by intemperance, was then disgusting. His intellect did not appear impaired. He died, as he lived, a professed Deist, and refused the conversation of any clergyman, regardless of denomination. His end was thus rendered perfectly miserable; and, to the people around

him, horrid. He professed a regard for the Quakers, alleging that their sentiments were nearly similar to his own; and, as a proof of it, asked as a favor for his remains to be deposited in their burial-ground. This, however, was denied him; and his survivors were obliged to bury them in his own farm.

The HUMMING-BIRD.

(From Dr Shaw's *General Zoology*.)

THE brilliant and lively race of humming-birds, so remarkable at once for their beautiful colors and diminutive size, are the peculiar natives of the American continent, and adjoining islands, and, with few exceptions, are principally confined to the hotter regions. Their vivacity, swiftness, and singular appearance, unite in rendering them the admiration of mankind; while their colors are so radiant, that it is not by comparing them with the analogous hues of other birds that we are enabled to explain with propriety their peculiar splendor, but by the more exalted brilliancy of polished metals and precious stones; the ruby, the garnet, the sapphire, the emerald, the topaz, and polished gold, being considered as the most proper objects of elucidation.

It is not, however, to be imagined that all the species of humming-birds are thus decorated; some being even obscure in their colors, and, instead of the prevailing splendor of the major part of the genus, exhibiting only a faint appearance of a golden green tinge, diffused over the brown or purplish color of the back and wings. The genus is of great extent, and, in order that the species may with greater readiness be investigated, it has been found necessary to divide them into two sections, viz. the curve-billed, and the straight-billed. The exact li-

mits of the two divisions are, however, difficult to determine.

The mode of life in the humming-birds appears to be uniform. They live by absorbing the sweet juices of flowers, which they extract with their tubular tongue; and, though small insects are said to have been sometimes observed in their stomachs, yet this seems rather accidental than regular or natural.

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(Continued from page 286.)

THE French ambassador (Rochouart) resident at the court of Benedict XIV. expressed himself to the pope with great warmth against the bull *Unigenitus*. "My friend," replied the pope, "I have heard a story of two men quarrelling about which was the better poet, Tasso, or Ariosto? They fought; and one wounded the other. 'My dear sir,' cried the conqueror, 'I ask you a thousand pardons: I confess I never read either of those poets.'—'You and I are in the same predicament,' answered his antagonist."

The best civilised countries are deficient in population; because war, manufactures, the regular and the secular orders of the clergy, with a thousand useless offices and employments, withdraw so large a proportion from agriculture.

Countries which import foreigners to cultivate their land, ought to have a fertile soil, since in such countries wages must be high, and cultivators few. If the king of Sardinia gave employment to his own subjects, our fields must lie barren.

The fertility of England is owing to the men of fortune who live on their estates. It is false that the lands belonging to the church are better cultivated than others. Witness the edifices in ruins, and the succession of priests charged with repairing them; witness the eccle-

siastical part of Germany, compared with the other parts; witness Rome, Italy, Spain, &c. &c. In nations reputed civilised, two sevenths of the inhabitants support the remaining five.

We treat men as we do our letters—peruse them with eagerness, but never read them a second time.

The public must not be forced—it is a river, which finds its own level; no means are able to change its course.

Honor is the instinct of virtue, and the source of her courage.

There are virtues and vices in the world, just as there are health and sickness.

Pride performs as many ignoble offices as rapacity.

The victim of misfortune is consoled, if he believes himself celebrated.

Who should be the favorite of the king? . . . The people.

"Man," it is said, "should be content:"—but with what?

If all men were content, none would be busy.

(To be continued.)

MEDLEY.

To take out Grease-Spots.—The following method of taking out grease-spots from woollen cloth has been recommended. Take magnesia in the lump, wet it, and rub the grease-spots well; in a little time brush it off; when no stain or appearance of grease will be left.

Coral-Banks.—The French navigator, La Pérouse, describes, in his Voyage, a reef of coral-banks, a few degrees north of Owhyhee, where he suggested that a pearl-fishery might be established to advantage; and he states, that the French frigates sailed over them. Some commercial persons, in consequence, lately engaged divers, and visited

the spot; but were astonished to find, not only that no vessel can now sail over those banks, but that, though of large extent, they afford but two or three feet water, and in many places exhibit verdant spots above water. This change has been ascribed solely to the unremitting labors of polype and coral insects; and confirms the hypothesis, that many other of the groupes of islands that stud this vast ocean, derive their origin from similar causes.

Preservation of Bacon.—When the bacon has been salted about a fortnight, put it into a box of the size of the pieces of bacon, covering the bottom of the box with hay; wrap up each piece of bacon in hay; and between every piece put a layer of hay. This will preserve bacon from rusting, and keep it above a twelvemonth as good as the first day.

Rooks.—A correspondent recommends the keeping a rookery, as the best preventive against the ravages of the grub, slug, and wire-worm, which are certainly more natural food for rooks, than grain. A short time since, a farmer, a sworn enemy, from prejudice, to rooks, shot five or six, in the act, as he supposed, of destroying his wheat; and, to convince a friend of his who was rather skeptical, he cut open their craws, when, to his utter astonishment, each contained nearly a tea-cup-full of wire-worms, grubs, and slugs, but not a single grain of corn.

Vaccination.—Great as are the benefits which have resulted from this discovery in arresting the ravages of that loathsome and destructive malady the small-pox, it would appear, by accounts just received from the Mediterranean, that this is but a part of the blessings it has conferred on mankind: Dr. Lafont, at Salonica, has observed, that none of the individuals who had been vaccinated have hitherto been found

susceptible of the infection of the plague. The same fact has also been remarked by a physician at Constantinople.—(See "*Cow-pox*," in page 393 of our present Number.)

Iron-Moulds.—A new mode of taking out iron-moulds from linen has been discovered by Dr. Thomson. It consists in well moistening the stained part with ink, and removing this new stain by the application of the muriatic acid [spirit of salt] diluted with five or six times its weight of water, or any of the common vegetable acids. The same operation, which effaces the ink, will, (it is said) together with it, take out the iron-mould.—In our Magazine for June, 1805, a correspondent, under the signature of "*Eliza*," pointed out an infallible mode of removing simple ink-spots by means of cream of tartar, by a process much more easy and safe than the application of the muriatic acid, which, if injudiciously managed, will certainly burn the cloth. Perhaps, by combining that lady's method with Dr. Thomson's plan of previously applying ink to the iron-mould, they may, without the muriatic acid, take out the stain with cream of tartar, used in the manner which *Eliza* has described.

Singular Case.—In the second volume of "the London Medico-Chirurgical Transactions," a paper, by Mr. F. Bush, surgeon, at Frome, states the case of a sailor, in whose back the blade of a knife had lodged above thirty years, without producing any injurious effect; after which, it was safely extracted.

Solid Mercury.—A medical gentleman has discovered a method of congealing mercury, by the aid of a pneumatic machine and the evaporation of æther. The experiment was made in small glass tubes, which being broken, the metal was taken from them in a solid state.

POETRY.

FAREWELL to SPRING.

ADIEU, sprightly season, so fair and so lovely!

Farewell, ye gay scenes, that oft charm'd my fond heart!

Your blossoms and landscapes are falling and fading;

And, sighing, I see your bright glories depart.

No more shall the cuckow, with note so engaging,

Delight my rapt ear, as I saunter along:
No more shall I, in yon green thicket reclining,

With rapture attend to the nightingale's song.

Those roses, so wild, that encrimson'd the hedgerow,

No more, as I ramble, will gladden my sight;

Nor the woodbines, that climb'd up the May-thorn so flaunting,

Shall with their sweet odors my senses delight.

But soft, my sad Muse! and now cease thy complaining.

Again will return the glad period of spring:

Again will be heard the mild note of the cuckow;

The flow'rets will bloom, and soft Philomel sing.

Yet, alas! when the season of youth is departed,

No hope of return can the bosom engage:

The splendor of summer must yield to brown autumn;

And then will succeed the cold winter of age.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

Thoughts on SUMMER.

No longer check'd by winter's ling'ring blast,

See the gay summer's blushing pride expand.

Ah! lovely flow'r! may no ungentle hand

Pluck thee too soon; but may thy beauty last

Unsullied, wafted on each breeze perfume,

Till time, who steals proud beauty's envied bloom,

Give, with unsparing hand, thy sweetness to the tomb.

How oft, while gazing on thy op'ning charms,

Does mem'ry's ever busy hand portray
Past scenes of bliss, when life's delightful May

Flew swift—ere from the fond protecting arms

Of dearest, earliest friends, my fate unkind

Had torn me, weeping, trembling—and consign'd

To more than common woes an ardent feeling mind.

Oh! dear to gratitude, to virtue dear!

Though at thy shrine unnumber'd vot'ries bleed,

Mem'ry, thrice hallow'd be thy tender tear—

I would not—though I feel 'tis vain indeed,

Ungrateful for the present good, to mourn
O'er joys departed, never to return—

Yet would I not the pensive hour forego,
When, stealing from the sense of present woe,

I give each thought to thee; and rove awhile,

Where friendship's charm, and love's approving smile,

Lent Truth's persuasive tones to Hope's heart-cheering wiles

Then bear, oh! bear me to the calm retreat,

Where erst, in life's delicious morn, I stray'd;

When spring, returning, spread beneath my feet

Unnumber'd sweets, and with her smiles repaid

The varied labors of the closing year;

Where, when majestic summer came to cheer

(As now) the countless flutt'ers of a day,
I sought some shade, to Sol's effulgent ray

Impervious; there, with never-weaned eye,

Gaz'd on the waving wood, the cloudless sky,

Or rov'd from flow'r to flow'r, like gilded butterfly.

Oh! might I now, while nature smiles so gay,

Trace, amid scenes like these, her varying charms,

Sacred to her should flow th' unstudied lay;

For oh! while life this throbbing bosom warms,

Nor Folly's toys, nor Grandeur's envied
glare,
Nor the proud sounds Ambition sighs to
share,
Like her, shall charm, or check the pure
delight,
Which fills my soul, when to my longing
sight
Spring's earliest flow'rs their modest
tints disclose,
And charm by turns; till summer's love-
lier rose,
Won by Sol's fervid ray, in sov'reign
beauty blows.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

INVOCATIONS, *serious and comic.*

By Mr J. M. LACEY,

Author of "The Farm-House," &c.

INVOCATION to MEMORY.

Oh! Mem'ry! to thy wonder-working
pow'rs

I look for solace, when of life grown
weary,—

And much, alas! of mis'ry fills my hours,
Making each passing moment dull and
dreary.

Yet thou combinest too, to make me sad;
And, 'stead of painting past delight's
fair token,

Thou probest deep each wound my heart
e'er had,

Love lost, peace plunder'd, vows of
honour broken.

Thou bringest to my mental eye the
forms

Of dearest friends, and kindred long
departed,

Of those who perish'd in the world's rude
storms,

Which fall in terror on the gentle-
hearted.

Thou countest, one by one, the woes of
life,

As backward thou unwind'st its chain
of trouble,—

Whose links, too oft, are form'd of pain
and strife;—

Thus making all my pangs of sorrow
double.

Oh! Mem'ry! rather picture days of
youth,

When childhood with each bauble was
delighted;

When fairy deem'd each word the word
of truth,

Ere Hope's fair buds by Envy's breath
were blighted!

Restore the hour when all the world
look'd gay,

When (quite unknown the names of
grief and error)

I laugh'd and sang through each un-
clouded day,

Nor droop'd at night beneath the throb
of terror.

Oh! show the moment, when, with ardor
strong,

While yet instruction o'er my mind
was pouring,

I woo'd each timid, tender maid of song,
Through worlds all fancy-form'd sub-
limely soaring.

Recall that blessed day, when first young
Love

Stole, uninvited, into this sad bosom;
Gave me his purest blisses then to prove—

Doom'd by the world, long since, alas!
to lose 'em!

And, oh! in pity to my present pain,
Once more awake the thought, that

now seems perish'd,
The thought of her I lov'd!—'twill calm
my brain:—

That thought should ever by my soul
be cherish'd.

Just freshly tint that hour, when o'er
my brow

She plac'd a wreath—of blooming
flow'rs the fairest—

And sweetly breath'd to me love's ardent
vow;

A vow, at once the fondest, and the
rarest!

Do this, and bid thy spell long hold its
charm:

So I may hail soft pleasure's feeble
gleaming;

And, while rememb'ring bliss, forget the
hain

With which, alas! this mournful
heart is teeming!

The PRISON.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

(Continued from page 341.)

From various causes, other tradesmen
here

Each changing impulse feel of hope and
fear:

But one there is, now slowly pacing by,
Whose tale will claim the tribute of a sigh.

His mind was form'd on honour's firmest
base;

'Twas taught to spurn each act of mean
disgrace.

No tricking arts of modern trade he knew,
That pass unheeded by the judging few :
No paltry cheats, no weak delusive ways,
E'er fill'd the honest tenor of his days.
This his pure maxim constantly was seen—
And 'twas a good one—"Get your penny
clean."

Such men make trade respected, when
'tis known

That honor o'er each deed presides alone :
And he the sweets of such fair conduct
found ;

Success, with him, appear'd to have no
bound ;

No lack of bus'ness e'er depress'd his mind
With all the gloom that want is doom'd
to find.

A profit fair was all he wish'd to gain —
His hours thus fled unknown to grief or
pain.

No wild extravagance disgrac'd his name :
Domestic peace and joy his only aim.

But, strange to tell, amid success he found
Embarrassments encircling him around.

Wonder's a word too weak for his surprise !
Soon to his confidential clerk he flies,

And orders him to give a statement clear
Of each occurrence in the former year—

Each debt and credit, ev'ry loss and gain—
This most perplexing matter to explain.

He bow'd obedience, promis'd it next day,
But, to perform his promise, did not stay.

Ere the next sun had shed its beamy light,
He fled beneath the cover of the night :

And, when his troubled master left the bed
Which rested not that night his aching

head,
He found his misplac'd confidence had
press'd

A viper to his unsuspecting breast.
On his clerk's desk an open note was laid,

Which own'd the crime that each distress
had made,

That he had oft purloin'd his master's
gold ;

But still the vast amount was left untold ;
Then stated, he should fly his native shore,

For realms where he could ne'er be heard
of more.

Too true it prov'd :—all search for him
was vain :

No tidings could his injur'd master gain.
Still was the truth, the dreaded truth,

unknown,
To what amount this fearful fraud had
grown.

Too soon, alas ! was found the horrid
truth :—

Cash had been paid to this misguided
youth,

Which he had spent, by each had impulse
[cross'd,

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Till unaccounted thousands had been lost !
Thus you poor pris'ner fell from honor's
height,

To deep affliction's dark, unhappy night ;
Rum's rough hand seiz'd all the sufferer

had,
While Envy grinn'd, at his misfortunes
glad

Soon in this prison fate his form confin'd ;
Worse pang than all that could distress

his mind.
Here the sad night he sighs in grief away,
Nor feels a gleam of hope at coming day.

Sure, faithless servants are a trades-
man's curse—

Than highway robbers infinitely worse ;
For they by want's fierce pang perhaps

are driv'n
To plunder man, and lose their hopes of
heav'n :

So mercy fain would think, still prone to
save

Guilt or distress, alike, from ruin's grave :
Or, if from wickedness alone they seek

To rob each trav'ler, timid, lone, and
weak,

They do it openly, with daring bold,
And risk their worthless lives to purchase

gold ;
And, when the trav'ler, whom they
chance to cross,

Loses his purse, he knows his utmost loss.
Not so the thrifty tradesman, doom'd

to find
Those servants whom no ties of duty bind.

No trade can save from harpies such as
these,

Who plunder at their leisure and with
ease ;

Abuse all confidence, devoid of shame,
Content, for gold, to sacrifice fair fame.

Their lives a scene of riotous excess ;
Careless how soon their master feels dis-
tress :

But, when detection threatens their ca-
They fly, the palest sons of pallid fear,

And shun the arm that justice bares, to
strike

The open and the private thief alike ;
Leaving the victim of their hateful ways,

To mis'ry's grasp, and sorrow's dreary
days.

(To be continued.)

PEACE.

DESCEND, soft cherub ! from the realms
above,

(Where all is concord, amity, and love)
To earth, the direful stage of hostile

strife,
Where savage fury mars the bliss of life :

Where War, insatiate War, with dæmon
stride,
Imprints his blasting footsteps far and
wide;
O'er Europe stalks at this eventful hour,
And suffering nature owns his baleful
pow'r.

But hark! while thus I touch the
humble string,
Through Albion's isle what shouts of
conquest ring!
Proud tidings these from fam'd Iberia's
coast,
How from Vittoria fled the Gallic host,
And Vict'ry, while she hail'd each gal-
lant son,
Twin'd an unfading wreath for Wel-
lington.

But, though the loyal Muse attunes
her reed,
On Fame's bright roll to blazon Glory's
deed;
She lings to see the blood-stain'd banner
furl'd,
And thy bland influence, Peace, refresh
the world.

Thou, dove-ey'd goddess! wave thy olive
wand,
And smile propitious on my native land.
The sullen clouds, that wait on care,
dispel:

With plenty bless the peasant's lowly cell;
Gild ev'ry scene, and ev'ry sphere per-
vade—

The cotted hamlet, and the haunts of
trade.

Bid the full tide of commerce freely roll
To torrid Indus, and the frozen pole.

Oh! deign, celestial nymph, to smile
once more,

And scatter blessings round this sca-
girt shore!

Haverhill, July 10, 1813. JOHN WEBB.

*Completion of the BOOTS-RIMMS proposed
in our Magazine for June.*

The RETURN of HEALTH.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

WHEN home and all its joys I left,
And sickness seiz'd this feeble frame,
Of hope's soft balm I was bereft:

I knew mild pleasure but by name.

The morning rose to see me grieve:

Sol's setting beam but mark'd my care:
Health's hour was fled; or else, believe,
I ne'er had welcom'd dark despair!

Here my lone hours I long have spent;

And health has wing'd the summer
breeze;

My mind's tormentors now relent;

And solitude has brought me ease

Again I feel my bosom glow:

My strength, thank Heav'n, returns
again;

And health and peace can soon bestow
A balsam for the keenest pain.

The world no more my steps shall lure
From rectitude's delightful road:—

Nor joy nor comfort we procure,
In Vanity's unblest abode!

Oh! rather let my daily toil

Supply me with my daily bread,
Than let the world each impulse spigil,
That is by man's best feelings fed.

Then may each moment wear a smile;
Friendship may still return to cheer;

Love may the ling'ring time beguile,
And all life's coming hours *enlaur*!

Once more shall home's remember'd scene
Salute these eyes, long us'd to tears;
Shall wake each joy, each bliss scene,
And calm my bosom's inmost fears!

The LAME YOUTH—a Fairy Tale.*

(From Mrs. Cowley's Works, lately published.)

FAINT rose o'er yonder hoary tow'r

The silver crescent of the moon:

Not reaching yet her brilliant noon,
(For scarce had day resign'd the hour)

It threw its beams across the vale.—

Since that mild eve more moons have
roll'd

Than six and twenty years e'er told:

But let us hasten to the tale!

Queen Mab from forth her gold-cup bed
Leap'd lightly on the scented earth;

Her fresh-wak'd spirits teem'd with
mirth;

And troops of sportive fais she led.

On beauteous insects quick they sat,

And chas'd ephemer'i o'er the banks.

Then gravely march'd through barley
ranks,

Or drove to rest the drowsy gnat.

When, lo! on his paternal lawn

The loveliest child her greatness spied!

In sportive circles, charm'd, they glide,

And bounding like the woodland fawn.

"Behold," she said, "this charming boy!

View his beauteous ringlet hair;

This rose-dew shall confirm him fair:

I give him taste, I grant him joy!"

The princely Oberon stole near;

Too much like mortal husbands he:

* The gentleman, alluded to in this poem, who is now no more, had been subject to acute pains and lameness from early life. The poem is said to have been intended as a gentle corrective of the ruffled temper which sometimes thence ensued.

Too much like mortal ladies she :
 It was not always "dove !" and "dear !"
 "So, princess! thus, at rising night,
 You ever quit your day retreat,
 Mere mortal's infant sure to meet,
 And torture my offended sight.
 "Perverse one, see !" he gruffly cried,
 "Your bounteous gifts I thus destroy;
 I touch his frame—behold your boy!
 Dare not a husband's pow'r deride."
 At the stern angel's strong arrest
 The patriarch's firm sinew shrunk.
 In tort'rous pain the muscles sunk
 Of him the fairy queen had bless'd!
 She wept! she scream'd! she tore her locks.
 The Echoes seis'd her rending sighs,
 And quickly sent them to the skies,
 Or bore them 'gainst resounding rocks.
 "Monster!" she cried in fiercest screech,
 "That deed malicious I must meet:
 I give him smiles, and features sweet,
 And wit, and fascinating speech."
 Contempt fierce Oberon express'd; [own,
 "Yet still," he said, "my pow'r thou'lt
 Thou vixen partner of my throne!
 And feel, my anger is not jest!
 "The smiles, and wit, and speech,
 thou'st given,
 I pow'rless make. His heart shall swell,
 And there reserv'd *hauteur* shall dwell,
 Shifting caprice, and will uneven."
 "Ah!" sobb'd the queen, "barbarian!
 wretch!
 Thy pow'r, alas! I long have known:
 Always to thwart me is it shown,
 To grieve me ever on the stretch."
 Her tears (what fav'rite weeps in vain?)
 Subdu'd the elfin monarch's ire:
 Assuag'd was all his wrathful fire,
 And thus he sooth'd the royal pain.
 "Queen of my heart! suppress those
 sighs!
 Spite of marr'd symmetry I swear,
 Spite of caprice, and haughty air,
 This urchin age and youth shall prize.
 "My peach-lip'd Mab 'tis wrong to vex!
 And, *malgré* all the ills I gave,
 This chosen, gifted, child shall have
 More claims to please, than half his sex.
 "When thy gifts reign, he'll always please,
 When wit, smiles, sweetness light his
 face,
 And eloquence unfolds its grace.—
 Should he to my reign yield, and tease,
 "If he's capricious, if he's vain,
 A frowning sprite shall start to sight,
 Whom gnomes and pigmies taught to
 write,
 Ne'er vaunted Muse bestow'd her strain!

"*Sans* mercy, she shall goad his mind,
 And gabble forth her words in haste,
 By no smooth pause, no cadence, brac'd,
 Wild as her walk, and unconfin'd.
 "Such sprites are mission'd to restrain
 The smaller crimes of savage man,
 That still elude the law's wide span,
 Though giving wounds, inflicting pain.
 "With utmost rage she'll swiftly dash
 In aconite her eager quill,
 Abuse him with her utmost skill,
 Prepare for every fault a lash.
 "A lovely maid, of high descent,
 Not yet divulg'd to earth and day,
 Shall guard, and make him con the lay,
 Till of his sin he shall repent.
 "Carew, 'mongst mortals she'll be nam'd,
 And heralds shall her grand-ire trace,
 From English belles of distant race,
 And noble knights for courage fam'd.
 "The ancient castle of her sire
 Shall many a filial damsel boast,
 Each sister see a rival toast,
 And each her rival shall admire!
 "There too, where brilliant virtues shine,
 The matron beauty shall preside,
 The mansion's star, the master's bride,
 A model to her future line!
 "When firm in manhood, if the child
 Shall cherish only thy rich boon,
 And all, I gave, assiduous prune,
 They'll hail him—bless'd of Mab the mild!
 "But, when he turns, sweet Mab! from
 thee,
 And yields him to the mental foe,
 He forth his soul shall strive to throw,
 He then fierce Oberon's shall be!
 "Nor shall the castle sylphs display,
 Whilst thus he yields, one cheering
 smile:
 No glance his gloomy hours shall guile,
 But frowns corrective shall dismay!"
 The queen ceas'd pouting, grew more
 calm,
 Again caress'd th' unconscious child,
 Then darted to a distant wild,
 To bathe in soothing lunar balm.
 But, ev'ry year she once returns,
 To watch her object through a day,
 To lure him from her husband's sway;
 And oft her eye with pleasure burns.
 But, when, she finds he sinks to be
 The being Oberon design'd,
 Her little fais, with pains refin'd,
 His ankle grasp, invest his knee.
 His bed in ardent pain is press'd
 In many a tort'rous turn-about.
 His servants say he has the gout:
 But little fais enjoy the jest.

FASHIONS for SEPTEMBER.

Morning Walking-Dress.—A gown of light lilac muslin, made rather higher on the breast than last month, with a triple row of frill plaiting of scalloped lace round the bosom, and a single row round the shoulders and back; long sleeves, made full, tied in at the wrists, elbow, and shoulder; the wrists finished with a plaiting of scalloped lace. The robe of a moderate walking length, made rather fuller in the skirt; bound at the feet with trimming of scalloped lace, to correspond with the breast and sleeves. —Bracer of white satin ribbon, to tie in front in a full bow —Hat, Lady Wellington's cottage hat, composed of white satin and lace; the sides composed of small perpendicular plaitings of satin; the top plain, with a small silk tassel; turned up round the front; finished at the edge in vandykes, bound with knotted chenille; a small cluster of corn-flowers on one side. Under the hat, is a small lace cap, made high, to show the forehead, with a small sprig of flowers. —The hair, as last month; small curls on the temples; turned up behind *à la Grecque*, with one or two stray ringlets falling negligently on the shoulders. —Round the neck, a single row of pearl, with an occasional gold chain, confined to a small broach in front. —White silk scarf, ornamented at the ends with a broad border of flowers. —Gloves of lilac kid —Half boots to correspond with the color of the dress.

Evening Dress.—A robe of white crape worn over a slip of light straw-color, made full in the skirt, ornamented at the feet with a plaiting of scalloped lace. —Bodice of white satin, ornamented round the breast and back with trimming of scalloped lace; made low on the bosom and back; the sleeves composed of a broad band of Pomona green silk; by the side a triple plaiting of scalloped lace, to fall just below the turn of the shoulder. —Bracer of Pomona green ribbon, with a small pearl clasp in front. —Necklace and ear-rings of pearl —Hair *à la Grecque*, in small thin curls falling off the forehead on the temples; plain on the sides; turned up behind in a knot, with a couple of stray ringlets falling loosely on the shoulders. —Gloves of white kid. —Slippers of white satin. —An occasional scarf of Pomona silk.

General Observations.—Morning walking dresses are generally of white, light yellow, lilac, or Pomona green muslin, made close, habit-fashion, or as above,

with full long sleeves drawn close to the arm at the wrists, and the middle of the arm and shoulder, to tie in small bows of white satin ribbon. —The bodice fronts are made rather higher than last month; the back part of the skirt rather fuller, of a moderate walking length. —Bracer of white satin ribbon, to tie in a full bow in front. —The Wellington cottage hat of white satin and lace, the Provençal hat of straw turned up in front, similar to the Spanish hat, with a small wreath of flowers on the side; small lace caps generally worn under the hat —The hair in small ringlets falling on the temples with one or two stray ringlets falling on the shoulder. —Parasol of white muslin, or color to correspond with the dress. —An occasional scarf of white silk, ornamented at the ends with a broad border of flowers —Gloves of colored kid. —Half boots of black kid, or color to correspond with the dress.

Half Dresses are generally of figured muslin, of lilac, pale olive, or light blue, made close round the neck, with stomacher front, to button behind, as the girl's frock, with a small lace frill made rather fuller in the skirt, with long sleeves made full to tie round the arm, as the morning dress above described. —An occasional lace tippet, to fall low on the back. —*Head dress*—Cap of spotted muslin, trimmed round the front, and let in across the crown and at the sides with lace; a small wreath of flowers in the front—the hair in small curls in front; turned up behind. —Necklace and cross of pearl—ear-rings to correspond. —Gloves of white or colored kid. —Shoes of black kid.

Evening Dresses are frocks of white, straw, or light violet colored crape, made with bodice of white satin; the skirt made full, and of a becoming walking length; the sleeves made very narrow, of the same material, ornamented with lace, as is the bosom and feet; the breast and back made very low. —Bracer of silver ribbon, with a small clasp in front. —*Head-dress*—the hair falling off on the forehead in small ringlets; small plaiting on the sides, to turn up behind in a knot, with small ringlets falling on the shoulder. —Scarfs of white or colored silk are general appendages to this order. —Necklace of gold chain or of pearl. —Gloves of white kid. —Slippers of white satin, with silver rosettes, or colored silk, to correspond with the color of the dress.



J. H. B. engr.

Morning & Evening Dresses.

CHRONICLE.

His Majesty.—*Bulletin of August 7.*—“His Majesty’s state has varied in the course of the last month, but, upon the whole, has not been uncomfortable, and is at present very composed.”

Price of Bread.—Quartern Wheaten Loaf, July 29, eighteen pence, halfpenny—August 5, 12, and 19, the same—August 26, seventeen pence.

Irish Catholics.—At a meeting of the Catholics of the county and city of Kilkenny, August 4, the following, among other resolutions, was unanimously adopted. “Resolved, that the existence of penal laws against us renders us a people alien and outcast from the privileges and freedom of the English constitution—that this free constitution of England is to us more a subject of insulting and injurious mockery, than of benefit and pride—that, relatively to us, it is a code of partial and oppressive enactments, and not a system of equal and cherishing law—that, living therefore under the crown, but not under the constitution, a degraded race, we feel ourselves in a more debased condition than the slaves of an absolute monarchy, where tyranny is not the portion of the few, but of all.”

[*London, July 27*] Friday se’nnight, a child of Mr. Rich. Knight’s, of Creech St. Michael, near Taunton, about 19 months old, having walked to a neighbour’s house unperceived, was at length missing, and was found in the well, which was eighteen feet deep from the top to the surface of the water: but fortunately a board, part of the cover of the well, had fallen in previously, and the infant was found lying on its back on the board, swimming on the water. It was immediately got up, without the slightest injury.

[27] Fossils of an extraordinary nature have recently been found in the neighbourhood of Bfentford. The soil, as far as it has been dug, consists of five distinct beds. The uppermost is a gravelly loam; the second, sand and gravel; the third, a calcareous loam; the fourth, sand; and the fifth, blue clay. The uppermost bed contains no fossil remains whatever. The next three contain the tusks of elephants, both African and Indian, of the hippopotamus, the horns and jaws of oxen, the horns of deer, pearl shells, and the shells of fresh-water

fish; but no sea animals. The clay contains the remains of sea animals alone, as echini, shells, &c. These fossils are scattered without order in the beds.

[28] Yesterday, a grand Chapter of the Order of the Garter was held at Carlton House, for the purpose of electing the Emperor of Russia a member of the Order. The votes [or “opinions”] of the knights present being taken, he was declared duly elected; and a deputation was appointed to go to Russia, to invest him with the knightly insignia.

[29] It appears from the population returns of 1811, that the annual mortality of the county of Somerset is 1 in every 52; in Devon, 1 in 58; in Cornwall, 1 in 62; in Dorset, 1 in 57; in Hampshire, 1 in 49; in Wiltshire, 1 in 54; in Gloucestershire, 1 in 61; in Berkshire, 1 in 53; in Oxfordshire, 1 in 55. In Middlesex, it appears, that a much greater proportion die than in any other county, the annual mortality being 1 in 36; while in Cardiganshire the deaths are 1 in 78, which is less than in any other county. Taking all England together, 1 in 49 dies annually, and in Wales, 1 in 60.

[29] American privateers continue to infest the coasts of the Western Isles of Scotland. A vessel, belonging to Mr. Macdonald, of Lochinver, was captured, a few days ago, within half a mile of his dwelling-house.

[30] Letters from Malta announce, that, from the 20th of April, to the 18th of June, upwards of five hundred persons had died there of the plague, and that the number of deaths was increasing; but that the pestilence had, to the latter date, been confined to the natives, and had not attacked the English.

[30] *Cow-Pox.*—The Board of the National Vaccine Establishment have publicly declared, from actual experiment and attentive investigation, that, although the small-pox has sometimes occurred after vaccination; yet, from a calculation made in France on a large scale, it appears that the instances of its occurrence are very rare indeed, in proportion to the number of persons vaccinated—being as one to 381,000. and that, in persons inoculated with the ordinary small-pox, the appearance of the disorder a second time is more frequent.

[31] *Execution*.—Yesterday, Moses Wiltshire, condemned to death at the last Admiralty Sessions for having served on board an enemy's vessel, was hanged at Execution Dock.—*See our last Number, page 345.*

[31] Monday, two fine sturgeons were exhibited in the Liverpool fish-market, each measuring about seven feet in length. This is a very unusual circumstance in that town. One of these sturgeons was caught between Liverpool and Runcorn.

[August 2] Letters from Hamburg, of July 17, state that the whole of the male population, without distinction, continued to be employed in constructing military works round the city, and in forming a bridge from Hamburg, across the Elbe, to Harburg. [*See our last Number, page 347.*]—The same measure of sweeping severity was exercised against the inhabitants of Bremen and Lubeck; and the sons of the most opulent merchants were forced to enrol themselves in the Imperial *Garde d'élite*; to equip themselves at their own expense; and to contribute yearly 500 francs toward the support of the corps.

[August 3] *Fortune-telling*.—At Marlborough Street Police-office, yesterday, a prophesess was committed for robbing the kitchen of Mr. Easden, in Chapel-street, of two silver spoons. She had been admitted into the house to amuse the credulous servants by foretelling future events. Trifling articles had before been missed; and the property in question was placed conveniently to be removed. On the prisoner's leaving the house, she took the spoons with her; and, on searching her basket, they were found, and she pleaded a mistake.

[3] *Fire-Arms*.—At Nanci, in France, a boy, lately playing with some school-fellows, took a gun from his father's counting house, to perform the manual exercise. Not knowing, or perhaps not reflecting, that it was loaded, he presented and discharged it at the moment when his father was entering the room from a dark passage.—The unfortunate parent received its contents, and expired in a few minutes.

[4] *Robbing of Children*.—Yesterday, a woman was charged at Marlborough Street Office with robbing and stripping children. To one child, carrying an unfinished frock to school, she gave a half-penny to buy fruit—took the frock, under pretence of keeping it for her till

her return—and absconded with it as soon as the child was gone for the fruit.—Another child she decoyed into a by-place, and stripped her nearly naked.—In this wretch's lodging were found various articles of children's apparel, supposed to have been obtained by this most cruel species of robbery.

[4] On Friday, Sadi Hodge Hamet Ezini, his son, and suite, arrived at Portsmouth in the Kennesley Castle transport, from Tetuan, in Barbary, in which city this nobleman holds the office of comptroller or director of the customs. He is travelling for the purpose of initiating his son into the manners and customs of Europe; for which object he has visited nearly all the European courts. It is said that he is a relative to the Emperor of Morocco.

[4] An office is now open at Berlin, where, in exchange for rings and earrings of gold, brought as patriotic offerings, the donors receive rings of iron, bearing the motto—"I have given gold for iron. 1813."

[5] *Pantheon Theatre*.—Yesterday, at Marlborough Street Office, Mr. Cundy, proprietor of the Pantheon, was convicted in the penalty of £50, for the performance of the regular drama at that theatre, without being duly licensed.

[6] July 14, a treaty of peace was concluded between the Portuguese government and the Dey of Algiers, through the mediation of Mr. W. A'Court, envoy extraordinary from Great Britain.

[6] *Dog stealing*.—Yesterday, at Marlborough Street Office, a dealer in dogs, convicted of having concealed a dog, which he knew, or had reason to suppose, to have been stolen, was condemned in the mitigated penalty of twenty pounds, and, in default of payment, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

[6] A vessel, lately arrived at Leith, from Davis's Straits, and another at Peterhead from Greenland, report the success of the whale fishery, as follows.—in the former case, seventy-five whales taken by seven ships—in the latter, a hundred and forty-nine by twenty-one vessels.

[7] Thursday night, in High Street, Whitechapel, a fire broke out in the warehouse of a ship-chandler, which utterly destroyed five houses with the warehouse, besides materially injuring several adjoining houses.

[9] *Hamburg, July 26*.—Count Von Hogendorp, governor of Hamburg, has

issued a regulation on the 23d inst. concerning the work on the fortifications, by which 4200 laborers are to be required every week at Hamburg, who are to commence next week on the fortress works. Each canton is to furnish 700 men for this purpose, who are to be divided into seven companies, each consisting of 100 men, and every company to be placed under the command of a captain, who is to be chosen from among the principal inhabitants of the city. The captains are authorised to employ three women in the place of two men, and 20 boys, from 15 to 18 years of age, in the place of ten men, &c. Those who are called upon to work must do it in person; hired laborers or substitutes are not permitted to be employed.

[9] The inhabitants of Metz experienced on the 4th July the novel sight of a fall of snow in that town: the flakes were large, continued to descend for near three quarters of an hour, and lay in some places half a foot deep.

[9] June 22, a party from the British force in the Chesapeake made an attack upon Craney Island, near Norfolk, but were repulsed with loss.—On the 25th, however, they were more successful at Hampton, which they took by storm.

[9] *Murder*—At the assises at Chelmsford, August 6, William Cornwall, a horse-keeper, was convicted of the murder of Mrs. Stevens, at Woodford, on the 5th of June, and sentenced to death. [See our *Mag.* for June, page 295.]—He was executed at Woodford, August 9.

[9] At the Lincoln assises, August 2, Azubah Fountain, and her accomplice, G. Turner Rowell, were found guilty of the wilful murder of Robert Fountain, her husband, by administering to him a large dose of laudanum.—They were executed together on the 6th.

[9] *Fire-Arms again*.—Last week, at Wainfleet All Saints, a boy, named William Audis, took up a gun which happened to be loaded, and sportively presenting it at his grandmother, shot her instantly dead.

[10] Advices from Cadiz, of July 16, announce that the pope's Nuncio, Gravina, who opposed the decree of the Cortes and the order of the Regent for the abolition of the Inquisition, has, in consequence of his obstinate perseverance in his opposition, been ordered to withdraw from Spain; and his temporalities have been seized.

[13] A pine-apple, weighing 8lbs. and

a quarter, was lately cut in the garden of R. Benson, Esq. Duke Street, Liverpool.

[13] Yesterday morning, Vauxhall chapel was entirely destroyed by fire, together with two contiguous houses, in one of which the fire had commenced.

[14] *Dreadful Accident*—Tuesday morning, the undermined works of a colliery at Bradley, Staffordshire, fell in, and completely buried seven men and three boys.

[14] At an inquest, held yesterday at Finchley, a verdict of wilful murder was returned against T. Moon, a private in the 9th light dragoons, who, being in liquor while escorting a deserter to Northampton, fired off his carbine near the eight-mile stone, and killed a youth in a field at 172 yards distance.—He was secured, and committed for trial.

[16] *Submarine War*—A gentleman in America is said to have invented a diving-boat, which by means of paddles he can propel under water at the rate of three miles an hour, and ascend and descend at pleasure. He has made a number of experiments, and has been three times under the bottom of the British ship *Ramillies*, off New London. In the first attempt, after remaining some time under water, he came up to the surface for air; but, being discovered, and an alarm being given on board, he immediately dived out of sight. In the third attempt, he came up directly under the *Ramillies*, and fastened himself and his boat to her keel, where he remained half an hour, and succeeded in boring a hole through her copper: but, while engaged in screwing a torpedo to her bottom, the screw broke, and defeated his object for that time. So great, however, is the alarm on board the *Ramillies*, and the apprehension of being blown up by one of these machines, that Commodore Hardy, it is said, has withdrawn his force from before New London, and keeps his ship constantly under way, instead of lying at anchor, as formerly.

[16] Tuesday last, a new steam-barge left Yarmouth for Norwich. It is moved by a number of oars somewhat in the shape of a barn shovel, fixed on each side of the vessel, round an axis, which is turned by a small steam-engine. Its rate of going was about five miles an hour. It has since gone regularly between Norwich and Yarmouth.

[16] Six powder-mills at Feversham, belonging to Mr. Hall, Dartford, Kent, blew up on Friday morning.

[17] Dispatches from Lord Wellington announce that the allied force besieging

St. Sebastian, having made two practicable breaches in the works, attempted to carry the place by storm on the 25th of July, but were repulsed with very considerable loss.—He adds, that, on the same day, Marshal Soult attacked Gen. Byng's post at Roncesvalles, and two divisions of the enemy's army attacked Sir Rowland Hill's position at Puerto de Maya; and that, in both cases, the allies, though not positively defeated, found it expedient to retire:—but, on the 30th, Marshal Soult, having again attacked the allied army under Lord Wellington, was defeated, put to flight, and pursued for three days by the allies, who killed and captured great numbers of the enemy.—In the last of these battles, Lord Wellington is said to have been struck by a spent musket-ball, which lodged in his sash, without injuring him.

[17] Ten human skeletons have been discovered at Pantey Llyn, near Llande-bie, at a depth of 30 feet from the surface of a limestone rock. The skulls are of a very great size and thickness, and all the bones are of a larger calibre than those of the present race of men.

[18] A letter from a clergyman in India says, "The Inquisition at Goa was abolished in October last; and it is now thrown open to public inspection, with all its cells, secret chambers, &c."

[19] *Vauxhall Bridge*—After the failure of several experiments, and the final adoption of movable caissons for the construction of the piers, the first stone was laid in one of them on Wednesday last.

[19] *Curious Libel*.—At the Suffolk assises, the Rev. J. Robinson, of Southwold, obtained a verdict against Messrs. Jermy and Gooch, for having posted up in the public room at Southwold a resolution containing the following words—"The Rev. J. Robinson, and Mr. James Robinson, inhabitants of this town, not bring persons that the proprietors or usual annual subscribers think fit to associate with, are excluded from this room."—Damages, £50, which the judge declared to be £49 too much; adding, that he would have given a very different verdict.

[19] *Wonderful Preservation*.—Aug. 16, eight men and a boy were dug out alive from a mine near Wolverhampton, where they had been shut up by the fall of a large quantity of earth, and remained nearly seven days without any other sustenance than the droppings of water from the roof of the pit. Though enfeebled

by fasting, they have been reported "likely to do well."

[20] *Singular Clock*.—A youth, of the name of Benjamin Caldwell, of Frodsham, in the county of Chester, has made a wooden model of a clock, for showing the various situations of the sun and moon; the times of the lunations; the rising, setting, and setting of the moon and stars; the moon's age and phases; the sun's and moon's places in the ecliptic for every day in the year; and the day of the month, which it will show for four successive years, without altering in each month; as in common clocks: it also shows the days of the week, time of high water, and other phenomena.

[21] Aug. 18, at the Maidstone assises, Philip Nicholson was brought to trial for *petit treason* in the murder of his master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Bonar. (See our *Mag. for June, page 293*).—Being arraigned, and asked for his plea, he said that he had already made a full confession of all the circumstances of his guilt, which confession he was still ready to confirm: but, as it appeared to be the general wish that he should take his trial, he would plead "*Not guilty*."—The evidence being gone through, the jury, after scarcely a moment's deliberation, pronounced him guilty: and the judge sentenced him to be executed, and his body to be delivered up for dissection.—The prisoner then handed in a paper, from which the following is an extract.—"Departing from this tribunal, soon shall I appear before another tribunal, where an eternal sentence will be passed upon me. With this dread sentence full in my view, I do most solemnly declare, and I desire this declaration to be taken as my dying words, that I alone was the base and cruel murderer of my master and mistress—that I had no accomplice—that no one knew, or could possibly suspect, that I intended to perpetrate those barbarities—that I myself had no intention of committing those horrid deeds, save for a short time, so short as scarcely to be computed, before I actually committed them—that booty was not the motive of my fatal cruelties. I am sure the idea of plunder never presented itself to my mind. I can attribute those unnatural murders to no other cause, than, at the time of their commission, to a temporary phrensy from excessive drinking, and, before that time, to the habitual forgetfulness, for many years, of the great God and his judgements."

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The Foundation of Zealand.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 44, N^o. 9, for September, 1813.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. INUNDATION of ZEALAND.
2. Fashionable COSTUME for October.
3. PATTERN for a HABIT SHIRT.

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LONDON:

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where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

The communications from the neighbourhood of *Leicester-Square* would, we fear, hardly repay the trouble of deciphering.

We are sorry that we cannot oblige *Alexis*—for two reasons—1st. The MS. is no longer forth-coming.—2^{dly}. We do not enter into critical discussions with unknown correspondents.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
FOR SEPTEMBER, 1813.

The DUTCH PATRIOTS
of the Sixteenth Century.
(Continued from page 358, and accompanied
with an illustrative Plate.)

SUDDENLY Tempest assembles his darkest clouds, while Boreas and his blustering host arm themselves with all their collected rage. Furious they rush forth; and, as they sweep through the sky, primæval Night seems to spread her black pinions over the whole concave of heaven. Wherever they pass, the tumultuous billows swell mountain-high; and the sea, uncertain where the thunder will fall, trembles in all its shores.

The clouds, sweeping along in their rapid course the vapors exhaled from the waters, form at one moment an immense chain of moving mountains; at another, they present to fancy's eye a frowning host of grim giants, bristled with menacing spears, and fiercely stalking through the sky.

While the inhabitants of Zealand lament the fate of the unfortunate mortals who are destined to struggle in vain against this hurricane, it is against themselves that it directs its course. The ocean boils in tumultuous agitation: the swelling foamy billows nod to and fro', like the trees of a forest shaken by the winds, and, dashing against each other in their wild conflicts, are seen to sparkle with liquid flame. In an instant has Tempest devoured the intermediate space which still separated him from Zealand. Sudden the day is changed to night: the sea utters tremendous roarings, which are heard to resound o'er the plains at a distance from the shore. Boreas and his bois-

terous brethren shake their broad pinions, and excite the fury of the waves; and Tempest, his head environed with clouds which move obedient to his will, while his feet shake the deepest abysses of the ocean, thunders at once through the heavens and over the deep.

Near the shore stood an antique forest, which, during the tedious lapse of revolving years, had ever triumphed over the most violent hurricanes, and still reared its victorious head, crowned with leafy honors: but its period is now arrived: torn up from its seat, and scattered through the air, it strews the ground with its shivered branches. Meanwhile the various winds which rule the different quarters of the heaven, bursting forth from their rocky caverns, and for a moment forgetting their habitual discord, combine their blasts with those of Boreas and his brethren, and with united force rush against the ramparts reared to repel the inroads of the sea, which at the same instant are also attacked by the waves, the lightnings, and the formidable dæmons, who, seated on lurid clouds above, pour down a thick shower of fiery darts. Such, in ancient days—as if the sun himself had descended from the azure vault, to consume every object that met his powerful ray—blazed on the walls of Syracuse that destructive mirror, which darted o'er the affrighted sea a torrent of flame, and reduced whole fleets to ashes.

Ye watchful birds, who, at a distance from this spot, are employed near the Texel in dragging from the

sea the plant destined to bind the cement of these ramparts—terrified by the portentous uproar, you interrupt your busy toils. And thou, Genius of industry, whose vigilant eye, from the summit of these walls, watched over the work of thy own hands, thou abandonest thy post with regret. Meanwhile those proud bulwarks, which had long braved the ocean, and which Time, who overthrows all the works of man, had hitherto viewed with respect, nor dared to destroy them in his resistless course—those bulwarks still resisted the united attacks of so many powerful assailants, when Tempest, indignant at the opposition, utters a tremendous roar. At the sound of that roar, the whole fabric totters: Tempest renews the assault, bursts through the opposing rocks, and at once opens a wide passage for the towering waves.

Seized with terror, the inhabitants of the adjacent lands crowd to the spot to re-edify the fallen dike, their ancient protection: but, overwhelmed by the winds and the waves, they perish the first victims of the dire disaster.

Collecting all his rage, Tempest rushes along the dikes, seizes them, shakes them to their foundations, and tumbles them in ruin. In an instant—as an aged monarch, formerly deprived of his kingdom, but now crowned with victory in a battle fought on the frontiers, rushes wrathful at the head of his army into his ancient domain—the sea bursts in a swelling flood over the plains, and inundates them with a devouring deluge. Universal flight prevails: but vain is the attempt to flee: for the ocean seems to have poured in all its waters, and, sweeping away men, cattle, trees, cottages, palaces, whirls before it a vast chaos of promiscuous ruin.

In this general confusion, love and

friendship draw closer the ties by which they are united. Here two friends, as if they formed but a single being, hold each other with one hand, while with the other they struggle against the waves. Here a lover strives to rescue the mistress of his heart, till, exhausted by the unavailing toil, he abandons her with a sigh to the overpowering flood: she, on her part, though still able to contend for a while against the furious element, chooses to accompany her lover, sinks to meet him in death, and expires in his embraces. There an aged parent and his children endeavour to save each other from destruction; and their generous efforts only accelerate their untimely fate: already the children are swallowed up by the inundation; the hoary senior now makes but a feeble resistance, and his silver locks alone are seen floating on the surface of the waters. Meanwhile the sea continues to pour in, and spread to a distance from the shores; and this cry of despair, which seems to proceed from the mouth of a celestial Genius, is heard to resound through the air—"O Zealand! art thou to be utterly destroyed?"

Thus—though erected by the hands of ministering gods, and constructed with a solidity to bid defiance to the power of time—fell at length, under the strokes of the hostile divinities, the ramparts of that famous city*, whose memory, enshrined in the immortal song of Mæonides, shall live coëval with the streams of Simois and Scamander, who witnessed its fall.—Ye prostrate dikes, once the bulwarks of a fertile province—thou, Zealand, late the hope of the Batavian—you will not, I ween, obtain equal renown; and your names and your misfortunes will perhaps be consigned to oblivion.

* Troy.

Already the waves with tumultuous roar penetrate into the isle of Voorn, and threaten the ramparts of that citadel, adorned with the first trophy of the Batavian lately regenerated to liberty. William, surrounded by his warriors, beholds his fleet dispersed, and the sea rushing toward him, covered with wrecks and lifeless corpses: on every side he sees light skiffs loaded with citizens, and floating at random on the deep—many of which, after a short struggle against the rage of the tempest, are swallowed up before the hero's eyes.

* “Thou sea!” exclaims he, while his every feature announces the feelings which rack his bosom—“thou sea, who calmedst thy fury to second our enterprises, hast thou also conspired against us? art thou determined to become the grave of these heroic provinces, of these victorious warriors who were hastening to new triumphs? wilt thou snatch from our hands our weapons, and even the standard of liberty?”

His words resounded aloud over the roaring deluge: but the waves with increasing impetuosity now menaced the rampart on which he stood, and rose each moment higher and higher as they advanced—when, escaped from the universal wreck, and pushed toward the spot, as it were by the hand of Heaven, a ship presents itself. A number of the warriors conjure William and the principal chiefs to enter the vessel, and save their valuable lives from destruction.

“No!” reply the chiefs—“we will not abandon so many illustrious victims: and you, unfortunate citizens! we will be buried with you in the same gulf.”

Meanwhile the foamy, thundering waves rapidly rise to the hero's feet. He does not recoil, but regards them

with intrepidity, and casts a look of sympathetic tenderness toward the province of Holland, which is threatened with the same disaster—toward Maurice, his brothers, and so many valiant warriors, exposed to instant ruin. The ship is now wafted near them: but not one of their number takes refuge in it. A heroic courage beams in the countenance of each; and they all observe a profound silence, which renders more terrific the tumult of the swelling surges, that threaten every moment to sweep them away in their desolating course.

But Oceanor, from the summits of his aerial cliffs which look down majestic over the empire of the deep, beholds Zealand on the point of being irretrievably overwhelmed, and perceives the imminent danger that threatens the Batavians. He mounts his pearly car, and, more rapid than the winds or the waves, flies to the scene of uproar and desolation: he orders the voice of the thunder to be silent—commands the embodied clouds to disperse—the tempest to be gone—the sea to calm its rage; and instantly the voice of the thunder is hushed to silence—the clouds disperse—the tempest and all the winds return to their caverns—the waves cease to roar, and the sea resumes its peaceful course. The sun, shining forth in splendid majesty, contemplates his reflected glories in the glassy mirror of the ocean, which seems to blaze with a flood of light: the Zephyrs, fluttering through the air, smooth the waters with their gentle breath; and, while the car of Oceanor lightly glides o'er the surface of the deep as o'er a plane of polished marble, the sea slowly breaks its lessening waves at the warriors' feet.

Toward them advance their re-collected fleet, together with numerous vessels filled with the unfortunate inhabitants of Zealand, whose

deep affliction is alleviated by the sight of those heroes. "The tempest," say they, "which has overthrown our dikes, has spared you! Henceforward you shall be our sole rampart."

Meanwhile the citizens of Holland, overwhelmed with grief and dismay, tremble for their own fate, as well as that of Nassau and his fleet, when that chief is informed that Alva has determined to direct his whole force against Leiden, the principal bulwark of Holland and of the Batavian. At the news, Nassau feels an ardent wish instantly to march, and meet his enemy on his way: but, the ravages of the tempest which his army have experienced, compelling him for the present to relinquish that design, he suddenly appears in Leiden at the head of a numerous band of warriors, as a tutelar divinity, whose presence inspires the citizens with fresh courage, while his countenance displays unshaken fortitude and serenity. Immediately an assembly is convened of the principal chiefs of Holland, and of hapless Zealand—an assembly, to which, at this disastrous crisis, are summoned Douza, Lumey, Lanoue, Irthur, and other warriors, together with the hoary Werf, equally conspicuous for wisdom as for courage, who presides over the citizens resident within those walls. A gloomy silence for some time prevails through the whole convention.

 (*To be continued.*)

Modern Life delineated.

(*Continued from page 355*)

THE first object that Frederic beheld when he entered the breakfast-room, was Gertrude seated at her work. He immediately placed himself on the window-seat by her, and, for a moment or two, continued silent, with his eyes riveted on her counte-

nance. — Gertrude raised her eyes from her work: but her face was crimsoned with a deep blush.

"Why this blush, and extreme embarrassment?" said Frederic. "Do you mean to destroy the hopes I last night so joyfully indulged? It is not in my nature to make professions of inviolable attachment: but, if you intrust your happiness with me, it will be the study of my life to merit your esteem.—I frankly confess, I was not even pleased with you, the first time we met. But every opportunity I have had of unfolding your character, has increased my favorable opinion of you."

"I will not," said Gertrude, resuming her usual fortitude, "keep a worthy man in suspense: but, upon this subject, as well as every other, I wish to be ingenuous."

Frederic anxiously waited for the conclusion of the sentence: and Gertrude continued—"My affection for my father, I candidly confess, supersedes every other; and, to be the mistress of the world, I would not resign the hope of spending my life with him. He has depended upon Emma and me for every earthly comfort; and to deprive him now of my society, would be unnatural and cruel in the extreme."

Frederic impatiently exclaimed, "This difficulty is easily obviated. Can we not unite our families? I am convinced they are of dispositions that would accord well together; and we should have additional motives for our exertions. I know your fondness for this part of the country; and, as all places are the same to my mother and myself, we can join you here."

"You have entered into my views," said Gertrude, smiling; "and, if you can accept the heart that has once been another's, it is now yours."

"As it only belonged to Edward,"

exclaimed Frederic, with emotion, "I receive it as Heaven's best gift; for it was from him I learned to appreciate its value."

Mr. Lloyd was charmed at finding the young people on so amicable a footing; and, when they informed him of the arrangement they had made, he exclaimed that every wish of his heart was gratified. "When we have your mother, my young friend, among us," said Mr. Lloyd, "we shall, I trust, be one of the happiest families existing; and you will then learn my Gertrude's real character."

"I learned it in Egypt," said Frederic, with energy; "and the impression has never been effaced from my heart. Even amid the scorching sands I have traced her sister's footsteps and her own, and have there contemplated, with delight, the pleasing picture of domestic bliss at Llanarth."

"A youthful imagination happily converts the miseries of life into actual blessings; or the inhabitants of Llanarth would not have been remembered amid the fatigues of war, and the burning climate of Egypt," said Mr. Lloyd.

"The heat," exclaimed Gertrude, "increased the powers of fancy. If Edward and Captain Manville had inhabited the frozen regions of the north, their faculties would have become torpid; and the employments of Gertrude and Emma Lloyd would have been as uninteresting to their feelings, as a view of the boundless mountains of ice.—I am convinced it is the situation and the temperature of the climate, that acts upon the fancy: for, on a clear summer evening, when every object around us breathes peace and harmony, how quickly do our feelings assimilate with the glowing pencil of nature! We remember the oc-

currences of past life with mingled sensations of enthusiasm and delight. But reverse the scene: turn to a gloomy winter night, when the dimness of twilight shades the earth, and the snow-clad hills are scarcely discerned through a heavy fog: unite these with the half-extinguished fire, the loud barking of some churlish village curs, the melancholy sound of the wind rustling round the house; and the pleasing powers of fancy will instantly be lost; or they will mingle with the most painful remembrances."

"But," said Mr. Lloyd, "reanimate the fire; close the shutters; and draw a cheerful circle around the tea-table; and joy again usurps the place of grief."

"True, my dear father! but then it is the situation which operates upon the mind."

"There are some things so grateful to remembrance," said Frederic, as he bent his eyes upon Gertrude's blushing face, "that neither the gloom of a December night, nor the benumbing frost of Russia, can ever efface them from the memory."

The first letter Gertrude received from her sister after Frederic's return to town, gave her far greater pleasure than any she had previously received from that quarter—"We are delighted with the prospect of your union with Frederic Manville. My beloved husband's joy is unbounded: he says he is convinced you were formed for each other; for there is not a female so lovely and amiable as yourself, or a man possessed of more noble sentiments than his esteemed friend. The morning Frederic called upon us with my dear father's affectionate letter, Edward requested I would send your miniature, to be set in a different frame: and now, my dear Gertrude, instead of being confined

within one of my dark drawers, your ladyship is placed over the mantel-piece.—The moment my husband comes from the counting-house, he mentally pays his respects to you. I assure you I am always gratified by the silent attention paid to my sister: for I fancy it increases his affection for myself.—Your intended marriage has contributed to the happiness of all your friends. Mrs. Pope declares that Frederic is the only young man who deserves you. But his amiable mother seems renovated with fresh life since her son's return from the Vale. These bright auspices for my beloved sister, will, I hope, soon be confirmed. If her happiness prove as permanent as my own, I shall not have any thing more to wish for on this side the grave.”—Gertrude was charmed with the contents of the letter, which convinced her that Emma had observed the friendly advice she had given to her.

When Frederic parted from Mr. Lloyd and his daughter, he assured them he would be in the Vale at the expiration of two months. But, when that time was elapsed, they received a melancholy letter from him, stating the impossibility of visiting them until his mother was better: and on the same day they received one from Emma, confirming the alarming indisposition of Mrs. Manville, but adding, as the opinion of her physician, that she would linger two or three months.

Gertrude immediately replied to Frederic's letter, and urged him, on no account whatever, to leave his amiable mother; assuring him that his affectionate tenderness to his parent would increase her regard for him. When she had finished the letter, she gave it into her father's hand, for him to read.

“You have done perfectly right,”

said Mr. Lloyd. “It would be cruel to deprive Mrs. Manville of her son's society at a time when the hand of Death may effect a final separation from him.”

Four months more elapsed: and a letter arrived from Emma, containing an account of Mrs. Manville's dissolution.—Gertrude felt a tear steal down her cheek, at the recollection of the virtues that were forever closed from her view; and, fixing her eyes tenderly upon her father, she mentally prayed that he might be spared to her.

Mr. Lloyd seemed to read the fervent prayer she had breathed. “Time, my dearest Gertrude, steals from us one friend after another; and the remembrance of their virtues only is left to supply the vacant place within our bosoms.—It is well, my child, that our faith and reason point out a meeting, where neither sorrow nor the common enemy of human life is to be dreaded. The death of a Christian destroys the atheist's sophistry; and it is a useful lesson to those survivors, who glory in acknowledging the existence of a Being who has power to reanimate the lifeless dust of every creature whom he has, in this life, endowed with reason and a reflecting mind. How striking, on this subject, is the language of Holy Writ! and what an important lesson to all unbelievers! You know, my love, the part I allude to is the Burial Service: it is, in my estimation, the most perfect refuter of atheistical principles, of any inspired subject that ever was given for the perusal and benefit of mankind.”

A fortnight after Mrs. Manville's dissolution, Frederic arrived in the Vale. Gertrude received him with mingled emotions of joy and sorrow. The recent death of his amiable mother had thrown a dark shade

over his countenance, which even the presence of the woman he loved had not power to dissipate.

The sentiments Gertrude had entertained for Frederic previous to his mother's death, were those of respect and admiration: but they now assumed a more interesting complexion. Viewing him as the man with whom she was to spend her life, she could not witness his grief, without exerting every energy to soften it: but all her efforts seemed unavailing: the melancholy spread over his face, and the inconceivable absence of his manner, excited great alarm in her bosom. Sometimes she attributed the change solely to affliction, and at others to an alteration in his sentiments.—A month passed over; and her apprehensions increased: but, as he proposed returning to town in two days, she was resolved to have her doubts either dissolved or confirmed.—To her father every thought was known: and, as he had likewise remarked the change in Frederic's manner, he thought it was of the utmost importance to learn his real sentiments.

The evening Gertrude had mentioned her uneasiness to Mr. Lloyd, when Frederic joined them, he advised his daughter not to omit that opportunity of showing Frederic the delightful prospect from the mountain. "You cannot," he observed, "have a more charming evening than this is for viewing the diversified beauties of the Vale: for it is from this mountain they most powerfully excite admiration, wonder, and awe.—On the north side, you have a distant view of the Irish Channel, the town of Denbigh, and its venerable castle; while corn-fields, mountains covered with verdure, innumerable farm-houses, and neat village churches, appear to the mental eye a scene perfectly pastoral. I always

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fancy it was from a similar situation that Thomson caught the noble enthusiasm which gave birth to his 'Seasons,' Seasons that never will lose their beauty, until the great Composer of the world, in his wisdom, destroys the seasons of nature and of art."

In pointing out the beauties of the Vale, Gertrude nearly forgot the motive which had impelled her to wish for a private conversation with Frederic: but it instantly recurred to her mind, when she observed his eyes fixed upon a beautiful little house in the valley. "That house," said Gertrude, "is the one my brother Edward always wished to possess. He fancied it and seven hundred a year would make him completely happy."

"It is not the most lovely situation in the world, that has the power of conferring happiness," said Frederic: "and, if Edward had been blessed with your society, my dear Gertrude, a prison would have possessed greater charms for him, than the most splendid or enviable habitation without you. It is the objects we love, that endow the mind with heaven-born peace."

"You have formed a wrong idea of my brother Edward.—My sister Emma's society, I am convinced, is not so poorly estimated. I should have a very bad opinion of his heart, if my sister's tenderness and affection had not the power to inspire him with gratitude—nay, with the most tender sentiments. It is only the heroes of romance who give way to unavailing sorrows, for the disappointments incident to human nature. In real life, affection creates affection; and, when two persons, of virtuous principles and kind dispositions, are united, it must be strange indeed, if they be not comparatively happy. For what is the real pas-

sion of love, but respect, admiration, and tenderness united? And where is there an object more calculated to inspire those sentiments, than my sister Emma? Her person is infinitely superior to mine; and the noble ingenuousness of her countenance evinces the virtues which are enthroned within her heart."

"Ah! my dear Gertrude! you are possessed of the enthusiasm of friendship; but you are a stranger to the passion of love."

"And I firmly hope I shall ever be so, if it has not, for its basis, perfect esteem. In the marriage state I associate those affections which are amiable and permanent, and not those that sickness and old age can destroy. But this subject leads me to one of the highest importance to you and myself. I request then, my friend, that you will have the goodness to treat me with the same sincerity which you would observe to a sister, if she were asking your opinion on a subject that was of the utmost importance to her future comfort."

"You alarm me, my dear Gertrude! What questions are you going to propose?"

"Only those which a good man will answer with sincerity. Several days after you arrived in the Vale, I attributed the dejection spread over your countenance solely to the death of your amiable mother. But, within the last fortnight, the uncommon absence of your manner, and the gloom in your countenance, I have considered not altogether as the grief of a virtuous son. I am convinced, indeed, that it arises now from some other source. If your sentiments are in the least degree changed respecting our engagements, I freely absolve you from them. I now esteem your character highly: but, if you treat me with the least duplicity, it

may prove a source of misery to us both hereafter. I would much rather resign the idea of becoming your wife, than think meanly of you: for, if I were unable to respect you after our marriage, my happiness in this world would be entirely lost."

"I am amazed at your words! What attachment do you imagine I have formed? There is not a creature existing, excepting your sister Emma, that either has the least claim upon my attention, or has an interest in my feelings. Her loveliness and uncommon kindness to my mother during her last illness excited my admiration and esteem: but I trust your disposition is too noble to censure my gratitude to one, who has devoted the greatest part of four months to contribute to a parent's comfort. You may depend upon it, there is not any other female that rivals you in my affection."

"I am perfectly satisfied, my friend," said Gertrude, "on this subject: but I fear you will not easily acquit me of the mean passion of jealousy. I had fancied some artful female had an interest in your thoughts, and not my amiable sister, whom I wish you to love as highly as I do myself."

"It is impossible not to admire her," exclaimed Frederic; "but I confess she is not the woman who would give me happiness in a married state:—there is a something wanting, which I cannot define."

"We should all be deficient in some points," said Gertrude, "if our friends were not inclined to be pleased with the bright side of our character, without attempting to discover the imperfections which tarnish the hearts of the most virtuous inhabitants of this world.—In my opinion, it is an essential requisite in human life, to have charity towards all the world: and it is likewise a

proof of a malicious heart, to take pleasure in discovering the faults of others. Believe me, my dear friend, silence is the most justifiable way of expressing our disapprobation: it is in the power of any one to be severe in the art of ridiculing: but I am convinced it requires a knowledge of our own hearts, to avoid that dangerous propensity. I have, in general, remarked, that the people who are the most rigid in their sentiments respecting their acquaintance, and have a facility in observing the least impropriety of conduct, have themselves a thousand errors to overcome."

Frederic smiled at Gertrude's serious admonition, and assured her, that he abhorred any unpleasant animadversions upon another's character as much as it was possible for her to do.

(To be continued.)

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

(Continued from page 365.)

HERE Mr. Mervil and Frances quitted the room. Mrs. Mervil was also rising to retire: but Marina with such earnestness conjured her not to go, that she returned to her seat, to the no small mortification of young Tudway.—Marina's coldness disconcerted him; and, with less energy, but with evident embarrassment, he thus proceeded—

"I perceive, Miss Cavendish, (to my confusion, I may add) that either my self-love has deceived me, or I have somehow or other unconsciously offended you:—if the former, your disdain may make me sensible of my folly, though it will not have the power to lessen my passion:—if the latter, be assured, madam, I would die rather than offend you."

Marina's pride had been piqued by the familiar freedom of Tudway's address: it was such a contrast to his respectful behaviour at Sedley-

House, that he appeared to her quite a different character. There she had considered him as an agreeable acquaintance, but never as a lover. When, therefore, she heard him address her with that air of confidence which seemed to intimate a certainty of success, she was resolved, by the reserve of her own manner, to correct the familiarity of his, and at once to put an end to hopes she never intended to realise. But the air of contrition, with which he declared he would rather die than offend her, quenched the spark of indignation which the idea of his impertinence had kindled in her mind: she now recognised those traits which had rendered him the favorite of her beloved benefactors; and, with a smile which compensated for her former scorn, and a candor peculiar to herself, she told him, that astonishment at his wild pursuit of one who had never either encouraged or merited his taking so much trouble, had made her for a moment forget that he was the friend of Mr. Montague: but, as such, she should always be happy to see him.

"Permit me then, my dear Miss Cavendish," eagerly interrupted Tudway, "in that valuable character, to plead my suit. Condescend to hear me patiently."—Here he once more described the violence of his passion; said he was authorised by his father to offer any settlement that Mr. Montague thought requisite; assured her that the gentleness of her nature would correct the alarming impetuosity of his—that, to promote her happiness would be the study of his life:—and he urged her to quit the protection of a man whose principles and character were held in abhorrence by the virtuous part of mankind; adding, that no tie of affinity could be sufficiently binding to compel her obedience to the

imperious mandates of a wretch who had broken even the bonds of nature: "for he suffered a deserving brother," continued he, "to incur, through his insinuations, a father's malediction.—The noble hero died a martyr to his feelings; and this monster now riots in the spoils which he unjustly withholds from his amiable family, who are lingering out their days in the shades of obscurity—a lady too, whose virtues" But here the tears which streamed from the eyes of Mrs. Mervil, and the agitated countenance of Marina, made Tudway pause. His affectionate heart glowed with sympathy at every appearance of distress: he feared he had indulged his inveterate hatred of the marquis, at the expense of Marina's feelings.

She was hastily quitting the room, to conceal the agony which he had undesignedly created; and he was endeavouring to detain her with many expressions of regret for having thus distressed her; when Jeannette unexpectedly entered.—Her joy, at beholding Mr. Tudway, was checked by the sorrowful looks of her mistress.—"Sure, Sir, you have brought us no ill news?—Mrs. Montague is not ill?"—"No! no!" said Marina impatiently: "nothing is amiss. I only wish to return to the Lodge."

"Suffer me then to attend you," said Tudway.—"Do not be so cruel as to deprive me of perhaps the only opportunity you will ever afford me to obtain forgiveness."—"You are already forgiven," replied Marina: "and, if you have that regard which you profess, you will not attempt to follow me: indeed, I must entreat that you will not.—The marquis would never"

"Curse the marquis!" exclaimed Tudway—"If only the apprehen-

sion of his seeing me prevents your suffering my attendance, I am determined to follow you to the remotest corner of the earth."

Marina—terrified at the passionate manner in which Tudway, in spite of her entreaties and remonstrances, persisted in declaring that no power on earth should detain him a moment longer in the house after she quitted it—applied to Mrs. Mervil to exert her influence:—but Tudway, once possessed with the idea that the marquis disapproved his attachment to Marina, was only the more obstinately bent on pursuing it.—In vain therefore Mrs. Mervil represented to him, how much he distressed Miss Cavendish:—his passion rendered him insensible to every thing; and Marina, with increasing perturbation, saw that she must either remain all night at the cottage (which she knew it impossible for her to do), or consent to his attending her home, as there appeared to be no alternative.—Mrs. Mervil, however, offering to accompany her part of the way, she quitted the house: but, when they came to the end of the wood, Marina saw it was with great fatigue that Mrs. Mervil had attended her so far. She therefore again renewed her earnest entreaties to Tudway that he would leave her, and escort Mrs. Mervil home.

But she might with equal success have attempted to check the impetuous course of a hurricane:—Tudway, unmoved either by her anger or her expostulations, was determined to proceed.—They moved on in sullen silence—Marina trembling with the apprehension that no persuasion whatever would induce him to quit her before they came within sight of the Lodge: and, in this unsocial mood, they pursued their route, till

they reached the cliffs, where Mervil, unlike the impetuous Tudway, always left her to descend alone.

Here she stopped; and, "Now, Mr. Tudway," she exclaimed in a resolute tone, "I insist upon your leaving me.—Why will you persecute me with your attendance, when you see it is not only disagreeable, but painful?"

"May I perish," cried Tudway, with increasing vehemence, "if I suffer you to descend so dangerous a precipice alone!—No! if *you* have not any consideration for your own safety, *I* have too much humanity (whatever opinion you may entertain of me from my present behaviour) to leave you. The storm which I apprehended, is approaching.—Do you not see, the 'louring element scowls o'er the darkened landscape?'—It was too true: the radiant sun had withdrawn his evening beam: and now the vivid lightnings flashed on the craggy sides of the mountain, while the loud thunder, as it echoed from the chasms of the rocks through the trembling vale, seemed to shake the precipice to its base.—The screams of Jeannette, in addition to the horrors of the storm, now assailed the ears of Marina.

Tudway's turbulence was now subsiding; and, with his wonted good humour, he endeavoured to pacify Jeannette with many assurances of safety: but Marina (almost breathless with the variety of emotions which agitated her bosom) looked wildly round, as if in search of some unexpected succour; when, to her inexpressible relief, she beheld Captain Mervil hastening toward them. She sprang forward to meet him, and, grasping his arm, with a look that penetrated his heart, exclaimed, "Oh! Mr. Mervil! let me conjure you to prevail on Mr. Tudway to return with you. If he attempts to

proceed to the Lodge, you will see me expire at your feet. All the future happiness of my existence depends on my influence with the marquis; and to be seen with Mr. Tudway, would destroy it for ever."

"Whatever are your motives," replied Mervil, affectionately pressing her hand, "assure yourself, my dear Miss Cavendish, that, if I can prevent it, Mr. Tudway shall not any longer distress you. But how could he quit you while the storm raged with such violence? I feel it was impossible; for my very soul recoils at the idea of leaving you exposed to its fury. Let us only have the happiness of seeing that you are safe; and I think I may then promise that he will quietly retire with me."

Here Tudway made many submissive apologies for having detained her in the storm, whose distant murmurings were now but faintly heard:—he entreated her forgiveness, and swore, that, if she would only promise to visit the wood on the following evening, he would immediately depart from the neighbourhood. — Marina, rejoiced by any method to procure his absence, readily answered, that, if illness did not prevent her, she would certainly be there. — Both Mervil and Tudway reluctantly bade her adieu: and, having watched on the cliffs till they saw her enter the Lodge gate, they returned to the cottage.

Frances, who was unable to comprehend the violence of a passion, which, in the guileless simplicity of her nature, she thought inconsistent with the mild affections of friendship, rallied Tudway on the extravagance of his expressions.—"Why! what a fury you were in!" continued she. "No wonder that the gentle Miss Cavendish was afraid of trusting herself with you. I dare say she thought you mad."

"It is a madness, then, of which I shall never be cured," said Tudway, with a smile: "but I vow, Mervil, that if she does not come to the wood to-morrow, I'll storm the Lodge." — "To-morrow," replied Mervil gravely, "I hope your reason will teach you that such violent measures, in a mind like Miss Cavendish's, can only excite abhorrence and disgust."

"Reason!" echoed Tudway — "Why! what has a man in love to do with reason? Such stoical apathised fellows as thou art, have no more idea of love than an infant. On a soul like thine (composed only of the icy particles of philosophy) the radiance of a bright eye would have much the same influence, as the rays of the sun on the frozen mountains of the polar circle."

"You are mistaken," said Mervil. "Souls like mine are alone capable of feeling the passion in all its purity—are alone susceptible of its delicate pleasures, and agonising pains. In those like yours, it rages for a while with furious violence, like the storm which we have just encountered, and as quickly passes away. In ours, it corrodes, like some secret poison, which, though it may not immediately attack the vital part, proves, in the end, fatal to the constitution."

"I love a hurricane," said Tudway. "You moralising fellows may cherish your delicacy, while I court the storm;" and, pouring out a copious libation of Port, which he drank to the health of Marina, he turned to Frances, and inquired after a favorite dog, that he had committed to her care, the last time he was at the wood.

As a man, who is weary of the world, joyfully beholds his lamp of life extinguishing, so Marina, on her

return to Belvoir, hailed the symptoms of a violent cold, and, early the next morning, dispatched Jeannette with her excuses to Mrs. Mervil, for not waiting upon her that day: and, as Jeannette confirmed the account which Marina gave of her indisposition, Tudway was under the necessity of consoling himself with the hope, that, in a few days, her restoration to health would again afford him the gratification of seeing her: for her being the declared niece of the marquis seemed an additional stimulative to his perseverance. His aversion to him was so great, that he often swore he knew not whether his love for Marina was more powerful than his hatred of the marquis. "A grocer's son for his nephew!" he would exclaim. "The very idea is glorious! it will be a gnawing canker to his pride; and may I live to see the mortification preying upon his heart, as the vulture preyed upon the vitals of Prometheus."

On the fifth day of Marina's confinement, she saw Mervil take his long-neglected seat on the cliffs; and, conceiving his appearance to be the friendly intimation of Tudway's absence, she determined, on the following evening, to renew her visits at the wood.

It was now the beginning of July; and she knew the marquis's annual excursion to Belvoir (which, she learned, was always during the month of August) would terminate an inter-course, the privation of which she had long contemplated with melancholy anticipation. She was eager therefore to embrace every opportunity that presented itself of enjoying a happiness, which, however pleasing, was dangerous: but, fearful of examining into the nature of her present sensations, she flattered herself that to participate the calm de-

lights of friendship was the sole motive of her frequent walks to the cottage.

When Marina entered Mrs. Mervil's little parlour, those animating hopes, which had almost given wings to her footsteps, received an instantaneous check, by the cruel information, that her son had, that morning, left them, attended by Mr. Tudway, to join his regiment in Ireland. All Marina's vivacity immediately fled. "Gone!" she exclaimed, with a trepidation, which she vainly strove to conceal. "Gone! Ah! my dear madam! I shall never see him more!"

Mrs. Mervil, by the sudden communication of her intelligence, had entirely thrown Marina off her guard; and, although she attempted to recover herself, Mrs. Mervil saw with what increasing agitation she made the effort. She gazed on her with tears of pity, and was soon internally convinced, that Marina's prudence had not been sufficient to secure her from the attractions of her son.—This observation, though she sensibly felt the impropriety of encouraging such a partiality, was nevertheless grateful to her maternal feelings.

Marina became the more endeared to her from the discovery; and she now resolved to repose in her that confidence which she had often promised, and, by a relation of her misfortunes, to divert the gloom which had overspread the countenance of her lovely visitor. As soon, therefore, as the tea-equipage was removed, she thus began—

(To be continued.)

The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.

(Continued from page 373.)

CHAP. 29.

Come, peace of mind, delightful guest!
Return, and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart.

Nor riches I, nor pow'r, pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view :—
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From av'rice and ambition free,
And pleasure's fatal wiles?
For whom, alas! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share—
The banquet of thy smiles?

Cowper.

SAINT-VILLIERS passed a most anxious night. Sometimes he thought, that, if he had at first thrown aside all concealment, poor Frederic, when both body and mind were enfeebled almost to dissolution, and every turbulent passion subdued by disease, might then have known him without evincing such violent emotion as now threatened his life, and by degrees have done justice to his character, till in time he might have returned his affection. Then again it seemed probable that a premature disclosure might have destroyed him at once; and all that could now be done, was to yield to the present necessity of a continued secrecy, and lament, in silence, the unfortunate circumstances which made men, so nearly connected, so truly attached, appear as aliens to each other.

The next morning, he received the following billet from one of his servants, whom he sent to make inquiry concerning the invalid.

"Ten thousand grateful thanks, my dear Williams, for your inquiries. I am better than when you left me.—Return, when you please:—your presence, your attentions, give me all the comfort that I can at present taste. But you must not mention the detested name of Saint-Villiers. I write this, that I may not again trust my lips with the word; and I conjure you—dearest friend of my soul, I conjure you, even by the obligations you have conferred, not to use *them* as a pretext for speaking on the only subject which I wish you

to avoid; or to cancel them, by entering on one, upon which alone our sentiments are at variance.

“ Sooner shall the lamb caress the wolf, than I will associate with him, from whom I may date every evil of my life, and who now stands in the way of my possessing the only woman I love.—But again my passions are tumultuous—The subject rouses me almost to madness.—Every yours,

FREDERIC.”

Obscure as were the last expressions, Saint-Villiers did not perceive in them any other meaning, than that a difference of situation prevented his brother from possessing the lady to whom he was attached. It must be recollected that he had not any means of knowing him to be the same Richmond whom he had heard of in the north: for Frederic, through the considerations above named, never alluded to the part of the kingdom where Miss Monson resided: and it was improbable that Saint-Villiers, amid such interesting subjects as engrossed his mind, should advert to the casual reports which he had some time before heard of a person whom he did not suppose he had ever seen.

During the remainder of the week, when they were together, every subject was avoided, that could either irritate the feelings of Frederic, or conjure up any painful retrospections; and his recovery advanced as favorably as could be expected. As soon as he felt able to guide a pen, he wrote to Mrs. Egerton, to inquire her opinion of what he had heard relative to Saint-Villiers.—She replied, that there certainly had been idle reports of the nature he mentioned; but she had never given them credit; it appeared so impossible for her beloved niece to have already changed her affections: but she was convinced, that, if any such

alteration had taken place, Miss Monson, who was candor itself, would have informed her; and that, as to the gentleman in question, he might be perfectly easy: he had, some time since, quitted the neighbourhood, where he had only been visiting an old Cambridge friend; and she had never heard of his being expected back again.

This letter, though in itself of little importance, had a good effect in tranquillising Frederic's mind, and thereby promoting his convalescence. Anxiously, however, as Mr. Saint-Villiers wished to watch its progress, he was under the painful necessity of quitting him; for his father, who had lately gained a little recruit of strength, was now bent upon trying a voyage to Lisbon; and the day for his departure was suddenly fixed.

Saint-Villiers now grew doubly solicitous that no time should be lost in doing every thing in his power for his unfortunate brother. By imperceptible degrees, he turned the discourse upon his future views, and found that a competency, with one beloved partner in his fate and fortune, was the ultimatum of his ambition. He durst not allude to himself: but he spoke of Lord Saint-Villiers, and the rights that a child had upon a parent.

Long was the argument, and difficult the task: yet he at length brought Frederic to see, as a point of honor, both to himself and the woman he loved, that he ought not to decline what might enable them to live happily together, and to which he was entitled, as a provision from his father. Nothing less than the mild yet powerful arguments of Saint-Villiers could have gained even this concession: for he declared, that the sweetest hopes which could be held out, should not induce him to sue for a favor, where he possessed a

right, and where he had yet experienced only the most unfeeling neglect or insulting cruelty.

Saint-Villiers, however, pretended to undertake the affair, and solemnly protested that nothing should be asked for, but only such a representation made to his lordship of his younger son's circumstances, as ought to induce him, for the credit of his family, to effect an alteration in them.

Frederic knew his father much too well, to have any expectation of the kind: but little indeed could he divine the means by which his independence was to be effected. The generous, the disinterested Saint-Villiers—having ineffectually tried to influence his father's sentiments as to the propriety of making a provision for an unfortunate child in poverty and sickness—actuated at once by friendship and justice, transferred fifteen thousand pounds of his own independent property to his brother, resolving, that, whenever he should be possessed of that attached to the title, it should be equally divided between them; scarcely considering even the half as an atonement to a person brought up in expectation of the whole.

This sum, so honorably bestowed, being in the funds, was easily given, without the actual donor being apparent; and Frederic remained in ignorance of the transaction, till he received a note, left by Saint-Villiers upon the day of his departure, apologising for not taking a personal leave, as he thought every agitation retarded his recovery; and inclosing the transfer note, stating the affair to have taken place in consequence of the representations which he had caused to be made to Lord Saint-Villiers, who, though still declining any intercourse, wished his son every possible enjoyment of his little inde-

pendence.—For himself, he added, he was rejoiced to be, however remotely, a mean of procuring Mr. Frederic Saint-Villiers even the shadow of justice from his family, and was also empowered to say, that Messrs. Coutts would honor his draughts immediately, to the amount of the last half-year's dividend upon the transferred sum.

Those only, who have feelings ardent as Frederic's, can estimate his sensations at this moment, when love to Julia was almost rivalled by esteem and gratitude to him, to whom, not life alone, but the hope of possessing all that could render life valuable, was owed. His heart too, for the first time, expanded toward his father, to whom he addressed a letter of thanks and conciliation. This he directed to his house in Dublin, being ignorant where he was, and never suspecting *him* to be the sick parent, whom the supposed Williams had lamented the necessity of accompanying to Portugal.

Saint-Villiers had given an address for himself to a mercantile house in Lisbon, still under his assumed name; resolving, that now, when he had done his utmost to remove his brother's unhappy prejudices, he would leave to time and chance that further discovery, which, he still hoped, would effect a reunion between them in their proper characters. To him Frederic poured out the gratitude of his soul, with all the characteristic energy that actuated it; declaring, that, as the only return he could offer to a friendship so invariably exerted, he would invariably study to prove himself worthy of it; and that, where or how ever his future lot might be cast, an anxiety to justify this generous confidence to the world should be the first consideration of his life.

From this hour, his recovery ad-

vanced with the utmost rapidity, while the sweetest hopes diffused themselves over his mind, and gave animation to every trifling employment.

He wrote to Sir William, stating the alteration in his affairs; entreating that he might be allowed to look up to him as the director of his future plans, and openly try to make that interest in Miss Monson's heart, which his future days should prove him not unworthy to possess: for, though he acknowledged his little all to be an inadequate offering to the loveliest of her sex, yet that little (he added) might be augmented; and, should his property ever amount to as many millions as it was now thousands, it would still be inferior to those inappreciable qualities which she possessed—qualifications beyond all price, and for which a sincere and faithful heart was the only return she could receive. On *that* alone he grounded his pretensions; and he conjured Sir William, upon the principles both of parental love to his daughter, and justice to himself, to allow her to decide her own fate.

(To be continued.)

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 370.)

Lord William Mandeville, to Col. Raymond.

Park-Place.

I HAVE often heard it affirmed, Frank, that use is second nature. This aphorism must certainly be true, or I should never have thought of taking up my pen to write to you from this place: for my style must be so different from my usual manner, that I apprehend it will be quite unintelligible to you. To make myself understood, know that I am at this moment under the same roof with a set of beings of a different order from what you and I usually

associate with.—Mankind have all one grand point in view; and that point is happiness; though we may differ in opinion, which is the straightest road to reach the wished-for goal. You and I have sought this fleeting good, through scenes of debauchery and sensuality:—those I am now to pursue it by following the purest principles of morality and virtue. Let the man of understanding, in the cool hour of sober reason, lay his hand on his heart, and ask which bids fairer to attain the desired object.

If this reach you in a sober hour, it will perhaps raise a momentary compunction: but that will be all: and so, Frank, I will leave you to settle with your conscience as you will, and proceed to tell you how I came hither.

I was lolling one day in a careless way, thinking that the town was very dull, and that I was one of the dullest of the dull: for I found that both my health and my pocket were confoundedly relaxed; and, reasoning with myself whether a little country air might not be of service to both the outward and inner man, I immediately thought of the good lady my mother. “Every good end,” reasoned I, “may be answered by this visit.”—My principles, you know, Frank, might be improved by her pious advice; and my finances, I flattered myself, would be recruited with some of the running cash, of which I know her Grace always keeps plenty by her. This last consideration made me resolve to put this plan in execution. I felt nothing very exhilarating in the idea of this visit; for I own, it hurts me to be told by a mother, (whom, notwithstanding all my wanderings, I highly respect) such truths as my conscience often tells me; and *that* is a monitor, whose still voice cannot be silenced.

My better genius threw something more inviting in my way.—Freeman brought me a letter, which I opened with indifference, as I did not expect any intelligence of an agreeable nature just at that time. But I had read only a few lines, when I felt every thing pleasurable about me expand with a genial warmth. This epistle contained a very pressing invitation from that formal soul, as you call him, Sir Henry Hastings, to meet him at his Park, where he hoped to assemble a few friends to celebrate one of the happiest events of his life. You know he had always a degree of pomposity about him: but he is a good clever fellow, nevertheless.

You may naturally suppose, that, in the hum-drum way I was in, this invitation was the best thing in the world to give me spirits.—Youth and beauty, with the irresistible charm of variety, promised me an infinite deal of pleasure in this excursion. On looking at the date of the letter, I found that I ought to have received it some days earlier. I heartily cursed Freeman for his carelessness, and was too impatient to listen to his excuses, but hurried him out of the room, to get my things ready immediately.—My mandate was speedily obeyed: my phaëton was soon at the door; I drove off with all the expedition imaginable.

My lady mother! I had quite forgotten you.—I crave your Grace's pardon: but I have had the pleasure of seeing *your* face before; and many of the sweet creatures I was going to meet, I never had seen.—Apology enough this for a reasonable being; besides it would have been no disappointment to her: she knows enough of her hare-brained son, never to expect me till she sees me.

I arrived at the Park but just in time. I had scarcely alighted, when

I saw the hymeneal cavalcade drive up the avenue.—I flew to hand the dear creatures out of their carriages.—Clara Hastings' black eyes spied me out in a moment; and the little gipsy was so delighted, that she was ready to spring into my arms. But my eyes were more powerfully attracted. Hastings introduced me to his beauteous bride, then to Lady Byron, whose fine form struck my eye: but my attention was called off from these to half a hundred other angels.—Miss Lenox and poor Aphrey's lovely Pembroke—the sight of these dear creatures spread such pleasurable sensations through my whole frame, that I felt myself in harmony with every thing, and with every body.

Poor Clara! I would not willingly have mortified her: but I saw that my neglect was amply compensated to her by the attention of a fine young fellow, who seems to think that French grimace will recommend him more successfully to the ladies, than plain English good sense would do; though of this latter quality he is in no wise deficient, much as it is obscured by exotic follies. I know not (were it not for the friendship I bear to the brother) how far my gratitude for the sister's manifest partiality in my favor might lead me to profit in an easy way from her kindness. At least, Clara, you have given me, and almost every man who is acquainted with you, sufficient reason to entertain this opinion of you. O woman! woman! well may it be said that thy name is Frailty. What an instance of the justice of this remark is Miss Hastings! a woman of distinction, of ample fortune, possessed of many accomplishments, with a person really handsome—yet does she not, by her insatiable thirst of admiration, and her unpardonable levity of manner,

make herself the sport of every insufferable puppy, who will think it worth his while to pay her a little attention? What man in his senses could think of making a wife of such a woman as this? It would not be sufficient for me, that I were thoroughly convinced of her virtue, unless every man, who was acquainted with her, entertained an equally good opinion of her. Heavens and earth! could a man be happy, if every libertine dared to look at his wife, and thought that opportunity only was wanting, to insure success with her? In such a union as this there could be no harmony of sentiment, none of that refined union of souls that makes marriage an Elysium. Therefore, Clara, thou hast but little chance of being married, at least not to a man of sentiment.

My mother has often asked me, how I could reconcile my own licentiousness with my over-nice objections to the conduct of the women of the present age? The answer is simple—My libertinism has taught me to respect, nay almost to adore, a really virtuous woman. In the maddest career of my folly, I never dared to insult a modest woman: I never raised a glow on a virgin cheek by indecent ribaldry. It requires but very little discernment to see where these freedoms will be received. The easy fair one may possibly have engaged most of my attention: but the modest diffident maid has ever possessed my most sincere esteem and respect.

I am a citizen of the world, Raymond; and I intend, some time or other, to engage in the matrimonial state. This is a duty, which, according to my principles, I owe to society and to my family; though it is not so incumbent on me, as if I were the elder branch. The offspring of this duke my brother will be born

lords and ladies, while my children must be content with being simple commoners.

You will remember what a hearty laugh we had at the expense of Aubrey, when I read to you his doleful epistle. Never any thing was half so ridiculous as his conduct: but the poor fellow is sufficiently mortified now for his folly.—I don't know any business he had yet to think of marriage: he is very young, and possessed of a large estate. I am no friend to early marriages. But how he could have the effrontery to address such a woman as Miss Lenox, is to me astonishing. There is something in her, which, I should have thought, would have struck with awe a bold forward boy. Certain it is, he could not have been in love with her; or he never could have had the temerity to declare it to her with such an easy *nonchalance* in his manner, as I well know he had. I know not, however, whether this affair may not, on the whole, be of great service to Sir Frederic: for he is a very sensible, very elegant young fellow: but he had a vast deal too high an opinion of himself, which the very flattering reception he has always met with from the ladies, had increased to such a degree, that I really believe he thought there was not a woman in the kingdom who would not have thought herself highly honored with the offer of his hand. The repulse he met with, has brought him to a proper use of his reason; and he is now so much improved in his manner, that, were you to see him, I think you would hardly know him: and the real passion, which he now certainly feels for Miss Pembroke, has made him as diffident, as he was before too conscious of his own perfections. I can see, that she loves him: but she thinks, and thinks rightly, that he deserves some pu-

nishment, before she will receive him into favor. I have too good an opinion of her understanding, to think that she will carry her present coquetry far enough to ruin the peace of the man who loves her, or to lessen herself in the good opinion of the rational part of mankind.

My risible faculties were, this morning, again excited by poor Aubrey. I was gazing, with perhaps too much intusiveness, on Miss Pembroke—for she really is exceeding handsome—when, happening to turn my head, I saw the muscles of Sir Frederic's face so totally relaxed, and such a grim melancholy visible on every feature, that I burst into a loud laugh; and, immediately going up to him, I laid one hand on his head, and put the other under his chin. "For Heaven's sake, Aubrey," cried I, "contract your face into its usual dimensions; or the horrid length of your phiz will frighten" (continued I in a whisper) "your lovely Charlotte, instead of charming her." He knew not at first how to take my manner: but I gave him no time to be angry; for, going to Miss Pembroke, I took her hand, and led her to Aubrey.—"For goodness' sake, madam, let me beg of you to smile on this despondent swain, if it were only to illumine his features; for every one must be sensible of the efficacy of your smiles."—Aubrey's face brightened up in a moment—but the fair Pembroke blushed scarlet-deep.—"You are a mad fellow, Maundeville!" cried he: "but I will most gladly forgive your ridicule, if it procure me a smile of compassion from the loveliest face in the world."

The scene was too ludicrous for this bewitching Charlotte to be serious: she therefore good-naturedly smiled upon him; so that at that moment there was not a happier fellow in the

universe than this transported lover; and I thus made my peace with him, and was pardoned for having too earnestly stared at his goddess.

I don't know how it is—though we have been here a considerable time, no one seems to have a wish to remove. Hastings certainly possesses the art of varying his amusements every-day, without any bustle, parade, or fatigue to his company: and, though the foliage about this beautiful place begins to wear an autumnal hue, I believe there is not an individual here, who will not leave it with reluctance, to return to the gay circles of the metropolis.

Though I here associate with some of the finest women in the world, I don't feel the least symptom of a particular attachment to any one of them: yet I would most gladly lead Matilda Lenox to the altar to-morrow, were she willing: for, though love is at present entirely out of the question, a most passionate attachment must be the consequence of a union with such a superior being. Yet most certainly I shall never ask her to accompany me to the altar: for, most certainly, she never would permit me to be her conductor. Charlotte Pembroke—setting aside her being beloved by my friend—would not be the woman of my choice. Though she is unexceptionable in every respect, yet there wants an undefinable something, which is necessary to captivate me.—A softness of manner, a feeling soul, that is tremblingly alive all over—these are the charms that will excite in me a tender and permanent attachment.

Have you not seen, Frank, in the midst of a gay parterre, the eye wander over the gaudy tulip, the vermilion rose, the gay narcissus, but pass unnoticed the delicate, the retired lily of the valley, till the passing gale, impregnated with its sweets,

has caught the senses? Even so it was with me: amid the glare of beauty that broke upon my eye on my first arrival here, what wonder that I was so lost in admiring the exquisite beauty of Lady Hastings, the fine figure of Miss Lenox, the perfect symmetry of features in Charlotte Pembroke? what wonder, I say, that the innocent, the diffident, the unassuming Emma Pembroke should for a time pass unobserved. Nature has not been liberal to her in personal advantages: but her mind, her manner, her voice, is enchanting: there is a something about her, that would charm a misanthrope into softness and philanthropy.

But where am I? what a deal of time I have wasted in writing to an old gouty fellow like you! Perhaps your worship may be nettled at this last reflexion: but is it not true, Raymond, that your debauched course of life has brought on you a premature old age, when you have scarcely attained to half the number of days allotted as the age of man? I would not, for the universe, that you should see the divine creatures who are here: your very breath would contaminate them: this is quite a sanctuary, where such unhallowed feet as yours must never enter.—Farewell then, my old friend in iniquity!—I shall soon see you: but be a little decent, I charge you; for I have now been so long sober, that I shall hardly be able to reconcile myself to your depraved manners.—Believe me, as usual, yours sincerely,

MANDEVILLE.

(*To be continued.*)

AFFECTATION.

AFFECTATION may be compared to a forest-tree of deep root, and extended branches, which is found both in the highest and humblest situations—the shallowest or the

deepest soils. To trace all its ramifications, would be a labor to which the limits of a life were inadequate; for when hewn down in one place, it is sure to spring up in another.

Hypocrisy, it is true, is more detestable, but it is less ridiculous. One of our ablest writers has termed it, “the homage which vice pays to virtue.” It has a greater aim, a more plausible appearance, than affectation, and may for years pass unsuspected, while the latter instantly betrays itself; for though one may be more dangerous, the other is more contemptible.

Upon mothers, in particular, it chiefly depends to check the germ in its first expansion. They should inculcate upon the minds of their offspring, that, in showing themselves as they really *are*, they will not be ridiculous; while, in attempting to appear what they *are not*, they are sure to become so.

The assumption of elegance is absurd; for if nature has not bestowed, or education created it, every substituted grace falls hollow to the ground. This, however, is more excusable than the opposite extreme—an attempt at vulgarity. It is also more common; for, in general, people wish to appear rather better, than worse, than they really are. A young lady, however, who is seen squaring her elbows, laughing loud, and using a slang dialect, is surely a thousand times less fitted for polished society, than the plainest farmer’s wife in the district.

The affectation of wealth we every day see followed by the most ruinous consequences: and those, whom avarice may prompt to pretend a poverty which they do not feel, render themselves at once the objects of derision and contempt.

The affectation of gravity or mirth, of popularity or of indifference to

public opinion, is, in all its gradations, so weak, that it soon fades into nothing:—yet, of all species of this too prevalent error, none is so disgusting as that of sickness and imbecillity. It is a growing evil—odious in every point of view—unfitting those who practise it, for all the purposes of social life—for wives, mothers, or companions. It is displeasing to every rational person, and sure to be followed by the fatal termination, of rendering an evil real, which was at first only imaginary.

Of this folly Valeria is a striking instance. Nature had formed her pretty and pleasing: yet she has now nearly ceased to be either.—From an extraordinary degree of attention that was paid to one of her young relatives, who supported a long illness with Christian resignation and fortitude, Valeria unfortunately supposed that an appearance of languor and sickly delicacy would equally interest her acquaintances for herself. Her parents, who are blindly attached to their children, were deceived by her pretences, and encouraged her fancy, by sympathising in its effects.

Upon system, Valeria will now never acknowledge herself to be well. A bloom, that might excite the envy of “the town-bred fair,” is pronounced hectic; and a degree of plumpness, which a statuary might take for a model, arises (she says) from inability to use exercise. The slightest pain, the most trifling cough, are proclaimed as sources of alarm. Her well-formed figure is often lounging in the most ungraceful attitudes, and her pretty face enveloped in the most unseemly wrappings.

Under the plea of indisposition, she is excused from all the active attention which she ought to show in domestic affairs; yet every thing

contributing to her own gratification is eagerly pursued, while her misguided parents rejoice in thinking she can be amused, and do not reflect, that, though in the mornings she is unable to be useful, in the evenings she can dance with a degree of exertion, more indicative of wanting consideration than of wanting health.

Every party, which she joins, is wearied by her caprices. In going on a visit, her companions must either be stifled by having all the carriage-windows kept up, or chilled by having them all down, according as fever or rheumatism may happen to be the order of the day. When arrived at the place of destination, the foolish mother always contrives to get the still more foolish daughter into the best seat, and procure her all the attentions which are generally appropriated to rank or seniority: at the same time, if she is not placed in an agreeable situation, Valeria is never at a loss for a pretence to alter it.

In short, the most superficial observer may soon ascertain that Valeria is always well enough to do what she likes; and her neighbours are now so far from evincing the sympathy which she expects, that disgust and ridicule are the principal sensations she excites.

Against every attempt that is made to show her the extent of her absurdity, she conjures up a host of nervous disorders, which always leave her in possession of the field: and it is now evident, that her train of deception is so rooted both in her mind and manners, as to prevent all hope of its extirpation.

It therefore only remains to point out her folly as a warning to others, who may otherwise in youth exhaust the patience and the sympathy, which, sooner or later, is required in declining age.

ELIZA.

WHO? WHAT? and WHY?

AMONG the minor miseries and second-rate distresses of life, a perpetual series of interrogation takes conspicuous rank.

It is a species of talking, which neither affords gratification to the speaker nor to the hearer; for, like a false appetite, it increases by indulgence, and acquires fresh vigor, from the very means that are taken to allay it.

The bad consequences of yielding to such a habit are fully exemplified in Honoria. She possesses good abilities, and a kind heart, yet, nevertheless, creates irritation and uneasiness, among all around her.

Were it to acquire information upon any particular subject, the purpose would be laudable, and the inconvenience might be tolerated; but Honoria seems to have no definite object in view. Her queries are upon all subjects, and all circumstances, and so multitudinous, that it cannot be supposed she remembers the answers; for, independent of their variety, from want of methodising her ideas, and considering, about what it is judicious to inquire, her questions are frequently so perplexing, that it seems hardly possible to guess their aim.

Her conversation consists of little else than interrogatories; and that of other people is often interrupted by this disagreeable propensity.

But, however displeasing to her acquaintance, the consequences are still more serious in her own family, from which all confidence and harmony are nearly banished. She complains that her husband keeps her in ignorance of his plans and his affairs, without reflecting that she has exhausted his patience, by the unceasing train of interrogation that follows every disclosure he makes. If,

therefore, to avoid fatigue or reproach, he takes refuge in silence, the following short specimen of one of their dialogues may plead some excuse.

Husband.—"I hear that Miss Wilson is going to be married."

Honoria.—"Who told you?"

Husb.—"Mr. Davidson."

Hon.—"Pray, how should he know?"

Husb.—"For that, I cannot answer."

Hon.—"When did you see him last?"

Husb.—"This morning."

Hon.—"Then, when had he been at G***n?"

Husb.—"I never asked."

Hon.—"Does he keep up any communication with the people of whom he speaks?" &c. &c. &c.

In this mode, and with increasing sharpness, will this ill-judging woman proceed, till she has either driven her wearied companion from the room, or confused him, till he replies at random, and is then told, that such information as he gives is not to be relied upon.

Her children are alarmed when she begins to speak: and, from the natural right which every human being feels to retain some secret thoughts or hidden motives in the private recesses of his own mind, they have acquired habits of evasion, which will probably end in confirmed duplicity; and no member of the diplomatic corps can avoid a direct answer with more adroitness than is practised by even the youngest branches of her offspring.

Her servants appear like spies: so closely are they examined, not only upon what they have done themselves, but upon what every other member of the household has been doing; while, on their part, attaching an idea of distrust to such in-

cessant prying into all that goes forward, they soon deserve the character, of which they at first fancied themselves unjustly suspected.

'Tis thus, as in many other cases, that mortals create their own distresses. Her domestics become liars in her service: her children, from a perpetual teasing which excites all the frowardness of human nature, lose the unfeigned simplicity, the ingenuous candor, which constitutes the principal charm of youth. Her husband is become irritable, gloomy, and, from attempting to evade the incessant interrogatories to which he is exposed, has fallen into a habit of contradicting himself, which frequently prevents his auditor from ascertaining the sentiments or circumstances upon which they were conversing.

The RETIREMENT of ANNA.

A Fragment.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

..... and her heart was now at rest.

She had suffered much and long in the world: her mind was too sensible, and her heart too tender, for its rude shocks; and she bowed beneath them. She had, in her composition, all the requisites for giving and receiving happiness: her mind was well informed: she was a woman of taste and virtue, and her habits were elegant: but she was thrown among the unfeeling and the undeserving: they smiled at her sufferings; and tears trickled down her sorrowful face unheeded.

The sighs of a breaking heart were at length heard by one, who had known what misery was, had risen superior to the shafts of malice and envy, and had retired in his old age, rich and happy. He placed Anna in a little residence near his own mansion, furnished it neatly,

and gave her one attendant. His library was constantly at her service: sorrow gradually fled before the charms of nature, and the study of the best authors; and her features re-assumed the smile of serenity, if not of joy, while her heart felt an unspeakable glow of gratitude for her benefactor, who, on his part, was not unrewarded for his generosity. His children have found, in Anna, a companion and an instructress, who herself feels delighted that she can thus make a small return for her great obligations.

Often will she exclaim, in language not unlike the following, "Hail! blessed retirement! Here I can look back on the frowns and scoffs of the world without a tear. As the mariner, who has escaped shipwreck, can look back on the agitated ocean with calmness, mixed with a portion of remembered terror, and a feeling of anguish for those yet exposed to its tumultuous heavings; so I look back on the world, and, from the very bottom of my soul, send forth a sigh for those yet abandoned to its bitter storms, which are even more severe than those of nature. Oh! that they could all, like me, find a friend to shelter and protect them! In this retirement, contemplation leads me to heights of sublimity; before unknown: her plumed wing here finds its fullest growth, no longer checked by baser feelings. She soars through all creation; gives me to gaze with delighted emotion on the most distant star of light, a mere speck in heaven's blue vault, yet itself a sun, the centre of light and heat to its attendant worlds, to us invisible. From so immense an idea, she descends with me to the meanest insect that lives; bids me admire its gauzy wing, its eye minute, its motions light; yet, in all, bids me remark its perfect form. Then she

carries my imagination to that Almighty Power, whose hand formed the whole, and whose protecting arm and all-seeing eye cease not to watch over and guard his meanest creature. Never more may my footsteps wander into the haunts of men! deception dwells among them: here my heart is bettered, and my soul prepared for that final hour when it must depart for another and a better world. Here I grow warm in admiring the works of Him who made the heavens; and feel a pride in the consciousness of being myself one of his humblest creatures."

Thus has Anna found that repose and that peace, which the world cannot give.

BOASTERS and GRUMBLERS.

"SOME folk's geese (they say) are all swans;" while, on the other hand, "Old Nick himself is not always so black as he is painted."

While nothing is more wearisome than to hear people repining at the lot which they have drawn, or the circumstances in which they are placed, it is still more ludicrous to hear others puff off their own possessions, as superior to those of every one else.

The families of Bostall and Heavysides most fully exemplify this: and it is difficult to say, whether the commendations of the one, or the complaints of the other, are the more disgusting.

The house, the gardens, the servants, nay even the very provisions of the Bostalls, you may suppose, possess superior excellence, from the style in which they are extolled. The very horses that have been purchased as food for the hounds, when they are once admitted into the privileges of the domain, are found too good for the purpose for which they were designed, and are fattened up

(generally indeed at double their value) till they become capable of some trivial employment, and at length drop down through mere inanity and old age. The breeds of poultry are superior, not merely to others in the neighbourhood, but even to the brood from which they sprung; and neither the farmers nor the graziers have corn, or cattle, to be compared with those of Mr. Bostall. He has never, according to his own representation, made a purchase that did not excite the wish of every one to possess it; though, probably, the same article had been repeatedly exposed in the shop or market from which he procured it: and, whether the seasons are wet or dry, cold or hot, still they favor Bostall Hall.

The conversation of the Heavysides forms a complete contrast to this. With them, all goes wrong; every occurrence is a matter of difficulty and lamentation. Whatever acquisition they make, turns out ill; and servants, who did sufficiently well in former places, become good for nothing, from the hour when they arrive in this mansion of distress.

Every atmospheric change seems fraught with impending ruin to all their possessions; and, when they have a dinner-party, the company is entertained by hearing complaints of the butcher for sending them indifferent meat, and of the cook for spoiling it; that their fish-ponds are poached, and their poultry destroyed by the fox: the partridges have all been killed; and, in short, their own health and peace so invaded, that they are unable to contend, and must now let things take their course, as it is impossible to stem the tide of profligacy and provocation, by which the lower orders break in on the comforts of their superiors.

It is thus that the one family are ridiculous by their boasting, and the

other by their repining. Could the former but enjoy their prosperity with silence and moderation, and the latter endure their petty trials with patience, a candid examination would perhaps convince them that their lots were neither much better nor much worse than those of their neighbours; that Providence is seldom partial in its distributions; and that the happiness or misery of our lives depends rather on our temper than our circumstances.

DUELLING.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

A RECENT instance of the fatal effects of duelling has led me to make the few following remarks on so dreadful a practice—a practice, useless as to improvement of morals, which it tends more to injure than to benefit—useless as to the prevention of crime, injury, and insult—and worse than useless to the injured man and his unfortunate family, if he is so unhappy as to have any; since it places him on a level with a wretch who deserves punishment, but who, instead of receiving it, is left, by the law of honor, (what an abused name!) to the chance of escaping it altogether; nay more, not only of escaping it, but of inflicting the stroke of death on the being whom he has injured.

Too often we see this the case; and a man, “more sinned against than sinning,” is driven to risque a valuable life, and the happiness of his family, for the purpose of satisfying the outrageous notions of honor—falsely so called—that a few violent-minded men choose to entertain for the guidance of all *gentlemanly* society. Happy indeed ought that man to be, whose situation in life is just high enough to make him respectable;

but still too low to render him amenable to the law of honor.

The army has long taken the lead in this honorable career. It is thought to foster a fine spirit in our officers, and consequently to contribute toward keeping up the bravery of our troops. I cannot accede to so monstrous an idea. Some very strong cases may arise, which will scarcely admit any other termination: but, if we look at the causes of duels in general, we shall find that they chiefly arise from circumstances, and in situations, which men, instead of publicly defending, should bury in eternal oblivion; thus indicating a shame at their own conduct, instead of braving it in the face of an insulted world. I humbly conceive there would be more real honor in this line of conduct than in the other.

As to the bravery of it, and the encouragement it gives to bravery, I would ask any person of common sense, whether a man may not refuse to fight a duel, and yet be a brave soldier? I am sure the answer must be, “Yes.”—An officer in the army, has an aged father or mother, or both, dependent on him for support—sisters, who, deprived of parental aid, look up to him as their only protector—or a beloved wife and infant family, to whom he is every thing on earth. Should such a man, on every trifling occasion, stake his life against that of some boisterous brother officer, who is perhaps perpetually giving or seeking cause for quarrel? No! certainly not! his life is too precious. And yet I will maintain, that such a man, refusing to fight a duel under such circumstances, would be the likeliest man to be brave in the field of battle; and for the best of reasons. In the first case, he would have to hazard his life in a duel, where there is comparatively little chance of escaping; and, for so

hazarding that life, he would not be able to discover, in his opinion of honor and duty, any adequate cause. In the other case, his king, his country, the very beings so dear to his heart, and who in ordinary cases would sink him almost to cowardice, would rouse him to energies above his nature; for they would all be at stake; and he would feel conscious that he was fighting to preserve them all.

Let it not be said then, that fighting duels keeps up the spirit of our army:—it does so no more than the worse-than-brutal practice of prize-fighting keeps up the spirit of our country. In the first, men are induced to fight a duel from a false notion of honor, or, more properly speaking, a false fear of shame; and, in the latter, they depend chiefly upon their science, (How we abuse our language! A scientific boxer!) and deal out their blows by rule, and not by bravery. I think it very possible, nay, even very likely, that we have both cowardly duellists and cowardly prize-fighters. J. M. L.

The Use of Riches.

How often do men rail at riches, either in their conversation or their writings! I much fear that poverty and envy too frequently combine to call forth their indignation. Seldom, I believe, has a rich man been known to quarrel with his abundance; for, if vicious, the means of gratifying his evil propensities must be too dear to him to admit of his telling the world he hates them; while, to the benevolent and kind-hearted rich man, the consciousness of the good he is doing, and still intends to do, must render his riches doubly dear. Not but that there are thousands, who live, and have lived, in a contented sort of poverty, and who neither feel envy nor hatred at their

richer neighbours: but these are not the men who are likely to make the complaints I allude to. The one class is possessed of a quiet and easily satisfied mind, and therefore sits down with peace in a state of humble mediocrity; the other is torn by the ungratified appetites of greatness, and rails against riches, merely because unpossessed of them. Such persons, if once possessed of them, would be the most likely people in the world to make an ill use of them. They affect to call them a bane, a curse, with a variety of other epithets of the same import, and pretend to have a most philosophic contempt for the splendid poison; but truth is not with them. To have the means of bestowing happiness, and of calling want from her narrow cell, is like an attribute of heaven; and to exert so sublime a power, is, perhaps, of all earthly feelings, the most delightful.

The world is constantly complaining of the unequal lot of virtue, of science mourning for its reward, of humble merit drooping beneath the arm of poverty: what a pleasure must it be then, when possessed of riches, to know that we have the means of alleviating all these evils! how dear to the heart to know that we can so cheaply purchase the prayers and the applause of all good men! And do we not see riches so employed every day? Certainly we do. Let it not then be said that riches are a bane. They may, and sometimes assuredly do, occasion evil: but it is comparatively small, to the good they must and do bestow.

Society cannot show one solitary instance of a being so happy, so honored, so beloved, and so deserving to be all these, as the man who has diffused his riches in doing the best deeds; who has cherished the unprotected, rewarded the deserving, dried up the widow's tear, alleviated

the orphan's wants, healed the sick, poured the balm of consolation into the afflicted heart, and given happiness to myriads of grateful creatures: I say myriads, for it is really astonishing what benefits might be bestowed among the miserable, even by the superfluities of the rich. Look at the Man of Ross, for example: I must be excused for quoting part of the celebrated passage, relating to him, in Pope's Epistle to Lord Bathurst, though so well known.

P. "Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The MAN OF ROSS divides the weekly bread;
He feeds yon alms-house, neat but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans, bless'd,
The young who labor, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the MAN OF ROSS relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door;
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue,
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh! say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year!
Blush, grandeur, blush!"

Surely every benevolent man must be anxious for riches, even though he have no relish for the pomp, the parade, and all the usual and splendid attendants upon them:—he must be anxious for them upon other and better grounds; that he may be able to dispense them, and, with them, comfort, peace, and all the delights of contentment, to the numberless

and wretched beings, who indeed have no legal claim upon him, but who are doubly recommended to the feeling heart, by the very knowledge that they have not that claim. It is enough for the benevolent mind to know, that they are fellow creatures, whose only fault is wretchedness; and, knowing this, it cannot but relieve them; for it feels

"That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That mercy only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know."

He who thinks himself sent into the world to benefit others as well as himself, will soon feel that the possession of riches affords the surest opportunity of being useful; and if he is possessed of ambition, (and there are very few who do not possess some) the ambition of being supereminent in doing good would be at once laudable and delightful. Perhaps the finest feeling that pride could experience, would be that occasioned by the overflowings of gratitude, and the thanks and prayers of those rescued from want and despair. The human mind can have no feeling so godlike as this.

Let us, then, no longer rail against riches without reason; for riches are in themselves good; and it is by man's abuse alone that they sometimes become an evil. I have ever suspected, and shall continue to do so, that those who are habitually raising an outcry against wealth, are either fearful they shall never become the possessors of it, or have minds that would render them incapable of using it to any good purpose, were it bestowed on them. It would be, as Pope says,

"——wealth, ill fated! which no
act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from
shame."
J. M. LACEY.

*History of an OLD GENTLEWOMAN.**To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.*

SIR,

As you have not thought my remarks* unworthy of your attention, it may perhaps not be displeasing to your readers to have some account of a life spent in such seclusion, as to make the manners, which are familiar to them, appear extraordinary to her.

I was the only daughter of a gentleman of moderate fortune, and unbounded hospitality, of good abilities, but no prudence, and to whom those lines, by which the witty Lord Rochester offended his licentious sovereign Charles the second, might well have been applied,

"He never said a silly thing,
Nor ever did a wise one."

In the futile idea of repairing the improvidence to which he could no longer shut his eyes, my father entered into every speculation that was proposed. In mines and minerals, in canals, agriculture, and every well-varnished project which the needy adventurer held forth for his adoption, he became a sharer; while his sanguine temper never admitted a doubt of success, nor adverted to the necessity of superintending concerns, whose magnitude called for all the vigilance that could be exerted.

The conclusion of such a career may easily be surmised. A stroke of apoplexy, however, saved my unfortunate parent from the horrors of a prison: and for his family nothing remained, but their own exertions, and a reliance on that Providence who never forsakes the fatherless or the widow.

Some short time previous to his decease, when my father found him-

self unable to stem the tide that was overwhelming him, he sent my only brother to a plantation in Jamaica—one of those injudicious purchases, by which the family embarrassments had been augmented.

Though brought up with expectations so different, the reverse was not aggravated to a distant sufferer, as it was to those on the spot, by the innumerable heart-wounding scenes they were destined to witness.

However, without dwelling too minutely on this melancholy period of my life, I will only say that an asylum was offered to my mother and myself, by a young man who had been engaged the preceding year by my father to superintend a large agricultural concern, of which he had bought a lease, upon what were represented as advantageous terms, but which in reality proved quite the reverse to one destitute of every requisite for such an undertaking.

Until the engagement of the present manager, my father never heard of his farm, without demands for the means of carrying it on: but, during the last season, though its bad condition prevented any profit, there had been no loss; and, aware of its capabilities, Mr. Seabright proposed to the creditors, to continue it for the benefit of the widow.

Some mixture of personal respect and humanity, with the lack of any other purchaser for the remainder of the term, gained their acquiescence; and, until we could guess the issue of this, or turn to some more eligible means of subsistence, my mother accepted Mr. Seabright's proposal of superintending his family. With her, a sense of rectitude was always predominant; and, though by no means of active habits, she endeavoured to render herself useful in her new sphere, and to conceal her feelings, which, though not openly

* On the "*Ball-room*," and "*Watering-Places*," in our Numbers for April and July, pages 168 and 320. EDITOR.

expressed, were too evidently preying upon a frame unequal to much exertion.

Our new inmate was a man wholly devoted to his business. His abilities were deep, his conduct steady, and his good will toward us so unremitting, that to have appeared insensible of it, would have been a species of ingratitude, which few hearts could have been callous enough to harbour.

A short time likewise ascertained that our happiness was necessary to his. He confessed, that, on first seeing me, he had imbibed an affection, which could end only with his life; and that a hope of doing something, which might ultimately alleviate the fate that he saw impending over me, had been the stimulus to all his vigilance, and the principal object of his cares.

Was it in nature to listen to such an avowal with indifference?—My mother, whose internal feelings convinced her that she should not long be spared to watch over her child, became the zealous advocate of this worthy man. His good qualities, it is true, I appreciated as they deserved; but I also felt his deficiency in those attractions which engage a youthful heart: yet his suit, supported by the entreaties, the tears of a declining and only parent, was irresistible. Her arguments I need not recapitulate; for they will suggest themselves to the heart of every reader who enters into our situation.—In fine, I became the wife of Mr. Seabright.—I was conscious, in so doing, that I had more room for gratitude than regret: and, while I knew that the last days of my beloved mother were cheered by leaving me in competence, and secure from the dangers which await the unprotected female, I felt that I should

never have forgiven myself, had I withheld the only consolation that had for years shed a glimpse of joy over her afflicted heart.

It is true, the reverse that I experienced was great. My early plans were totally changed; and, instead of figuring, as I had been accustomed, in a gay sphere of life, enjoying society, with the different spectacles and embellishments that adorn it, I found that either my attention must be devoted to domestic concerns, or I must hang a dead weight upon the generous man who had rescued me from poverty.

The spirit of observation which I had always been taught to use, showed the necessity of conforming to my situation; and that, though there might be folly in not complying with its habits, there could be none in adhering to them. In effect, along with the name, I commented the duties of a farmer's wife, and the mistress of a large family. Our circumstances, indeed, required not the drudgery of business to fall upon me; but I was soon convinced that all domestic affairs went better for a superintending eye, and that, by taking an interest in his pursuits, I at once lightened the cares, and increased the happiness, of my husband.

Thus, in total seclusion from the world, and engrossed by active employment and constant observation, passed my married life. Its progress was marked by the hand of calamity, in depriving me first of my mother, and then of four lovely children; but I trust I was never ungrateful to Providence for the comforts that were vouchsafed to me: and when, after the loss of my excellent husband, the return of my brother from the West Indies still showed me an object of interest and affection, I yielded to

his request of emerging from my solitude, and passing our latter days together.

He was affluent, but in a precarious state of health; and, being unused to the tender endearments of domestic life, he required variety and amusements. Hence, in accommodating myself to his habits, I have changed my own; and, at a period of life, when most people seek retirement, I have quitted it, and am again a spectator of the manners of the gay world, though no longer a sharer of its pleasures.

Had my association with it been occasional, though even rare, my astonishment would have been less: but now the alteration from dignity to levity, from subordination to equality, strikes me, as it might strike the native of another hemisphere.

At present, Mr. Editor, I will take my leave: but, with your permission, I shall occasionally communicate to you my remarks on the most prominent of those innovations which attract the notice of your obedient humble servant,

An OLD GENTLEWOMAN.

The INDUSTRIOUS WIFE.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

WHILE half the husbands in the king's dominions complain of the dissipation of their wives, I address you to deprecate the industry of mine—an evil, not less severe for being so uncommon, that I find little sympathy is allotted it.

Just after attaining academical honors at Cambridge, I succeeded to an estate of about fifteen hundred a year. My health was affected by the intense application I had bestowed on my studies. I therefore went out of the way of temptation to continue it; and, with my imagination

full of classical ideas of rural happiness, I resolved to settle upon my new property.

Like many other people, however, I found a wide difference between expectation and reality; and I suffered myself to be persuaded that the assumption of a partner, to share or sooth my disappointment, would be the surest way of blunting it.

I was accustomed to hear the praises of a young lady who was my nearest neighbour, and always saw her (as I thought) properly employed. She was certainly very pretty, and had all that sort of civil acquiescence, which I was led to suppose would render her an eligible companion through life. She was an only daughter, brought up by a Scotch step-mother, who had given seven sons to the family, and who managed its concerns with all the attention and economy for which the ladies of her country are famed. The maternal zeal she evinced for her step-daughter, spoke in favor of both: for, though very different women—the one being all activity, and the other all composure—the unanimity that subsisted between them, said as much for the judicious kindness of the senior, as for the amiable conformity of the junior.

In short, Sir, I married her: and, during the time that has since elapsed, I never once have had reason to accuse my wife either of an overfondness for cards or company—or of jealousy, slovenliness, ill-temper, or any of the other usually named drawbacks upon connubial happiness.

But still, Mr. Editor, in my hopes of a companion I am disappointed. Instead of the active assistant who should augment the comforts or soften the cares of life, I am burdened with a pretty woman, who has not an idea of the management of children, or domestic business. She has been

brought up without the least notion of practical utility; for, though constantly employed, it was at useless baubles, and merely adapted to a young unreflecting mind, to amuse and detach it from all interference with family management. She plays and draws, but without knowing any thing of music or painting as a science; and she speaks a little indifferent French and Italian, though perfectly ignorant of the principles and construction of language.

Fine works, however, (as far as a man can judge) she understands and excels in. They occupy her thoughts, fill up her time, and swallow up her money. She imitates painting so well with her needle, that the ingenuity of her performances excites universal admiration; and visitors come from all parts to view them. It is, however, a most teasing and unprofitable exhibition. I am perpetually intruded upon. Five guineas, and ten guineas, fly after each other in rapid succession. The expense of her materials would almost clothe a small family; and, while my 'drawing-room has been adorned, at an immense cost, by her good taste, my children are frequently ragged, and their clothes either made by servants, or put out to be made.

Their mother, who accomplishes every thing fantastic or beautiful with her needle, is ignorant of the mode of cutting out a shirt. The regulations of my table are wholly left to the cook: and the consequence is, that I have dismissed one for dishonesty, another for drunkenness, a third for insufficiency, and must soon part with a fourth for extravagance.

In fact, Mr. Editor, our expenses exceed our income; and how we are to do when our children require education and putting forward in life, I

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cannot devise. In vain I remonstrate with their mother: she promises to look more after our affairs, when she has finished this or that beautiful piece of work: but, alas! I have always seen one succeeded by another, equally elegant, expensive, and useless. Meantime I have the mortification to find I am esteemed a fortunate man, for having a pretty wife, always at home, and always industrious.—Alas! my neighbours little suppose that we have scarcely an idea in common; for she shrinks alike from mental cultivation or household cares.

I now make my case public, in hopes it may convince every man of the necessity, in forming a matrimonial connexion, to assure himself that there is active as well as mere negative merit in the woman he selects.

Perhaps, too, my complaint may prevail on the other sex to qualify themselves for the conjugal state before they enter it. Perhaps it may lead mothers to reflect that they ought to blend the useful with the attractive, in their plan of bringing up daughters; and may induce the daughters to consider that their happiness or misery can only arise from fulfilling the duties of a station where the frivolous accomplishments of the mere pretty woman cease to be esteemed, while the useful understanding of every-day life stamps her merits or demerits, as a member of society, in the sacred characters of wife and mother.

The allurements or attractions that gain a husband soon become familiar: but the qualifications that create happiness in domestic association, rise in his appreciation, as he grows more sensible of their importance to his interest and his comforts; while, on the other hand, repaying the felicity he derives with unlimited confidence and affection.

the trifling pleasures of an unmarried female are forgotten amidst the approbation she receives, and the conscious satisfaction that results from fulfilling the duties of a newer and more enlarged sphere of action.

I am, Sir, your unhappy humble servant,
BENEDICT.

The QUAKER CEMETERY.

WHEN August had begun her golden reign, and, laden with the rich bounties of a beneficent Providence, had summoned the reaper to grasp his sickle, the mower to wield his scythe, and the gleaner to partake of the pittance which a benevolent custom had allotted for her share, I quitted the turbulent, anxious scene of the living, to meditate in the tranquil, inactive residence of the dead. As I walked over the unconscious tenants of the solemn spot, I ruminated on that want of diversity of character, which distinguishes the people called Quakers, from every other religious sect, and could not but admire that sedulous attention to the early improvement of their minds, which, joined with an intense application to business, renders them some of the most intelligent and respectable members of society. For, with them, the engaging season of youth, instead of being wasted in scenes of vain amusement and thoughtless dissipation, is devoted to the culture of their intellectual faculties. Thus the young idea is taught to shoot; and the force of first impressions is strikingly manifested during life. In this small repository, I found no splendid monument, no pompous mausoleum, erected to proclaim the titles, or commemorate the virtues, of the dead. There, as Dr. Young says, Death has not put on "his fopperies:"—useless expense, and posthumous pride, seemed alike to be banished from this calm recess

of mortality. 'Tis highly probable, that none of the placid inhabitants of these tombs ever wished surviving friends to affix a memorial over their remains; well convinced, that

"The Pow'r who made, could re-collect
the frame,
Without the guidance of a stone or name."

The first object that employed my reflexions, was a maiden lady, "who lived and died in single blessedness." It appears that she possessed a delicate constitution. Disease, like a noxious worm, caused the blossom of health to wither. Hither she came for the benefit of fresh air; and here she closed a useful exemplary life, and reposes beneath a grassy sod, waiting the last loud trump, whose awful sound shall shake creation, and be as a passing-knell to expiring nature. "Yes," exclaimed the extemporaneous Muse,

"Yes, happy spirit! when the clarion
shrill
Shall shake heav'n's ample concave;
when yon sun
Shall veil his radiant visage; when the
moon—
Pale silv'ry orb! with all her train of stars
That spot with gold the ebony robe of
night—
When these shall quit their spheres, and
havoc dire
Shall rule this nether globe—thou shalt
survive
The gen'ral wreck—(thy final audit past)
Shalt rise, and join the ransom'd heirs of
bliss
In courts of light, to swell the choral song
Of hymning seraphs, feast on angels'
food,
And drink for ever at the fount of joy."

Underneath the next heaving turf which caught my attention rested the breathless form of a sprightly youth, who, early on a summer's morning, walked forth to bathe, and was soon after brought home a lifeless corpse. Such an event, in the metropolis, is forgotten, nearly as soon as known, and excites but a

transient emotion: but, in a country village, where every one knows the hapless sufferer, how lasting, how acute the sensation! I wrote the following Epitaph on the mournful evening it was printed shortly after the melancholy catastrophe took place. I now supply a more correct copy.

Fond youths! who glide down pleasure's tide serene,

And pass the frolic hour in pastimes vain,

Quit for a little space the laughing scene,
And listen to my monitory strain.

And may a heavenly ray your minds pervade,

Chase error's gloom, and clear your mental sight!

Thus Sol emerging drives each dreary shade,

And pours o'er nature's face a flood of light.

Ye sympathising hearts, that feel for all,
And sigh for sorrows not your own!
draw near:

Join the mute train that follows Richard's pall,

And show'r soft pity's tribute o'er his bier.

Unhappy youth! by accident severe
Torn from his tender friends in life's young hour!—

Alas! misfortune stalks this lower sphere,
And blasts full oft the fairest human flower.

One rosy morn, in summer's golden reign,
Flush'd with fair health, with blooming hopes elate,

To bathe with eager haste he cross'd the plain—

Plung'd in a fatal deep, and met his fate—

Sad fate! no succour near, no friendly pow'r

To snatch him from the gulf that yawn'd beneath!

Surely his guardian angel, at that hour,
Forsook his charge, and left him to stern Death.

Fond youths! while hope's bright visions tantalise,

And expectation paints approaching joy,

Beware!—a dark impending cloud may rise,

Big with destruction—how'ring to de-

Should this memento warn the gay and young

From folly's path their footsteps to restrain;

Then not in vain the artless Muse has sung
This moral song, nor Richard died in vain.

Beneath another grassy mound, upon which a now withering floweret lately blossomed, “and drank in cups of gold the tears of May,” are laid the revered reliques of a truly venerable man. If piety to God, and benevolence to man, can dignify and ennoble a character, his was conspicuously adorned. 'Twas his to feed and clothe the child of want, to sooth and relieve the victim of misfortune, to smooth the pillow of disease, and administer cordials to the martyr of affliction. I could enlarge: but I forbear.

“Would some more able pen the task pursue—

But who can give to virtue what is due?
He needs no plaudits from the mouth of fame:

His deeds will best immortalise his name.”

Ann Chandler.

As I took my farewell survey of the solemn spot, full many a grave met my view—each the quiet retreat of a respectable member of the community, whose moral conduct was a credit to their religious profession.

“Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife—

Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.”

Gray.

With breasts estranged from the disquieting influence of ambition, they drifted serenely down the stream of time, till Providence terminated their tranquil career, consigned their mortal fabrics to the oblivious tomb, and called their spirits to the skies.

But the star of eve had unveiled her

brilliant eye, and admonished me to retire. I abruptly quitted the instructive scene of mortality, where the still grave preaches a lecture to the contemplative mind, and offers to the volatile heart a silent exhortation, which peculiarly concerns its best interests.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

*Account of the PITCH-LAKE
in the Island of TRINIDAD.*

By Dr. NICHOLAS NUGENT.

(From the "*Transactions of the Geological Society.*")

BEING desirous to visit the celebrated lake of pitch, previous to my departure from the Island of Trinidad, I embarked with that intention in the month of October, 1807, in a small vessel at Port Spain. After a pleasant sail of about thirty miles down the gulf of Paria, we arrived at the point la Braye. It is a considerable headland, about eighty feet above the level of the sea, and perhaps two miles long, and two broad. We landed on the southern side of the point, at the plantation of Mr. Vessigny. As the boat drew near the shore, I was struck with the appearance of a rocky bluff, or small promontory, of a reddish-brown color, very different from the pitch which I had expected to find on the whole shore.

We ascended the hill, to the plantation, where we procured a negro guide, who conducted us through a wood about three quarters of a mile. We now perceived a strong sulphureous and pitchy smell, like that of burning coal, and soon after had a view of the lake, which, at first sight, appeared to be an expanse of still water, frequently interrupted by clumps of dwarf trees, or islets of rushes and shrubs: but, on a nearer approach, we found it to be in reality an extensive plain of mineral pitch,

with frequent crevices and chasms filled with water. The singularity of the scene was altogether so great, that it was some time before I could recover from my surprise so as to investigate it minutely. The surface of the lake is of the color of ashes, and at this season was not polished or smooth so as to be slippery. The hardness or consistence was such as to bear any weight; and it was not adhesive, though it partially received the impression of the foot; it bore us without any tremulous motion whatever; and several head of cattle were browsing on it in perfect security. In the dry season, however, the surface is much more yielding, and must be in a state approaching to fluidity, as is shown by pieces of recent wood and other substances being enveloped in it. Even large branches of trees, which were a foot above the level, had in some way become enveloped in the bituminous matter. The interstices or chasms are very numerous, ramifying and joining in every direction, and, in the wet season, being filled with water, present the only obstacle to walking over the surface. These cavities are generally deep in proportion to their width, some being only a few inches in depth, others several feet, and many almost unfathomable: the water in them is good, and uncontaminated by the pitch; the people of the neighbourhood derive their supply from this source, and refresh themselves by bathing in it; fish are caught in it, and particularly a very good species of mullet.

The arrangement of the chasms is very singular: the sides, which of course are formed of the pitch, are invariably shelving from the surface, so as nearly to meet at the bottom; but then they bulge out towards each other with a considerable degree of

convexity. This may be supposed to arise from the tendency in the pitch slowly to coalesce, whenever softened by the intensity of the sun's rays. These crevices are known occasionally to close up entirely; and we saw many marks or seams from this cause. How these crevices originate, it may not be so easy to explain. One of our party suggested that the whole mass of pitch might be supported by the water which made its way through accidental rents; but, in the solid state, it is of greater specific gravity than water; for several bits, thrown into one of the pools, immediately sank. The lake (I call it so, because I think the common name appropriate enough) contains many islets covered with long grass and shrubs, which are the haunts of birds of the most exquisite plumage, as the pools are of the snipe and plover. Alligators are also said to abound here; but it was not our lot to encounter any of these animals. It is not easy to state precisely the extent of this great collection of pitch; the line between it and the neighbouring soil is not always well defined; and indeed it appears to form the substratum of the surrounding tract of land. . . . The main body may perhaps be estimated at three miles in circumference; the depth cannot be ascertained; and no subjacent rock or soil can be discovered. Where the bitumen is slightly covered with soil, there are plantations of cassava, plantains, and pine-apples, the last of which grow with luxuriance, and attain to great perfection

It is worthy of remark, that the main body of the pitch, which may properly be called the lake, is situated higher than the adjoining land, and that you descend by a gentle slope to the sea, where the pitch is much contaminated by the

sand of the beach. During the dry season, as I have before remarked, this pitch is much softened, so that different bodies have been known slowly to sink into it. If a quantity be cut out, the cavity left will be shortly filled up; and I have heard it related, that, when the Spaniards undertook formerly to prepare the pitch for economical purposes, and had imprudently erected their cauldrons on the very lake, they completely sank in the course of a night, so as to defeat their intentions. Numberless proofs are given of its being at times in this softened state: the negro-houses of the vicinage, for instance, built by driving posts in the earth, frequently are twisted or sunk on one side. In many places it seems to have actually overflowed like lava, and presents the wrinkled appearance which a sluggish substance would exhibit in motion.

This substance is generally thought to be the asphaltus of naturalists: in different spots, however, it presents different appearances. In some parts it is black, with a splintery conchoidal fracture, of considerable specific gravity, with little or no lustre, resembling particular kinds of coal, and so hard as to require a severe blow of the hammer, to detach or break it; in other parts, it is so much softer, as to allow one to cut out a piece in any form with a spade or hatchet, and in the interior is vesicular and oily: this is the character of by far the greater portion of the whole mass; in one place, it bubbles up in a perfectly fluid state, so that you may take it up in a cup; and I am informed, that, in one of the neighbouring plantations, there is a spot where it is of a bright color, shining, transparent, and brittle, like bottle-glass or resin. The odor in all these instances is strong, and like that of a combination of

pitch and sulphur. No sulphur, however, is any where to be perceived; but, from the strong exhalation of that substance, and the affinity which is known to exist between the fluid bitumens and it, much is, no doubt, contained in a state of combination: a bit of the pitch, held in the candle, melts like sealing-wax, and burns with a light flame, which is extinguished whenever it is removed; and, on cooling, the bitumen hardens again. From this property it is sufficiently evident, that this substance may be converted to many useful purposes; and accordingly it is universally used in the country wherever pitch is required; and the reports of the naval officers who have tried it, are favorable to its more general adoption: it is requisite merely to prepare it with a proportion of oil, tallow, or common tar, to give it a sufficient degree of fluidity. In this point of view, this lake is of vast national importance, and more especially to a great maritime power.

I was at Antigua in 1809, when a transport arrived laden with this pitch for the use of the dock-yard at English Harbour. I have frequently seen it used to pay the bottoms of small vessels, for which it is particularly well adapted, as it preserves them from the numerous tribe of worms so abundant in tropical countries. There seems indeed no reason why it should not, when duly prepared and attenuated, be applicable to all the purposes of the petroleum of Zante, a well-known article of commerce in the Adriatic, or that of the district in Burmah, where 400,000 hogsheads are said to be collected annually.

It is observed by Capt. Mallet, in his short Topographical Sketch of the island, that "near Cape la Brea (la Braye), a little to the south-west,

is a gulf or vortex, which in stormy weather gushes out, raising the water five or six feet, and covers the surface for a considerable space with petroleum or tar:" and he adds, that, "on the east coast in the bay of Mayaro, there is another gulf or vortex similar to the former, which in the months of March and June produces a detonation like thunder, having some flame with a thick black smoke, which vanishes away immediately: in about twenty-four hours afterwards is found along the shore of the bay a quantity of bitumen or pitch, about three or four inches thick, which is employed with success." Capt. Mallet likewise quotes Gumiella, as stating, in his Description of Orinoco, that, about seventy years ago, "a spot of land on the western coast of this island, an Indian village sank suddenly, and was immediately replaced by a small lake of pitch, to the great terror of the inhabitants."

I have no opportunity of ascertaining personally whether these statements are accurate, though sufficiently probable from what is known to occur in other parts of the world; but I have been informed by several persons, that the sea in the neighbourhood of La Braye is occasionally covered with a fluid bitumen, and in the south-eastern part of the island there is certainly a similar collection of this bitumen, though of less extent, and many small detached spots of it are to be met with in the woods: it is even said that an evident line of communication may thus be traced between the two great receptacles. There is every probability, that in all these cases the pitch was originally fluid, and has since become inspissated by exposure to the air, as happens in the Dead Sea, and other parts of the East.

SWANS not GEESE.

ON the late trial of Mr. Magee, proprietor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, for libel, his counsel, Mr. O'Connell, adverting to the arbitrary proceedings of the *Star-Chamber*, (which he very happily described as "a permanently packed jury") related the following curious anecdote, strongly indicative of the degree of liberty enjoyed by Britons under the dynasty of the Stuarts—

"A tradesman—a *ruffian*, I presume. He was styled—in an altercation with a nobleman's servant, called the *swan*, which was worn on the servant's arm for a badge, a *goose*. For this offence—the calling a nobleman's badge *swan* a *goose*—he was brought before the *Star-Chamber*. He was, of course, convicted: he lost, as I recollect, one of his ears on the pillory—was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and a fine of

£500; and all this to teach him to distinguish *swans* from *geese*!"

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(Continued from page 385.)

EVERY being obeys the instinct implanted in him. Tell a sheep to devour a horse; he will answer by browsing the grass: offer grass to a wolf; he will fall upon a horse. Thus character cannot be changed in any being, and the eternal laws of nature are obeyed. We have brought society to a state of perfection: true: but we were destined to do so; and the combination of all human and political events was necessary to produce the dancing-master, who teaches our children to bow and curtsy.—The time will come when savage nations will have their opera, and we shall be reduced to the dance of the aloumet.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

The WOODBINE and the CAMOMILE.

An humble Imitation of Langhorne.

A RURAL cot, in Burton Vale,
Can boast a small, a snug parterre,
Where fragrance loads each passing gale,
Stol'n from sweet roses, lilies fair.

Within this garden stands a bow'r,
Built by the hand of rustic art;
Where friendship spends the social hour,
And love breathes forth the flowing heart.

To screen from Sol's meridian ray,
A woodbine there its tendrils twin'd;
Uprear'd its honey'd blooms so gay,
And thus express'd a haughty mind.

"Ah! hapless fate! shall I, whose sweets
Surpass Arabia's spicy gale—
Shall I, whose blossoms grandeur greets,
E'er stoop to grace this lowly vale?"

"Shall ev'ry vile, ill-scented weed
With me the common blessings share?
Oh! why was I by fate decreed
To waste my sweets on this dull air?"

"Proud flow'r!" the camomile replied,
Who bloom'd below in humble guise—

"Proud flow'r! I scorn thy foolish pride—
Thy boastful vanity despise.

"Not many suns shall rise and set—
Nay, ere this moon shall fill her horn,
I shall behold, without regret,
Thy blossoms, with'ring, sink forlorn.

"Though my mean bloom no beauty
shows,
Can boast no fragrance to allure;
When dead, it soothes the sufferer's woes,
And is of various ills the cure.

"No more let beauty's transient grace
Inflate thy vain, thy trifling mind;
Since thou, and all thy essenc'd race,
So soon must droop, to dust consign'd."

May each fair maid, admonish'd, deign
To gather wisdom from a flow'r;
And learn how short is beauty's reign—
The glitt'ring bauble of an hour.

Let virtue's charms the mind engage:—
They wear a bright perennial bloom;
Can scorn the with'ring hand of age,
And smile defiance to the tomb.

Haverhill, Aug. 29, 1813. JOHN WEBB.

INVOCATION, *Serious and Comic.*

By Mr. J. M. LACEY,

Author of "The Farm House," &c.

The POET'S INVOCATION to his old COAT.

BLACK friend of mine—or friend that
once wast black!To thee I owe my thanks for service
done.Fancy depicts the day, when, on my back,
For the first time, thy form resplendent
shone.Well I remember, 'twas a lucky hit,
A charming thought as ever poet had,
Which gave thee first my threadbare back
to fit,
And, more than many sonnets, made
me glad.A touch at politics 'twas, did the thing—
A happy touch; for, since that glorious
time,Vainly in praise of ministers I sing;
Vainly to Ins or Outs I raise my rhyme.'Tis five years since!—And in that time,
my friend,Thy fate has various been, like man's
frail fate:But time, alas! brings all things to their
end;And coats, as well as empires, have
their date!The first two years we rubb'd on well
enough;Brushes and care thy look still decent
kept;Sometimes new buttons, and sometimes
a cuff:But the third year show'd mischief
had but slept.Thou look'dst not black, my friend: that
charm was flown:—Threadbare thy form became, above,
below;I then, to hide thy most unseemly brown,
By new gilt buttons turn'd thee to
corbeau.

And thus another year soon stole away.—

A mourning came—a gen'ral one,
alack!—For thee, poor coat, I mourn'd, with truth
I say,Much more than those dress'd out in
decent black.Then did I turn thee—uncomplaining
still—Cast off the splendid buttons quick as
thought;And, having seen a puffer's famous bill,
A liquid for *reviving black* I bought.Thus sped another year—a year of
pain:—For, 'spite of all, old friend, you look'd
not well.The *black reviver* I laid on in vain;
In vain I brush'd!—truth, bitter truth,
I tell!The fifth year came—with awful horror
came.E'en through thy elbows, shirt began
to peep.Thy color now defied me for a name;
And painful faucies bade thy poet weep.
But prais'd be luck! I've made another
hit:—Another coat will follow it of course.
Make it in fashion, tailor! let it fit.
Prais'd be of genius the all-pow'rful
force!But think not, dearest friend of five years'
standing,That I will *sell thee now* for paltry gain;
Ah! no!—to fame thy many virtues
handing,

I'll to the world thy usefulness explain;

Will send a poem forth in praise of
thee:— [he.Meantime in lavender thy form shall
While for my verse the world shall smile
on me, [die!

That verse shall bid thy mem'ry never

The TEARS of ELLEN.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

TEAR I.

On ' beating heart, thy anguish'd throe—
Mute eye, thy lucid tear—Oh! mind, thy constant pang of woe—
Sad breast, thy sigh of fear—Are still to Edward's mem'ry giv'n,
By whom soft love has perish'd!Far be his recollection driv'n;
No more by Ellen cherish'd!He knew, my bosom's fondest sigh
Was ever breath'd for him:He read love's language in mine eye,
Now desolate and dim!He knew my heart was his alone:—
He knew—but basely fled!—Now ev'ry moment hears my moan!
Love, peace, and hope are dead!!

The PRISON.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

(Continued from page 389.)

THAT pensive figure, noble in its fall,
Had riches once, and was too good to all.

E'en now, though gross ingratitude has
chang'd
The mind where ev'ry gen'rous impulse
rang'd,
His nature yet bursts forth, in reason's
spite;
And oft he shares with Want his prison
mite.
If sorrowing woe has ever dimm'd your
eye,
If e'er you breath'd humanity's sweet
sigh,
If e'er you bade pure pity's tribute fall,
Oh! give them here: *this man* deserves
them all!

When erst he was with Fortune's favors
blest,
He ne'er denied the trembling wand'rer
rest.
The falt'ring voice, when for relief it
sued,
Ne'er met refusal breath'd in accents rude.
But most he sought the humble lab'rer's
cot,
Where Mis'ry pines, by all the proud
forgot—
Mis'ry, that cannot beg aloud for bread,
But rather droops, unseen, its anguish'd
head;
That yields, when famish'd children raise
the cry,
All that it has, and starves without a sigh!
'Twas most to such Benevolus would give
The lib'ral means that bade the mourners
live.

Oft, when he heard some village tradcs-
man's tale,
Which Envy waited on her blighting gale,
That his affairs were bad, his bills unpaid,
That none would trust him, that he had
no trade,
That soon he must be bankrupt, and his
wife,
With her young offspring, lead a work-
house life;
Then would Benevolus, with bounty rare,
Send him a sum, but leave unknown from
where;
Give him large orders for himself, and
send
All to his shop, that he could recommend;
Watch o'er his growing credit, glad to see
The smile return of sweet serenity;
Till stern Malevolence, and all her train,
No more could spread his ruin o'er the
plain.
Then the glad tradesman, blest at his
release,
Can meet the morn in comfort, and in
peace;

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And, when at night he seeks the couch of
rest,
While no distressful pang assails his
breast,
He humbly bends himself in fervent
pray'r; [care,
And, while he asks for God's protecting
Calls from the throne of grace a blessing
down,
To guard his unknown friend from For-
tune's frown.
All this the good Benevolus has done;
He was to misery a cheering sun,
Spreading around him comfort and de-
light,

As Sol dispenses beams of life and light.
Alas! to help another's wants too prone,
This friend of mis'ry minded not his own:
Unconscious of the truth, he learn'd, too
late,
That want of thought had led him to his
fate:
And, by experience sad, the victim found,
E'en charity itself should know a bound.
That goodness, such as his, should lead
the way
To deep distress, and ruin's direful day,
Calls a sad sigh from ev'ry feeling heart,
And forces the unbidden tear to start:
Yet such was doom'd to be his cruel fate;
And now he mutely mourns his humbled
state.

Still conscious rectitude supports his
soul;
For he ne'er bow'd to passion's base con-
trol:
Ambition never found in him a slave:
To angry strife he ne'er a moment gave;
And all the fault, that e'en his foes could
name,
Was, that he still would heed Affliction's
claim,
When Want had frown'd upon his own
fair dome,
And Charity, 'twas thought, should look
at home.
If his were faults, such faults we seldom
find.

Blest then be each emotion of his mind;
Soon may some turn of fortune unforeseen
Send competence, to change the mournful
scene:
But, if the chast'ning pow'r of heav'n
decrees,
Benevolus no more must taste of ease
Till his cold frame shall sleep beneath the
sod,
And his pure spirit mounts to meet its
God;
No act of all his life can cause a sigh,

s K

No throb of conscience make him dread
to die:
And, when his form shall yield its latest
breath,
The smile of inward peace shall soften
death!

(To be continued.)

Stanzas to JANE.

MY ev'ry sigh, my ev'ry tear,
My ev'ry thought is thine:
Why doom me then to chilling fear?
Why make mute mis'ry mine?
There's not a heart, there's not an eye,
There's not a lip of youth,
Can love, can gaze, can breathe the sigh,
With half my ardent truth!
Yet not one gentle smile I meet,
Love's simplest, surest token:
Forgotten all thy vows so sweet—
So sweet—but now all broken!
Adieu!—forget my sighs and tears:
Be gay, be happy ever.
My soul is sad with gloomy fears!
Peace from my breast must sever!

J. M. LACEY.

*Lines, supposed to have been written by the
PRINCESS AMELIA, in her last illness.*

[*.* We cannot vouch for the authenticity
of these lines, though Mr. WEBB (the author
of the subjoined *Impromptu*) has been in-
formed that they were actually presented by
the Princess to her Physician, on her death-
bed.]

UNTHINKING, idle, wild, and young,
I laugh'd, I talk'd, I danc'd, and sung;
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dream'd not of sorrow, care, or pain;
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

But, when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling
frame,

When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more,
It then occur'd, how sad 'twould be,
Were this world only made for me.

Extempore, on reading the above.

'Twas thine, thou fair illustrious maid,
In life's bright morning scenes to fade;
To leave, in youth's meridian bloom,
The court's gay splendors, for a tomb.
But Heav'n was kind:—when sickness
came,
With fatal touch to waste thy frame,
To pale thy cheek, and dim thine eyes—
It prov'd a blessing in disguise.

Affliction, like a cherub kind,
From vain pursuits allur'd thy mind,
And taught thee nobly to abstain
From folly and her tinsel train—
To covet high exalted bliss,
Unknown to such a world as this.
Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

*A respectful Tribute to the Memory of
ROBERT PARSONSON, Gent. of Haver-
hill, who died, March. 26, 1813, aged
84 years.*

"THY conflict o'er, thou happy spirit,
rise!
Pierce with bold wing the portals of the
skies:
Join you bright myriads clad in white
array,
And seek thy long-lost friends in realms
of day.
Astonish'd gaze; partake of joys un-
known,
Or bow with humble transport at the
throne."
Thus spoke th' attendant angel, when at
large,
Freed from vile earth, he found his happy
charge;
Then soar'd, the mind immortal to convoy
Through seas of air to shores of bound-
less joy.
The Muse had blush'd, if Parsonson had
fell,
Without a bard to sound her tuneful
shell;
Since ne'er a fairer spirit wing'd its flight
To add new raptures to the realms of
light.
Earth mourns its loss, while heav'n with
loud acclaim
Hails the fair stranger, and inscribes his
name
On its bright roll; while all the minstrel
throng
Lift with bold swell the gratulating song.
'Twas his (blest sage!) throughout life's
long career,
To sooth distress, and dry the widow's
tear;
With lenient charm to lull affliction's
pow'r,
And strew this sterile waste with many a
flow'r.
His moral worth, and pious virtue, join'd
To leave a fair example to mankind.
Oh! when stern Death, pale king,
with fatal dart,
And aim unerring, strikes this throbbing
heart;
When this poor fabric lies convuls'd with
pain,

And life's red current stagnates in each
vein;
When films, thick gath'ring films, ob-
struct my view,
And nature, sinking, sighs a last adieu;
Like him, may I enjoy unruffled peace!
And may my latter end be crown'd like
his!

JOHN WEBB.

Address to HOPE.

SAY, Hope, thou fond delusive pow'r,
Who tell'st me falsehoods ev'ry hour,
If I must still on thee depend,
And claim thee for my only friend.
When through the vale I walk and weep,
And mourn a lover on the deep,
'Tis then thy beauteous form appears,
And sooths my griefs, and dries my tears.
Soft Fancy too with thee combines,
And wreaths of joy for me entwines;
Shows him returning from the main,
To home, to me, and love again.

But, should these joys all fancy prove,
And I am ne'er to meet my love;
Then must I look to that blest shore,
Where flatt'ring Hope can cheat no more.

*LOVE at first Sight.**(From Mr. Greaves's "Wilderness.")*

"WHAT angel so lovely and pure
Now gracefully crosses the street?
No eye has beheld, I am sure,
A mortal so charmingly sweet.
"How lovely her form and her face!
Her eyes how enchantingly bright!
She moves, and her motions are grace;
She smiles, and her smiles are delight.
"Her bosom is white as the snow,
And as pure, or I'll forfeit my life.
Ah! ne'er can the man feel a woe,
Who calls this enchantress his wife.
"I'm in love at first sight; and I feel
An affection no time will remove.
To the magnet as true as the steel
Will I to my conqueror prove.
"Oh! tell me the name of the maid:
With impatience to hear it I die.
Alas! ne'er before, I'm afraid,
Her beauties have dazzled your eye."
A youth, as he stood at the door,
Thus question'd the host of an inn,
Who said, "Yes, I've seen her before;
And she owes me two shillings for gin."

*MARY'S REMAINS.**By J. CONDER.*

How bright the sun's declining rays
Glitter on yonder ivied spire!

How sweet the ev'ning Zephyr plays
Through those old trees that seem on
fire!

Beneath those trees how oft I've stray'd
With Mary, rapture in my eyes!
But now, alas! beneath their shade
All that remains of Mary lies!

Oh! can I e'er the scene forget?

'Twas such an ev'ning—this the place,
That first the lovely girl I met,
And gaz'd upon her angel face.
The West at Sol's departure blush'd,
And brighten'd to a crimson hue:
Her cheek with kindred tints was flush'd;
And ah! her sun was sinking too.

She died—and, at that very hour,
Hope broke her wand, and pleasure
fled.

Life, as a charm, has lost its pow'r:
Th' enchantress of my days is dead.
That sun—those scenes where oft I've
stray'd

Transported, I no longer prize;
For now, alas! beneath their shade
All that remains of Mary lies.

Address to HEALTH.

*A Fragment from the Greek,
of which a prose Translation, by Dr. Johnson,
may be seen in the Rambler, No. 149.*

MOST sacred of the pow'rs divine,
The remnant of my days be thine!
Nor thou, O genial Health! disdain to
gladden mine;
For all the pleasures pomp and affluence
know,
Or progeny belov'd may bring,
Or what from sovereign rule can
spring,
That proudest height of glory here below,
Or the more keen delights in am'rous
breasts that glow,
All envied gifts we mortals share,
Or the kind Gods in pity spare,
To gild this gloom of life, and soften hu-
man care—
These, by thy vigor-giving hand impress'd,
Bloom and expand, and round them
shed
Perennial odors on his head,
Who in thy charms, celestial queen, is
dress'd.—
All joys in thee abound: without thee,
man's unblest'd.

E. H. S.

EPITAPH on a loquacious Lady.

BENEATH this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Arabella Young,
Who, on the twenty-fourth of May,
Began to hold her tongue!

FASHIONS for OCTOBER.

Morning Walking-Dress.—A white jaconet muslin high dress, with long sleeves, made full, tied in at the wrists, elbow, and shoulder:—a frill collar, to stand up round the neck, with a small lace tucker underneath, to cover the bosom. The robe of a moderate walking length:—bracer of the same, to clasp in front.—The hair disposed much as last month, with a flower in front, or on one side.—The Vittoria hat of straw, turned up round the front, lined with white satin, with a small ostrich feather on one side.—A Pyrenean mantle of Pomona green sarsnet, trimmed in vandykes of silk fringe, of a shade darker than the mantle—bound with swansdown fur.—Gloves of yellow kid.—Half boots of black kid.

Evening Dress.—A round robe of thin white crape, worn over a white satin slip.—Bodice of colored satin: the bottom of the dress trimmed with a triple flounce of lace very full: the bodice in front *appliqué'd* with the same, with a thin plaiting of the same round the shoulder and back. Spanish short sleeves of the same as the robe, made very full, trimmed at the bottom with a thin plaiting of lace, with a double row of pearls in the middle of the trimming:—a small flat bow of ribbon on the shoulder.—*Head-dress à la Grecque*, in small curls at the back, falling loosely off the forehead, on the temples, in disheveled curls: a small sprig of white flowers on one side.—Ear-rings and necklace of pearl.—Gloves of white kid.—Slippers of white satin, with small rosettes of silver.—Fan of frosted crape, ornamented with small silver spangles.

General Observations.—*Morning Walking-Dresses* are generally round robes of white muslin, made high in the neck, with long sleeves—colored satin mantles and cloaks, of various forms, as fancy may direct.—The cottage spencer, made to fall off round the neck, is much worn, as a morning dress. The colors are Pomona green, light blue, dove-color, *appliqué'd* with trimming of lace or swansdown.—Hats and bonnets continue much the same as last month, with the exception that straw is becoming more general: but nothing interestingly novel has appeared in respect to form.—Half boots of black or colored kid, to correspond with the color of the dress.—Gloves of York tan.—Necklace of gold chain.—Ear-rings of pearl or brilliants.—

Head-dress—the hair *à la Grecque*, falling in loose disheveled curls on the temples, and to bind up in a knot behind.—Cap of muslin, confined with a ribbon round the head, terminating in bow and ends on one side.—Flowers are general appendages to cap or hair.

Half Dresses are of figured muslin; the color lilac, olive, or apple-green, made high round the neck, to button behind: long sleeves made full, to tie at the wrist and elbow: the skirt made full, with a triple flounce round the bottom: bracer of white satin figured ribbon, to tie in front, in a small bow: an occasional tippet, of white satin, bound with swansdown fur.—*Head-dress*—cap of white satin, with a full plaiting of lace in front, confined with a white satin ribbon, to tie on one side: the hair in disheveled curls, falling negligently off the forehead; turned up in a small net behind, with a sprig of flowers on one side.—Necklace of black beads, to which is suspended a small cross.—Ear-rings of brilliants.—Gloves of white kid, or York tan.—Shoes of black kid.

Evening Dresses are generally round robes of white crape worn over white or colored satin slips.—Bodice of white satin, made rather high on the bosom, to fall low on the back, *appliqué'd* with lace in front: full sleeves of white crape or colored satin, *appliqué'd* with lace: the bottom of the robe trimmed with a triple flounce of lace.—Frocks of colored crape, to lace behind, with a demi-train of white satin, trimmed with lace, at the bottom of the frock, and in front of the bosom: the frock of a becoming walking length, with full short bishop sleeves.—Long silk scarfs, of white or light amber color, are the general appendages to this order.

—*Head dresses.*—Flowers for the hair appear to be rather on the decline: the introduction of brilliants, in various forms, gives a pleasing contrast. The hair tied up in gold net, with small bandeaux of diamonds in front; with the front hair falling negligently off the forehead, with a small sprig of colored gems to represent natural flowers on one side.—Large thin veils are general appendages to the head-dress.—Necklace of colored gems.—Ear-rings of diamonds: bracelets and studs *en suite*—Fans of carved ivory, or frosted crape, with silver spangles.—Slippers of white satin, with silver rosettes.—Gloves of white kid.



W. H. H. del.

Walking Dress

Arch

CHRONICLE.

His Majesty.—*Bulletin of September 4.*—"His Majesty has, for some months past, appeared generally tranquil and comfortable, although his disorder remains undiminished."

Price of Bread.—Quartern Wheaten Loaf, August 26, seventeen pence—September 2, the same—September 9, fifteen pence, halfpenny—September 16, and 23, the same.

Dearness of Bread.—The Lord Mayor had observed, that, in a very great number of cases, the returns, made by the bakers, of the prices paid for flour, were quite at variance with the returns from Mark Lane—to the amount, in numerous instances, of ten shillings per sack; difference; by which means, as his Lordship observed, "*the public were never enabled to enjoy, as they should do, the full advantage of a falling market.*" To remedy the evil, he issued several hundred summonses to bakers, &c. &c. and, on the 7th and 14th of September, fined some of them, £20 each, and a great number of others, 40 shillings; at the same time announcing his determination to institute a strict weekly investigation, until the prices of flour and bread should come down to their proper level.

[*London, August 23.*]—At Dornach in Switzerland, July 13, an exundation of the river Birse having undermined and shaken an antique tower, that building fell upon the bridge, which was crowded with people, and broke it in the centre; by which accident upwards of 150 persons lost their lives.

[23] Saturday morning, two of the powder-mills at Hounslow were blown up with tremendous explosions. The reports, which took place with only a momentary interval between them, were heard for upwards of twenty miles round. At Kensington and Brompton the shocks were so violent, as to resemble those of an earthquake; and the concussion of the air so extraordinary, as to ring small bells hung in gardens in those parts. Three persons fell victims to this calamity.

[23] *Murder.*—Aug. 14, in the village, of Martin, near Gainsborough, William Hall, armed with a loaded gun, meeting a young man in the street, said he owed him a grudge, and would pay him; on uttering which words, he shot the young man, who expired in a few minutes.

[23] *Another Murder.*—August 14, the Rev. Nicholas Westcombe was found

murdered and robbed in a lane near Winchester.

[23] A mineral spring, possessing valuable properties, has been discovered near Henly, in Oxfordshire.

[24] The fort of Saragossa surrendered to Gen. Mina, July 19.

[24] King Joseph Bonaparté's sword, which he left behind in his carriage, when he fled after his defeat at Vittoria, has been brought over from Spain, as a present to the Regent.

[24] A remarkable instance of productiveness in the cherry-tree is exhibited in the garden of Messrs. Stainback, in Skirbeck Quarter, Lincolnshire: a tree of this kind has a crop considerably advanced, being the second during this season.

[24] Nicholson, the murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Bonar, was executed yesterday morning on Pennenden Heath.

[25] Sir Alexander Cochrane, who has just returned from the government of Guadaloupe, has brought over a singular natural production, found in that island. It is a large petrification, enveloping a human body.—This curiosity is to be deposited in the British Museum.

[25] *Murder*—At the Warwick assises, John Britain was convicted of the murder of his wife.—He was executed last Friday; and, like the wretch Nicholson, [*See our last Number, p. 396*] he declared, at the place of execution, that he had no personal animosity against his wife when he went to bed on the evening preceding the murder; and could not account for his committing the dreadful act, only as he was instigated by the devil. On a sudden impulse, and without any provocation, he jumped out of bed, and perpetrated the bloody deed with an iron bar.

[26] *Lord Wellington.*—The Spanish Regency have given effect to the unanimous vote of the Cortes for a grant of land to his Lordship. They offered him the choice of three royal estates, of which he has chosen that of the lowest actual value (estimated at 30,000 dollars), but most eligible in point of situation and scenery. It is called the *Soto de Roma*, situate on the river Xenil in the kingdom of Granada. It is a large park, inclosed and improved by the Emperor Charles V. and the only place in Spain where there are pheasants, of which the breed is supposed to have been introduced by that monarch.

[26] About 200 tons of whale-oil, of this season's fishing, were sold at Dundee on Wednesday, by public sale, at an average of £55. 5s. per ton; the highest price ever obtained for whale-oil in this country.

[27] *Pantheon Theatre*.—Yesterday, two performers at this theatre were convicted, at Marlborough Street Office, each in three penalties of £50, for having performed regular dramatic pieces at the Pantheon, without licence from the Lord Chamberlain.—*See September 13.*

[27] Austria declared war against France on the 10th inst. and (the period of the armistice between Russia and France being expired) hostilities recommenced on the 17th.

[27] *Conveyance of Letters*.—Penalties, to the amount of eighty five pounds, with costs, have been recovered in an action brought by order of the Postmaster General against a mercantile house in the country, for sending seventeen printed circular letters by a stage coach.

[28] On Friday, a cat, in a bowl dish, having, in consequence of a wager, been set adrift at Richmond bridge at the turn of the tide in the preceding night, was wafted by the stream to London bridge, and passed the fall in safety.—A scroll, tied round her neck, directed the finder to carry her to a friend in the Borough.

[30] Two acres of wheat, belonging to Mr. Southwood, of Bathpool, were lately found to yield seventy bushels of grain—nearly double the amount of an average crop.

[30] *A Mock Parson*.—At the Downpatrick assises, one Michael M'Ilvena was found guilty of representing himself as a clergyman of the established church, and also as a parish priest, and of feloniously celebrating the marriage of Christopher Jennings, with Mary Hair, a girl of 17 years of age. Jennings was also found guilty of debauching the girl. The mock parson was sentenced to be hanged on the 18th of September; and Jennings was sentenced to stand in the pillory, to pay £50 fine, and to be imprisoned one year.

[31] The new theatre at Plymouth was opened on Monday se'nnight: 1049 persons paid for admission; the sum received was £152 14s.

[September 2] *Pewter Pots*.—The committee of licensed victuallers, to put a stop to the practice of sending out beer in pots, had announced their determina-

tion to enforce a law of the 12th Geo. I. prohibiting publicans from sending out beer in any vessel less than a gallon. The first of September was the day mentioned for commencing this system: but an information was laid fast Saturday against a publican for a violation of the act several days previous: and yesterday, by the unanimous opinion of the magistrates of Bow Street Office, he was convicted in the penalty of forty shillings.

[2] *Murder*.—At the Gloucester assises, Luke Heath received sentence of death, for the wilful murder of Sarah Harris, in June, 1809.

[2] *Sorcery*.—At the Beverley general quarter sessions, John Smith and Mary his wife, of Great Driffild, were convicted of pretending to exercise witchcraft, and undertaking to tell fortunes, and sentenced to be confined in the House of Correction twelve months, and to stand in the pillory four times—once a quarter.

[3] In a bog near Colerain in Ireland, more than forty feet above the level of the sea, were lately found the remains of a vessel, supposed to have been of at least forty or fifty tons burden.—It is supposed that the space, now occupied by the bog, was once a lake, and that the vessel was used on it.

[4] *Short Weights*.—Upwards of forty shopkeepers were convicted on the 15th ult. at Wolverhampton, for using short weights, several of which were extremely deficient.

[4] It has been officially announced from the War-Office, that an allowance will be made to the Roman Catholic clergymen who attend the forces for divine service.

[7] The British force in the Chesapeake lately proceeded a considerable way up the river Potomac. A party of them landed less than forty miles below the Federal City of Washington, but were repulsed by the militia.

[7] Two or three weeks ago a large quantity of water, which had been long stagnant in an iron mine, at Wilsontown, was let off into the Mouse. It must have held in solution an astonishing quantity of subcarbonate of iron, as all the fish in the river were immediately killed; its whole channel became deeply tinged with the iron rust; and the water has continued ever since to be strongly chalybeate. In Clyde the effect has also been partially felt; and the channel of the

north bank is colored as far down as Stonebyres Lynn.

[7] The prisoners of war in this country have been peremptorily forbidden to manufacture lace, but allowed fourteen days to dispose of their implements.

[8] *Hurricane*—On the 23d of July, a most destructive hurricane raged in the West Indies, from Barbadoes to St. Kitts. It is estimated that about 10,000 hogsheads of sugar have been destroyed, and that the rising plants for 1814, in Martinique and Dominica, are uprooted. Most of the shipping at Barbadoes foundered. Guadeloupe has suffered materially, and several ships in the harbours are lost. The whole force of the storm appears to have been concentrated at Dominique, where every thing on the surface was swept down, and the shipping totally destroyed.—At Martinique, in half an hour, about forty vessels foundered; spacious woods were torn up by the roots, and a large portion of the town of St. Pierre laid in ruins, with the loss of many lives.

[8] *A mad dog*, yesterday morning, made his appearance in the Tower, and, after creating considerable alarm, by biting two of the Oxford militia, and various other persons, particularly a boy who had his leg dreadfully mangled, as also several dogs, was at length happily dispatched by one of the sentinels with his bayonet. As it was not known how many and what animals were bitten, an order was given for their general destruction.

[8] On Saturday last, a woman in a respectable situation in life was committed to Wakefield House of Correction, by the sitting magistrates at the New Court-House, on a charge of stealing a quantity of lace from a linen-draper's counter in Leeds.

[8] On Sunday morning a large seal appeared sporting in the river at Perth, and several persons fired at it; one of the balls rebounded from the water, and struck Jordan, a private in the Wiltshire militia, on the head, who lingered two days, and died.

[9] September 6, a tremendous hurricane raged at Cheltenham, extending to Gloucester, and several miles round the country. The rain fell in torrents, and caused such an inundation in the high street at Cheltenham, that a boat could have sailed in it.

[9] *Youthful Aeronaut*.—September 7, Mr. Windham Sadler, (son of Mr. Sadler, the aeronaut) a youth between sixteen

and seventeen years of age, ascended with a balloon from Cheltenham, and, after a flight of one hour and five minutes, alighted in safety near Chadlington bridge, at a short distance from Chipping-Norton.

[10] *Lottery Insurance*—Yesterday, at Bow Street Office, Catharine Gibson was convicted of illegally taking insurances in the state lottery, and committed to the House of Correction for one month, as a rogue and vagabond.

[13] *Pantheon Theatre*.—On Saturday, Mr. Cundy, proprietor of that theatre, was convicted, at Marlborough Street Office, upon nine informations, for the exhibition of regular dramatic pieces, without licence from the Lord Chamberlain.—Nine penalties were inflicted on him, of fifty pounds each.—See August 27.

[13] *Escape of Prisoners*.—On Monday, at Edinburgh, two persons were sentenced to seven years' transportation for having aided certain French prisoners in an attempt to escape, though the attempt was not successful.

[13] *Parricide*—Last week, a man about the age of forty, residing with his parents in a cottage near Abergavenny, murdered them both, by beating them with a heavy wooden bar, until their bones were broken to pieces.

[13] *Duel Extraordinary*.—A few days ago, two striplings, neither of them more than fourteen years old, the sons of respectable parents in Newgate-market, met, with their seconds, at Chalk Farm, upon an affair of honor; when one of them lodged the contents of his piece in his antagonist's shoulder.

[14] *Throwing Squibs*—Yesterday, at the Middlesex sessions, James Hales was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, for an assault upon a Mrs. Towers, on the last illumination night, by throwing at her a squib, which hit her on the arm and breast.

Hackney Coachmen.—At the same sessions, a hackney coachman was condemned to fourteen days' imprisonment, for having seised and detained a gentleman, who had refused to comply with his demand, but tendered him what he conceived to be the legal fare, laid it in the coach, and offered him his address.—The magistrate declared that the amount of the fare was wholly out of the question, and that a coachman has no right to detain a person for his fare.

[14] *Crimping-Houses*—Yesterday, at Marlborough Street Office, a person, who kept one of those houses, without being

authorised by permission from the Adjutant General (as required by the Mutiny Act of last session) was convicted in the penalty of £20, and, in default of payment, sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

[14] *Plague at Malta*.—Advices from that island state the number of deaths, down to the 30th of July inclusive, at 2399, including only one Englishman, who had imprudently associated with the natives.

[14] The Deanery of Durham has increased in value, from three thousand, to eight thousand pounds per annum.

[15] *Lord Wellington*.—On the 31st of August, the allied army, under his Lordship's command, took the town of St. Sebastian by storm, after a cannonade of five days.—The French garrison escaped into the castle, whence they afterwards bombarded the town, and reduced it to a heap of ruins.—The allies suffered considerable loss during the storm and previous siege.—It would have been still greater, but for a providential accident. The French had placed behind the breach a number of charged bomb-shells, ready to be exploded among the assailants at the moment of their entrance: but a shell from the besiegers, happening to fall amid that magazine of death, exploded the whole among the besieged, and spread through their ranks that havoc and destruction which they had planned for the allies.—The castle surrendered on the 9th of September.

[18] *War and Wolves*.—Letters from Spain state that the country is, to an unexampled degree, infested by wolves of the most ferocious kind; which is attributed to the numerous dead bodies lying unburied in every quarter, and attracting the animals from the mountains.

[18] *A whale* of an enormous size, measuring upwards of seventy feet in length and fifty in breadth, was on Wednesday towed alongside of a South Sea whaler, lying at the Motherbank, where it was decimated in the usual manner for obtaining the largest quantity of oil. This fish was observed, on Friday last, following a shoal of small fish through the Needles Passage, which, though sufficient for a seventy-four to pass, was inadequate to that of this unwieldy monster, as it soon found itself on a shingle bank, with the tide ebbing: consequently, notwithstanding the most violent exertions to get off, which were seen for many

miles by the prodigious quantity of water thrown fifty or sixty feet high, it remained an easy prize to several fishermen, who went off, and cut its throat; from which, and other wounds caused by its previous struggles, the sea was died for several miles.

[20] At the Old Bailey, on Saturday, T. Moon was found guilty of *manslaughter*, in shooting the young man, as noticed in our last Number, page 395.

[21] *James Leary*—who, on the 17th inst. was convicted, at the Old Bailey, of the wilful murder of Edward Clifford—was executed yesterday, and his body delivered for dissection.—To the last moment of his life, he persisted in protesting that he did not himself commit the murder—acknowledging, however, that he was present, and did not interfere to prevent it.

[22] Dispatches from Sir Chas. Stewart to the Secretary of State announce, that, on the 26th of August, Gen. Von Blucher, with a division of the allied army, attacked a French force under Marshal Macdonald in a strong position near Jauer in Silesia, and gained a complete victory, productive to him of above ten thousand prisoners, and fifty pieces of artillery; and that he renewed the contest on the 27th and 28th, and took 5000 more prisoners, with thirty pieces of cannon.—Sir Charles likewise states that the combined armies attempted to take Dresden by storm on the 27th of August but were foiled with considerable loss.—On the 28th they were attacked by Bonaparté with a very large force in the immediate vicinity of the city; and a severe conflict ensued: but, the enemy "finding he could make no impression, the action ceased."—The allies, on this day, suffered a loss of six or seven thousand men, but still maintained their ground. In the evening, however, orders were issued for retiring; and the next morning they withdrew.—On the 30th, a detachment of their force, in their retreat, about two German miles from Toplitz, met a body of French, of much superior force, under generals Vandamme and Bertrand, against whom they maintained a very severe contest during the whole day; and, on the following day, they gained over them a decisive victory.—having taken about 10,000 prisoners, (among whom were Gen. Vandamme himself, and six other general officers) with sixty pieces of artillery, and six standards.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 44, N^o. 10, for October, 1813.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates :

1. The IRISH SON.
2. Fashionable COSTUME for November.
3. PATTERNS for BORDERS.

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LONDON:

Printed for G. and S. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row ;
where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

The packets from "*J. S.*" of *Spalting* have both been received; but their contents are inadmissible.

"*Jacobus*"'s Ode is in the same predicament.

"*Matilda*"'s communication has not reached us.

We shall be happy to gratify "*Alexis*," as soon as we conveniently can.

"*Eliza*"'s sonnets are under consideration.

"*Charles*"'s letter is just come to hand.



The Irish Song.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
FOR OCTOBER, 1813.

**FILIAL PIETY,
or the IRISH SON.**
(With a Plate)

THE following remarkable instance of filial piety and self-devotion occurs in Irish history.

In the reign of Henry VI. about the year 1453, a turbulent Irish chieftain—O'Connor, of O'Fally—had alarmed the English governor, Sir Edward Fitz-Eustace, by a predatory inroad into the district of Kildare. The invader was surprised by Fitz-Eustace, and his troop put to the rout. The chieftain, in endeavouring to escape from his pursuers, fell from his horse: his son, the companion of his danger, stopped, and remounted him; but unhappily the father fell a second time to the ground. A generous contest was now commenced between the father and son, which of them should be resigned to the mercy of the enemy. The youth urgently pressed his father to take his horse, to leave him to his fate, and to seize the present moment of providing for his own safety. The father obstinately refused; commanded his son to fly, and was quickly made prisoner.

This affecting anecdote is recorded in Leland's History of Ireland (vol. 2, p. 37), and quoted by Mr. Dewar, in his "Observations on the Character, &c. of the Irish."

THE ANGLER'S DAY.

It was early in September, when an angler sallied forth to enjoy his favorite sport—a sport, which he considered, and always found, to be well suited to a contemplative mind. Soon after

five in the morning, he started. At his back hung his haversack, filled with his tackle, his provision, and his baits. A heavy mist hung over the valleys, which, as the sun rose, was gathered by his power into fleecy clouds, and sailed athwart the blue expanse of heaven, thus giving to the angler's gladdened sight the beauties of nature refreshed by the balmy dews of night. He had a taste for poetry; and his memory, at this moment, fixing itself on Milton's morning hymn, he began ejaculating

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!"

and continued his way, full of such ideas, till miles had been left behind; every tree, every zephyr, every rivulet, furnishing him with a living comment.

The harvest was every where finished, or very nearly so; the laborers were conveying home the produce of the earth, whistling their matins, as early and as loudly as the lark, who had long soared to "heaven's gate."—Never perhaps had a nation greater cause to rejoice, and offer up thanksgiving for an ever-abundant and well-housed harvest, than England has, this season. The angler turned his thoughts to this,—
"Here," his fancy whispered, "all has been plenty, peace, and cheerfulness: the morning has risen in beauty: Sol has spread his beams over hills and vales waving with corn, or offering their green verdure to the dumb creatures destined for man's support: Noon has found the laborer taking his plain, but undisturbed meal, under the briary hedge:

Night has thrown her sable robe over the earth ; and the united realms of Great Britain have not known the presence of an enemy ; have not felt the horrors of war, further than the expense of keeping from our shores a restless and implacable foe, and the more painful duty of lamenting our fallen brethren, who have perished in opposing him. But their death is noble, sometimes enviable.

" How beautiful, in death,
The warrior's corse appears,
Eulalm'd by fond affection's breath,
And bath'd in woman's tears."

Montgomery.

" In other lands, the morning has opened upon the busy hum and preparation of martial hosts for the fearful fight : Noon has seen the farmer driven from his fields, their produce trampled under foot, and dyed in the blood of humanity : Night has spread her mantle over dead and dying myriads ! Country of my fathers ! long be thy vales the abode of plenty and of peace ! long be thy chalky cliffs at once the envy of other nations, and our defence against them !"

The angler now reached the river where his fishing was to commence ; and, like a true sportsman, he suffered all other thoughts to be absorbed in his anxiety to ensnare the finny tribe. The morning was still : not a ripple was upon the water, which flowed silent and deep,

" For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change,"

He was soon equipped : the depth of the water was carefully ascertained, and other necessary preliminaries settled. Soon he hooks a fine fish : his pliant rod bends and rattles as the poor captive tugs at the hook ; he is all trembling anxiety, lest he should lose him. For a moment the fish becomes entangled among weeds, and fear is evident on the angler's countenance. Now he is loose again,

and he draws him to the surface of the water. He has caught a fine chub : with difficulty he lands his prize, and for a few moments gazes on it with delight, then throws it on the ground, and again proceeds with his labor, all anxiety as before, his eye constantly bent on his float of porcupine. Thus the morning glides away ; and the timid chub, the bold perch, the simple gudgeon, the glittering roach and dace, and the unwieldy bream, alternately become his prize, and reward him for his patience. About mid-day, he takes his hasty and solitary meal beneath some tree ; and, after it, stokes his thirst with water from the river ; thus emulating the abstemiousness of the primeval race of men.—He then recommences his sport, and cannot tear himself from the side of the stream, till day's last beam trembles in the west. He then packs up his fish, and retraces his weary way homeward ; envying, as old Isaac Walton used to say, no man for his riches or his power, but only him who had better tackle, or who could catch more fish than himself.

Such was the angler's day.—Blame him not, ye who have no relish for such an amusement as his : call him not cruel, ye too sensitive beings, who would lament over the slaughtered lamb, yet willingly feed upon his flesh : pity him not, ye who affect to call his sport puerile : he deserves not blame ; and pity he despises.—The exercise, to which his amusement leads him, gives health to his body ; and the charms of nature, with which he is thus rendered familiar, are living lessons of improvement for his mind. He leaves the crowded town, and its thoughts of guile behind, when he seeks the little hamlet, or the lonely cottage by the river-side ; and, as he goes to, or returns from, his sport, his con-

temptations on the rural scenery he passes, lead him to adore the Being who made him,

“And look, through Nature, up to Nature’s God!” J. M. L.

Modern LIFE delineated.

(Continued from page 407.)

WHEN they reached the declivity of the mountain, to their great surprise they beheld Edward and Mr. Lloyd approaching toward them.—Gertrude was extremely anxious to learn the purport of her brother’s visit to the Vale. Her father informed her, that, during her walk to the mountain, an excursion to London had been planned, and on the day following they were to leave Llanarth. “Your sister, my love,” said Mr. Lloyd, “anxiously wishes to have your company during the approaching hour of trial; and, as she seems, from Edward’s account, to harbour a fatal foreboding that she shall not recover if you are not with her, I cannot think of depriving her of your society. I hope we shall not be detained more than five weeks in town. It is my intention to accompany you, though I firmly hope it will be the last time I shall ever have occasion to visit a place I so much dislike.”

Edward viewed his native Vale with sensations more bordering upon anguish than pleasure: and, when he beheld his beloved sister leaning upon Frederic’s arm, he felt not only inquietude, but a sentiment of jealousy, rising in his bosom. This, however, immediately vanished, when Gertrude sprang from her lover, and, with breathless agitation and joy, expressed her pleasure at seeing her brother once more in the Vale.

Every thing in the house reminded Edward of the happiness he had enjoyed in his youth; but the affectionate kindness of the old nurse affected his feelings the most. “Ah!

my good master Edward,” said she, “how very much you are altered! You have lost all your spirits. When you were at home with my two young ladies, what cheerful happy beings you were! Don’t you remember beating master William for snatching a kiss from Miss Gertrude? I well remember how very angry you looked, when you declared that no one should love her but yourself. Little did I then think that you would marry Miss Emma; for, though she shed a fountain of tears when you left home, I am sure, that, in her heart, she did not love you one half so well as her sister did. Many a time have I caught her looking sorrowfully at your picture, and have seen the tears, which she wished none to see, trickle down her cheeks; but the moment she heard her father, she wiped them away, and looked happy, that she might not give him pain. But it was at church that I always marked her the most. She never sits in any seat but yours: and I am certain she never reads in any other Prayer-book; for I remember, one Sunday she had forgotten it; and in a sad taking she was about it. Her love was silent; but I am sure it was as pure and as sincere as any angel’s.—I know one thing—that she will never love the man she is to marry, as she loved you: her color never comes and goes, when he is spoken of, as it used to do when I was speaking of you; and she has no need to put her handkerchief up to her face, to hide her blushes. I dare say, my young mistress thought I was a simpleton: but I could read her love for you as plain as she felt it within her heart. But they say marriages are made in heaven: it therefore could not be your destiny to go together. I only wish it had; though perhaps you might have been so happy, that you would have forgotten your duty to Him who gave

you dispositions to make this world a Paradise: for, when two people are comfortable with every thing here, they are apt to forget that they ought to prepare for death and eternity. Do not then, my dear master, look so sad: for you might have been one of this sort: and you know, as our late good vicar used to say, 'the blessings of this life are as nothing, if they unfit us for preparing for our heavenly home.' It is there that a wise and a good man will study to treasure up his riches."

When Edward retired to his chamber, every word which the old nurse had uttered, recurred to his mind: but he could not avoid dwelling particularly upon that sentence, "It therefore could not be your destiny to go together." He fancied they were the most hateful words he had ever heard uttered. He deferred the moment of retiring to bed, in order to take a minute survey of his chamber. A small library of Gertrude's, placed in a corner of the room, fixed his attention: and, to his unspeakable joy, he found, among the books, the Prayer-book which the nurse had mentioned to him. He opened it with a degree of enthusiasm, and, on one of the waste pages, he read these words—

"On the fourth of June, Edward Lloyd left his native home.—Protect him; thou great Ruler of the universe, from the sword of the enemy; and preserve him from dangers more fatal than the sword—from evil examples, and from bad passions. And, if it be thy gracious will, restore him to his family, blessed with health, and with affections as noble and as virtuous, as this day exist in his bosom, and inspire his actions: for it is Thou alone, O heavenly Father, who canst ennoble the heart with sentiments that do not degrade human nature. It is therefore to thy

mercy and goodness we must entrust him: for our wishes and prayers are futile, if Thou, almighty Father, opposest them.

"Gertrude Lloyd."

Edward perused the fervent prayer of his cousin with sentiments allied to adoration; and, taking out his pencil, wrote on the opposite side, "May the prayer which my cousin has offered to the Father of mercies for my happiness, return a thousand-fold upon her own head! Bless her, thou Father of virtue, with increasing joys. In her husband, and in her family, may she experience the sum of human felicity. But, when her soul leaveth its earthly tenement, grant, O gracious Father, that we may receive that joy in each other's society, which thy wisdom hath denied us here." Edward then returned the book to the place whence he had taken it, and retired to rest. The visions of the night were fraught with the highest joys. His sleeping fancy carried him into the heaven of heavens: and, while the ministers of glory were chanting forth their praises to the Most High, a bright circle of light enveloped them from his sight for a few moments, and the harmonious sound ceased to vibrate upon his ear. But, as he sat rapt in the most delightful meditation, the distinct sound of "She comes, she comes," again thrilled his heart with ecstasy. While, with listening wonder and joy, he was attending to the words which proclaimed the arrival of another heavenly guest, the dazzling light gradually dispersed; and, to his astonishment and joy, he beheld his beloved Gertrude approaching toward him with a countenance of transcendent loveliness. She led two lovely females, whom she presented to Edward, and, dropping upon her knees, exclaimed, "Edward! our prayers are heard.

The happiness which was denied us upon earth, we now may reap without any alloy; for the society of the virtuous will increase the security of our joys." Edward attempted to clasp her to his heart: but, in a moment, the vision was dispelled, by Winifred's knocking at the door, to inform him that breakfast was ready; which convinced him that he was again an inhabitant of this world, and liable to experience all its trials and vexations.

During the day, the remembrance of the dream was not effaced from Edward's mind: and, as Gertrude was seated opposite to him in the carriage, he frequently fancied he beheld her kneeling before him, with her countenance irradiated with immortality.—Though Edward was far from being a weak man, yet he could not obliterate the impression which the dream had made upon his fancy: and, in this instance, he freely indulged his feelings. He endeavoured to solve the mystery of the two young females who accompanied her; but was then obliged to acknowledge to himself that a dream of the night was no more to be regarded than a pleasing fable. The characters were as ideal, and the occurrences equally improbable.

On their arrival in London, Gertrude was infinitely surprised to find her sister Emma quite metamorphosed. She was dressed, or rather undressed, in the very extreme of the fashion. Her father looked at her for some time with silent astonishment, but at last exclaimed, "Emma, my love! you have discarded all your clothes!"—"I am scarcely in the fashion, sir," replied Emma.—"Fashion! what an absurd term given for folly! Never desire to be in the fashion, my love, when that fashion effaces every delicate trait in the female character. This levity

of dress would be disgusting in a single woman: what, then, must it be in a married woman?"

Emma burst into tears. "My dear father! I am sorry that I have offended you. but the impropriety you have marked out in my appearance, I had not myself observed. I have imperceptibly adopted the fashions, without considering their impropriety.—If Gertrude had continued with me, I should not have erred."

Mr. Lloyd tenderly embraced her. "I find," said he with a sigh, "you are yet in want of your kind mistress. I flattered myself that Edward would have taken that office after your sister's departure from town."—"He has, sir, been every thing to me," said Emma: "but a father and a husband do not see every circumstance in the same point of view."—"I allow, they do not in the first year of marriage," replied Mr. Lloyd: "but, afterwards, the prudence and particularities of the father blend in the husband's character."—"Not, I hope, to make him morose," said Emma.—"Then you think I am morose, my love?"—Emma blushed deeply. "No, sir," replied she: "it is your daughter, who is fretful and peevish."

Gertrude felt even more hurt at Emma's manner, than she had been at her dress: but to her own heart she was unwilling to allow that a few months could so materially change her beloved sister. She endeavoured to attribute it to her condition. "When Emma becomes a mother," she mentally said, "all these whims will be lost in affection for her child."

A few days after their arrival in town, Mr. Lloyd and Edward promised to dine at Kensington with Frederick. Emma's spirits on this occasion were unusually depressed; and every thing around her inspired

her with peevishness, which she freely vented upon her servants; and even a favorite dog, belonging to Edward, was an object of her wrath. — She had particularly requested that her husband would return home before seven o'clock: and, as he did not come at the exact time she had mentioned, she indulged her resentment upon every object around her, and uttered the most bitter complaints of his unfeeling cruelty. Her sister was amazed beyond expression at the unreasonableness of her conduct. — “You are serious,” said Emma. “What was the cause of that sigh, my dear Gertrude?” — “It was for the amiable sister I have lost.” — “I do not comprehend you: but I know, Gertrude, you are fond of metaphorical expressions.” — “I hope then you will forgive me, if I explain the metaphor.” — “Certainly: for I do not like any language but that which is simple and sincere.”

“When I parted from you a few months ago,” continued Gertrude, “I thought I was taking leave of the most affectionate sister, the best daughter, and the tenderest wife, existing: and, upon my return to town, I anticipated a joyful reunion with the friend and companion of my life — one, whose placid disposition was as estimable as it is now the reverse. The simplicity of her manners is exchanged for an affectation of sensibility. A servant walking across the room disorders her nerves: a favorite lap-dog must be beaten for snatching at the strings of her work-bag; and every carriage that passes the door excites her greatest displeasure. But these are trifles, when they are compared with her inattention to a good husband, and to a father who has made it the study of his life to contribute to her happiness.”

“Do not proceed on this subject, I beseech you, Gertrude. I confess

my errors: but I am miserable.” — “Miserable, my dear Emma! Nay, then, forgive me for wounding your feelings. But, I did not think that Edward would have made an unkind husband. I had fancied his disposition calculated to make any woman happy.” — “And so it is. There is not a more generous, noble temper in the world. It is not of him, I complain; it is of my own heart: but who can minister to a mind diseased?” — “If I puzzled you with my metaphor, I think I may with justice say, that my sister Emma’s expressions are far more difficult to unravel. You confess your happiness with the man you love; and, in the eye of reason, you possess every external comfort to confirm that happiness. And yet you ask me, who can minister to a mind diseased?” — “And I repeat the question. Who can change the current of our passions, and make them glide tranquilly through our bosoms, at the moment they are raging with the boisterous force of a troubled sea?”

“This language is perfectly new to me,” said Gertrude. “At the same time I comprehend the meaning of the allusion: and forgive me if I say that the disease of your mind, my dearest Emma, arises from a false indulgence of fancy, or that it has its source in idle habits. — Indolence is the parent of every baneful passion: it opens a thousand sluices into the heart, for repining, envy, and bitterness. If your time had been occupied in attention to your domestic concerns, or in those studies and interesting pursuits which increase our mental endowments, your home then would have been converted into an earthly Paradise. The smile of approbation in your husband’s countenance would have given energy to all your exertions; and your sickly fancy would have been exempt from

ideal misery. But," continued Gertrude, smiling affectionately upon her sister, "I hope the little stranger who is coming, will wean you from all your fancy-created cares, and convince you that the most delightful passions of the human heart are those heaven-inspired ones of conjugal, parental, and filial affection."

"If I had been blessed with your company, Gertrude, those emotions would have been as pure in my bosom as they will be in yours: but I almost think there is some material defect in my heart: for I am conscious what my duty consists in; though I seldom, unless when you are with me, have resolution or inclination to adhere to it."—"It is not a defect in your heart: for the Almighty, I am persuaded, never formed a vicious one:—you want firmness of mind to act up to what your reason dictates.—It is now highly requisite to exert the reason with which Providence has blessed you. You must not imagine that you require a prompter upon every occasion.—When you become a parent, you must think and act for yourself; and it will be your part to blend the natural affection of the mother, with the discrimination and the fortitude of a friend. If you indolently give up your child to the guidance of others, you must expect the consequences will prove fatal to the morals of the child, and hereafter destructive to your own happiness: for I am convinced that the ingratitude and bad habits of children originate in a great measure in the inattention or weak partiality of parents in their infancy and childhood."

"And yet," said Emma, sighing deeply at her own reflexions, "there are some passions of the human heart, which parental care and discrimination can neither counteract nor destroy."

—"In a very few instances it may be so. But the bounteous Almighty has created within us the noblest affections; and has then resigned them to the guidance and care of a good parent, to watch their growth, and pluck out every destructive weed which might prevent their expanding powers. Perhaps, as they ripen, the world may blast a few of their leaves: but the reviving summer of reason renovates their strength, and increases their loveliness."

"Your remark may be just in other cases: but you are a stranger to the passions, which, in the summer of reason, overpower a weaker sister."—"And, if that sister can acknowledge her weakness, I am convinced she possesses the power to conquer it. But I do not altogether understand the cause of your repining. What do you allude to? A good heart, and one that has been well instructed, cannot encourage bad passions: and, as for the imperfections I have complained of, they will soon wear away; and I trust, I shall again see my dear sister in possession of a contented spirit, and a wish to fulfill the duties of a wife and a mother, with honor to her husband, and with secret unbounded satisfaction to her own heart.—We are ordained by Providence to contribute to the happiness of domestic life: but, if we indolently give way to imaginary distresses, husbands and children may in vain expect comfort at home. I am convinced indeed, that the repining spirit of many wives has converted their husbands' love into hatred, and has likewise driven them to search for happiness in taverns, or among idle dissipated company, where their morals have been corrupted, and the future interests of their offspring entirely blasted.—A woman cannot be too studious to ca-

ment harmony among her own family, or too carefully avoid an appearance of discontent."

"Let us wave the subject, my dear Gertrude; for it is not in my power to make any confession satisfactory to you, or my own heart: but I will endeavour to become what you wish me, and what my conscience at this moment directs, as most consent to sisterly affection, and to virtue."

(To be continued.)

Apostrophè to Hope.

HOPE! dearest inmate of the soul! still be thou my constant companion; still linger in my soul, when the dark cloud of adversity shall overshadow me. Where thou art not, dark and dreary must be the breast of man, lost to all the best feelings of his nature: where thou art—and few among us are without thee, few so absorbed by despair, as not to know and feel thy influence—the mind is never totally without pleasure.—Is man in sickness? Thy finger points to the fair goddess of health, and thou whisperest in his ear that she will again visit him.—Is man in sorrow? Thy gentle soothings fall like Heaven's own language, upon his soul; and in fancy he beholds fair joy return again.—Is man in prison? has he lost his dearest privilege, liberty? Thou art still nigh: the bars that confine him cannot keep thee away. Thou breathest into his ears that best of balms, consolation. Liberty's return is thy theme; and the poor prisoner, beguiled by thy dulcet tongue, for a time thinks himself at large: till gloomy reality again returns to convince him of his error. Still thy inspirings have been pleasant to him, and have, for a time, lightened his load of grief.

Of all our possessions, thou art the dearest. Man will give up every

thing but thee. Hope he cannot part with; for, having thee, he has not, he cannot have, yielded up all. If danger or ill fortune be approaching us, thou art our shield and defence against them. Thou art one of the greatest proofs of the reason implanted in man, that great mark of his superiority over the brute creation; and he who could attempt to argue against this, would be laboring to reduce himself and his fellow creatures to a level with them. It is thine to inspire us with a foretaste of delight; and what can equal the joy, the transport we experience in anticipating scenes of felicity? Certainly not the enjoyment of what we expect; seldom does it equal the pleasure created by thee in imagination.

How superior art thou to that other inmate of the mind, despondence! thou art all-cheering, despondence all-dismaying: thou keepest all the faculties and feelings of our nature awake, and renderest our disposition cheerful; whereas despondence robs us of all our abilities, and prevents us from attempting to do things, which to have set about would have been to accomplish. Still then be mine, delightful Hope! let not despair ever take such hold of me, as to drive from my bosom so celestial an inmate as thou art. J. M. L.

The ADOPTED CHILD.

(Continued from page 411)

Mrs. Mercil's History.

"MY father was a respectable planter in Jamaica; my mother, the daughter of a private gentleman, who, at his death, left her totally unprovided for.—Esteemed and admired, her situation excited universal-sympathy.—She had long been the object of my father's choice; but, offended by the pride of my grandfather, he had never declared

his passion.—Her virtues were increased by calamity; and, as soon as decency would permit, he made her an offer of his hand and fortune.—Sensible of his worth, she had not been indifferent to his attentions; and the motives which hastened their union, did honor to my father's principles.—He had previously arranged his plan, and, very soon after their marriage, put it into execution, by discharging the whole of my grandfather's debts.—Their happiness was proverbial, and their domestic felicity uninterrupted, till my appearance.—I was the youngest of three: and my mother's health was so much impaired by my birth, that the physicians advised an immediate voyage to England, as the only mean of restoring it.—Alarmed by their report, and to prevent the necessity of returning, my father parted with his slaves, sold all his property, turned every thing into specie, and with his wealth embarked with my mother, brother, and sister, on board a vessel, in which he had a share, and very soon quitted the island.

“I was therefore reluctantly consigned to the care of my father's sister, who was married, and settled at Kingston: and from her I learned these particulars.

“They had not sailed many days from Jamaica, before a storm arose, which proved fatal. . . The vessel was wrecked; and every soul on board perished.

“Unconscious of the loss, my infant years passed happily.—My uncle and aunt having no children, their tenderness devolved on me; and their affection was so truly parental, that my mind, even at this distant period, dwells with grateful satisfaction on the recollection.

“No sentiment embittered my early years, but the knowledge of

my uncle's tyranny: for, though kind and gentle to *us*, he was a harsh and unfeeling master to his hapless slaves.—Blinded by pride, his passions knew no restraint: his will was law; and on this principle he generally acted. His slaves groaned in secret, and, bowed down by oppression, concealed, under a show of submission, their irritated feelings: and my aunt, when pitying their sufferings, lamented the policy that influenced them.

“My uncle watched their labors with a scrutinising eye—this discouraging inspection checked every generous exertion, and was followed by consequences which ultimately proved injurious to his interest.—Conscious of his own industry, the husband of my nurse seldom noticed his presence, and by his indefatigable perseverance gave rise to suspicion.—My uncle knew not the feelings of an independent mind, and, unable to appreciate his merits, charged him with dissimulation. . . Fired by this unexpected imputation, Carlos uttered an expression indicative of his feelings: and my uncle, incensed by his freedom, imprudently struck him. The blow was never forgotten; and the slaves, ripe for revolt, and exasperated at the insult offered to their favorite, vowed a cruel revenge.

“Our annual removal into the country was usually distinguished by a festivity, in which the meanest slave was permitted to participate: and this was the period fixed on for our destruction.

“Every countenance wore a smile; and, deceived by the general satisfaction, my uncle relaxed in his wonted vigilance.—We retired to rest, and were fallen asleep, when the cry of fire, accompanied by the most piercing shrieks, awakened us.—This was followed by loud and ex-

ulting shouts. — My nurse clung round me, and in a fearful tone exclaimed, ‘They have murdered Massa.’—Ere I could move, the chamber door was opened; and several slaves, covered with blood, and headed by Carlos, entered.

“Trembling and faint, I tried to hide myself: but Carlos, perceiving my terror, cried out, ‘No be afraid! me will defend you, or me will die with you!’

“This intimation saved my life. —I was ordered immediately to depart with my nurse into the woods; and, the moment we quitted the house, they set fire to it.—Carlos attempted to rescue my aunt from their fury: but she perished in the flames.

“So daring an act did not long remain undiscovered. The ring-leaders were taken and executed.

“As Carlos was conveyed to the place of execution, he disclosed the secret of our concealment, and implored, with an affecting earnestness, that some of my father’s friends would take us under their protection.”

A deep sigh escaped Mrs. Mervil, when she came to this part of her narrative: but she quickly resumed —“We were removed from the wood, and taken immediately into the family of Mr. Dupont.

“The death of my uncle and aunt made a mournful impression. They had fostered my youth, and afforded me every indulgence.—My nurse tried to console me; but, in her consolation, there was a sadness, which betrayed her secret anguish. Believing (after a time) that *I* was happy, and no longer able to support the remembrance of her own loss, she terminated her existence, and was found hanging near the spot where Carlos was executed.

“As I loved her most affectionately, my grief was excessive, and

for many days I wept incessantly. By degrees, however, I became reconciled, and reached my sixteenth year, without having cause to lament my former condition.

“Mr. Dupont lost his wife very soon after my introduction into his family, which was gradually lessened by the deaths of three daughters, and a son; and, at the period to which I am now alluding, our circle consisted only of Mr. Dupont, his eldest son, and two daughters.

“To an education superior to my expectations, Mr. Dupont added his own instructions. — The kindness which stimulated him to take me under his protection, never relaxed: he continued uniformly the mild preceptor, and zealous friend. His philanthropy was universal; and his life benevolently useful.—The intelligence of his conversation amused, while it instructed; and in the soundness of his judgement many confided.

“His son resembled him; and it was impossible to respect the one without esteeming the other.—The beauty of Miss Dupont excited admiration: but the disposition of her sister Amelia created esteem.

“Mr. Dupont’s society was courted, and his house frequented, by the best and most respectable families in Kingston. Among the number of our constant visitors was the Honorable Mr. Mervil, Regimental business had introduced him to Mr. James Dupont; and their acquaintance was gradually improved into a lasting friendship.

“Mr. Dupont justly appreciated the advantages of rank, yet attached no value to distinction, unless preceded by merit.—Mr. Mervil’s qualifications were of the highest order, and obtained his particular regard. Although Mr. Mervil and I frequently conversed together, he concealed

his partiality for me, lest my inclinations should be influenced by a supposition of his independence.—Mr. Dupont observed the progress of our mutual attachment; and, when the regiment received orders to prepare for quitting the island within two months, he approved Mr. Mervil's declaration.—With a generosity peculiar to himself, he presented me with five thousand pounds. It was in vain that Mr. Mervil and I objected: he declared it a sacred deposit, and that he was indebted for it to my father's friendship.

"Mr. Mervil insisted on the whole being settled upon me; which Mr. Dupont opposed, saying that occasions of promotion would offer: but no arguments could induce him to reserve more than two thousand pounds, as he declared that he had no expectations, and repeated, with a sigh, that his sword was his only inheritance.

"We were shortly after married; and an order came for immediate embarkation. With many tears, and much regret, we parted with my revered guardian and his family."

Marina unwillingly availed herself of Mrs. Mervil's momentary silence, to request that she might be permitted to hear the remainder of her story the next afternoon.

The following afternoon, Marina again visited the cottage, and Mrs. Mervil resumed her story.

"The birth of a daughter, a twelvemonth after our arrival at Gibraltar, revived those feelings which the silence of his father had nearly subdued; and Mr. Mervil determined to avail himself of his sister's recent marriage, to congratulate her, and at the same time remind her of an early promise. In the letter which he addressed to her, he inclosed one to the earl, his father, in which he mentioned the addition to

his family, and pleaded, with all the energy of filial affection, for permission to introduce me.—The fatal answer arrived, and contained such convincing evidence of his father's inflexibility, as made me shudder. After reprobating our marriage as an act of disobedience, he expressed a doubt of its legality; and concluded by saying, that the descendant of a planter should never inherit a shilling of his property. The proud earl being disappointed in his scheme of uniting Mr. Mervil with the heiress of a noble house, his ambition was mortified; and, influenced by the insinuations of his eldest son, he considered *me* as the cause of his disappointment.

"Though I sensibly felt Mr. Mervil's disinterested attachment, my pride did not acknowledge the implied degradation. He uniformly spoke of the lady alluded to in terms of fraternal regard: but delicacy prevented my inquiries on the subject; and it was seldom renewed.—Occupied in the economic arrangements of our family (which the birth of two more children at different periods had rendered necessary), I had no wish to mix in the gay circles around me. The tenderness of Mr. Mervil, and the smiles of my children, more than repaid every prudential sacrifice. But, alas! when contemplating the opening virtues of my little ones, my vanity received a melancholy chastisement: by an epidemic fever we lost them all!

"The distraction of Mr. Mervil is not to be described. He took to his bed; and, during the paroxysms of a violent fever, his mind constantly reverted to the letter which contained his father's malediction. If at any time I quitted the room, to indulge the feelings of maternal regret, his ravings obliged me instantly to return.—In pity, however, to

my sufferings, Heaven spared his life; and, as his reason gradually returned, his grief became less poignant. — ‘They are gone, Fanny,’ (he would say) ‘to plead our cause at a more merciful tribunal.’”

Here Mrs. Mervil paused, and said with emotion, “I fear, Miss Cavendish, I become tedious: but, I wish to unfold to you Mr. Mervil’s character.”

Marina assured her that she felt interested in her history: and Mrs. Mervil thus continued—

“Mr. Mervil’s recovery being perfected, he again returned to his military vocation. In the performance of his duty he was indefatigable: the canker that preyed on his heart, never proved detrimental to his profession: he had devoted himself to his country; and her interest became his own.

“The death of Miss Dupont, and the marriage of Amelia, interrupted for a time our mutual correspondence; and, prior to the birth of my son, we received the account of my guardian’s death—an event, which we both most sincerely lamented.

“The graces of my blooming boy soon awakened in the breast of his father all that parental solicitude which had formerly given me so much pleasure; and, having the offer of a majority, he immediately made the purchase. This promotion gave an additional spur to his exertions: every vacant hour he dedicated to the improvement of his son; and, adopting the pious system, ‘enjoining early culture,’ he pointed out to him the path he was to pursue.

“Necessity, not choice, had engaged Mr. Mervil in the military service: but, in his paternal instructions, he never inculcated an idea derogatory to the honor of a soldier; on the contrary, he exalted the profession, by the picture which he drew of its national importance. In

addition to these valorous incentives, he impressed every moral obligation, and, from the correctness of his sentiments, instilled every noble principle.

“William had now reached his eighth year; and Mr. Mervil, by the death of a superior officer, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. This promotion, and the acknowledged merit of his son, determined Mr. Mervil to undertake a voyage to England. Leave of absence was readily obtained; and, in the first ship that sailed from Gibraltar for a British port, we took our passage.

“The weather was calm and serene; and, as the vessel glided swiftly through the waters, Mr. Mervil became silent; but, when his native country appeared in view, the manly tear, which bedewed his cheek, explained the nature of his feelings.—Born an Englishman, the soil was endeared to him by absence; and, when he landed, this national preference was marked by an enthusiasm which no language can describe.

“As soon as we had taken some refreshment, a chaise was ordered; and we reached London the next day about noon.—I waited at a coffee-house, till lodgings were procured; and, in less than an hour, we were settled in comfortable apartments in Pall Mall.—After dinner, Mr. Mervil left me.—The moment he was gone, I became dispirited; and, when our old servant arrived, whom we had left at the coffee-house, I was in some degree prepared for his melancholy intelligence. He informed me that the Earl of Daruly had been dead more than three months. I anticipated Mr. Mervil’s distress, on hearing of his father’s death; and every hour my perturbation increased.

(To be continued.)

The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.

(Continued from page 414.)

CHAP. 30.

Duty demands, the parents' voice
Should sanctify the daughter's choice;
In that, is due obedience shown:
To choose belongs to her alone. *Moore,*
Here Patience, gentle maid, is nigh,
To calm the storm, and wipe the eye;
Hope acts the kind physician's part,
And warms the solitary heart;
Points out the balance on the whole:
And Heaven rewards the struggling soul. *Cotton.*

FREDERIC's letter did not reach Manningdale till the post after the baronet had quitted it to escort his daughter to Ireland. Five days, beyond the usual period of receiving answers to Yorkshire letters, elapsed without bringing one; and the writer's anxiety increased to a most painful degree. He began to magnify apprehended danger into certain evil; and his impatience arose to such a pitch, as to determine him at length upon setting off for Sir William's seat, if he did not receive a reply by the next morning.

The next morning, however, instead of the so much expected epistle, he received one from Mr. Herbert, which at once decided his plans. He had written to that gentleman at an early period of his recovery, to inform him where he was, and to account for his apparent neglect in not having done it sooner. He knew not, that, while he was dancing attendance upon the unfeeling, worldly-minded Lord Dellington, the amiable baroness, and her no less worthy husband, with a silent but steady friendship, which, avoiding professions, sought only to render service, had been employing themselves to discover some appointment, which should alike employ and remunerate the abilities of their young friend.

A patent place under government was now found out. To obtain it,

both interest and money were requisite: but Mr. Herbert had sufficient of each to obtain a promise of the refusal; and he now answered Frederic's letter, to consult him upon the subject, and to know if he could sufficiently conquer his repugnance to Ireland, to live there again as a man of business; as, in case he could, the appointment only awaited his acceptance. To have that signified in person (he added) would render it doubly welcome to his lady and himself: and he seriously recommended, that, if he was sufficiently recovered to travel, he should immediately try the effect of an entire change of air and scene, and spend some time with them at Castle Rossford. He then entered into some family intelligence, of his children's improvement, of projected alterations in his grounds, and other subjects, in which a domestic man naturally indulges, when writing to a correspondent whom he supposes interested in his concerns; while, as a mere common-place circumstance, he concluded by saying, "We are in daily expectation of seeing my uncle, Sir William Monson, and his daughter, the loveliest girl I ever beheld."

What a tumult did this sentence excite in the breast of him to whom it was thus so accidentally addressed! Not a moment was lost in his decision; and, as soon as possible, he was upon the road to Holyhead. Still, however, the joyful agitation of his mind, and the rapidity of his journey, exceeded his strength: feverish symptoms ensued; and he was most reluctantly obliged to stop a few days at Chester, as the physician whom he consulted, assured him that his life was at stake, and that it was only by rest and quietness he had a chance of surmounting such an attack.

Notwithstanding the progress Fre-

deric had made in philosophy and resignation, he was not yet so much of an optimist as to rejoice in this delay. He did not, however, swerve so far from his newly-acquired principles, as to depart, (which at one period he would have done) even at the hazard of his life: but he soothed some tedious hours, before he had his physician's permission to resume his journey, by writing to Lady Rossford and Mr. Herbert, to whom, for the first time, he now made an unreserved disclosure on every point. He testified his warmest gratitude for such a proof as he had received of their friendship, and declared his readiness to accept the place, provided it should be agreeable to Miss Monson, whom he hoped to make the arbitress of his future plans: at the same time, in the most earnest terms, he besought their intercession in his favor.

It may easily be conceived that the surprise, occasioned by this avowal, was great: but its effect upon Lady Rossford was immediate. A man, whom she had once selected for herself, she could not, in a state of reformation, think unworthy of her friend. As the husband of another, she knew that she might evince the warmth of friendship which she entertained for him; while, at present, notwithstanding the generous confidence of Mr. Herbert, she feared it might subject her to the misconstructions of the world. In attempting to prevail upon Julia to accept him, she believed she should do her utmost for the happiness of both. Though Mr. Saint-Villiers's proposals had been made known to her, she had never entered into their acceptance with that warmth which Sir William hoped to excite, when he descanted upon the advantages of the connexion, and the merits of the gentleman. A secret prejudice against him, for which she could not ra-

tionally account, had always lurked in her ladyship's mind, since he had been the instrument of her early favorite's degradation. She felt a kind of repugnance to any sort of connexion with either him or his father; for, though she had so long believed Frederic unworthy, still a powerful interest was excited in his fate; and she felt a sort of abhorrence to those who had rendered him unfortunate.

Sir William had entreated, that, when his daughter should be left solely to her care, she would, as occasions arose, exert her influence in behalf of Mr. Saint-Villiers: but this sort of prepossession would at any rate have prevented her becoming his advocate; and now, when his hopes could only advance by the overthrow of his brother's, she was as anxious to counteract the one, as to forward the other.

For this purpose, therefore, accompanying Miss Monson when she retired to her chamber for the night, her ladyship revealed every thing that she knew respecting her lover, besought her to determine for herself, and not be persuaded into a union, to which she had hitherto felt too great a repugnance to accede.

"Are you not departing from your own arguments?" at length said Julia, when she found that some reply was expected.

"By no means," returned Lady Rossford. "You have frequently heard me argue on the folly of permitting a first disappointment to blast our hopes for ever, and on the absurdity of supposing that connubial happiness can only be attained by such a violent passion, as is seldom the offspring of a second attachment. But you, Julia, have not met with a disappointment, and are more positively assured, than ever, of an attachment, which, I am well convinced, is not lavished on

one indifferent to its truth. "Tell me honestly, if the struggles between your duty and your inclinations do not cost you dear, and if you could, with honor to either of the brothers, accept him you love not."

Julia could listen no longer to this discourse: but it left her in a state of mind more torturing to her feelings, than she had ever before experienced. Yet, amid her various contending sensations, the satisfaction of finding that the man, whom in her heart she revered, was no impostor, no unworthy pretender to her affection; predominated over every other feeling. The expected delight of seeing him again danced before her fancy in the brightest colors, till checked by the reflection that her renewing an acquaintance with him at a distance from her family, and as it were clandestinely, would wear the appearance of insincerity and deception. The idea of her promise to her father, "never to marry without his approbation," weighed forcibly upon her mind: and she felt, that to expose herself to such an influence as might tempt her to break it, would be encountering a danger, in which however she might act, her peace of mind would infallibly be wrecked. Had she not been apprised of Frederic's arrival, she must then have done her best to extricate herself from a perplexing situation: but to await it voluntarily, she thought, was wilfully involving herself in contention and distress.

Sir William was to set out on his return home the next day but one. Frederic could always follow, could always apply for his sanction to their affection. If refused, she trusted that the power which ordained the blow, would always support her under it. To abide by the decision of the tenderest of fathers, in this

concern, had long been her firm determination: but her mind, by this last occurrence, was so decided upon refusing Mr. Saint-Villiers, that she immediately sat down to her *secrétaire*, and wrote to him in such terms, as, she trusted, would convince him that their union could not promote his felicity.

Early the next morning, she met her father, and, with all the firmness she could assume, entreated permission to accompany him back on the following day.

Though her society always afforded the greatest pleasure that Sir William could enjoy, he would not, solely for his own gratification, countenance what appeared the mere offspring of caprice; and, telling her that he highly disapproved such irresolution and perpetual change of plan; inquired what motive could prompt her request.

Julia at once saw both the necessity and the propriety of making a confidant of her father. She therefore told him that she would not expose herself to the solicitations of a man whom he disapproved: for, however great might be the merit of resisting temptations, she preferred the humbler one of avoiding them. She knew not (she said) whether she was at liberty to reveal *who* the gentleman in question really was: but thus much, on Lady Rossford's authority, she was enabled to affirm, that his birth was such, as no family need look down upon; and, for the misfortune which had at a very early period overclouded his prospects, he was more deserving of sympathy than condemnation. "I say this, however, my dear sir," pursued she, "rather to clear myself from the suspicion of having harboured a degrading attachment, than to implore its indulgence. Whatever may be my feelings, they shall never

influence my conduct in defiance of the best of parents. On him I now lean for protection: I only wish to be sheltered by his care; and I only claim a privilege, which indeed I have already exercised—that of forever concluding the affair with Mr. Saint-Villiers.—It is more than ever repugnant to my principles, as I feel myself utterly incapable of ever making him a due return of affection.”

Sir William clasped his beloved girl to his heart; and now, indeed, did he see those precepts of honor and virtue, which it had been the study of his life to inculcate, already budding forth with a vigor that promised the highest perfection.

By the same post that had brought Lady Rossford and Mr. Herbert their letters from Frederic Saint-Villiers, Sir William also received that for himself, which had gone to Manningdale, and was now forwarded thence. In the candor it evinced, he saw much to applaud: yet a frankness of disposition, and a violent attachment to Julia, seemed insufficient reasons for bestowing her on a man whose character, in other respects, was (at least) doubtful, and who had incurred a degree of censure from the world, which was wholly against his pretensions to such a woman as he aspired to possess. The two first recommendations, Sir William concluded, might readily be found in other suitors, with fewer objections to balance against them: yet still, in spite of this chain of reasoning, he felt more interested for the petitioner, than he was willing to acknowledge even to himself; and he almost longed to reward an affection which was now avowedly mutual. Then again, when this last instance of his daughter's conduct displayed her excellence in still stronger colors, the conviction demanded additional caution in transferring it from his

own charge to that of another. Her well-regulated mind, he doubted not, would enable her to conquer her unfortunate partiality, if marked by his explicit disapprobation, and not fostered by any intercourse with its object. His own wishes still pointed to the elder Saint-Villiers, whose unblemished rectitude gave additional lustre to his rank. Yet he acquiesced with Julia's resignation; in which compliance, however, he felt that he yielded much, and fancied that no further sacrifice was incumbent upon him. Contenting himself, therefore, with bestowing the praises she had so justly merited, he promised to excuse her departure to Lady Rossford, and that they should set off together the following day.

In vain did her ladyship, after this resolution was announced, use her utmost persuasions to detain Miss Mouson, at least till she should have seen her lover.

“He knows where I reside; and through no other channel than that of my father will I ever receive his addresses,” was Julia's invariable reply.

Though Lady Rossford was momentarily hurt by this steadiness, she saw its motive was so laudable, that it was not in her nature to resent it; and, when she found her guests unalterably fixed on going off the following morning, she proposed that Mr. Herbert and herself should accompany them as far as Dublin, where they were to sleep the first night.

(To be continued.)

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 418.)

The Hon. Mr. Fortescue, to Sir Henry Hastings.

Paris.

A THOUSAND congratulations attend you, my dear Hastings, from

your friends on this side of the water. —Tell my cousin, your lovely bride, that she does not do me justice, if she is not sensible that my heart beats with the warmest wishes for her happiness. Conjugal felicity, my dear friend, is surely the most perfect felicity on this side the grave. I once fondly, perhaps too fondly, indulged the hope of being early settled in that happy state: and my disappointment, I own, still hangs heavy on my mind. But, though thus disappointed in my first wishes, my heart will yet do justice to a woman with half Miss Lenox's accomplishments.

We have staid much longer in Paris than we had intended; for Mr. La Roche could not settle his affairs so expeditiously as he wished. —I think that good man is still very unhappy: he cannot forget his lost son. —I do all in my power to allure him into company, to draw him out of a too intent contemplation on his misfortunes. “I feel your kind attention to me, my dear Fortescue,” said he to me the other day: “but the recollection of my poor boy hangs too closely about my heart. Mine is not a case in which the common efforts of time and reason can have their usual effects. The more I think, the more I am tormented by the uncertainty of my child's fate.” —What can I say in reply to this? I have, however, sometimes the pleasure of seeing his countenance brighten with a smile at the serious philosopher, my brother; and he is sometimes amused with the frolics of that volatile being, Lenox. These young men have met with so many amusements in this polite capital, that they have made a longer stay here than, I believe, the respectable gentleman who attends them thought necessary.

I fancy you will not see me for some time, as Mr. La Roche has

just informed me of his intention to pay one more visit to his native country, and begs that I will accompany him, if agreeable to my Lord Beaumont. My father, I am sure, will have no objection; and I own that I enjoy the thoughts of this tour. —You tell me that Middleton has been in Scotland for some time. I shall certainly see him: but you have not mentioned what part of the country he is in. I shall therefore write to Sydney for information on this subject.

Adieu! This letter is but short: but I suppose, that, at this time, you can very well excuse my brevity. —Mr. La Roche begs you and your lady's acceptance of his best wishes: and you are to tell Miss Lenox from him, that she possesses the first place in a heart, in which time and misfortunes have made miserable havoc. —Yours sincerely, FORTESCUE.

Mr. Middleton, to Philip Sydney, Esq.

You tell me, Sydney, that you have concluded in your own mind, from my long silence, that, instead of a trip into Scotland, as I am somewhat of a projector, I have taken a journey into Siberia, to draw up a plan of cultivation for some part of that immense country, for the benefit of the Empress of Russia. I cry you mercy, my friend: I feel no desire to fertilise any part of her Russian Majesty's dominions. How then, you will ask, am I to account for not writing? It is true, I have been here eight months, and have written to you but once in that time. You may remember, that, in my last letter, I told you, it would probably be some time before you should hear from me again; as, during the summer months, I thought I should have a great deal of business upon my hands, but of such a nature as would

not afford any very interesting topics for an epistolary correspondence.

I know, then, that I have settled affairs here entirely to my own satisfaction, and, I hope, to that of my patron,—I remembered that I thought of continuing at Inverness: but I soon altered my mind, as I had an opportunity of having very comfortable apartments in the house of a respectable old man. I find this very convenient, as it is in the centre of my lord's estate, about four miles from Inverness. Imagination cannot conceive a finer spot than this. You know that I had always a predilection for this country: therefore you may believe me that I am very happy, though almost secluded from society. I have finished matters with Maclean, my lord's steward, more amicably than I had expected, from the haughtiness of his manner at our first interview. He is certainly a villain, Sydney; and fear operates powerfully on vile and sordid minds. Maclean no sooner found that there was more than a probability of his being compelled to refund part of his ill-gotten wealth, than he was as humble and obsequious as possible. It was now my time to take advantage of his abject spirit. I therefore told him, that, if he would deliver in his accounts to me, whether settled or not, and would cancel most of the new-made leases (which were not only oppressive to some and partial to others of the tenants, but likewise greatly injurious to the interest of Lord Melrother), I was commissioned by my lord, in consideration of his being an old servant, to give him a discharge from any further inquiry.

He made some little demur at first about the leases, which, he said, it would be an act of the highest injustice to wrest from the tenants, and what he could not do.—I told him

he must settle that business, but that those were positively the only terms on which he and I could come to an accommodation; and if he did not choose to comply with them, I must pursue other means. When he found there was no alternative, he acceded, though with a bad grace, to these conditions.—I understood that some pretty warm altercation had taken place between him and several of the tenants, and that he was forced to part with a good deal of money before he could get matters finally adjusted. Poor old Donald—the servant who came with me—it would be difficult to describe his joy, when he found his friend, my present host, relieved from oppression. The simple yet affecting eulogium he passed on me, gave me an infinite deal more satisfaction than the smiles of the greatest man in power could do. “I told you, McLeod,” cried he, “that Maister Middleton was a good lad: I have watched him from his infancy, and saw that he had a heart to feel, and a head to redress, the injuries of the poor. I therefore knew, that, when my lord gave him power, he would bring joy into my country.”

I was greatly hurt, on my first arrival here, in witnessing numberless scenes of poverty and distress: but I find these scenes are too common in this and many other countries: but this must be the case, where the most numerous and useful part of society, the husbandman and the industrious mechanic, are neglected by those who have interest and abilities to protect them, and are left to the tyranny of an ignorant and rapacious set of men, who have nothing else in view but their own emolument.

You will ask me perhaps, as I cannot be always engaged in business, what amusements I have for my hours of relaxation.—The people I

am with are an honest and inoffensive family; and there is not an individual of them, I am firmly convinced, who would not cheerfully sacrifice their own interest to promote my gratification and comfort. Every thing about me is conducted with that neatness and regularity which you know I am so fond of; and I really spend a great many hours in conversation with my two old Scotchmen; and to see the satisfaction that beams on their countenances, and the consequence they seem to feel, when I ask them questions, is, I assure you, no small source of amusement to me. Old people love to talk, and to be attended to: therefore the patience with which I listen to their long stories, is very grateful to them.—I love music, and am passionately fond of the old tunes peculiar to this country. My host has a grandson, who lives with him—a fine intelligent lad about twelve years old, of whom I am very fond; and he is so attached to me, that, by his own good will, he would never leave me. This boy has a fine voice: I have taught him to sing to my flute; and there is hardly a favorite Scotch air which he cannot now sing with some degree of taste and judgment. If you had any taste, Sydney, for those scenes of simple nature which Goldsmith so agreeably describes—were you here, you would think them realised—Could you see me, on a fine summer's evening, seated on a hillock, surrounded with towering firs, and majestic hills which extend as far as the eye can reach—I behold with rapture the azure expanse, pure, and unobscured with your southern fogs. Here I amuse myself with my flute, while my young companion accompanies me with his voice, so sweet, yet so powerful, that the distant hills echo back the harmonious strains; while

McLeod and Donald listen with the utmost delight in their countenances, and the good old woman and her grand-daughter come forth, after the fatigues of the day, and seat themselves on the bench at their door, and think there is not in this world greater felicity than what they then enjoy. I have a pretty good collection of books; and I have a great deal of writing: for, as I wish to make my proceedings quite clear to Lord Malcombe, I am very particular.—Thus, my friend, you see I could not be a prey to *ennui*, even if I had no other source of amusement than what I have related.

But I have one still more valuable mine, from which I extract so much pleasure and improvement, that, while Heaven continues this rich gift here on earth, I will never quit the spot. Know then, Sydney, that I have found a friend possessed of a social, an intelligent, an enlightened mind, who has been for years buried in obscurity,

“The world forgetting, by the world forgot”——

known only to a few of the industrious Highlanders about him, to whom he safely entrusts the secret of his retirement. In the still, retired calm of domestic life, the least variation from the usual regular order of things cannot pass unobserved. Mine host is so very exact in his method, that each hour of the day has its particular business. From my apartments, I have a very fine view of the country; and I had, from my window, frequently observed McLeod, after his hour of dinner, walk across a large field, and enter a wood at the extremity of it. For some time, this passed unthought on, till I perceived that these walks were constant and regular, on the same day and hour every week. I felt my curiosity awake. The air of mystery and silence, at-

tending these periodical walks, made me wish to know the cause of them : but I was very well convinced that my good old friend had his reasons for his silence to me. I therefore took no notice that I had observed his walks, nor even endeavoured to trace his steps in the wood. I had been so accustomed to see him set off on his expedition, that, one day, as I stood at my window, I looked at my watch, and found it was past the usual hour. I wondered at this, but presently heard his well-known rap at the door. I bid him come in ; and, notwithstanding the silence I had enjoined myself, I could not help saying to him, “ How comes it, M’Leod, that I see you at this time ? is not this the day, and about the hour, that you take your accustomed walk through yonder field ? ” — “ The hour is past, sir,” replied he ; “ and I am happy to say I have at last obtained permission to acquaint you where that walk leads to, and why I was so profoundly silent to you ; for I was sure you must have observed me, and must have wondered at my reserve. But, sir, that was a secret I was not at liberty to disclose ; or Maister Middleton should long ago have known it. I have been many years sworn to secrecy by one of the most respectable, the most valuable of mankind,—Cast your eyes on that hill, sir : a little beyond it, has lived, for a number of years, the honored friend of M’Leod, the friend of the unfortunate, the benevolent Laird of Calderwood. What drove him to this solitude, or what are his reasons for choosing to live secluded from the world, I know not : it was enough for me, and the few poor Highlanders whom he honors with his notice, to know that he wishes the place of his retirement ever to remain a secret. Even death, without his consent, should not have forced

a discovery from me. I am the only one who attend him regularly ; which I do by his own desire, on the day that you have observed me. The other poor people go only when they want his assistance or advice ; and he is always happy to be of service to them.—I transact what little business he has at Inverness ; and he has sometimes letters to send and to receive. Pardon me, sir : I fear I tire you with my tedious harangue : but my heart has long been anxious to bring you and him acquainted.”

I had listened to M’Leod with the most profound attention ; and I impatiently longed to hear the conclusion of his tale : I therefore begged of him to proceed, and to be as particular as possible, for that I felt myself greatly interested in what he was relating.

“ Know then, sir,” continued he, “ that, when you came into this country, and brought joy and happiness to all around—when you bade peace, content, and plenty, to smile once more in old M’Leod’s cottage—my heart, glowing with gratitude, could not be at peace till it vented its overflowings in the ear of the Laird of Calderwood. He listened to me patiently : he joyed in my joy, and thanked Heaven for having given his poor Highlanders such a friend. But this did not satisfy me : I had hopes that he would have expressed a desire of seeing you, and was mortified that he did not ; for M’Leod would have been proud to have introduced his two best friends to each other. I was fearful of offending him ; or I should have mentioned the wish nearest my heart. Every time I went, he would ask me questions about you, and seemed to listen with pleasure to your praises. At last I took courage to ask him if he would permit me to bring you with me to see him. He started. ‘ Ha !

M'Leod! have you disclosed my retirement?—'No,' I replied, 'nor ever will, but with Your Honor's consent. A principle of gratitude made me wish you to grant this favor to Maister Middleton: I am sure it would be a pleasure to him; and the poor lad can have none here but what his compassionate heart feels in doing good.'—'No! no! M'Leod! it must not be. Let the evening of my days pass on in peace.—If this young man is such as you describe him, he must have near and dear connexions, that will soon call him from this country: and, though age and solitude have blunted the poignancy of my feelings, yet there may be still a little of that warmth left which animated my youth—one little spark, which might possibly kindle into a flame of affection, on an acquaintance with this young man's worth, and then what might I not feel, if he quitted me? Let me not then voluntarily seek any thing that will interrupt the peaceful slumbers of approaching death. I cannot see thy friend, M'Leod: I wish him well: but let him not know that there is such a being in existence as the Laird of Calderwood.'—I could not altogether deny the justness of his arguments: but I endeavoured submissively to prevail on him to grant my request.—The conversation on this subject was often renewed; and, though he would attend very patiently to what I said, he would not comply with my entreaties. At length, however, about an hour ago, just as I was going, as usual, to see him, his old servant brought me a note from his master; and, to my great joy, the contents were, that he should be glad to see me to-morrow, and my friend with me. Will this be agreeable to you, sir? I think you will be pleased with the Laird's conversation. I should be very hap-

py to procure you some gratification; for I am sure you have not been used to such society as you are now with."

I pressed the hand of this honest old man, and thanked him in the warmest terms for his grateful attention to me; and assured him that nothing could give me half so much satisfaction, as my being introduced to the acquaintance of his recluse.

(To be continued.)

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS
of the Sixteenth Century.*

(Continued from page 402.)

AMONG their number was Aldamore, one of the chiefs of the states. He was possessed of boundless wealth; but, envious, timid, and superstitious, he wished to degrade the heroic souls of the Batavians to a level with his own servile sentiments. Jealous of the glory they had acquired without his participation, and which they were about to render still more brilliant by rushing with such generous ardor into the most dangerous career that war had ever opened for the daring efforts of mortals—he on every occasion studiously labored to multiply the obstacles which might bar their way. Deeply versed in all the insidious wiles of oratory, he possessed the art of dazzling the eyes of his audience; and the sweetness of honey disguised the subtle poison which flowed from his lips.

"Would to heaven," said he, "that we could at this very hour emancipate ourselves from the Spanish tyranny! None here present more ardently wishes for that happy event, than I: but those who only aspire to display elevated sentiments, do not sufficiently reflect, that, in the pursuit of the object they have in view, they sometimes transgress the bounds prescribed by nature. The truly wise man is not less great when

he prudently turns aside, to avoid insurmountable obstacles, and attain his end by a more certain though less splendid road—or when, after having exhausted all the resources of valour and fortitude, he forms a truce with Fortune, whom he sees obstinately perseverant in thwarting his designs—and, unshaken by the storms of calamity, patiently awaits a more favorable moment, to gain possession of those blessings which he has a right to claim, but of which she makes him dearly purchase the enjoyment.

“I admire the intrepidity of Nassau and of all our warriors, whom a succession of disasters is unable to divert from the glorious career into which their courage has hurried them. When two provinces alone, united as two friends ready to sacrifice themselves for their common safety, ventured to sustain the shock of the entire force of Spain, the attack of a world of enemies, it was, no doubt, a great, a heroic enterprise: and, if any stronger epithet can be found, which is more expressive of admiration, I will not hesitate to bestow it: but perhaps I may at length be allowed to declare that the enterprise was too daring and hazardous. What name then shall we give to it at present? Of those two provinces, the one, after having signally displayed her courage, has been swallowed up before our eyes—is no longer in existence—and scarcely has left a vestige behind. What will be the fate of the other province, now left alone to deplore that loss? The forest is torn up by the roots: a single tree yet stands erect: shall it singly struggle against the storm?

“The vigilance of Alva cannot be eluded a second time. Preceded by the most dreadful calamity, he rapidly marches through our lands, while his fleet as rapidly flies over the sea

to our destruction. Courageous Zealand! thou liest buried in the waves; while, with the violence of torrents, two armies advance against us, the sound of whose march already strikes our ears: and soon shall we see ramparts, cities, towns, villages, this very fort where we now sit deliberating, and which you think alone sufficient to arrest their furious career—soon shall we see them fall before the attacks of those fierce invaders—involved in one common ruin—utterly annihilated.

“Do you imagine our enemies will suddenly retire? or, in their retreat, will not carry off every thing valuable that we possess—even that liberty, which is so highly extolled, and which we are laboring to recover, but of which men often embrace the shadow alone, gaining nothing more by their exertions than a change of tyrants—seductive phantom, calculated to allure the multitude, and whose value is enhanced in their estimation by the difficulty, the impossibility, of obtaining it?

“The calamity, of which our associate lies the victim, has, with respect to us, swallowed up as it were the whole of the Batavian and Belgic provinces. Before that disaster, they hesitated to share in our fate: at present they congratulate themselves on their fortunate delay; and, chilled with affright, they (perhaps not without reason) consider that scourge—the severest of those which have yet been inflicted on our country—as a judgement of the Almighty, who reprobates our efforts, and levels his bolts at the rising edifice of our liberty.

“And what have we to oppose to those two armies?—A fleet beaten by the tempest—a handful of valiant warriors, generous rivals of those illustrious heroes to whom Thermopylae will serve as an eternal monu-

ment—but more isolated than they, and who, if they fall, will leave none to avenge their deaths—finally, Nassau, who is dreaded by Alva, and who triumphed over him on the banks of Meuse, but for whose preservation in various conjunctures we are indebted to events of so miraculous a nature, that we cannot always expect them from valour, prudence, or fortune. I hear you murmur! those murmurs do you honor: nevertheless you ought ere now to have been too well acquainted with my sentiments, to suspect me of a wish to tarnish the lustre of your exploits, or propose to you a dishonorable submission—a term, which cannot be addressed to you, nor permitted to pass my lips. But, between two alternatives, of which the one is so pregnant with danger that there seems to exist an impossibility of our embracing it, and the other so pusillanimous, is there no medium, which courage and virtue may venture to adopt?

“The page of history affords an instructive lesson to nations. When Athens saw herself on the point of being besieged by a monarch who proudly styled himself the king of kings, what was the advice given by that oracle, which was often the organ of imposture, but sometimes also made to speak the sentiments of the chiefs of the republic? The oracle directed that all those who were capable of carrying arms, should abandon the city, and embark on board their ships.—Again, in a crisis similar to that with which we are threatened, the heroes of Helvetium, instead of trying the doubtful issue of martial contest, even proposed to ravage their own towns and fields, to render them one vast scene of desolation, and retire beyond the seas, in quest of a more fortunate abode: and nevertheless, their rocks, those

natural ramparts of their country, had not been swallowed up in the bosom of the earth; nor had they to regret the loss of one half of their defenders.—We have suffered calamities not less dreadful than these would have been: who, then, can condemn us, if we put in execution what the valiant Helvetians thought themselves justified in proposing without a blush?”

A general murmur of disapprobation resounded through the assembly.

“Beyond the ocean,” resumed Aldamore, “there are climes which breathe the sweets of eternal spring, and where Nature with lavish hand pours forth her richest stores: those countries are yet desert, and await the arrival of men to inhabit them. Must we not then conclude, that Nature, who is elsewhere so prolific, reserves those vast tracts of land as an asylum for persecuted nations? But, without flying to the extremity of the globe, at the entrance of the ocean we shall find a home, which we may consider as our native land. Have we forgotten those Batavian isles, which already afforded a reception to William and a part of our warriors? If the fortunate inhabitants received them with such distinguished benevolence when thrown by the tempest on their shores, I fancy I already see them, in the event of our utter ruin, stretching forth their arms in eager impatience to clasp us to their bosoms. The vessel in which we have embarked the fate of our country, is shattered by the storm: let us consign every thing else to the waves, in order to save the men.

“And what shall we lose by adopting this measure?—A country covered with fens, which our utmost industry has yet been unable to drain—where thick mists intercept the genial rays of the sun—where by

persevering toil alone we can wrest from Nature a few of her commonest boons—where we are compelled by necessity to carry on an unremitting struggle against the sea, which secretly undermines our lands, which often violently invades them, and will sooner or later be their grave—where, now the only remaining defenders of liberty, we already see the rest of our provinces reduced to slavery, and behold the ruins of that one which united with us in our first efforts.

“Ah! let us fly from these evils, from these fatal spectacles, from these unparalleled disasters! let us haste to those happier climes where Nature, spontaneously prolific, produces the most salutary plants—and whither we shall carry liberty, which still improves the most abundant fertility—liberty, our tutelary divinity, whom we shall have snatched, as it were, from her temple, to rescue her from the general devastation. Heaven will, no doubt, favor our undertaking: and my bosom dilates with the fond hope, that the Batavian name, now on the point of being buried in eternal oblivion, will rise again to notice in those fortunate isles, will flourish in a numerous posterity, and, filling the universe with the report of its glory and happiness, will disturb the peace, and poison the enjoyments, of the proud vindictive Philip.”

Thus finished Aldamore, who secretly applauds himself for the effusions of his oratory. Though he had at first excited the murmurs of the convention, he flatters himself that his dexterous policy has, in the conclusion of his harangue, succeeded in impressing their minds, and bending them obedient to his wishes. Linked to his native land by so many ties, he proposed the measure of abandoning their country, with no other view than that of damping

in their bosoms the glowing flame of patriotism. But he is far from obtaining the expected success. The other chiefs of the states display in their countenances an undimayable fortitude, which raises them superior to those recent calamities, and whatever additional disasters fortune may yet have in reserve for the trial of their courage. Douza, Irthur, Lanoue, and the warriors who accompany them, burn with impatience to rush to the martial contest. Lumey, animated with equal ardor, boils with indignation. Barneveldt remains calm, and keeps his eye fixed on William, who thus begins—

(*To be continued.*)

The OLD GENTLEWOMAN.

(Continued from page 428.)

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

HAVING acknowledged, that, though *old* in life, I am *new* to the world, you will not be surprised to find that I go on blundering and wondering as before, though at present in retirement, comparatively to what I had been since my brother's return. We have lately taken possession of a beautiful place, which his agent had purchased for him before his arrival, and where every thing seems far too fine for the plain, little, antiquated mistress, who now inhabits it.

It had belonged to a whimsical man of large fortune, and imaginary taste, who, after expending on it a great deal of money to very little purpose, grew tired, and sold it. Agriculture had been his ruling passion on first settling here: and I heard a great deal of the superior style in which it had been carried on, and the vaunted excellence of his buildings, and machinery of every description.

These things, however, being in

my own way, I thought of them with pleasure, but was disappointed to find that all the farming concerns were out of sight, and above a mile and a half from the house, which is situated in a noble park. "This may be fashionable farming," thought I: "but things must be very different here from what I have been accustomed to, or it will not be profitable."

It was late in the evening when we reached our new habitation; and, the next morning, attended by the steward, we set out on foot, to view the farm. I heard him, in discoursing with my brother, frequently use the terms, "Gothic taste," "Gothic style," &c. but, in my ideas, space and grandeur were so necessarily associated with the word "Gothic," that it never struck me as allusive to any thing we were going to see.

Upon emerging from the park-woods, however, I was surprised to see the grounds dotted with a number of the most whimsical little buildings that ever capricious fancy had devised to burlesque the simplicity of utility.

Not a barn had been erected, without a castellated front, or a turreted end. "What is the use of this?" repeatedly inquired my brother.

"A Gothic cow-house—a Gothic shed—a Gothic something or other," was the reply, till I was wearied of the very word.

At length a still more extraordinary edifice, than any of the preceding, met my view. A large pointed slate, built into the end, was intended to appear like a Gothic window; and, through a door of similar pattern, reaching from the ground to the roof, issued the swinish multitude with sonorous grunt, and no more elegance of appearance than if they had been kept in the meanest hovel.

"This," exclaimed my brother,

"is indeed a specimen of the true Gothic; for none but a real Goth could have planned it."

We then proceeded to the dairy, where every thing was finished in a style of elegance, that banished the idea of utility, and where the Gothic notions were tenaciously preserved, as far as it had been found at all practicable.

We next visited the castellated cow-houses, and vaulted stables: but so true is the adage, that one owner builds for another to destroy, that our survey ended with a general order for dismantling the premises, where nothing Gothic was to remain; my brother assuring the steward that the plainest buildings of Christian design would be more to his taste, than flimsy turrets, which every winter's storms, we were informed, had regularly levelled with the ground—or small castles, that could not even defend their innocent inhabitants against the inclemencies of the weather.

Our next walk was to the gardens, which are a full mile from the mansion, and had been so placed, I understand, that the delicate organs of the late possessors might not be annoyed by the odor of manure, or the sight of decaying vegetables. Hence arose the new office of garden porter—one person being particularly employed for the purpose of carrying the produce of the garden to the house: and, upon the admirable principle of modern economists, that nothing is to be lost, he was, on his return, to pick up all the dung, fallen leaves, &c. from the road, and carry them to the compost-heaps. In this department, all was in the Chinese style; and this profusion of manual labor, I could not but think, was closely following the modes of the country from which the designs were taken.

Another piece of the management of the present century had been, that, to prevent confusion or disagreement, three or four distinct establishments were kept: thus neither house, stable, garden, nor farming servants were ever to assist each other. If any press of business occurred, people might be hired: but labor was not to be borrowed from a different branch of the system. Thus, the hay would often be injured, while the under gardeners were picking weeds, and the stable-boys drinking in the village: or, on the other hand, the arrival of additional visitors was a pretence to bring fresh hands into the mansion, while two stout dairy-maids were probably reading novels at the farm.

In short, sir, I am now assiduously employed in reducing things to the almost obsolete system of my own times; the great plans of modern days being far too extensive to have their utility carried into effect by

An OLD GENTLEWOMAN.

Anecdotes of PETER the GREAT.

(Continued from page 339.)

DURING his childhood, he was in great danger of losing, not only his succession to the crown, but his life. The Strelitzes* revolted: they besieged the palace, and committed the most cruel outrages: they massacred several of the nobles; but those belonging to the party of Peter and the family of the Varischkins were the immediate objects of their vengeance. It is believed that this sedition was caused by the intrigues of the ambitious Sophia, sister of Peter. That prince, then a child, was withdrawn from the fury of the Strelitzes, and carried to the monastery of the Trinity. The rebels, dispersed in every quar-

* The militia, or standing army of Russia, at that time

ter, endeavoured to find him, in order to take away his life. A party of them went to the monastery, and, entering the church, discovered the young prince, who had taken refuge behind the altar. A Strelitz immediately ran up to him, with a knife in his hand, in order to kill him: the child looked steadfastly at him; already the furious soldier had seized him by the arm, and was about to strike him, when one of his companions called aloud to him, "Stop! stop! do not kill him at the altar: wait till you get him to another place." They were proceeding to drag him from it, when they perceived galloping towards them a detachment of the guard on horseback, informed probably of the road which the Strelitzes had taken, and of the precious life which they threatened. The Strelitzes immediately escaped by another door, and fled. Twenty years after, as Peter the First was at Cronstadt, superintending the equipment of a fleet, he particularly remarked one of the sailors, looked attentively at him, and changed color. The sailor, seeing that the Czar observed him, approached, and, falling on his knees, said to him, "Sire, I see you have discovered me: you are not mistaken: I am the wretch, who, armed with a knife, was going to strike you: I confess my crime: I deserve to be punished with death." The Czar asked him several questions. It appeared, that, after he had fled from the church, he had changed his dress, and his name—had entered into the navy, and from that time had led an honest and reputable life. The Czar was much moved; he granted him his life, and was satisfied with banishing him to one of the extremities of the empire, that he might not again have the chance of encountering the object of such unpleasant recollections. It is imagined

that the fright, occasioned by this Strelitz at the monastery of the Trinity, was the cause of the spasms and convulsions to which Peter was afterwards always subject.

(To be continued.)

**ECCENTRICITY of Mr. MONTAGUE,
Son of the celebrated Lady Wortley
Montague.**

*(From Mr. Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes
of the Eighteenth Century.")*

"FROM the Protestant religion, Mr. Montague," says Count Lamberg, who saw him at Venice, "went over to the faith of Rome, and from thence deserted to the most rigorous observation and profession of Mahometanism. He used always to seal his letters with three Arabian signets, which had sentences of the Koran engraven on them. He rises before the sun, says his prayers, and performs his ablutions and lazzas according to the Mahometan ritual. An hour after, he awakes his pupil, a filthy emigrant of the parched Abyssinia, whom he brought with him from Rosetta in Egypt. He instructs this dirty Negro with all the care and precision of a philosopher, both by precept and example: he lays before him the strongest proofs (as they appear to him) of the religion he teaches him, and he catechises him in the Arabian language. The Moor listens to him with the most striking marks of a profound and respectful attention all the time that he is employed in these lessons. That he may not omit any particular in the most rigorous observance of the Mahometan rites, Mr. Montague dines at a low table, sitting cross-legged on a sofa, while the Moor, on a cushion still lower, sits gaping with avidity for his master's leavings. It is this Negro who supports the white mantle that makes a part of the Turkish garb of his master, who

is always preceded, even at noon-day, by two gondoliers with lighted torches in their hands. The ordinary place of his residence is at Rosetta, where his wife lives, who is the daughter of an inn-keeper at Leghorn, and whom he has forced to embrace the Mahometan religion. His income amounts to about 6000 piastres, which are remitted to him from London by his sister Lady Bute, and 4000 from the Sublime Porte. During the most intense cold, he performs his religious ablutions in cold water, rubbing at the same time his body with sand from the thighs to the feet: his Negro also pours fresh water on his head, and combs his beard; and he also pours cold water on the head of his Negro. To finish this religious ceremony, he resumes his pipe, turns towards the East, mutters some prayers, walks afterwards for half an hour, and drinks his coffee."

***The Empress CATHARINE'S TOUR
to the CRIMEA.***

IN the year 1787, the Empress Catharine II. having determined on a visit to the Crimea, which had recently been added to the Russian dominions, preparations, on a magnificent scale, were made for the journey, which is thus noticed in the "Memoirs of the Life of Prince Potemkin," by whom the project was suggested to her.

Of the foreign ministers, she invited Mr. Allen Fitzherbert, (now Lord St. Helens) the English ambassador, Count Ségur, the French ambassador, and Count Cohen zel, the Austrian ambassador, to accompany her. They were alternately honored with the privilege of riding in the sledge where her majesty was with her favorite Momonoff and her first maid of honor. Great fires were lighted on the road at the distance of every thirty fathoms. The em-

press travelled no more than fifty versts (or about forty English miles) each day. She used to set out at nine o'clock in the morning, stopped for dinner at twelve, and set out again at three in the afternoon, to reach her night-quarters at about seven in the evening; where every accommodation was prepared for the reception of the travellers, with as much taste as magnificence and profusion. The repasts were generally taken in buildings belonging to the crown, which had purposely been repaired and new furnished. Night-quarters were also mostly prepared in such houses. Sometimes the imperial traveller stopped at private houses, the owners of which had been liberally enabled to put them into a condition fit to receive their sovereign. Whenever the distance was too considerable to find any convenient dwelling to stop at, small palaces had been erected on purpose, upon the most elegant plans. —The immense preparations which had been made for her reception, the crowds of people that flocked on the roads to witness a sight so novel to the inhabitants of the interior—all gave, to the places through which the empress passed, an appearance of bustle and prosperity with which she was delighted, but which often kept her ignorant as to the real state of things.

The Prince de Ligne joined the empress at Kiof. As soon as a general cannonade informed her that the ice of the Dnieper was gone, she embarked to perform part of the journey by water. Potemkin had long before employed a multitude of workmen to blow up the rocks which obstructed the navigation of the Dnieper. By dint of labor and money, the bed of the river had been levelled and rendered navigable as far as the cataracts.

At greater or less distant intervals, the banks of the river displayed pretty insulated dwellings, and well-built villages, the extent of which would lead the beholder to expect a numerous population; and their exterior seemed to bespeak the opulence and comforts of the inhabitants. Many of these private houses and villages had but just been built. It has even been asserted that the most distant buildings were unfinished, and had merely a front. As the population of the country was insufficient to give animation to the landscape, peasants had been sent for from several parts of the empire; they were successively removed from one spot to the other (frequently in the night) to give to the roads, where the empress was to pass the next day, that bustle and animation which else they would often have wanted.

At Cherson, Catharine lodged at the admiralty, which had been most brilliantly fitted up for her reception. A throne in particular had been erected, which cost fourteen thousand roubles. Cherson was, as it were, the metropolis of a new empire to Catharine; it was here, above all, that Potemkin wished to display a magnificence worthy of an empress of the East.

This rising town appeared already opulent and populous. Several houses had been built before the arrival of the empress: they were all occupied, owing to the extraordinary concourse of strangers from all countries. Greeks, Tartars, French, among whom were Edward Dillon and Alexander Lameth; Spaniards, among whom was Miranda; English, among whom shone Lady Craven, afterwards Margravine of Anspach; Poles, and others, had been attracted either by mere curiosity, or by the wish of paying homiage to the empress. Many brilliant warehouses displayed

the most costly and various merchandise. Catharine, on walking through the streets of Cherson, was in a continual enchantment. In several respects, it is true, the prosperity of this new colony was more apparent than real. For instance, it was not commerce alone that had furnished it with the various articles which its warehouses contained in abundance: immense quantities of goods had been purchased at Moscow and Warsaw, and transported to Cherson at the expense of the state.

As the empress was walking through the streets of Cherson, she was imperceptibly led to a gate facing the east, over which was a Greek inscription in these words: "This is the road that leads to Byzantium*." Potemkin, who neglected nothing that could confirm Catharine in her grand projects, directed her attention to the words of the inscription: and her majesty appeared flattered with the omen.

The empress returned to St. Petersburg by the way of Pultawa. On reaching that place, she was filled with rapture at a spectacle which Potemkin had prepared for her, and which was worthy alike of her to whom he gave it, and of him by whom it was contrived. Two armies appeared on a sudden. They engaged, and began a battle, which was the exact representation of that famous conflict in which Peter the First routed Charles the Twelfth of Sweden on the same spot. While Catharine was rapturously applauding the exploits and triumphs of the nation she governed, Joseph, moved at the sight of the Swedish hero in the same dress which he wore on that fatal day, could not help deploring the misfortune of that formidable warrior, who wanted nothing but a more mature understanding, to have been one of the greatest men.

* The ancient name of Constantinople.

JESUIT MISSIONARIES in BRASIL.

THE conduct of those reverend Fathers, in endeavouring to convert or humanise the Tupinambés, a cannibal horde in Brasil, is thus described in Mr. Southey's History of that region.

They began by winning the affections of the children, giving them store of trifling presents. By this sort of intercourse, they acquired some use of the language themselves, and soon qualified these little ones for interpreters. They visited the sick; and, while they believed that every one whom they sprinkled at the hour of death was a soul rescued from the devil, the charitable services which accompanied such conversions were not lost upon the living.

These missionaries were every way qualified for their office. They were zealous for the salvation of souls; they had disengaged themselves from all the ties which attach us to life, and were therefore not merely fearless of martyrdom, but ambitious of it: nor can it be doubted that they sometimes worked miracles upon the sick; for, when they believed that the patient might be miraculously cured, and he himself expected that he should be so, faith would supply the virtue in which it trusted.

Nobrega* and his companions began their work with those hordes who were sojourning in the vicinity of St. Salvador. They persuaded them to live in peace; they reconciled old enemies; they succeeded in preventing drunkenness, and in making them promise to be contented with one wife; but the cannibalism was more difficult to overcome: the delight of feasting upon the flesh of their enemies was too great to be relinquished.—One of the Jesuits succeeded in abolishing it among some clans, by going through them, and

* One of the missionaries.

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flogging himself before their doors till he was covered with blood, telling them he thus tormented himself to avert the punishment which God would otherwise inflict upon them for this crying sin. They could not bear this, confessed what they had done was wrong, and enacted heavy punishments against any person who should again be guilty. With other hordes the Fathers thought themselves fortunate in obtaining permission to visit the prisoners, and instruct them in the saving faith, before they were put to death.

MOTHER and DAUGHTER.

THE following detached remarks are selected from Mrs. Semple's "Thoughts on Education."

"I have known and felt, that silence on the part of an affectionate parent was a more grievous punishment than the utmost severity of language, or harshness of treatment. I remember, that, having once offended my mother, she did not speak to me for a whole day, and this day appeared to me one of the most miserable I had ever passed. The success of this method may prove that a kind parent has more influence over the mind of a child than a severe one; and that estrangement from such a parent is the worst punishment she could inflict."

To mothers she gives the following sensible lesson respecting their conduct to their children—

"Make your society delightful to them, and they will not resort to that of improper companions. You accuse them of preferring the company of any one, even of your servants, to yours. Alas! does not the evil originate in yourselves? Be indeed the parents, the counsellors, the affectionate, unwearied, unvarying friends of your children, and you will have no occasion to chide or compel them

into your presence: banishment from it they will regard as the greatest evil they have to dread:—punish them thus, and they are punished indeed!"

On the subject of schools, she says—

"Parents, in placing their daughters at school, should consider their own circumstances, as connected with their future happiness, and that of their children. They distress themselves to give them an expensive education: and what are the consequences? These children acquire habits of refinement at school, which make them esteem the house and the company of their parents unfit for them, which render domestic duties a burden they are unable to bear, which place them in a rank they were not destined to hold. On the other hand, parents have the mortification, after all the privations they have suffered and the expense they have put themselves to, to discover that they are objects of contempt to their children, that their children are miserable in themselves; and these reflexions are accompanied with the bitter conviction, acquired too late, that their own folly has produced such evils to both."

DELICATE CONSOLATION.

(From Dr. Brichan's Sermons.)

BE yours the patient ear to hear the sufferer's tale, the kind heart to feel his sorrows, the look of tenderness to intimate that they are not disregarded. Grief, recent or extraordinary, is always unreasonable in complaint and self-vindication; there are some constitutions, and there is a sex, more easily affected, less able to bear. Let these considerations suggest due allowances to be made, and a peculiar delicacy of treatment to be observed. Tell the widow that her partner lives in heaven, and that,

till she rejoin him there, God hath promised to be her husband, and her judge in his holy habitation. Tell the orphan that his parents have but gone before him, but that, if he trust in God, he will take him up, though forsaken by father and mother. Tell the disconsolate parent, that his child has been taken from evil to come, and gathered with those little ones, of whom the kingdom of heaven is composed. Tell the unfortunate and disappointed, that misfortune and disappointment are not only the lot of life, but the ordination of God, and that he dispenses them in mercy to those who love him; that he, who hath cast down, can raise up again; that, with himself, in whom our affections ought to centre, there is no variableness; nor change, nor pain in that new Jerusalem to which our faith and hope should be habitually directed. Tell him whose heart bleeds from misplaced attachment, from the baseness, the desertion, and the wrongs, of men, that there is one Being, at least, in the universe, who merits all his love, who will return the affection, which himself hath inspired, with perfect cordiality, and from whose love in Christ nothing can ever separate. Be cautious of interpreting to the sufferer's prejudice the afflictions he sustains. Where the connexion of suffering with guilt is too marked to be overlooked, let brotherly love and the gentleness of Christ be peculiarly conspicuous where the communication is requisite. And, oh! where conscience smites, and the wounded spirit perceives this connexion in all its bitterness, deal tenderly with him. Do not irritate feelings that are painful enough; deepen not anticipations sufficiently horrible. Be yours the pleasing task to substitute hope for despondency, peace for alarm. Tell

him of a Saviour for the chief of sinners; tell him of a blood that cleanseth from all unrighteousness; tell him of a grace efficacious and powerful, as it is sovereign and free; tell him of a Father more willing to receive the returning prodigal, than the prodigal himself is to return.

Remarkable Case of INSANITY.

ON the trial of Hadfield, whom our fair readers will recollect to have fired at the King in the theatre—and whose insanity was then a question under the consideration of the court—Lord Erskine, in his speech on the occasion, related the following curious case, which we give in his own words, from the printed collection of his “*Speeches on Miscellaneous Subjects.*”

“I examined, for the greater part of a day, in this very place, an unfortunate gentleman, who had indicted a most affectionate brother, together with the keeper of a mad-house at Hoxton, for having imprisoned him as a lunatic, whilst, according to his evidence, he was in his perfect senses. I was, unfortunately, not instructed in what his lunacy consisted, although my instructions left me no doubt of the fact; but, not having the clue, he completely foiled me in every attempt to expose his infirmity. You may believe, that I left no means unemployed which long experience dictated; but without the smallest effect. The day was wasted; and the prosecutor, by the most affecting history of unmerited suffering, appeared to an English judge and jury, and to a humane English audience, as the victim of the most wanton and barbarous oppression: at last Dr. Symonds came into court, who had been prevented, by business, from an earlier attendance.

From Dr. S. I soon learned, that the very man whom I had been above an hour examining, and with every possible effort which counsel are so much in the habit of exerting, believed himself to be the Lord and Saviour of mankind; not merely at the time of his confinement, which was alone necessary for my defence; but during the whole time that he had been triumphing over every attempt to surprise him in the concealment of his disease. I then affected to lament the indecency of my ignorant examination; when he expressed his forgiveness, and said, with the utmost gravity and emphasis, in the face of the whole court, *'I am the Christ;'* and so the cause ended."

Fascinating Power of SNAKES.

OF that wonderful and unaccountable influence which snakes have over smaller animals, Professor Lichtenstein, in his "Travels in Southern Africa," gives, from his own observation, the following instance, in the case of a mouse, pursued by his serpentine enemy.

The poor animal was just at its hole, when it seemed in a moment to stop, as if unable to proceed, and, without being touched by the snake, to be palsied with terror. The snake had raised its head over him, opened its mouth, and seemed to fix its eyes steadfastly upon him. Both remained still a while: but, as soon as the mouse made a motion, as if he would fly, the head of the snake followed the movement immediately, as if he would stop his way. This sport lasted four or five minutes, till my approach put an end to it: the snake then snapped up his prey hastily, and glided away with it into a neighbouring bush, where I endeavoured in vain to get at him, and kill him.

Anecdote of Dr. MEAD.

(From Mr. Nichols's "*Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century.*")

HE never took a fee of any clergyman but one; and that was Mr. Robert Leake, fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, who being fallen into a valetudinarian state, dabbled rather too much with the writings, and followed too closely some of the prescriptions, of the celebrated Dr. Cheyne. Being greatly emaciated in a course of time by keeping too strictly to that gentleman's regimen, misapplying perhaps his rules where the case required a different treatment, his friends advised him to apply to Dr. Mead; which he did, going directly to London, to wait on the doctor, and telling him, that he "had hitherto observed Cheyne's directions, as laid down in his printed books." Mead (a proud man, and passionate) immediately damned Cheyne and his regimen. "Follow my prescriptions," said he, "and I will set you up again." Mr. Leake submitted; and beginning to find some benefit, he asked the doctor, every now and then, whether it might not be proper for him to follow at the same time such and such a prescription of Cheyne; which Mead took ill. When the well-meaning patient was got pretty well again, he asked the doctor what fees he desired or expected from him. "Sir," said the physician, "I have never yet, in the whole course of my practice, taken or demanded any the least fee from any clergyman: but since you have been pleased, contrary to what I have met with in any other gentleman of your profession, to prescribe to me, rather than to follow my prescriptions, when you had committed the care of your recovery to my skill and trust, you must not take it amiss, nor will, I hope, think

it unfair, if I demand ten guineas of you." The money, though not perhaps without some reluctance, was paid down. The doctor, at the same time, told Leake, " You may come to me again before you quit London." He did so; and Mead returned to him six guineas out of the ten guineas which he had received.

*The VARIATIONS
of the EVANGELISTS.*

ON the disagreement observable, in some cases, between the narratives of the different Evangelists, we quote the following observations from Dr. Laurence's " Remarks on the New Testament."

In weighing human testimony, they, whose profession it is to consider the subject with the nicest accuracy, hold the consent of witnesses on essential points to be doubly strong, where there is some slight variation in the account of minute circumstances. Courts of justice suspect men, who, coming to prove any fact, tell in nearly the same language a tale in every part precisely the same. This, instead of a presumption favorable to a cause so supported, affords only an indication of concert and conspiracy. Why then should we suppose, that the divine wisdom would have recourse to a miracle of a constant, over-ruling, infallible inspiration, so as to allow no room for human inaccuracy of observation, or human infirmity of memory, in the merest trifles, in order to produce compositions, which for that very reason could hardly obtain belief without another miracle? Or why must we task our imaginations for conjectures and suppositions of every kind, rather than admit, that, recording, at a considerable distance of time, some out of many remarkable discourses and actions, which passed during a period of three, four, or five years, each of the Evangelists

in some instances (and they are *almost miraculously few*) may have been erroneous in the chronological order, which they may have assigned to facts, wherein they all substantially agree? Is not the operation of the Spirit of truth sufficiently discernible in this wonderful result of the whole, that there is no article of our faith, no moral precept, no proof of Christ's mission by miracles, to be found in any one of the four, which the parallel passages in the rest will overturn, or even impeach, though some things may be qualified, limited, or explained by such a comparison? At most they differ but little; never to the injury, and altogether to the advantage of truth.

*LION-HUNT, near Kaira, Bombay.
(From the Bombay Paper.)*

THE sporting gentlemen of this station were, on the 22d December, informed that three lions had been discovered in a small jungle, two miles from Beercije. Immediate preparations were made to assemble a large party, and to proceed to chase them from thence. Accounts were received that the size and ferocity of the animals had struck a panic into the adjacent villages; that six of the natives, who had unwarily approached their haunts, had been torn, and mangled, and left to expire in the greatest agonies; and that it was no longer safe for the inhabitants to proceed to the usual occupations of husbandry, or to turn out their cattle to pasture, as several of them had been hunted down, and killed. These accounts only stimulated the British Nimrods; and a party of sixteen gentlemen having assembled on the 24th, proceeded to the scene of action, accompanied by a body of armed peons from the Adaulet and Revenue departments. The guides took them to the precise spot where three of the *Royal Family* were reposing in state. The party advanced, with due caution, to within a few paces of the jungle, without disturbing the residents. At that instant three dogs, which had joined the hunt, unconscious of danger, approached the very threshold of the *presence*, and were received with such a sepulchral groan, as for a moment "made the bravest hold his breath." One of the

dogs was killed: the other two fled, and were seen no more. Presently, a lioness was indistinctly observed at the mouth of the den: a few arrows were discharged, with a view to irritate her, and induce her to make an attack on her assailants; but this did not succeed, as she broke cover in an opposite direction, with two cubs about two thirds grown. The party pursued the fugitives on foot as fast as the nature of the ground, newly ploughed, would admit; when, suddenly, one of the men who had been stationed in the trees, called out to the gentlemen to be on their guard. This arrested their progress. They turned on one side to some heights, when they descried an enormous lion, which was approaching them through an open field at an easy canter, and lashing his tail in a style of indescribable grandeur. The foremost of the party presented their pieces, and fired, just as the animal had cleared, at one bound, a chasm, which was between them, of twelve feet broad. He was apparently wounded in the shoulder; but nevertheless sprung on Mr. M. whose arm he lacerated dreadfully; and, feeling at the same time a peon's lance, he relinquished his first hold, seized the poor man by the throat, and strangled him, before the party dared to fire, lest they should kill his victim. He was now at bay, but sheltered in such a manner as rendered it difficult to bring him down; when, suddenly, the man on the look-out gave another alarm; and the party almost immediately perceived a lioness, which had broken cover, approaching their rear. The same instant their ears were assailed by the shrieks and yells of men, women, and children, occasioned by the animal crossing the road in the midst of the coolies that were carrying tiffin to the village. A woman and a child were almost immediately sacrificed to her fury. The woman was literally torn to pieces. This proved not the last calamity of this memorable hunt. The gentlemen, with the peons, left their former enemy, to attack the lioness, who threatened the village. The party, from the rapid manner in which the beast was followed, were not able to keep very compact; and, most unfortunately, four of the collector's peons advanced upon the place where the lioness had lain down. She immediately sprung upon the nearest, and brought him to the ground, and crushed his skull and tore his face, so that no feature was discernible, and the skin literally hung in

the wind. A companion, who advanced to his assistance, she seized by the thigh; the man, in the agony of pain, caught the beast by the throat; when she quitted his thigh, and fastened on his arm and breast. At this moment the gentlemen advanced within fifteen paces, and, as she was still standing over her unfortunate victim, lodged twenty balls in her body. She retreated to the hedge, where some more shots terminated her existence. She had abundance of milk, which, from the novelty, most of the party tasted. Both of the peons died in a few hours. Mr. M. is recovering.

Cruel PUNISHMENT.

THE late Bombay papers contain an account of the execution of a criminal at Boroda, in a manner too shocking to be described to our fair readers, were it not for the purpose of more forcibly impressing on their minds, by the contrast, a conviction of the superior happiness of their lot, who live in a country where such cruel punishments are not, and cannot be, inflicted at the caprice of a tyrant. The wretched sufferer was a slave, who had murdered his master, brother to a native chieftain, named Ameer Sahib. At the hour of execution, an elephant was brought out, with only the driver on his back, surrounded by natives, with bamboos in their hands, for the purpose (we presume) of setting the animal in motion, and guiding his course in the intended direction—over rugged ground, no doubt.—The criminal was placed three yards behind on the ground, his legs tied with three ropes, which were fastened to a ring on the right hind leg of the animal. At every step the elephant took, it jerked him forwards; and eight or ten steps must have dislocated every limb; for they were loose and broken, when the elephant had proceeded five hundred yards. The man, though covered with mud, showed every sign of life, and seemed to be in most excruciating torments; the skin from his back hung loose, and in pieces, even far behind his head. In punishments of this kind, the slow motion of the elephant allows the sufferer time to breathe after each jerk, till the leg he is tied to moves, when he is again thrown forward.—After having been tortured in this manner about an hour, he was taken outside of the town, when the elephant, instructed for such occasions, was backed, and, crushing the criminal's head with his foot, thus put a period to his sufferings.

A double METAMORPHOSIS.

THE following anecdote we copy from a respectable morning paper, though without vouching for its authenticity.

About fifty years back, two young fellows, brothers, went to Jamaica; they were by trade blacksmiths.—Finding, soon after their arrival, they could do nothing without a little money to begin with, but that, with 60 or £70, they might, by their industry, make a fortune, they hit upon the following novel and ingenious expedient.—One of them stripped the other naked, shaved him close, and blackened him from head to foot. This ceremony being performed, he took him to one of the negro-dealers, who, finding him a stout young fellow, advanced eighty pounds currency upon the bill of sale, and prided himself much upon the purchase, supposing him the finest negro on the island. The same evening, this manufactured negro made his escape to his brother, washed himself clean, and resumed his former appearance. Rewards were then, in vain, offered in hand-bills; pursuit was eluded, and discovery, by care and precaution, rendered impracticable. The brothers commenced business with the money, and actually returned to England, not many years since, with a fortune of £20,000. Previous, however, to their departure from the island, they waited upon the gentleman of whom they had received the money, and, recalling the circumstance of the negro to his recollection, paid him principal and interest with thanks.

The CROUP, and WHOOPING COUGH.

IN the year 1807, a prize of twelve thousand livres was offered by the French government, to that physician who should

produce the best memoir on the disease called the Croup. Two have lately shared the prize, being of equal merit; three are distinguished as extremely honorable to their authors; and the sixth memoir is marked by the proposal of a remedy that is said by the writer to be a specific in this malady, and in the whooping cough. It is liver of sulphur alkalisied, a sulphate of pot-ash, recently prepared, and brownish. It is usually given mixed with honey, and sometimes with sugar. The dose, from the attack of the croup to the decided diminution of the disorder, is ten grains, morning and evening, to be diminished as the disorder abates; and, toward the close, the morning dose only to be given. The mixture of sulphate and honey is to be made at the moment of using. Young children will suck it off the end of a finger: but it may be given in a spoonful of milk, or of syrup thinned with water, or as a bolus; grown children take it best in this form. It usually relieves in two days; but it must be continued till the cure is completed, and often beyond that period, for fear of relapse.

Shrewd REMARK of a BEDLAMITE.

It is reported that a man in Bedlam made these observations:—"We, that are locked up here, are called mad, *only* because our madness does not happen to agree with that of the rest of the world. Every body thinks his neighbour mad, if his pursuits happen to be opposite to his own. His neighbour thinks the same of him: but then their two kinds of madness do not interfere with each other. Now and then there comes an eccentric man, who thinks them all mad: him they catch, and lock up. That is my case."

POETRY.

The TEARS of ELLEN.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY,

Author of "The Farm-House," &c.

TEAR II.

My weak fond fancy wanders still

To Edward's vow of duty,

When, led by soft affection's will,

He prais'd my brow of beauty.

Why did my trusting soul believe

His sweet, persuasive diction?

Each accent came but to deceive;

Each vow, each oath a fiction!

Oh! why was not this aking heart

Cold as the polar snow?

Why did it ever feel love's smart,

Or fond affection's glow?

Why did love's fair but fading rose

O'er this sad bosom bloom,

Like the lone flow'r, whose beauty blows

On some deserted tomb?

The FEMALE PENITENTS.

*Written after attending divine Service at
the Magdalen.*

FIVE are restor'd*! Say then, ye gentle
few,
Whose breasts with Charity's warm
feelings glow,
Will you not still the pious work pursue,
That saves the erring wretch from
deeper woe?

Will you not still your gen'rous succour
lend,

The poor degraded child of guilt to save,
Ere dark despair its hapless victim send,
By her own hand, (unsummon'd) to the
grave?

You will! you will! for list! 'tis Virtue
calls:

She claims your efforts in her cause di-
vine.

Sacred to her, were rais'd those hallow'd
walls,

Of Hope, of Penitence, and Peace, the
shrine.

There the poor wretch, by love or folly
led

From woman's proudest, safest path
astray,

May hide, from Scorn's soul-freezing
glance, her head,

Till Heav'n, in mercy, ope a fairer day.

There, if the love of virtue yet remain,

With grateful rapture shall her bosom
glow,

(Though doom'd no more the awful height
to gain)

Should Hope but deign the long-lost
path to show.

Then say not thou, who canst un pitying
hear,

(While Virtue sleeps) the midnight
ward'rer tell,

What woes, what horrors, mark her dread
career,

What careless griefs her guilt-fraught
bosom swell—

Say not, that dove-ey'd Pity tries in vain
To snatch from Vice its poor deluded
prey:

Say not that *all* the proffer'd good disdain,
Should one, more harden'd, dare again
to stray.

* Five of these Penitents (for such I
will hope they were) had, in the course of
the preceding week, been restored to so-
ciety.

If in your breast no soft emotions dwell,
Seek not to stay the hand outstretch'd
to save.

To kindred souls your dark ideas tell;
And live of prejudice the willing slave.

That Pow'r supreme, whose bosom-search-
ing eye

Our fears, our hopes, our inmost
thoughts can read—

Whose ear, thrice gracious, lists the con-
trite sigh,

Nor wills that Penitence should vainly
plead—

He can, he will, with richest gifts repay
The mite, by Charity's kind vot'ries
giv'n.

Hope shall, for them, unfading joys por-
tray,

For them, Religion ope the stores of
heav'n!

JOANNA SQUIRE.

The PRISON.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

(Continued from page 438.)

YON humble-looking man, in clothing
plain,

Whose haggard eye bespeaks his bosom's
pain,

Was late a farmer, blest with health and
peace,

While ev'ry season gave his stores in-
crease.

Hope's whisper cheer'd him to his morn-
ing toil.—

When spring had spread around her sweet-
est smile,

Each rising corn-blade fill'd his heart with
joy,

Leading the mind to harvest's rich employ:
Each op'ning flow'r, that deck'd his fields

of grass,
Pleas'd him, as round his farm he oft

would pass,
Where his glad flocks enjoy'd their plen-
teous food,

Or caught their pleasing draught from
spring's pure flood;

Where the blithe milk-maid chanted
sweet her lay,

And to the dairy bore her load away;
While, from his barns, upborne upon the

gale,
He heard the constant echo of the flail.

Again, when summer warm'd the fleet-
ing hours,

And Sol shone forth in all his radiant
pow'rs,

His was the pleasing joy to cross the plain,

And watch the gently-swelling golden grain;
 Or set the lusty mower to his toil,
 While hay-makers press'd round with ruddy smile;
 Then watch with joy the haystack's growing form;
 Food for his dumb-ones in the wintry storm,
 When snows deep lie upon the frozen ground,
 And Desolation throws his horrors round
 But the most trying time of all the year,
 And sadly subject to the pang of fear,
 Is, when late summer shows the bending grain
 In ripen'd radiance waving o'er the plain;
 When the stout reaper with his sickle stands,
 Prepar'd to spread destruction o'er the lands.
 Then 'tis the farmer's task with care to tell
 What moment shall begin the harvest well:
 And, once begun, none but a farmer feels
 Each sad anxiety that o'er him steals—
 Should but a cloud obscure the god of day,
 And dim his bright and pleasure-giving ray,
 Fear in the farmer's breast asserts her pow'r,
 Till Phœbus gives him back the sunny hour.
 But, should the gloom increase, more clouds arise,
 To spread their billowy forms along the skies,
 Should pattering rain-drops slow begin to fall,
 A sadder sorrow doth his mind enthrall;
 While, if the storm grows heavier, till around
 It smokes upon the distant hilly ground,
 His sinking heart beats heavy in his breast,
 Depriving him of comfort and of rest;
 For gloomy thoughts he then is doom'd to find,
 Picturing sadly to his anguish'd mind
 His crops destroy'd, his cares employ'd in vain,
 Himself consign'd to sorrow, want, and pain.
 But, should he see, at night, a clearing sky,
 While the broad harvest-moon salutes his eye,
 His bosom lightens; for he hopes the morn
 Will deign to smile upon his dripping corn.
 And, when he seeks his lowly couch of rest,
 Without a sorrow setting at his breast,
 He bends his humble form in grateful pray'r

To heav'n's high God, who sav'd him from despair;
 And, ere the lark has rais'd her matin lay,
 He hails the roseate tints of infant day.
 Soon, if the autumn sheds soft airs around,
 His barns all fill'd, he hears the gladsome sound,
 That shouts, " 'Tis harvest-home! away with care!"
 Then he prepares his usual plenteous fare;
 Bids the plain table ample burdens feel,
 While children, wife, and friends, enjoy the meal.
 This done, the wholesome beverage they partake,
 Fine home-brew'd ale — and taste the home-made cake.
 Then the love-ditty of the rustic maid
 Is simply warbled, while no griefs invade;
 Her faithful lover seated by her side,
 Listening with pleasure to his destin'd bride.
 To this succeeds the dance, with mirthful jest,
 Till Sol appears, and lights them all to rest
 (*To be continued.*)

The ROBIN.

From the Goldland Album.

AUTUMN'S charms are fading fast!
 Mark, how ev'ry wintry blast
 Scatters, as it whirls around,
 Show'rs of leaves upon the ground.
 Ah! no hand its force can stay:
 All will soon be swept away.
 'Midst the ruins of the year,
 See the cheerful bird appear,
 Who, of all the warbling train,
 Hails alone sad winter's reign,
 And, through each dark and dreary day,
 Sings the lonely hours away.
 Sweet bird! a summer, bright as thine,
 Did once within this bosom shine:
 But now the wintry hour draws near:
 Fast, fast my comforts disappear;
 And, sinking, from my cloudy heart
 I feel the sun of bliss depart.
 But shall thy sweet example be
 Unheeded, gentle bird, by me?
 Or shall its influence fail to move
 A wish of emulative love?
 No! I will view thy patient form,
 And learn to bear the beating storm.
 Back to the past I'll turn my eyes:—
 How many blessings there arise!
 Blessings so undeserv'd, that still
 My heart must feel the grateful thrill.
 Sweet monitor! I'll learn to be
 All cheerfully resign'd, from thee.

INVOCATIONS, *Serious and Comic.**By Mr. J. M. LACEY.*

INVOCATION to HEALTH.

OUI! light of step; serene of eye;
 Unknowing ev'ry fear-fraught sigh;
 Of rosy cheek; of cheerful smile,
 Uncheck'd by care, or thought of guile.
 Oh! fairest, dearest boon of heav'n,
 For man's delight and solace giv'n,
 Come, Health! and pour thy balmy breath
 Across the brow, where coming death
 Has spread his livid paleness round;
 And bid the pulse's feeble bound
 Grow once more strong, once more regain
 The tone, now check'd by piercing pain.
 'Tis lovely woman claims thy care,
 And surely will thine influence share.
 Observe her cheek, where once thy glow
 Bade man the brightest beauties know:
 Quite faded all the rosy bloom,
 Pale lilies now usurp its room.
 Mark the blue eye, whose sparkling fire
 Could once the coldest breast inspire:
 Now, sunk in grief, it seeks the ground,
 Reckless of ev'ry thing around.
 Look on that hand of beauteous mould,
 Once soft and warm, now shrunk and cold.
 Gaze on the form, where ev'ry grace
 Gave double int'rest to the face:
 Now spiritless and worn it seems,
 Like shadowy forms beheld in dreams!
 And canst thou mark the closing eye;
 And canst thou hear the bitter sigh;
 Or canst thou see each dying grace,
 So wont to warm that faded face;
 Nor fly to rescue, and to save
 Such beauty from the greedy grave?
 Ah! no! e'en now I see thee come,
 To change the mournful sufferer's doom.
 E'en now thou seek'st the weeping maid,
 And each approaching step gives aid:
 The dull eye opens; and fancy deems
 It instant glows with thy pure beams;
 The wrinkled brow grows smooth again;
 For thou hast chas'd each pang of pain;
 The pale, cold cheek no longer knows
 The lily's hue, but claims the rose;
 The parched lip resumes its smile,
 And glows with rubied tint the while;
 The breast, that own'd the anguish'd throb,
 Or heav'd with sorrow's deepest sob,
 Now lightly rising, seems to move
 In cadence, or of joy or love;
 And all her form, in graceful change,
 Proves of thy pow'r the wondrous range!
 Bright Health! I thank thee, and adore!
 Oh! quit the fair one's form no more;
 Till nature's final hour shall come,
 And call her to the silent tomb!
 Nor only her:—be still thy care

The truly good, the truly fair!
 And, if thou giv'st a mortal form
 To feel of pain the awful storm,
 Be it the tyrant's, who has heigh'd
 Destruction round a happy world;
 Whose ev'ry thought, whose ev'ry hour,
 Is fill'd with cruelties of pow'r:
 To whom the mourning widow's sigh,
 The orphan infant's feeble cry,
 The dying warrior's shriek of death,
 Have melody in ev'ry breath!

The BUGLE.

*On hearing one sounded at a Distance on
a still Evening.*

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

THE night was still: the winds of heav'n
 were hush'd:
 The last red beam of Sol yet fill'd the
 west;
 And peace appear'd to reign o'er all the
 scene,
 By classic Cam I wander'd, whose clear
 stream
 Shone with the radiance of the harvest
 moon.
 Deep contemplation sat upon my brow,
 Deep, yet delightful: sorrow was not
 there;
 But gentle musings fill'd my mind.
 Anon,
 A bugle sounded through the air, and
 pour'd
 Its warlike melodies upon mine ear.
 The tones, by distance soften'd, came so
 sweet,
 So richly soft and harmonis'd, that long
 I paus'd to listen, and to love each note.
 Now came a blast, that thrill'd my very
 soul;
 And clear and long 'twas held, till slow it
 died
 In faintest hum upon the ravish'd sense!
 Long thus I stood, till silence once again
 Reign'd over night with undisputed sway;
 And Echo too forgot the bugle's strain.
 Resuming now my walk, as fancy led,
 I ponder'd on the sounds that I had heard,
 And heard with such delight. Those
 tones, thought I,
 In other lands, had wak'd the slumb'ring
 war;
 While, here, they steal into the peaceful
 breast,
 As though they were the harbingers of
 bliss,
 The sun, whose setting glow yet warm'd
 the west,
 When through the world he pour'd his
 glorious rays,



Carriage Dress.

Heath sc.

"*Thou* of those very rushes twin'd,
 Off press'd by charming Rosalinde,
 I would not change my lowly wicket,
 That opens on her fav'rite thicket,
 For portal proud, or tow'rs that frown—
 The monuments of old renown.
 I would not change this foolish heart,
 That learns from her to joy or smart,
 For his that burns with love of glory,
 And loses life, to live in story.
 Yet, in themselves, my heart, my cot,
 My mat, my bowl, I value not;
 But only as they, one and all,
 My lovely Rosalinde recall.

LOST and FOUND.

Poor Cockney Dick had come from
 London,
 To Barton, near the Humber Ferry,

And there, as had full many a one done,
 Embark'd for Hull on board the wherry.

The sea to Dick was a new sight,
 Except in play-house made so clever,
 Or Sadler's Wells, where, ev'ry night,
 They take it out of the New River!

In angry mood it roll'd, and toss'd,
 And pickled Dick; in sad quandary,
 Cries he, "Are people never *lost*?
 In crossing of this nasty ferry?"

"*Lost!*" echoed back the hoarse-voic'd
 boatman:

"No, sure — they're never *lost*; for,
 when

A man is drown'd, the corpse will float,
 again;
 And then 'tis always *found* again."

FASHIONS for NOVEMBER.

Carriage Dress.—A plain cambric robe, made high in the neck, with plaited high frill—with long sleeves, made rather full—finished at the bottom with a triple frill plaiting—made of a moderate walling length: a frill plaiting at the wrists, bound in the middle with a bracelet—the waist confined with bracelet of white ribbon.—Vittoria cloak of silver-grey color, made with a broad lappel round the shoulders—with a broad slip on each side, to fall about the length of the wrist—bound with white swansdown fur—with a gold tassel suspended at the corners in front.—The hair in loose disheveled curls falling off the forehead—turned up behind in silk net—cap, ornamented with ribbon, and small red berries in front.—A hat of the same color and material as the cloak, with the edge of straw turned up in front—with feather of swansdown to fall negligently on one side—and tied under the chin with white ribbon.—An occasional square veil, to fall over the shoulders in front.—Necklace and cross of black beads.—Gloves of pale tan.—Half-boots the same as the cloak in color and material.

Evening Dress.—Short dress of white crape over a white satin slip: the skirt rather more narrow than has lately been usual: bodice of salmon-colored crape, made low; the back broad and low; ornamented round the bosom with trimming composed of white crape interspersed with small clusters of seed pearl: the robe trimmed at the feet to correspond:

—short sleeves of white crape, looped up to the shoulder in the middle with a small rosette of seed pearl: the sleeve full at the top under white satin:—bracelet of silver ribbon, with a small pearl clasp in front.—The hair disposed in small ringlets, falling off the forehead, and short behind: a wreath of flowers on one side, with a lace veil falling negligently on the back.—Necklace of gold chain.—Ear-rings of diamonds.—Bracelets to correspond.—Gloves of white kid.—Slippers of white satin, with silver rosettes.—An occasional tippet of swansdown fur.

General Observations.—Morning dresses are generally robes of white muslin, or gowns of colored bombasin, made high in the bosom—ornamented with plain or colored trimming, to correspond with the color of the dress—with long sleeves.—There is a variety of morning and half-dress caps and bonnets, too numerous to admit of particular description, and nothing remarkably novel in form. We shall therefore only say that they are generally composed of the same material as the cloak or mantle, similar to that described above.—Feathers, composed of white swansdown, are the general appendage.—Flowers appear to be on the decline.—Mantles and cloaks are most generally worn of light olive or drab colored kersey-mere cloth, trimmed with white swansdown fur.—Pelisses of colored satin or sarsnet, made rather short, trimmed with silk fringe, or closed in front with small clasp, and ornamented at the bottom with broad

lace, are general for promenade dress — The Alpine coat of Merino cloth of silver-grey or light brown, with trimmings of swansdown or ermine fur, made to fold over the bosom, and to fasten with small silver clasps on the sides, is in great request, and well adapted to the approaching season.

Half Dresses are of colored muslin, light fawn, lilac, or warm brown, or pale red, made high in front, broad on the back, and of a moderate walking length — trimmed with lace or colored ribbon to correspond in color with the dress. — Caps of thread-lace or satin, similar to those of last month, with occasional tippets of fur. — The hair in disheveled curls in front, with a small sprig of colored gems on one side. — Gloves of colored kid. — Shoes of black kid.

Evening Dresses are generally of colored crape, light pink, or saffron yellow,

with bodice of white satin, ornamented round the bosom and back with white swansdown fur, or plaitings of lace intermixed with rows of seed pearl, which give a pleasing lightness to the whole. Small jackets, of white or light yellow crape, are sometimes worn over the bodice, trimmed with antique scallops of lace round the neck and wrists — The hair in small curls in front — cropped behind — with large white veil falling on the shoulder — with a small sprig of brilliants in front. — Necklace of emerald — ear-rings and bracelets *en suite*. — Gloves of white kid. — Slippers of white kid or satin, with silver rosettes. — Fan of frosted crape. — Sprigs and broaches of colored gems appear to be gaining the preference to flowers: in other respects there appears to be little novelty in jewellery ornaments. — Furs of various kinds are coming into great request.

CHRONICLE.

The King.—*Bulletin of October 2.*—“His Majesty continues in a tranquil and comfortable state, but without any abatement of his disorder.”

Price of Bread.—Quartern *Wheat* Loaf, *September 30*, fifteen pence, half-penny—*October 7*, the same—*October 14*, fourteen pence, three farthings—*October 21*, and *27*, the same.

[*London, September 24.*] *September 6*, near *Donnewitz* in *Saxony*, the *Crown Prince of Sweden* defeated and put to flight a division of the *French army*, of seventy thousand men, commanded by *Gen. Ney*, and supported by 200 pieces of artillery. In the battle and pursuit, the *French* are computed to have lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, from 16 to 18,000 men, above 60 pieces of cannon, and 400 ammunition waggons.

[25] *August 15*, a *Mons. Degen* ascended at *Paris* with a balloon furnished with wings, by means of which he successfully steered it against the wind, though blowing very strong.

[25] *Murder.*—*Last Wednesday*, three prisoners of war, who had escaped from *Forton* prison, hired a wherry at *Portsmouth*, to convey them to the *Isle of Wight*. In a few minutes after starting, they murdered the boatman, and threw him overboard: but, being observed, they

were pursued, and, after a desperate resistance, taken, and brought back to land.

[26] On the 21st of *August*, a spy was apprehended at *Siralsund*. He is a native of *Paisley*. A number of papers were found in his lodgings, which proved him to be acting for *Bonaparte*. He had two colleagues, natives of *London*: but they are not yet taken.

[28] The *whale*, mentioned in our last Number, page 411, has been attached by virtue of a warrant from the *Court of Admiralty*, as their perquisite, from having been found within the limits of their jurisdiction.

[30] The floating island on *Derwent Lake*, which appeared in 1808, has, within these few days, again emerged to the surface of the water.

[30] On the 13th, an alarming riot took place in the *East India Company's barracks* at *King David's Fort*, where about 500 *Chinese* were lodged. A quarrel having arisen between two of them, of different sects, and each being supported by those of his own party, a general engagement ensued, in which three were killed, and about seventeen severely wounded.

[*October 1*] On *Tuesday*, *W. Grierson* was executed at *Appleby*, for robbery.—This is the first instance of capital punish

ment, which has occurred in Westmoreland since the year 1782, when Irving and Grives were executed for murder.

[1] *Saturday*, the Mayor of Dover having ordered the butter, which was brought for sale to the market, to be taken to the Guildhall to be weighed, a great quantity of it was found deficient in weight. In consequence upwards of 80 pounds were forfeited, and distributed to the poor.

[1] *Contraband Goods*.—Yesterday, at Union-Hall, a shopkeeper was fined £9. 10s. being double the value of some French gloves and bandanna silk handkerchiefs found in his house.

[1] From official documents, left behind by the French in their hasty flight from Moscow, it appears that their army, at the commencement of the campaign, had amounted to 616,500 men.

[2] *Aeroliths*.—At Adare, in the county of Limerick, on the 10th ult. a shower of stones fell from a thunder-cloud, extending about a mile and a half, with a sound like the discharge of artillery, followed by a noise resembling the rolling of drums. This happened about nine o'clock in the morning—the day was heavy and hot; there were several loud explosions, which continued about ten minutes; no lightning was seen. Several of the stones weigh from one to four pounds; they are black outside, extremely heavy, and much burned. When broken, they are of an even dingy grey. This corresponds with the description of all the meteoric stones which have been yet observed.

[2] *Matches!*—On Tuesday, a lady in the neighbourhood of Wellesloe Square, in lighting a candle with a match, let fall a drop of the burning sulphur on her clothes, which instantly took fire, and scorched her so severely, that her speedy death was the consequence.

[2] Last week the dogs of Mr Oxford, of Yeovil, Somerset, killed a milk-white hare full grown; the skin of which is preserved in his possession.

[2] *Inundations*.—Great damages have lately been caused in Germany and Italy by the overflowing of the rivers. On the 14th, three arches of the bridge at Munich fell, and with them a great number of people.

[2] *Riots*.—Last Monday and Tuesday evenings, parties of militia paraded the streets of Perth, knocking down with bludgeons every person they met, and assaulting people even at their own doors

Among others whom they attacked, was the Earl of Fife, who, however, successfully defended himself with a stout stick, and made good his retreat to a place of safety.

[2] The Danish declaration of war against Sweden, dated September 3, was published at Copenhagen on the 5th.

[4] *A shock of an earthquake* was felt very generally on the evening of Friday se'nnight, by the inhabitants of Stamford, and of the neighbouring towns and villages from west to east. The noise, to those who were within doors at the time, resembled the falling of furniture in the upper rooms; and some persons were sensible of motion from the agitation of the earth. At Ketton, four miles west of Stamford, it excited considerable alarm. It was likewise felt at Lippingham, Oakham, Peterborough, Deeping, and most of the intermediate places. The duration of the shock was about two seconds; the noise accompanying it very loud.

[1] Mr. Whitbread has given 2000 guineas towards making the new bridge at Bedford free of toll; and £500 have also been given by Mr. Long, mayor elect of that town, for the same purpose.

[4] Yesterday, at Lambeth-palace, Dr. Howley was consecrated Bishop of London, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

[5] *An explosion* took place, on Tuesday, in a coal-mine at Fattfield, in the parish of Chester-le-Street; by which calamity above thirty persons were destroyed.

[6] *Matricide*.—Mrs. Watson, of Beck-Houses near Grasmere, was lately found with her throat cut, and her head much bruised. Suspicion falling on her son (who has for some time been deranged in mind), he was apprehended, and a bloody knife found upon him.

[6] A few nights ago, as an old woman was plundering a garden, at Donnington, Shropshire, she stepped into a draw-well, about sixteen yards deep, with two yards depth of water. Upon rising to the top of the water, she caught hold of a rough part of the rock, and, supporting herself, roared out "murder" so lustily, that some of the neighbours got up, and called out to know what was the matter; when she answered, "Poor Moll Wheeler is in the well."—By means of a ladder and rope, she was brought up unhurt.

[6] *Gunpowder*.—A man lately went into a public-house near Hounslow, with a parcel, containing 12 lbs. of gunpow-

der, and laid it down on the table, around which some men were smoking. A spark touched it, and it exploded, by which several persons were dreadfully hurt.

[7] A misunderstanding has taken place between Lord Wellington and the Spanish Regency, in consequence of their removing Gen. Castanos from the command of the 4th army, for having pursued a line of conduct, approved and even dictated by his lordship, who, on the 2d of July, addressed to the Spanish minister of war a spirited remonstrance on the subject.

[7] In clearing out a soap-boiler's waste-ley-receiver at Queensferry, the workmen lately found the skeleton of a boy who had been several days missing, and sought for in vain.—Not a particle of the flesh could be perceived; the penetrating ley having completely reduced it. Even the bones were as soft as wax.

[8] At the late assises at Mullingar, in Ireland, two persons were found guilty of administering *unlawful oaths*, of a treasonable tendency, and were sentenced to be transported for life.

[8] Despatches, received by Government, from Sir Charles Stewart, dated, Prague, September 17, announce that the French made an attack on Count Wittgenstein, at Dohna, on the 8th. The numbers of the French being greatly superior, the allies retired to Culm, disputing every inch of ground. On the 11th, they offered battle, which was declined by the enemy, who retired towards Dresden, breaking up the roads.

[9] Four passengers in the mail coach, from London to York, had, this week, a most providential escape, the horses having set off at full speed from Royston, without either coachman or guard, and proceeded to Ayrington, seven miles, before they were stopped.

[11] The India papers contain an account of the descent of two huge masses of stone in the neighbourhood of Lahore, accompanied by a series of explosions resembling the discharge of cannon; a phenomenon, which had excited the utmost consternation throughout the country.

[12] A new stratagem has been employed for the destruction of the British ship *Ramillies*, off New London. It being known to the Americans that she was short of provisions, a schooner was fitted out at New York, and purposely exposed to be captured by her at the entrance of the harbour of New London; the crew (we presume) having made their escape to land.—On the hatchway were placed some pro-

visions, as an inducement to take her along-side the *Ramillies*; which, however, was not done.—Under the provisions were deposited several casks of gunpowder, with trains laid to a machine, which was fitted up on the same mechanical principles as clock-work. When it had run the time given to it by the winder-up, it gave force to a sort of gun-lock; and the schooner instantly blew up with a tremendous explosion, by which eleven of the captors lost their lives.

[12] A contagious fever has for some time prevailed at Gibraltar, of the same nature as that of 1804. Several persons have fallen victims to it.

[13] *Perpetual Motion*.—A Mr. Redheffer, of Philadelphia, has made a discovery of what has been confidently pronounced "a perpetual self-moving principle" by a civil engineer acquainted with the particulars, who has, in the Philadelphia Gazette, publicly offered any bet or bets, from 5,000 to 100,000 dollars, that he would speedily prove his assertion.

[14] *Eatable Stone!!*—On Monday se'nnight, a baker of Deptford was convicted, before the magistrates at Greenwich, of having in his possession a quantity of calcined stone, prepared by a man in Thames Street, for the express purpose of adulterating bread.—The baker was fined ten pounds—the highest penalty which the law authorises.

[13] Intelligence from Gibraltar, of August 31, states that Mr. A'Court, our ambassador to the Emperor of Morocco, had obtained permission to derive from his dominions, at a very moderate duty, supplies of oxen, mules, &c. for our army in Spain.

[14] A singular phenomenon was remarked by the inhabitants of Mevagissey, last Wednesday night. A strong westerly wind had prevailed throughout the day; and, towards evening, the clouds had been observed to have every appearance of the approach of a heavy storm. About eleven o'clock, a noise, resembling the rapid discharge of distant artillery, was heard; and, on a sudden, a bright light, almost equal to that of the sun in its meridian splendor, illuminated the horizon to a considerable extent. This brilliant appearance lasted above a minute, when the rumbling noise returned, accompanied with a thick darkness, and followed by floods of rain.

[14] October 9, the French Senate passed a decree for a new levy of 280,000 men, of whom 120,000 are to be taken

from the classes of the conscription of 1814 and the preceding years, and 160,000 by anticipation from the conscription of 1815.

[14] *Dispatches from Sir Charles Stewart* announce, that, on the 16th of September, Bonaparte, with a considerable force, attacked the allies near Peterswalde, and drove them, by superior numbers, through Nollendorf. The commander of the Prussian cavalry was made prisoner. The allied troops having retired to the gorge of the mountains, on the following day, when near Culm, their right, left, and centre, under Generals Wittgenstein, Colloredo, and Phalen, were successively attacked; but they succeeded in repulsing the enemy at all points. The enemy lost between 2 and 3000 prisoners, and a general of division, Kreitzer, with many officers, and 10 guns. The loss of the allies is estimated at 1000 killed and wounded.

[15] *Garden-Robbers.*—At the Surrey sessions, three men (one of them a nurseryman) were convicted of having robbed several gardens about Tooting, Wandlessdon, Carshalton, Fulham, &c. of choice fruit, seeds, &c. and were sentenced to seven years' transportation.

[15] The parishes of St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster, are begun to be lighted with gas, by the Gas Light Company, who put up only one of their gas lamps where there were three of the common sort.

[18] *Poisoning.*—Last week, a man at Gainsborough attempted to destroy his wife, by administering arsenic to her in her breakfast. Fortunately, the dose being too powerful, caused immediate illness, and induced the woman, who suspected that she was poisoned, to apply for medical advice. She has since recovered.

[19] *Dispatches from Lord Wellington* announce, that, on the 7th inst. Sir Thomas Graham, with the left wing of the allied army, crossed the Bidassoa, which separates Spain from France—forced the enemy's entrenchments, and established the troops within the French territory.

[19] On the 6th instant, a cluster of grapes was cut from a vine in the hothouse of Sam. Cox, Esq. at Bearin-stor, in length 20 inches, in breadth 16 inches over, and weighing 10lbs.

[20] *Chubbage extraordinary.*—Yesterday, forty-six journeymen tailors were committed from Guildhall, to be tried for robberies perpetrated on their employer, Mr. Mabblerley, an army clothier. Eight of them had been taken with his property

in their actual possession: the others are committed on suspicion of conspiracy and participation, twenty-five pieces of *cab-baged* cloth having been found in a passage, through which they had precipitately fled in a body, when the constables seized their guilty companions.

[20] *Youthful Thieves.*—Yesterday, four boys, the eldest not thirteen years old, were committed from Union Hall, for having stolen a number of articles from a shop in Lambeth Walk. They are known to be part of a gang of about twenty young plunderers, who have, for some time, infested that neighbourhood.

[21] *Suspicion of Theft.*—Yesterday, at Guildhall, James Lad, known by the Police Officers to be a common thief, and taken with three handkerchiefs in his possession, for which he could not satisfactorily account, was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, and a whipping.

[21] *Inhumanity.*—*Berlin, Oct. 2.*—The Royal Military Government at this place has issued the following publication:—"General Rapp, some weeks since, caused 160 children to be driven out of the Orphan Hospital at Pautzie, that he might not have to provide for them. Their Director, the merchant Gehrt, accompanied them, leaving his own family and property behind. They wandered about for some time between the lines of blockade and the fortress, without any shelter, and without support; and, had it not been for the humanity of the inhabitants of St. Albrecht, must have died of hunger.—They have indeed at length passed the lines of blockade, but their condition is not therefore the less deplorable; they wander about without any certain abode, from village to village, totally destitute of support, which the humanity of the inhabitants of that district alone cannot continually furnish them with. The undersigned Military Government will provide for their support, but, for want of sufficient funds, must apply to the public benevolence."

[21] *Berlin, October 2.*—Seventy-five thousand wounded French have been brought into Leipzig alone, from the 17th August to the 23d September! The churches and public buildings are filled with them.

[21] *Disorderly Houses.*—On the last day of the Surrey sessions, twenty-seven persons were convicted of keeping disorderly houses in the parish of Lambeth.

[22] *Assault.*—Yesterday, at the Westminster sessions, a man was found guilty

of assaulting a collector of assessed taxes, while in the discharge of his duty, by putting his fist into his face, as near as he could, *without touching him*.

[23] A *whale*, upwards of fifty feet long, lately ran ashore near Wick. It is calculated that the blubber will yield two tons of oil.

BORN.

[September 28] On Thursday, of the lady of G. Hoare, esq. Morden Lodge, Surrey, a son.—[29] Yesterday, of the lady of the Rev. Weeden Butler, a son.—[October 2] Lately, of the lady of B. Hayward Browne, M. D. at Stroud, a daughter.—[6] On Saturday, of the lady of G. Holford, esq. M. P. a daughter.—On the 4th, of the lady of Lieut. Col. Ware, 23d Light Dragoons, a son.—[9] Thursday, of Mrs. Long Wellesley, a son and heir.—On the 6th, of the Duchess of Bedford, a son, who lived only a few hours.—[15] Yesterday, of the lady of E. T. Ladbroke, esq. M. P. a daughter.—[16] On Saturday, of the lady of W. Crookford, esq. Willoughby House, Newmarket, a son.—On Tuesday, of the lady of Quarles Harris, esq. Bourne Grove, Southgate, a son.—Tuesday, of the lady of Claude Geo. Thornton, esq. Russell-square, a son.—[21] Sunday, of the lady of Thos. Whitmore, esq. M. P. a son.—[22] Wednesday, of the lady of the Rev. Charles Delafosse, Richmond, Surrey, a daughter.—Lately, of the lady of E. D. Ross, esq. Russell-square, a daughter.

MARRIED.

[September 23] On the 10th, the Rev. James Spencer Knox, son of the Bishop of Derry, to Mrs. Clara Beresford.—[30] On Monday, the Rev. Edward Martin Peck, rector of Houghton, Huntingdonshire, to Miss Margaret Ansley.—[October 2] Lately, James Boyd, esq. of Ross-lare, county of Wexford, to Miss Georgina Jocelyn, niece to the Earl of Roden.—Lately, the Rev. Charles Spencer, of Great Marlborough-street, to Amelia, daughter of Sir A. Beechey.—[5] Saturday, Henry Knowles Creed, esq. of Cadogan-place, to Miss Catharine Herries.—[9] Rev. Theodore Williams, rector of Hendon, to Miss Jane Masterman, of Layton.—[16] Thursday, John Ward, esq. of Durham, to Frances, daughter of the late Hon. John Leveson Gower.—Tuesday, John Walker, esq. of Stamford Hill, to Miss Caroline Carwardine.—Wednesday se'nnight, Charles M. Smith, esq. of the India Company's civil service, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Admi-

ral Harte.—[21] The Rev. W. Bengo Collyer, D. D. of Blackheath, to Miss Mary Hawkes.—Yesterday, George Lys, esq. of Clapham Terrace, to Miss Laura Yart, of Richmond, Surrey.—[22] Wednesday, Capt. Clifford, R. N. to Miss E. Townshend, daughter of Lord John Townshend.

DECEASED.

[September 24] On Wednesday, Lieut.-Col. Brook Harry Young.—[29] On Tuesday, Admiral Robert Man.—[October 1] Lately, Miss Chetwynd, niece to the late Lord Chetwynd.—[2] Lately, Mrs. Rush, Upper Baker-street, Portman-square.—[4] On Saturday, Alderm. James Coombes.—[5] On the 26th ult. the lady of the Rev. R. Roberts, Mitcham, Surrey.—[6] Monday se'nnight, the Rev. John Pattinson, of Bath.—[7] On the 27th ult. Mrs. Trafford, of Trafford House, Lancashire.—[8] Saturday, John Touchet, esq. Alfred Place.—[9] Wednesday, the Hon. Mrs. Strode.—[11] On the 7th, the Rev. John Forbes, D. D. rector of South Warborough, Hants.—On the 27th ult. at Moor Monkton, near York, Mrs. Sarah Burkell, aged 103.—[12] On the 8th, the Rev. Robert Young, D. D. minister of the Scots Church, London Wall.—On the 6th, the Rev. Thomas Kidley.—[13] Lately, at Tiverton, Robt. Pell, esq.—[20] Monday, Sir Harry Burrard.—[22] On the 8th, Lord Muncaster.—[23] Wednesday, Thos. Jones, esq. commander of the Walthamstow, Indiaman.

APPENDIX.

Cure for Scalds or Burns.—As soon as the accident has happened, take a plaster of tar, of the size of the wound, and apply it to the place affected. By this simple application, which has been often tried and never found wanting, the inflammation will be found to subside, and the pain to cease in a few minutes. A small pot of tar should be kept in every family for the purpose.

Receipt for curing sour Casks.—Wash them clean, and wipe them quite dry; cork them tight, as when intended for ale; put in at the bung-holes about four quarts of hot lime for every 30 gallons the casks will hold, to which add about three gallons of water to every gallon of lime, and immediately stop the bung-holes with wet cloths; as soon as the effervescence has subsided, fill the casks with water, and let all remain until they are wanted for use; when they are to be washed clean.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 44, N^o.11, for November, 1813.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates :

1. A Portrait of GENERAL MOREAU
2. Fashionable COSTUME for December.
3. PATTERNS for LADY'S COLLARS.

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NOTICES.

To the *Compensation* which *Paulus* requires for his contributions, we have no objection, provided they suit our Magazine.

The following communications are inadmissible—The poetic "*Question*," by *T. P.* of *Reading*, with the piece accompanying it.—*J. T's* lines "*to Ellen*."—*J. O's* Stanzas "*on the Death of a Friend*."

↓
Mr. *J. B*** will find a packet addressed to him, at the Publisher's, agreeably to his directions.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1813.

Modern LIFE delineated.
(Continued from page 454.)

A FEW days after this conversation, Emma became the mother of a lovely babe; and Gertrude firmly hoped that the little stranger would bring her sister to a proper sense of the duties attached to the name of mother.

The day after Emma was confined to her own room, Frederic, at an early hour, called in St. James's Street, and desired the servant to inform Miss Lloyd that he wished to speak to her for a few moments alone. Gertrude was surprised at the message, but immediately joined him in the breakfast-room.

The moment she saw him, she observed that something particularly agitated his spirits, and was extremely anxious to learn what had caused his uneasiness: but he evaded giving a direct reply. "I have a favor to request of you," said Frederic, "on which depends all my happiness: will my dearest Gertrude, then, refuse to oblige me for life?"—"If it be in my power to grant it, believe me, you will not be an unsuccessful pleader."—"Then I have your promise?"—"If it be consistent with propriety and justice, you certainly have my promise; and, if it be in my power, I will fulfill it."—"It is only, my dearest Gertrude, to accompany me to the altar this week."—"This week!—I promised, Frederic, to become your wife at the expiration of six months after your invaluable mother's death; and two have not yet expired. Is this request consistent with propriety? If no re-

spect is paid to the memory of an amiable parent, I do not know any other tie that has power to restrain us within the bounds of decorum."—"I revere the memory of my mother: but, if you continue inexorable to my wishes, you make me wretched for life."

"Explain the motives you have for wishing so hasty a union; and, if they accord with prudence, I will endeavour to accede to your request: but it must not be this week, or this month. When my sister is again able to pursue her domestic occupations, I will accompany you to the altar."—"You distract me, Gertrude. I cannot, at present, explain the motives: but, I assure you, they are most urgent. Believe me, you will be grateful to Heaven for preserving me from misery, irremediable misery."

"If your affairs are embarrassed," said Gertrude with infinite emotion and tenderness, "trust me, my dear Frederic, that circumstance will not change my sentiments. I consented to be yours in the day of prosperity; and a reverse of fortune shall not shake either my promise or my esteem. And I know my father too well, to doubt that he will be influenced by it, as he has enough to supply all our moderate desires. It is only curtailing a few of the luxuries of life; and these, on calm reflexion, must be deemed far more ornamental, than beneficial, either to the body or the mind.—Some people fancy it is impossible to exist without a carriage: but I confess, Frederic, that, in my estimation, a

carriage is, to the young and active, a very superfluous appendage in domestic life. It perhaps oftener creates vexation, than it contributes to enjoyment: at least, if I may judge from the complaints which our friends make, of their idle, thoughtless servants, and the thousand risks they run of having their necks broken by drunken coachmen. — You smile, Frederic, at these trifles: but, to speak seriously, prudence requires that you should arrange your affairs previously to our marriage: therefore, however unfortunate you may have been, consider me to be as irrevocably yours, as if the knot were already tied: for so confident am I of your honor, that I am persuaded this unfortunate affair originates with others, and not with yourself."

Frederic clasped her with fervor to his bosom, and exclaimed, "It is not pecuniary embarrassments that urge me to wish for our marriage; for my fortune is not in any respect impaired. The cause of my uneasiness is a subject too delicate to be intimated to my beloved Gertrude: but on my knees I entreat you to consent to unite your fate with mine ere another fortnight be elapsed." — "I beg, Frederic, you will rise," said Gertrude with a look denoting the vexation she experienced. "This is an unbecoming posture, except when you are pleading to that great Being who knows the secrets of your heart. As my father has been the guide of my life, I shall consult with him; and I assure you, that, whatever his decision may be, I will strictly abide by it."

"For God's sake, do not say one word to him on the subject: I should forfeit his esteem for ever." — "I fear," said Gertrude with a voice agitated by contending emotions, "if you deserve to forfeit my father's

esteem, you will never merit mine." — "I do not know what I said: but if you were acquainted with the anguish I endure, you would know how to pity me." — "It is time to close this unpleasant conversation. If your own reflexions cannot inspire you with virtue, it is not in my power to give peace to your bosom. Consult your reason, my dear Frederic, and become worthy of yourself. I shall then joyfully accompany you to the altar: but, in your present frame of mind, I never will."

Frederic repeatedly called to see Gertrude during her sister's confinement; and she was greatly rejoiced to observe that his countenance had resumed its usual cheerfulness: neither did he attempt to renew the subject which had given her so much pain. But, when Emma returned to the drawing-room again, his visits were much less frequent, and much shorter. There appeared a visible coolness in his manner toward Emma, which Gertrude could in no wise account for. She was indeed frequently vexed at the apparent shyness between them, and one day mentioned to Frederic how much she was hurt by it. — He seemed surprised and embarrassed at the notice which had been taken of his manner toward Emma; and, pressing Gertrude's hand with fervor to his lips, exclaimed, "I have powerful reasons for my conduct."

"I wish, my dear Frederic," said Gertrude, "that you had not so many powerful reasons for your conduct: for an air of importance, attached to mere trifles, gives one an idea of a large mansion ill furnished. From the external view we have of it, we expect to find some thing grand and wonderful within; when, behold! we have not any thing but lumber to gratify our curiosity. I presume, my sister Emma has said something

which has irritated your feelings; and you fancy it must be of equal importance to all the rest of the world, though, in our estimation, it might probably be a mere trifle.”—“The goodness of your own heart, my dear Gertrude, renders you blind to the imperfections of others.”—“Come, come, my friend! I must beg leave to decline a compliment at a sister’s expense. I am too well acquainted with the real disposition of those I esteem, to think myself in any respect their superior: and I assure you, I never wish the imperfections of others to serve as a foundation, on which to raise my own character.”

One Sunday evening, while Mrs. Pope was sitting with the family party at Edward’s house, Mr. Lloyd mentioned his intention of returning to the Vale on the following Thursday.—“You must not think of it,” interrupted Mrs. Pope. “You positively must stay in town to witness the admired performance of the Young Roscius, whose next appearance is announced for Friday. Gertrude and Edward must accompany us: but, as Emma has been confined six weeks to the house, she must not attempt it: though, indeed, it is almost a pity not to take her with us—she looks so charmingly.”—Emma declined it, assuring Mrs. Pope that she had not the least inclination to see the youthful performer.

On the Friday evening, Mrs. Pope’s carriage called for the party. With a laudable attention to punctuality, Mr. Lloyd, Gertrude, and Edward, were ready to accompany her at the instant: but Frederic was not yet come. Unwilling, however, to keep Mrs. Pope too long waiting for his arrival, they determined, after a short delay, to set out without him: and, having requested that Emma would desire him to follow them, they re-

paired to the theatre, where so | was the multitude of people easily pressing for admission, that they found it extremely difficult to force their way through the crowded throng, to the seats which had been previously engaged for them.

At length seated, the party were, like the rest of the audience, enraptured with Master Betty’s admirable performance: but, however exquisite their delight, it suffered a sensible diminution from their disappointment in not seeing Frederic arrive to partake of the pleasurable entertainment.—On their return, Mrs. Pope having set her friends down at Edward’s door, Mr. Lloyd, as soon as they were seated in the parlour, inquired of the footman whether Frederic had called, after they were gone to the theatre. “Yes, sir,” said the man—“Mr. Manville called in a few minutes after you left the house, and stopped here near an hour. He then sent for his own carriage from the livery-stables; and my lady and he went to the theatre together.”—“I think, George, you must be mistaken,” said Gertrude. “I dare say, my sister is retired to her own apartment.”—“I beg your pardon, madam, for contradicting you: but I certainly assisted my lady into the carriage myself, and likewise carried a large trunk of Mr. Manville’s into the chariot, which he wished to leave at a friend’s house.”—“A large trunk of Mr. Manville’s!” exclaimed Edward—“How came it here?”—“I do not know, sir: but my lady said it came in the carriage with you, sir, from Wales.”—“Probably it was so: but I do not at this moment recollect it.”

When the servant had quitted the room, the astonishment the party were in, kept them silent. A thousand vague ideas floated in their imaginations: but they were reluc-

tant to form any decided opinion. As they sat looking at each other with countenances expressive of the utmost anxiety, the nurse entered the room, and, walking up to Gertrude, gave into her hand a packet closely sealed up. "My lady," said the nurse, "desired, madam, that I would give you this. As she was uncertain at what time she should return from the theatre, and the packet is something of importance, she thought she had better leave it to my care."—"It is very well, nurse," said Gertrude, and placed the packet upon the table before her.

The moment the nurse closed the door after her, Mr. Lloyd exclaimed, "Why do you not open it, my love?"—"I will open it, sir," said Gertrude: "but a fatal foreboding hangs upon my mind, that its contents will severely wound the feelings of a father, and a husband."—"I beseech you to open it, my love. I cannot bear this painful suspense."

Gertrude with trembling fingers broke the seal, and, after opening several folds of paper, came to a note sealed up. In the utmost agitation, she opened it. But the moment her eyes glanced over its contents, she dropped senseless from her chair. Edward sprang across the room, and raised her from the floor. At that moment, his wife, his friend, nay, all the world, were forgotten in anxious solicitude for the being he supported in his arms. Gertrude gradually recovered the power of reason: and, when she beheld her father and brother supporting her, a moment or two elapsed, ere she could recollect what had caused the suspension of her faculties. But, when she perceived the fatal note lying close at her feet, she burst into a violent flood of tears.

Mr. Lloyd observed where her eyes

were directed; and, taking up the paper, he exclaimed, "We must now learn what has so cruelly destroyed your peace."—"Oh! my dear father!" cried Gertrude, in broken accents, "do not peruse it. It is not my peace, but yours, and my brother's, that will be destroyed by those dreadful lines."—"Be not alarmed for me, my love," said Mr. Lloyd, in a voice of tenderness and anguish. At the same moment he raised the paper to his eyes, and read it.—Gertrude anxiously watched his varying countenance: but the moment he had finished perusing it, he placed it upon the table, and threw himself into his chair. He sat a few moments lost in thought: but his face denoted the agony of despair.

Gertrude threw her arms around his neck, and, sobbing violently, exclaimed, "You have yet a daughter left."—"I have: and God preserve her to me! I have had my portion of happiness in this world: I must now learn to be resigned to its miseries. But you, my worthy son, have yet to learn the perfidy of your wife and friend."—"I have learned it already," said Edward, with manly fortitude, "from my sister's sorrow, and your countenance, sir."—"But read it there, my son: and know the extent of their baseness. What hypocrites they have been! That a daughter, whom I have so fondly loved, should prove so vicious, is too dreadful to think of."

Edward read the following words—

"My fate is now for ever fixed. I am unworthy of your affection, my dearest Gertrude, or of the love of my husband and father. Consider me, as one who has never existed; and endeavour to banish Frederic Manville from your heart. He is the companion of my flight; and our plans are so arranged, that any attempt to pursue us will be wholly

useless. But let me exonerate him from the baseness that you will attach to his conduct. Even at this moment, honor would restore him to your arms: but that must not be. I find that the passion I had entertained for my husband, was merely an obstinate childish fancy: but, for Frederic, I would joyfully resign a thousand worlds. It is for him that I forfeit self-approbation, and the esteem of those to whom I am so highly indebted. But, though Frederic's hatred should be the consequence of my imprudence, I would not recant the confession, that I adore him. And to be his companion, even in the wilds of America, is far more congenial to my feelings, than to possess every blessing in life without him.—I will not ask you to be a mother to the little Gertrude: for I am convinced that the tenderness of your own heart will be more eloquent in her favor than any words of mine. I leave it to you to soften the anguish of my father and my husband: but, for yourself, what can I say? Nothing. I am not possessed of words to describe the complicated feelings which I experience at this moment: but, whatever part of the world I may fix in, my prayer shall be, that you may be happy, independent of your lover's desertion, and your sister's perfidy."

"I have lost my wife and my friend," said Edward with a voice almost choked with contending emotions: but my dearest sister has lost one, who, a very few months ago, was calculated to make her blest through life."—"This," said Mr. Lloyd, "is too painful a subject to dwell upon; and, in our present frame of mind, every other subject is equally irksome: let us therefore, my beloved children, retire to our own rooms."

Gertrude immediately arose from

her chair, and, tenderly embracing her father, most anxiously entreated him to be composed; she then walked up to her brother, and, wishing him a good night, fervently assured him that she would do every thing in her power to restore him to peace.

(*To be continued.*)

The Mysterious Light.

A Fragment.

..... "and how blue it looks!" said Edward.—"I never saw a light there before," said John: "did you, Edward?"—"No, John: indeed I did not," replied a fine youth of eighteen, to his elder companion, a laboring man about forty.—"Why," resumed John, "it must be close to the old abbey upon the hill; and that is full a mile from hence: but we shall have to pass very near it in our way; and I should like to find out what it can be: see how it seems to dance about."—Edward assented to his companion's proposal, but did not, in his heart, much like the thoughts of rambling among the ruins at that hour; for it had long been dark.

They gradually became silent, and both were rapt in deep meditation upon the mysterious light. It was late in October: the day had been wet; and the dark heavy clouds still sailed through the expanse of heaven. It was a moonless night; occasionally a solitary star gleamed between a parting cloud; but its faint ray was quickly hidden again by the increasing gloom: the hollow breeze moaned by fits through the trees, tearing down their last leafy honors, which covered the ground quite deep, and rustled beneath the hasty tread of the wanderers.

In their way, they had to pass a deep glen, along the bottom of which ran a rapid stream, now swollen to a torrent by the recent rain. A bridge,

led them across the river, just where it was precipitated down an immense fall. Nothing could equal the horror of this pass: the planks of the bridge were loose, and creaked beneath their tiptoe tread: above them was the foamy cataract, the spray from which wetted them like rain: beneath them yawned an abyss, into which one false step might plunge them, never to rise again.—The torrent was passed in safety, and they now once more breathed freely. The mysterious light was no longer to be seen: a gloomy grove of pines hid it from their aching eyes. As they ascended the acclivity, and wound round the wood, the light was again visible: it appeared brighter and broader than before; the flame was light and flickering. “What can it be, Edward?” exclaimed John emphatically: “surely no robbers have encamped themselves for the night among the old walls; and, as to any other human creatures being there, I think that quite impossible. I have heard strange stories indeed about the old abbey, when I was a boy; and some of the villagers used to believe, that But, pshaw! what nonsense I am running into! I never believed a word of it myself.”

Here Edward began to feel indescribable sensations: poor lad! till this moment, he had felt tolerably courageous; he had never heard the stories that John had hinted at; but those hints were just strong enough to awaken in him wild imaginations, and extreme fear; his knees almost refused to support him: he would have spoken; but his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth; and he could not utter a single word.

They had now approached very near to the light; a deeper solitude, and a still deeper darkness, seemed to reign through the silent air. Not

a sound was to be heard, except the distant roar of the torrent; and that only gave additional horror to the scene.—Sometimes the light was hidden by the intervening fragments of walls, and remains of Gothic arches; sometimes faintly seen through the chasms that time had made in these remains of the monkish ages. Even John began to think that he might as well pursue his road, as turn out of it to gratify a curiosity that might be of sad and serious consequence to them both: but his manhood bore him up; and he made a desperate turn out of the road, and rushed, with a feeling of the mind that could not be called thought, toward the mysterious light. Edward tried to follow, but in vain. He was already close to what he conceived to be a scene of inexpressible horror: his sight became dim; his senses forsook him; and he fell prostrate on the earth.

John was in such a state of mind, that he did not miss his companion; for he beheld, in addition to the pale blue light, what he imagined to be a mansion of demoniac beings, on the top of which played the delusive flame. Here and there around the sides of it, were seen chinks of fire, from which issued sulphureous smoke, John could bear up no longer; and, like his young friend, he fell horror-stricken to the ground!

The morning found them lying near a brick-kiln. J. M. LACEY.

The ADOPTED CHILD.

(Continued from page 458.)

Sequel of Mrs. Mervil's History.

“JUST as the clock struck eight, the sound of footsteps, and the voice of Thomas, gave notice of Mr. Mervil's return. The door opened, and presented a sight which deprived me of utterance—Mr. Mervil, supported between two men, gasping for breath,

and unable to articulate a word. He motioned to be placed in a chair near me.—During this interval, I remained torpid: but, as soon as he was seated, I threw my arms around him, and sobbed aloud. This effort so effectually relieved me, that, when the physician arrived, whom Thomas had previously secured, I was enabled to listen calmly to his directions. Assuring me there was nothing to fear, he desired Mr. Mervil not to speak, and, having prescribed a composing draught, took his leave.

“Immediately on being placed in bed, Mr. Mervil fell asleep; and, grateful for his quiet slumber, I heard with less emotion the afflicting cause of his mental sufferings.

“On the following morning, the physician found him so much better, that he declined any further attendance. He was allowed to rise, and directed to go into another room.

“At the sight of William, his agitation returned; and, with a convulsive sigh, which pierced my very soul, he faintly uttered, ‘Take him away, till I have recollected myself: his presence unmans me.’

“A few seconds restored his usual composure; and he thus began—‘After parting from you, I was not many minutes in reaching St. James’s Square. On knocking at the door, and perceiving it opened by a servant in mourning, I had scarcely power to ask if his lady was at home?—Struck with my appearance, and distressed by the inquiry, he hesitatingly replied, and cautiously informed me of my sister’s death. I then with difficulty inquired for the steward. He was called, and, on beholding me, testified his joy in accents of cordial welcome. Seeing me turn pale, he assisted me to walk in.—I instantly fainted, and in this state was conveyed to bed. Relieved by being bled, I dozed; but memory,

faithful to the past, prevented repose. The fear of alarming you detained me. At length wearied with anxiety, I explained my wish of returning home; and, Thomas having secured a chair, I gladly left a house in which retrospection was misery.’

“Mr. Mervil had no sooner finished, than the steward was announced.—The figure of this worthy domestic, and his plain but interesting address, bespoke him the messenger of peace. With much respect, he urged our acceptance of the accommodation prepared for our reception, by the command of Lord Delafonte, who, with his son, had left England immediately after the funeral.”

On hearing the exclamation of surprise uttered by Marina, Mrs. Mervil paused; but, perceiving that she wished to conceal her confusion, she proceeded—

“He then mentioned the circumstances attending the marriage of Lady Delafonte, the affection of her lord, and the hope she indulged of re-uniting her brother to his family: ‘but her letter,’ continued he, ‘which I was commissioned to deliver on your arrival, will convince you (my dearest master) more than my poor expressions, of her excellence, and her steady adherence to your interest.’

“Saying this, he took out of his pocket a letter-case, and with a trembling hand presented it to him. ‘This is to tell me,’ said Mr. Mervil mournfully, ‘that I have no longer a father!’

“The steward, unable to reply, precipitately left the house.—Mr. Mervil instantly broke the seal, and read to the following effect—that, though weak from recent illness, Lady Delafonte had watched by the death-bed of her father for a favorable opportunity to mention Mr. Mervil’s regret for having unintentionally offended him; and it appeared that

the earl, moved by her generous intercession, was softened even to tears.—Blessing the motive which stimulated her application, he implored her not to quit the room, till she had witnessed the execution of a deed annulling his former bequest.—No sooner had he urged this request, and Lady Delafonte hastened to dispatch Freeman for a lawyer, than the earl expired.—Overcome by the sudden shock, Lady Delafonte fainted, and was removed, while in a state of insensibility, to her own house.—Immediately on her recovery, dreading the effect which her father's death, and unfortunate legacy, might produce on the mind of Mr. Mervil, she penned, with a trembling hand, expressive of her emotion, every soothing argument, to convince him, that death alone had prevented his restoration to his father's favor.—After mentioning, in the most affecting terms, that the certainty of her speedy dissolution destroyed all hope of their meeting in this world, she concluded, by pathetically adverting to that period when they should again meet, to part no more.

“In the postscript, which appeared to have been written some hours after, she mentioned a casket, which contained two miniatures, and a ring (with her own hair) in the possession of Freeman, who had orders to deliver it as soon as the colonel had been apprised of her death.

“The bosom of Mr. Mervil heaved many a bitter sigh during the perusal of this letter; and his emotion became more visible, as he drew near the conclusion. Her pious exhortation to bear the temporary separation with fortitude; seemed to recall every past transaction. He again perused that part of her letter which mentioned his father's forgiveness. Folding his arms in an agony, the letter dropped from his hand; and, as I

attempted to pick it up, he hastily took it from me, and, pressing it to his lips, uttered, in a voice scarcely audible, such a eulogy on his sister's memory, as proved how sensibly he felt his obligation to her.—Then, as if apostrophising her departed shade, he softly said, ‘Yes! I will be resigned:—your admonition, my beloved sister, has produced conviction.’

“Too much affected myself to interrupt his *rêverie*, and respecting a sorrow which flowed from so natural a source, I quietly left the room. When I re-entered, the mind of Mr. Mervil (relieved from the weight of a father's curse) seemed to have caught the holy flame, which sustained the dying spirit of his amiable sister; and, in devout aspirations, he was offering the effusions of a heart glowing with fervent piety.—Elevated beyond the narrow boundaries of human greatness, and conscious of internal rectitude, his countenance soon indicated that resignation had resumed her placid seat.—‘For you only, my dear Fanny,’ (said this best of men) ‘I regret the loss of that wealth which my excellent sister esteems so lightly. My poor boy (when I am gone) can seek a subsistence in the line which fortune has marked out for him: but you are deserving of a happier lot.’—My reply convinced him, that, rich in his affection, I possessed the only treasure my ambition ever coveted.

“Mr. Mervil received his brother's billet, in which was contained all his paternal inheritance, with a steadiness which astonished me; and, as he read the cool but laconic intimation, that it was all he could reasonably expect, he expressed no other sensation than that which excited an indignant smile, and then, deliberately putting the shilling into William's hand, he threw the paper which inclosed it into the fire.

“As we were sitting at breakfast one morning, and talking over the contents of his brother’s letter, the steward entered, and made many apologies for having detained the casket, which indisposition alone had prevented his delivering sooner.

“Eager to behold the resemblance of a woman whom I had so much reason to admire, I instantly opened the casket, and in the first picture (from its striking resemblance to my son) recognised the features of Lady Delafonte. I gazed with secret pleasure on her expressive countenance, and traced, in each lineament, that correspondent goodness which actuated her whole soul. The picture of Lady Darnly excited other emotions: I viewed it with filial awe. Her known partiality to Colonel Mervil gave it an interest, which bestowed on it a thousand graces.—The miniatures were both set round with diamonds; and the ring, which was intended as a present to me, bespoke the liberal spirit of the donor.

“While I was thus occupied, Mr. Freeman was relating some family anecdotes, which concerned the colonel. I forbear to repeat the substance: but they were such as determined Colonel Mervil to quit England, without seeking an interview with his brother.

“Mr. Freeman was discharged soon after his father died: and Lord Delafonte, at the request of his lady, took him immediately into his service, where it was intimated that he might end his days. Expressing every wish for our happiness, and unable to conceal his agitation, the venerable man took a hasty leave. ‘My brother is uniformly unfeeling,’ said Mr. Mervil, ‘to neglect such a man as Freeman, whose faithful services merited a liberal recompense.’

“In a few days we left England, and reached our old quarters, safe

and well.—Six weeks after our arrival, in consequence of the rupture with our colonies, the regiment received orders to sail for America.—With anxious concern Mr. Mervil listened to my request of accompanying him. He objected on account of my situation: Frances made her appearance: he hesitated. She was too precious a charge to be left solely to the care of a nurse: Nature assisted my petition: Mr. Mervil consented; and, at the appointed time, we all embarked.

“Previous to our quitting Gibraltar, Mr. Mervil had written to Mr. Dupont; and he was fortunately at New York when we landed: Ignorant of our late trials, and observing my sable dress, he inquired the cause. The answer of Colonel Mervil explained; and I read, in his friendly countenance, his astonishment and sympathy.

“Ever active in his duty, Mr. Mervil exemplified, that discipline and courage were inseparable; and, though his sentiments of the war accorded not with the general opinion, his feelings, as a man, never interfered with his duty as a soldier.

“Temperate in the indulgence of every gratification, he beheld, with concern, that disposition to excess, which universally prevailed. He remonstrated; and these remonstrances were answered by insinuations which reflected on his patriotism. They pretended to question his zeal for the national cause.—At first these malignant rumors reached not the ear of Mr. Mervil, till the caution of a friend explained their malicious tendency. His mind sunk beneath the idea, that his loyalty was suspected. That firmness, which his late troubles had not shaken, now forsook him. ‘The honor of a soldier,’ (he would feelingly say) ‘once doubted, is tarnished for ever. Death may clear my

wounded fame: but existence confirms me a traitor.—My boy shall not share in the ignominy attached to me. The stain which our name has received, must be obliterated; and my wounds shall proclaim to my country the injustice of the calumny.'

"In vain I urged every argument which religion offered: he controverted them all, and persisted in courting that destruction which a miracle only could avert.—He had taken his resolution, he emphatically stated; and there was no other way to refute the foul aspersion; 'and be not offended, Fanny, if I assert that my rank demands the sacrifice. But be assured, that, in the heat of battle, and under the influence of my tumultuous passions, I will respect your kind injunctions.'—Every advice he gave his son, struck a panic to my heart, which almost distracted me: and the solemnity with which he enforced every request, seemed preparatory to our final separation.

"Previous to the fatal battle, he was closeted some hours with Mr. Dupont and his son. The serenity, which succeeded the settlement of his worldly affairs, deceived me; and I flattered myself that the arguments of Mr. Dupont, seconded by the attention of the commander in chief, had proved effectual. The battle commenced some hours before I was informed of the colonel's absence: and no sooner had the information reached me, than I learned that he had fallen. What were my reflexions! As my affection extended beyond the grave, I trembled lest his lofty spirit had precipitated the event. Weak and unjust conclusion!—The seat of reason tottered; and, no one attempting to oppose me, I ran wildly into the street, with the design of seeking Mr. Mervil. Mr. Dupont caught hold of me. 'Stop!' he cried: 'the colonel is

coming: let me conduct you into the house.'—A ray of comfort, at this instant, beamed on my bewildered fancy; and mercy gave me an interval, which, though temporary, has since afforded consolation to my sorrows. 'He is living, then!' I thankfully exclaimed: and I had scarcely entered the house, when the colonel was brought in. His wounds were many, and dreadful; and no hope was entertained of his surviving many minutes.

"I heard his voice, and instantly flew towards him.—Tears came to my relief; and I received his dying assurance of having only performed his duty, without interrupting him: but, when he requested my attention to the parting instructions he had given to his son, my despair exceeded all bounds.

"Gently taking my hand, he entreated me to be calm again.—I wept, and, kneeling, asked forgiveness.—'You have my prayers, Fanny,' he continued, (while pain seemed to agonise his whole frame) 'that your life may be spared, to strengthen those principles which I have inculcated.—As you were the first object of my affection, so are you the last my soul delights to contemplate. That immortality, to which your example has taught me to aspire, is now in view: do not therefore, my dearest love, impede, by your excessive grief, the effect which your piety has produced. Suffer me to proceed.'—But he could only utter—'I feel the stroke of death; let me behold my son.'—The children were soon brought: then kissing each, and pressing the hand of Mr. Dupont, he desired to receive my last embrace.—From that moment I became insensible, and, for two months, remained unconscious of every thing that passed. At length, my health and reason being restored, I inquired

of Mr. Dupont the melancholy particulars of Colonel Mervil's interment.—He assured me that every respect had been paid to his memory, and that the tears, shed by his regiment, expressed the general feeling.—I then asked him whether Mr. Mervil had pointed out any plan which he wished me to pursue.—After saying that he had left his pecuniary affairs entirely at my disposal, he added, ‘ Fearful, lest the recollection of his brother's conduct might weaken the resolution you would otherwise exert, he has intrusted to me the painful duty of submitting to your consideration the advantages likely to arise from the residence, which’ Here my tears for some minutes delayed his communication: but, after a struggle, I patiently attended.—He then explained Colonel Mervil's motives for wishing me to reside in England, and accounted so satisfactorily for his preference, that I no longer hesitated.—To conclude, we left America in a few weeks. Mr. Dupont made the necessary inquiries, and (for particular reasons) kindly purchased this cottage, and two fields adjoining, which he presented to me in trust for my daughter.—This valuable purchase secured us in our retreat; and we have hitherto escaped observation.

“ Before Mr. Dupont quitted us, he placed my son at a school in Hereford, where that friendship commenced, which now exists between him and Mr. Tudway.

“ Consoled by religion, I early impressed on Frances the resources it afforded. Our mode of living, though retired, has had its uses: and, while culling simples, either on the mountain, or in the valley, Frances has been taught the instructive lesson of dependent nature; every plant and herb evincing a creative Power, who gave to each its healing property.—

Assisted by her humble associate, she converts her researches to benevolent purposes; and the poor derive from her limited dispensary both medicinal aid and personal comfort.

“ My son entered the army at an early age, and has exceeded every wish his father formed.—We now every day expect the arrival of Mr. Dupont, by whom we are to be introduced to Lord Delafonte.”

Here Mrs. Mervil ended; and Marina, oppressed by a variety of emotions, was unable to reply.

(*To be continued.*)

The ROMANTIC WIFE.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

I hope that similarity of misfortune may afford your correspondent Benedict* some consolation, I wish to inform him, that I am also possessed of a young and lovely wife, upon whom not even the breath of malice dares to affix a stigma; and yet, like himself, I am neither comfortable nor contented.

An intuitive delicacy of mind, and the native softness of her sex, have been unfortunately fostered by those mistaken refinements of education, which do away that strength and utility of character, which causes a woman to be loved by her husband, when beauty is faded, and vivacity is fled.

I was an adoring, and eventually a successful lover: but the union, from which I hoped to date my happiness, has laid the foundation of anxiety and uneasiness.

The first hurry of nuptial gaiety was no sooner over, than I wished we should pursue some similar study, and take up a course of reading, on which we might communicate our

* See “*The Industrious Wife*,” in our Magazine for September, page 428.

thoughts, and increase our stores for reciprocal improvement.

Euphemia did not dissent, but felt (as I perceived) no zeal in the project. I trusted, however, that it might arise as we proceeded : but I found, alas ! that its only visible effect was that of acting as a soporific. The attractions of science, and the stores of history, were equally tried in vain.

Nothing, in short, but poetry or novels, made the smallest impression : and, unfortunately, they afforded so little occupation to *my* thoughts, that I could not enter into a discussion of their merits, and was at length obliged to relinquish the darling scheme, on which I had built so many ærial structures of future satisfaction and mutual improvement.—I could no longer resist the conviction, that my Euphemia's mind had more of elegance than strength, and, like the drapery that enfolded her graceful form, was calculated rather for show than service.

Her propensities to the romantic are likewise most unluckily cherished by constant intercourse with her early associates, who exhaust themselves in sentiment, and leave nothing for reality. Hence my house is perpetually invaded by “a set of wretched un-idea'd girls*,” whose conversation is of the most frivolous and sickening nature : and, in their occasional absence, my wife is so fully occupied in reading and writing multitudes of nonsensical epistles, that she has no leisure for necessary acquirements, or reflexion upon the every-day business of common life.

The conclusion of all will be my abandonment of home, in hopes of elsewhere finding comfort and amusement : for, in the prime of life, it is impossible to divest ourselves of every wish for social gratification ; and my

male friends are become shy of my house, from the perplexing dilemmas in which they have been involved by the phantasies or vanity of its fair inmates.

One very amiable young man, who was depressed by some distressing pecuniary embarrassments, had his gravity and reserve attributed to a commencing passion for my wife, who was, in truth, the only lady to whom he paid the least degree of attention. This was one of the blessed discoveries made by the ingenuity of her friend Clarinda, who prompted a line of conduct toward the supposed culprit, at once so distant and disobliging, that he quitted the house : and it was not until too late to recall him, that I got to the bottom of the matter.

In return for this notable discovery, Euphemia convinced Clarinda that another of our guests was in love with her. He was an animated and vivacious young man, and certainly found an amusement in entering with them into the theories of sentiment : but, as he showed himself impenetrable, beyond a certain point, to their alternate experiments of coldness or encouragement, I was requested to interfere. My refusal created nothing but uneasiness and repinings : and at length, in hopes that my persecution would cease with his presence, another friend took himself off from my house.

In fact, I now never invite one of my former associates, but such plotting and counterplotting, such designs and conjectures commence, that I cannot enjoy his society from the conscious shame which hangs around me.—I hear his actions, words, and looks, discussed with all the nicety of romance. Meanings, the most foreign to his own, are attributed to all he says and does. His most insignificant proposals, even to walk or

* See one of Dr. Johnson's speeches.—*Boswell's Life*, vol. i.

ride, are minutely commented upon by these votaries of imagination; and, if he should twice, even without the slightest appearance of design, happen to single out the same fair nymph, he is instantly set down as her devoted slave. Then his subsequent inconstancy becomes fresh subject for conversation: and, in short, the attachments and quarrels of our little society are so alternate, that we furnish a considerable fund of entertainment and speculation to our neighbours; for we neither make a common visit, nor attend a public meeting, but such a train of adventures ensue, as would fill a good-sized duodecimo, if faithfully printed, as I hear them detailed.

With all my caution, I cannot steer clear of the ridicule which attaches to my family; and I feel that my provocations and perplexities are in reality what theirs are in imagination.

I am particularly sore, just now, from the difficulties I have had in preventing a young Creolian relative, who was in some measure under my care, from being entrapped into a matrimonial connexion by the novel-like contrivances of a set of intriguing girls: and the conspicuous part he will bear in the annals of Anastasia Aimwell, is no consolation for the anxiety I sustained, until the affair was totally quashed.

Yet, however provoking and ludicrous all this may be for the present, anticipation presents a still more serious train of evils. I shall sink into age, without a companion or a friend.—My sons will have no agreeable family circle to resort to; and my daughters will either be reared in a school of folly and frivolity, or, if sent from it, lose that interest in domestic concerns, and that acquaintance with the affairs and habits of their father, which forms at once the sweetest and the strongest of all attachments.

If the display of my sufferings warn the rising generation of females from imbibing the pernicious theories of romance, it will be one of the few sources of satisfaction that can now arise to, Sir, your obedient humble servant,
PETER PLAINWAYS.

The LETTER.

“Cadmus did first the wondrous art devise,
Of panting words, and speaking to the eyes.”

It is not necessary, at this time of day, to turn our contemplations backward to those remote periods when communications from one person to another were entirely oral: or obscure and ill-understood hieroglyphics were employed to convey ideas: neither is it necessary to trace the progress of writing to its present state of something very like perfection: it is enough for us to know and appreciate so noble, so useful, so interesting an art. Still our sentiments toward the inventor of it would almost approach to adoration, did not the remembrance of a divine inspirer check us, and put us in mind, that to him alone we are indebted for every blessing of life.

To the merchant how great is the advantage of this art! Through all his extensive connexion, whether far or near, the letter conveys his orders and remittances; carries his complaints, or expresses his satisfaction.

To intimate friends, however separated—though seas roll between them, and half the globe intervene to keep them from each other's sight—how interesting and useful is the letter! They live over again the days of past pleasures; they interchange their hopes and fears; describe their situations mutually and unreservedly; and pour forth to each other the language of hope, that they may one day meet again.

To lovers, how more than dear, how sacred, is the letter! Every

thought, every feeling, every event that happens to the one, is interesting to the other. When at a distance from each other, how delightful it is to receive the expected packet! What, to half the world, would appear trivial and frivolous, is, to them, fraught with deep import. Every little, and even idle occupation of time, every change of health, a new article of dress, a visit paid or received, are all full of interest: but it is vain to attempt a description of a love-letter, or the feelings excited by it; the breathings of affection are differently expressed, and differently understood, by the various classes of society: but, if they are genuine, the hearts to which they are addressed, need not the assistance of the cold-blooded critic to explain their meaning.

All these, and a thousand other descriptions of persons, are indebted to the letter for all the varieties of intelligence; in our own country, and with the assistance of the post, a man, at the distance of a hundred miles from his friend, sits down in the evening, addresses his conversation to him on paper, puts the letter into the post-office, and, almost before he quits the arms of sleep in the morning, his friend is in possession of his sentiments. Another night elapses; and the friend's reply arrives, with scarcely a possibility of interruption; certainly with very little probability of any.

I love to see a mail-coach pass through a country town, and cannot help thinking of the strange medley of letters which the guard has under his care; some of mere ceremony, some of mirthful import, some full of grief and sorrow. To one a remittance is going, to another a letter requesting one. This is full of anger and heavy denunciations of vengeance: that conveys the mild lan-

guage of the timid maid; but the guard, closely wrapped in his fear-nought coat, thinks little of the clashing contents of the charge he has under his care; and is only anxious that it may arrive in safety at its destination, heedless of the sighs or the tears it may occasion to some, and equally careless about the joy it may bring to others. J. M. L.

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 467.)

Mr. Middleton, to Philip Sydney, Esq.—In continuation.

My thoughts were so employed on my intended visit, that I could not sleep. I arose early, and waited impatiently, till M'Leod was ready to attend me. We took our route across the great moor; and, when we entered the wood, he conducted me by a narrow and intricate path of considerable length, which terminated close to a stupendous rock, through which was a fissure, which on the first view did not appear wide enough for a man to go through. We, however, followed its irregular windings with ease; and, in a moment, a most beautiful valley broke upon my view. A stream of clear water gushed from the rock, and meandered in a serpentine direction through the grassy mead.—We next came to a thick grove of noble firs; and my guide opened a little wicket, which admitted us into a small inclosure, which encompassed the house, which was a small white cottage at the foot of a high hill. Here we met an old man, bent under the weight of years, who was employed in feeding some poultry. M'Leod asked him where his laird was; to which he answered that we should find him in the garden.—We entered a shady walk; and, on a bench under a spreading tree, I saw the most venerable figure that I had ever

beheld. My host went a little before me; and having said a few words to the laird, he beckoned to me to approach. I advanced within a few steps of the seat, but suddenly stopped short. I at that moment felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I can give you no idea of. In this old man's eye, as he attentively viewed me, there was an awful piercing look, which affected me beyond expression. His white flowing locks, his silver beard, all gave to his appearance such a dignity as is not to be described.

He saw that I was agitated, and gracefully held out his hand to me. I know not how it was, but I mechanically bent one knee to the ground, and was ready to exclaim, in the words of Esau, "Bless me, even me also, O my father!"

Poor M'Leod, delighted beyond expression, took the hand that was extended to me, and pressed it to his lips.—"Old M'Leod, please Your Honor, has not deceived you. Maister Middleton is not disagreeable in your eyes.—Come forward, my dearyoung master, and speak to His Honor; and let him hear a voice that always gives joy to my heart."

The laird passed his hand two or three times across his eyes. "I am dim-sighted, very dim-sighted," cried he: "but what attraction is there about the young man, that brings this moisture into my eye?"—I took his hand, and kissed it with more than filial respect.

"If thou hast a father," cried he.—"I have no father," replied I in tremulous accents.—"Nor I a son," rejoined he quickly; "but once I had one:" and he looked wistfully up in my face; and his feeble hand dropped from mine.

The pathos of our first meeting being over, he bade me seat myself by him; and in a few moments we were as familiar, as if we had known

each other for seven years.—M'Leod, seeing us on the terms he wished, retired.

We walked through the garden; and the laird conducted me over his neat cottage, and was pleased at the praises I bestowed on this charming retirement. But, when I said that I should wish for no greater happiness than to pass my days in such a retirement, he laid his hand upon my shoulder; and, "I have too good an opinion of you," said he, "to suppose, that, at your time of life, it would be possible for you to be happy in solitude. I could not help thinking unfavorably of a young man's mind, who would willingly seclude himself from society. The social affections have very properly a strong hold on a mind rightly disposed: and a peasant, if the father of a family whom he takes care of to the best of his power, is as useful and respectable a member of the community at large, as the first peer of the realm. I did not retire from the busy scenes of life, till age and disappointments (brought on me by my own imprudence) had rendered me unfit for the world, and the world unfit for me."

I could have listened to this respectable old man for ever; and heeded not the approach of evening, till M'Leod warned me that the night was stealing fast upon us, and that we had a long walk home. I therefore reluctantly took my leave of the Laird of Calderwood, having respectfully asked his permission to wait on him again. He turned to me with a benevolent smile, saying, "Mr. Middleton, I was very loath to see you; and this meeting has given me a strange mixture of pleasure and pain. But the latter sensation, I find, would be predominant, if I thought I should never see you more: therefore, the oftener you visit this retire-

ment, the happier will you make an old man, who, till he saw you, thought he had long since done with the world and its affections."

I bade him good night, with the less reluctance, after the flattering declaration he had made that he should see me again with pleasure. —I returned M'Leod a thousand thanks for the happiness he had procured me in the acquaintance of his noble friend; for noble, I am sure, he is, Sydney: such grace and dignity could never show itself in a man of low birth. In the meridian of his days, I should suppose a finer figure of a man never existed, than that of the Laird of Calderwood. He is very tall; nor does he stoop so much as one would imagine he would do: for, by what I could gather from his discourse, he is near the age of ninety. I have seen many men, full twenty years younger, look much more infirm than he does. His complexion is fair and ruddy; and his large dark eyes, though they have lost their brilliancy, have not lost their expression. —He speaks the Erse language in its ancient purity, and was formerly well acquainted with the English tongue; though, from his long disuse of it, he could not express himself with that fluency, of which he was capable in his own dialect: but, as I can speak the Erse language tolerably well, we found no difficulty in conversing.

The following day was entirely taken up in my lord's affairs: but I arose early the next morning, anxious to visit my new friend; and arrived at the hermitage just as the old domestic was carrying in a basin of milk, warm from the cow, for his master's breakfast. The laird received me most cordially, and assured me, that, in his evening and morning orisons to the Father of the universe, he had not forgotten me.

—I partook of his breakfast; and never did I make a meal with such cordial satisfaction:—the pleasure was pure, and without alloy. When I speak of pleasure, Lenox Abbey, and the festive hours I have spent there, naturally recur to my mind. But that pleasure, Sydney, was not like this: my bosom was then too much agitated: even in my moments of highest transport, the idea of what could not be, has obtruded itself so powerfully on my mind, that even what gave me delight, proved afterward the cause of exquisite pain. —But I forget that I am writing to a philosopher, who has long since banished from his mind those fine-spun sentiments, and thinks they only exist in the weak heads of women and fools. —Well, then—the satisfaction I feel in the company of my hermit, is such as even you would approve; it is the feast of reason, and of sober minds.

After breakfast, the laird showed me his library, which contained a small but choice collection of the best authors, and among them some manuscripts of exquisite old Scottish poetry. I could not help observing; several times in the day, that, in the midst of his discourse, the laird would suddenly make a pause, and look on me with the most fixed attention. I once asked him why he viewed me in so particular a manner. "My dear boy," replied he, "I am every moment asking myself the same question. I know not why—but there are features in your face, which strangely affect me. Besides, I am willing to make an impression on my mind, which may in some degree compensate me for the privation of the original, which I must soon expect to lose." At these words, I saw a tear tremble in his eye. —I sensibly felt this instance of his affection: I pressed his hand, and

replied, "My revered friend may rest assured that the heart of Middleton is not ungrateful for his kindness. I had no intention, sir, of speedily quitting these Highlands, before I had the happiness of knowing you: the thought now would be painful to me; and I feel, that, without regret, I could finish my days in this valley."

"That must not be, Middleton. You were not born to dream away your life in such an obscure spot. Go, then, and mix in that society, which nature and education have formed you to adorn. Will you excuse," continued he, "the curiosity of an old man, if I express a desire of knowing the motive that could induce so young a man as you to fix yourself quietly in so remote a part of the world?"

I replied, that I thought myself honored by the wish he expressed of being acquainted with any thing relating to me; and I then very freely communicated to him every particular relative to my obscure birth—the liberal education that I had received, and the continued attention and tenderness I had experienced from my noble patron—with the offers he had made of establishing me in life, and my reasons for rejecting them; and why I wished to superintend my benefactor's estates in Scotland.

The laird listened to me with the most profound attention; and, when I had concluded, observed, that every respect and service in my power was certainly due to the man to whom I was under such infinite obligations; but that he must think my reasons for declining both his lordship's proposals insufficient; for, if I had a predilection for the army, my education, and the manner in which I had been introduced into life, put me upon an equality with any gentleman: and he thought I ought by all means to have

embraced the opportunity of gaining a permanent establishment in life. He owned, however, that the sentiment which had brought me into this country, was a laudable one; but, as the end proposed was likely to be soon attained, he wished me to return to Lord Malcombe, and accept one of the offers he had made me. He said he thought me at present a little too enthusiastic in my sentiments; but that time would temper them with more prudence. His experience, he continued, and the very sincere regard he felt for me, had prompted him to be thus free in delivering his opinions with regard to my conduct.

I was gratified by the candor of his remarks, and the solicitude he showed for my welfare, but was not convinced by his arguments. You, Sydney, had before gone over the same ground, to as little purpose.

The laird then asked me what other connexions and acquaintance I had in the world.—I mentioned the long and close intimacy that subsisted between you and me: I named several families of the first rank, with whom I had the honor of being acquainted; and, among the number, I did not forget Lord Granville. The warm paenegyric I passed on that nobleman, and the confession, I know not why, which always hangs about me when I mention the loveliest ornament of that noble family, could not escape the notice of so acute an observer as I was then conversing with.

"Softly, Mr. Middleton!" cried he. "I now perceive the motive which made you fly the cheerful haunts of men: you are a stricken deer, and seek a cure for your wounds in the Highlands of Scotland."—In short, Sydney, the Laird of Calderwood wormed out from me an open confession of the state of my heart.

I owned that I loved Miss Lenox with the most impassioned tenderness; that I had nothing to hope for; but I trusted that time and absence would enable me to get the better of so improper an attachment. —He asked me whether the lady knew of my *penchant* for her. I answered, that she never would have known it, had it not been for an accident I met with, when on a visit to Lord Granville, when the ravings of delirium laid open the state of my heart to all around me. —He then inquired, whether I thought Miss Lenox felt any favorable sentiments for me. —I answered that I must have been a most egregious coxcomb, to have indulged the most distant idea of any such thing; but that I had some reason to suppose that Lord Granville apprehended something of that nature; and this made me vow in my own mind never to see his daughter again, at least while she continued single.

The laird highly approved my conduct in this particular; and thanked me, in so very affectionate and tender a manner, for the gratification which he was pleased to say my recital had afforded him, that I hardly knew how to answer him. He now became thoughtful, and continued in somewhat of a melancholy mood during the remainder of the day; and, when I took my leave of him in the evening, he seemed so pensive and sad, that I was quite uneasy till I saw him again in the morning, when I was happy to find him more cheerful.

“I have been thinking, Mr. Middleton,” said he, “that you may probably be curious to know something of an old man, whose appearance and secluded way of life must, no doubt, strike you, as singular and mysterious. My story is simple, and soon told: the incidents have nothing

marvelous in them: my own folly and imprudence was the cause of all my sorrows.”

You must not expect, Sydney, any method in my manner of relating events; for I write as time and inclination suit: and the story I am now going to relate to you, was not told to me until some time after I became acquainted with the hero of the tale. But, not to keep you in suspense, you shall have it in the very words of my venerable friend, as nearly as my memory will enable me to recollect them.

(*To be continued.*)

The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.

(*Continued from page 462*)

CHAP. 31.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. Our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Shakspeare.

Without a smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man? a world without a
sun. *Pleasures of Hope.*

IN tracing such circumstances as precede the important events of life, we plainly see the hand of an overruling Providence, who, in taking the direction of our fates to his own unerring guidance, brings good out of evil, and, by rendering the best-laid plans abortive, proves the futility of human projects.

At the hotel in Dublin, where the travelers alighted, Sir William found himself attacked by the gout. The symptoms increased during the night; and, instead of being able to proceed the next day, he was so ill as to be under the necessity of relinquishing his intention for some time to come.

Julia, after having remained in her father's chamber as long as he would permit her on the following night, retired to her own, and, quite exhausted by the fatigue and anxiety

of the two preceding days, was asleep almost the moment she laid her head on the pillow. She knew not how long she had continued so, when she was awaked by the dreadful cry of "Fire!" The stifling sensation which she almost immediately experienced, convinced her at once of the dreadful truth; and, hastily wrapping herself up in her morning-gown, she ran, almost frantic, to her father's apartment. He was unable to walk; and his servant, with a callous insensibility disgraceful to human nature, had run off on the first alarm, anxious only for his own preservation.

Miss Monson's strength was unequal to the attempt which she made of lifting Sir William: and, in a fit of desperation, she rushed out, calling for that assistance which she was herself unable to afford. Every person seemed flying different ways. Each moment increased the confusion: and even her supplications were unattended to, till they reached the ear of a gentleman who was hastily running from his bed-room down stairs. He changed his course; and following her steps to that of the invalid, with a strength and promptitude suited to the occasion, he bore him off, and, promising to place him in safety, conjured her to hasten along with them. As he now spoke for the first time, the well-remembered voice of Richmond broke upon her; though the accent of terror, in which she had implored assistance, had precluded as early a recognition on his part. She uttered the name by which she had been accustomed to address him. He now discovered who it was that he assisted; but, in the joyful confusion, which, even amid this scene of horror, forced itself upon him, he unfortunately, by some action for which he never afterwards could account, pulled the

door after him. In essaying to open it, Julia's faltering hands, unequal at present to the slightest task, seized the bolt. She turned it wrong, and, without being aware what occasioned her detention, found she could not overcome it.

At this instant, how agonising were her sensations! Her respiration was almost suspended by the smoke, which now filled the room. Her cries were too feeble to be heard. She ran to the window: that also was unluckily fastened. She thought of her father: she blessed the Almighty for his preservation: but, at that moment, the idea glanced upon her recollection, that it must have been his deliverer who had closed the door, and that, by his means, she was doomed to the most dreadful of deaths.

Once more she made an attempt to remove the obstruction that detained her. By chance, rather than skill, she pulled back the bolt: the way was once more open: she sprang into the passage; it was now empty. Not a soul remained to give assistance. The suffocating vapor by which she was surrounded, was too powerful for her exhausted frame to support. She sank down senseless, just as she reached the head of the staircase; and, but for the intrepidity of him who valued her beyond his existence, her apprehensions must have been verified; and she would indeed, through his error, have remained to perish by "the most dreadful of deaths."

To the reader's imagination it must be left to conceive the misery and consternation of Frederic, when, on reaching the street-door with his venerable burden, he perceived that Miss Monson was not with them. He called upon her aloud. Sir William joined his voice and lamentation: he offered thousands to any

one who would join in the search. He insisted on being set down, and, were but his Julia safe, protested his readiness to die that moment. His preserver, however, carried him a few paces further to where he seemed free from the danger of melted lead or burning timber falling upon him, and hastily committed him to the charge of some person on the spot.

With a velocity, which so dear an interest could alone have inspired, Frederic returned to a house from which every one else thought themselves fortunate in having escaped. Miss Monson's name resounded through the busy multitude. No one had observed any lady answering the description. It seemed more than probable, that, bewildered with alarm, she had been unable to follow them, and was still in some of the higher apartments. Distraction was in the thought. He rushed toward the staircase: the flames were already beginning to seize it. Several persons called out to him to refrain, assuring him that an attempt to go up was inevitable death. "Then we will at least die together," exclaimed he, pushing hastily forward, regardless of the flames, whose violence was every moment increasing. Their glare, however, enabling him to perceive a female figure a few steps above him, he sprang on, and, by a strenuous effort, brought her down. Had one moment's delay intervened, he would have been too late. He was miserably scorched: his strength failed; and he barely conveyed his precious charge into the air, when they sank down together: yet, even in their fall, his arms tenaciously retained her.

In this helpless state they were taken up by the humanity of the spectators, and almost immediately found by Mr. Herbert, who, on the

first alarm, thinking only of a beloved wife, had conveyed her to a house at some distance, and was then returning to look after Sir William and Miss Monson; when, to his infinite surprise, he discovered Frederic Saint-Villiers with the former in his arms, and perceived, that, in relinquishing his burden, he knew not with whom it was deposited.

Painful as it was to remain thus in uncertainty of Julia's fate, yet to leave her afflicted parent in his present condition was not to be thought of. Mr. Herbert also knew that the vigilant tenderness of Frederic would do all that human aid could effect for her assistance: and accordingly, in the first place, he devoted his attention to his uncle, whose present exquisite sufferings, both of mind and body, equally required it.

The sufferers were at length all once more collected together: and, in talking over the circumstances of their late disaster, they felt devoutly grateful to Heaven for the fortunate concurrence of events which had prevented those fatal consequences that must, otherwise, have inevitably ensued: for Frederic had arrived only that evening, and, thinking it too late to proceed to Castle Rossford, thus became, under Providence, the means of saving both Sir William and his daughter.

Julia, who had received no other injury than that of fright, was recovered after a few hours of calm repose; and, as the increasing illness of her father enforced a fresh claim upon her exertion, she had again cause to bend in grateful acknowledgement to the all-wise Director of affairs, who endowed her with the power of alleviating the sufferings of a beloved parent. To Frederic, her acknowledgements were unbounded: she scrupled not to avow that her gratitude and attachment should end

only with her life, and voluntarily promised never to bestow her hand upon another.

Sir William, as soon as he was able, desired to see his preserver: but, when he hailed him as the prolonger of his existence, all praise was disclaimed for the performance of a common act of humanity, which, if their situations had been changed, he knew (he said) would as readily have been shown to him.

"But my daughter's life too..." resumed the baronet.

"Was doubly endangered by me," interrupted Frederic. "On that head, sir, I claim no merit; and the agonising idea of what my careless precipitancy might have done, deprived me of power to render you that further attention which your situation demanded."

Frederic would not pursue the conversation; for, with true nobleness of spirit, he disdained grounding any plea upon conferred obligations, and resolved, whatever it might cost him, patiently to await the worthy baronet's convalescence, before he urged his petition.

During this time of forbearance, however, he was befriended in another quarter: for Lady Rossford took every opportunity of enforcing his claims, and declaring that she thought he had now acquired the strongest title to expect that they would be allowed. She represented to Sir William, that the life he had so miraculously saved, seemed destined by Providence for his requital; for every different scheme, which had been formed for the purpose of separating them, had in some unforeseen manner contributed to rivet their affection; while human nature could not display a more forcible regard than had been invariably evinced by Frederic Saint-Villiers, through every scene of affliction or

prosperity. To refuse its ratification would be the destruction of a *now* most promising young man; and, though Julia might submit without repining, "what good purpose," added her ladyship, "can be attained by condemning her to a solitary cheerless life, and enbittering the brightest portion of her days with the pangs of an unsanctioned affection?"

Those arguments were not lost upon Sir William; but he still hesitated, still doubted what to do for the best. Yet he almost resolved, that, if further acquaintance should improve the favorable impression which he now felt for the younger Saint-Villiers, he would not oppose his daughter's marrying him: and he therefore empowered Lady Rossford and Mr. Herbert to say, that he should be glad of his continued stay in Dublin, and to see him at such times as he was able to bear society.

(*To be continued.*)

COUNTRY-HOUSES.

AMONG the many injurious superfluities of modern days, is that of keeping two houses; and it is become so general, that few people, even in middling life, except decayed gentry, dispense with this appendage to gentility.

Few things have contributed so much to extend the ideas above the scale of original moderation; to divert the mind from local attachments; to detach families from each other; or to create a complete division of interests between masters and servants.

Tradesmen, who are shut up, six days out of seven, in the smoky atmosphere and confined habitations of large cities, perhaps find such an indulgence not only desirable, but necessary: but, now, even provincial shopkeepers—no matter whether in towns or villages—whether their

situation be confined or airy—must all have their rural retreats.

The rage for agriculture likewise, from which, in many points, so much good has resulted, has in some degree countenanced this evil; and is often used as a pretence to fit up a lodge, divide a family, and increase an expenditure.

The mischief resulting from this mode of living has never been more fully exemplified than in the family of Mr. Gilbert. He was settled in a comfortable town in one of the midland counties. He was a grocer, manufacturer, and banker's agent, and, joining industry with judicious speculation, grew gradually rich, though the increasing expenses of a numerous young family convinced him of the necessity of continuing his business and his economy.

The farming mania, however, though not seducing to himself, was so to his wife and daughters, who fancied it would not only increase their consequence among their neighbours, but procure them invitations to the agricultural meetings of a certain nobleman in the county, who extended that envied distinction only to the families of such land-holders as chimed in with his favorite passion.

To retail all the domestic eloquence employed to effect this darling project, is unnecessary: but the advantages of being able to furnish their own cream and butter, their eggs and poultry, and their vegetables of all sorts, had so many changes rung upon them, that Mr. Gilbert, if not convinced, was at length persuaded to make trial of the scheme which was to produce these expected benefits.

The eldest Miss Gilbert had also a cough; and milk, warm from the cow, "would be a certain cure." Four

thousand pounds, therefore, were expended on a purchase which had nothing but dimension to recommend it; for, independent of natural barrenness of soil, the fields, fences, and buildings, were all out of condition.

Mr. Gilbert, as may readily be imagined, was obliged to proceed by the opinions of others, instead of his own: but, though this may add to a man's popularity, it has rarely been known to conduce to his profit.

Tea and sugar, however, sold well; and the females of the family, in their zeal for the undertaking, were so keen in giving it their personal superintendence, that it was by an exertion of authority alone Mr. Gilbert could prevail on any of them to stay and take care of the town-house, as their original habitation was now denominated.

New rooms were added to the old building; and the rustic confusion in which they lived was pronounced quite delightful, by people who were used to see every thing conducted according to the minutiae of mercantile regularity.

Their country fare, too, was so relished—they were seldom alone; and Mrs. Gilbert could barely finish her recitals to one set of auditors, before another appeared.

As novelty wore off, however, satiety came on. When harvest-home was over, the evenings grew cold and long; and, finally, the town-house was again filled by its fair occupants, though, to tell the truth, with ideas somewhat deviating from the regular economy which had once governed them.

The servants also, belonging to the two houses, were more than proportionally fallen off. They were always making excuses to go backward and forward—always took toll

of the respective commodities they exchanged—and agreed in nothing but cheating their employers.

Meantime, the effects of all this were sensibly felt by poor Mr. Gilbert: and it afforded some relief to his mind, to find, at the commencement of the ensuing summer, that none of his family, except his eldest daughter, meant to ruralise any more: but her “*rough*” was troublesome;” and she promised there should be no additional expense, nor any visiting parties received at the farm.

Her real motive, however, was the facility of cultivating an acquaintance with a recruiting officer quartered in a town four miles off, with whom she had occasionally danced during the winter. At the farm, their meetings were unsuspected by her family. She had just received a legacy of a thousand pounds from a godmother, which was an object to a man, whose whole fortune was a subaltern’s pay. An elopement and private marriage ensued; and, during her life, she had reason to curse the opportunities which the country-house had afforded, of carrying on that clandestine intercourse: for her husband, after having squandered her fortune in dissipation and intemperance, treated her so ill, that she was at length compelled to separate from him, and, with considerable difficulty, obtained shelter under the roof of her offended father, who, with an exhausted purse and a broken heart, lived to bewail the evils of keeping two houses, and of attempting to carry on a concern for which he was wholly destitute of knowledge and experience.

Rustic GAMBLING.

A FEW weeks ago, as I was strolling, one Saturday evening, through the streets of Bury St. Edmund’s, I was attracted to the door of a small

ÆOL. 4.

house, which stood open, by the sight of a number of persons, men, women, and children, standing round a table, and taking their turns to throw with dice. As may be supposed, all the attendant anxieties of gaming, and all the hasty expressions too, were not wanting here.—I could not imagine what they were raffling for, till I inquired of a lad, who was peeping in at the door, with a seeming inclination to join the party; when he informed me that they were *throwing for sausages*! Here was a wretched attempt to get a Sunday’s dinner: it was not the raffle of a few select friends; for the door was evidently left open to invite chance customers. Surely the magistracy should not allow such temptation for the lower classes to lose their money; for the temptation is double in a case like this, where the raffle is for an eatable commodity. Some may affect to laugh at the notice of so trifling and so humble an instance of gaming: but let such persons recollect, that a rustic, who, in passing that place by chance, should (as it is very possible that he might) lose all his week’s wages, without gaining even a pound of the savoury sausages, would have to starve for the next seven days, without the chance, perhaps, of getting even a trivial supply of money; for, unlike the splendid gamester, he could not raise cash upon either bill or bond.

J. M. L.

The DUTCH PATRIOTS of the Sixteenth Century. (Continued from page 170)

“I do not attempt, Aldamire, to detain thee among us: thou art at liberty to depart with thy wealth, and to seek happiness beneath a more peaceful sky, or to repair to Maudid, there to embrace the knees of the tyrant, and inform him of the

glorious efforts thou hast made in his favor.—To you, my friends, I direct my discourse—to you, whom Aldamore has been unable to seduce by endeavouring to reconcile inglorious ease with the blessings of liberty, at the moment when we have scarcely acquired possession of them—but whose courage he has perhaps caused to waver, at a time when nothing ought to shake it, and when it behoves us to display our fortitude to the utmost.

“The Athenians committed themselves to their ships, not for the purpose of abandoning their native city, but of defending it, and returning to it crowned with victory.—In the assembly of the Helvetic heroes, a dastard voice was heard, which proposed to them to abandon their mountains:—but did they abandon them?—Let those mountains answer you, which are covered with numerous monuments of their victories. Nature had surrounded them with ramparts: but the strongest bulwark of man is his own intrepidity: that every-where accompanies him: when other bulwarks are destroyed, it still subsists: and who shall dare, in presence of these warriors, to assert that it is not our surest defence?—Then, our country—is that but an empty name? Shall we consent to be ourselves the instruments to ravage it with fire and sword? to tear asunder every tender tie? to flee to a distance from this land which has given us birth, and fostered us in its bosom—from those fields which we have cultivated—from those bowers which we have planted and trained—from those scenes of domestic happiness, where we have entered into the bonds of paternal and filial love—from the tombs of our fathers, in which our dust is to be mingled with theirs, and from which I should fancy

I saw their spirits rise to arrest our ignoble flight?

“In every clime, the allotted path, which man has been doomed to tread, is strewn with misfortunes: wherever he be, it is his duty to struggle against and overcome them: in every place, events, which seem the fortuitous offspring of blind chance, but which are the regular result of general laws, are capable of rendering still shorter the short period of human life. The labors to which we are called, are incentives to industry, which is the soul of this nation. The Batavian is obliged to wage war against the ocean: but the hands which have long been in the habit of repelling its inroads, have been hardened to the toil, and trained to repel in like manner the inroads of despotism. At each step, he has to encounter difficulties and dangers: but he proves himself capable of surmounting and subduing them. Having created his country in the bosom of the watery waste where no land before existed, how highly ought he to prize, how affectionately to cherish it!

“As if he were not already assailed by enemies sufficiently formidable—at the very moment when he had signalised his courage beyond all former example, and was threatened with inevitable ruin, unless he displayed it with still more signal energy—the tempests seem to have conspired his destruction, and have armed themselves with their whole collected rage, in order to overwhelm him with calamities, such as he had never yet experienced or foreseen. We may be allowed to sigh over his misfortunes—a temporary consternation on his part is natural and excusable: but, to alleviate his sufferings and soothe our regret, let him rise again from his ruins—let him

eternise the conquests he has gained from the deep, by opposing to its future attacks an indestructible rampart—and let him at the same moment combat the rage of the winds, of the waves, and of despotism.

“ Nevertheless, thou sea, though roused against him as by some destroying dæmon, can I think thee his enemy?—thee, who invitest him to traverse thy extensive domain—who suppliest him with numerous ports—who servest as a bond of union between his cities, and rollest through them those plenteous tides subservient to his wishes—who saw’st him gain possession of liberty with transports of joy, and heard’st the oath by which he solemnly bound himself to conquer or die—who hast promised to be his defence, his rampart—to unite him with the most distant regions—to extend his glory and power to the utmost limits of thy empire—and, enriching him with every blessing which his own soil refuses to afford, to transplant into his cities by the means of commerce the productions of the most favored climes? Thou hast promised all this—still dost thou promise it.

“ Aldamore! we have ships enough for battle, but not for flight. What citizen will choose to remain behind in slavery? We will not destroy Leiden, or demolish her ramparts, covered at this moment with heroes: we will not bury under a heap of disgraceful ruins the glorious laurels to which she aspires; we will not abandon her, while she continues to oppose our cruel foe: we will not abandon a multitude of women and children, who are more courageous than we, if we were base enough to deprive them of our support—a crowd of old men, who hope that with their last look they shall behold us defending our country, and that the orient sun of liberty will at least

shed its beams upon their graves. They would demand of us our arms: let those who wish to flee ungird the warlike steel which hangs useless by their side, and resign it to the hands of those aged sires, who will not suffer it to be wrested from their grasp till their latest breath.

“ The glory of the Batavians is a sacred deposit, which we are bound to transmit to posterity. Nay, we must not neglect our own glory: our combats—our calamities, sustained with such fortitude—our triumphs—that memorable day when we landed on these shores, accompanied by victorious Liberty, and when the gates of all our cities were thrown open for her admission—that more recent day, when, upon the heart of Horn, upon the banner stained with his blood and that of Egmont, we swore to avenge their deaths, and to emulate their exalted courage in the fields of war, and even on the scaffold—so many heroic exploits—so many oaths—must not be succeeded by a disgraceful flight.

“ What an example would that flight hold out to other nations! Bowed down under the pressure of despotism, they raise their eyes to you; they begin to move, in hope of being able to shake off the yoke. What an example, especially for those provinces, from which you separated only for the sake of achieving your emancipation, and to which you are still bound by the ties of long-subsisting friendship—for those provinces which you hope to see united with you in one common cause—whose courage you have excited—who, no doubt, view you with admiration, perhaps even with envy of your glory!—to have started forward in the career, and then to fly back to the extremity of the globe!—to separate yourselves from these provinces, not for the sake of en-

gaging in a brilliant enterprise, but of concealing yourselves in an obscure retreat!—to render that separation eternal!—to surrender them a defenceless prey to the tyrant! and, instead of being with-held by the bonds of that ancient friendship, to tear them asunder at the very instant when your brethren are ready to rush into your embraces!—You may rest assured that they would occupy the post which you had deserted, and would seize—not your laurels, which were then withered and blasted—but those more glorious laurels which were destined for you.

“Should you afterward emerge from your inglorious retreat to associate in their perils, they would scornfully reject your aid. ‘Retire,’ they would say, ‘you, who are no longer Batavians but in name alone—retire to your asylum! we want not the assistance of warriors who betake themselves to flight in the midst of an arduous enterprise. Without your concurrence, we have braved the storm which had alarmed your fears: without your concurrence, also, we will prove ourselves able to triumph over its rage.’

“And let me ask, where is the spot which shall be the place of your refuge?—The Batavian isles?—Surely you cannot be so dead to all shame, as to doze away your hours in slothful repose in the midst of a people who have quitted their peaceful abodes to hasten to your defence?—Whither then will you flee in quest of liberty? To America, the bloody theatre of Spanish tyranny? to Asia, where you will meet new tyrants? to Africa, where you will increase the number of slaves?—Wherever you go, will not every one be tempted to oppress you? ‘Behold!’ they will say—‘these are that vagabond tribe, who could no otherwise escape slavery than by abandoning their native

land! let us haste to subjugate them, or compel them to spread their sails, and again betake themselves to flight!’

—No! a nation must not transplant themselves, in order to seek liberty in other climes: they can find it at home, if they are possessed of valour.

“If, nevertheless, you are determined to flee, the road lies open before you—Away! be gone! But I will not accompany you in your flight: I here behold a band of intrepid men, who will continue with me, and resolutely defend their ground—and who, if nought should remain to us in the general ruin but a spot on which to fight, would still maintain the fight amid the surrounding ruins.

“But what words have escaped my lips? Pardon me, citizens! warriors! pardon me, if my indignation has prompted me to utter discourses which would be lost upon cowards, and would be an insult to true patriots. Among our whole number there is but a single Aldamore: all true Batavians, we have but one heart, an equal desire of glory, an equal need of liberty. Bear witness, Holland, thou sole province in which our country now resides, and our affection is concentrated! thou narrow theatre, where the whole courage of the Batavian is to be displayed!—bear witness, ye ports, canals, dikes, the work of our hands—thou tremendous ocean, that shalt henceforth be our defence—ye fields inundated with the blood of our fellow citizens—thou hallowed scaffold, on which Egmont and Horn laid down their lives—and thou, Zeeland, who, from the bottom of the waters, criest out to us to snatch the palm of victory in every species of combat—thou unfortunate associate of our glory, which we will share with thee, though buried in the waves—Zeeland, whom the sea will one day restore to our ardent wishes, and who

art already resuscitated in us by our constancy and courage—bear witness, while I swear, while we all swear, to remain eternally faithful to our country, and never to abandon you till our latest breath. But why do we delay? Lo! the enemy advances! Heard ye not the clang of arms? We have now no time to deliberate—let us rush to the battle!”

Thus spoke Nassau, who appears to every eye as the guardian genius who watches over the welfare of the nation. Greatness and virtue beam on his countenance. A happy union of intrepidity and patriotism animates his features and his looks: the hearts of all around him are fired with congenial flame; and the whole assembly repeat the oath with heroic transport. The widow of Horn appears, and elevates the funereal urn; every eye is fixed on it: a profound silence prevails; and all fancy they hear the voices of Egmont and Horn exhorting them to fulfill the solemn engagement.—Aldunore retires, his cheek crimsoned with glowing shame, his heart rent with agonising rage.

Immediately William, still animated by the same enthusiasm, exclaims—“Let us arrest in its rapid course the Spanish fleet, which will soon appear in sight: let us make trial of our courage in opposing it. Meanwhile, however, Alva is hastening to attack Leiden, and is not far distant from her gates. If this strong fortress and its valiant defenders fall before him, in vain have we made a glorious descent on these shores, and Holland is no more. Be Leiden therefore impregnable! When the propitious breath of Fortune swells the sails, when her hand guides the helm, slight errors, even grosser faults, are not attended with such fatal consequences, and do not always debar her favorites from their de-

stined port; whereas, with us, who, while defending the cause of justice and humanity, have, in the midst of our calamities, experienced the protection of a superintending providence—but who seem called upon (and oh! may we approve ourselves worthy of our vocation!) to exhibit to the eye of heaven the interesting spectacle of the sage struggling with misfortune, and to set mankind a great example, by surmounting it through the victorious efforts of our courage—with us, who, far from having terminated the arduous strife, are yet engaged in the midst of it—the smallest error, the slightest mismanagement, may bring down instant ruin on our heads. Leiden requires a warrior of consummate vigilance and valour.”

At these words, none ventures to present himself a candidate for the momentous trust, while each secretly wishes to be chosen. Lewis and Adolphus, fixing their eyes on the hero, by expressive looks silently court the honorable employ. The impetuous Luney advances a few steps toward him: Douza does not flatter himself with the hope of having his most ardent wish gratified.

“Lewis! Adolphus! Luney!” said William, “you shall accompany me in dangers of a different kind. Werf! thy post is a glorious one: thou shalt watch over the citizens of Leiden, and animate them with thy courage. Do thou, Douza, combat on these ramparts; and we shall not feel that we are absent. But consider, in its full extent, what thy country demands of thee: her voice alone speaks here, while friendship listens in respectful silence. Alva directs his utmost efforts against the citadel, which is the palladium of the Batavians. He has sworn its destruction; nor will he retire from before its walls, till convinced of the

utter impossibility of laying it in ashes. However great the extremities to which you may be reduced, still confidently rely on our aid. But, even though inevitable ruin should stare you in the face, do you, Douza, swear on the other hand, that you will be as powerfully animated by courage, resolution, and firmness, as Alva by rage and vengeance—and that you will never open to the Spaniards the gates of this temple of liberty. Our country would say to a warrior in whose valour she had less confidence, ‘If you do not feel within your breast sufficient courage to bury yourself under the ruins of these ramparts, do not mount them.’ But, at the bare shadow of a doubt, which no individual here present can possibly entertain, I see your cheek glow with generous crimson. Your oath is already pronounced.”

So saying, William embraces his friend, and parts from him with affectionate tenderness. Douza accompanies him with his warm wishes, and repairs to those ramparts which are soon to be environed by all the diversified perils of war. Nassau exhorts the citizens to fight to their last breath in defence of their liberty: he promises them his assistance: his voice animates even the old men, the women, the children; and so ardent is the courage with which he inspires the warriors, that, without waiting for the orders of their chiefs, they spontaneously rush to take their stations on the turrets and the ramparts.

(To be continued.)

Account of a remarkable Tribe in India.

OF the Bhauts, a Hindoo tribe, the following curious particulars are related by Mr. Forbes, in his “Oriental Memoirs.”

The Bhauts reside chiefly in the

province of Guzerat, but are not unknown in other parts of India. Like the troubadours and minstrels in Europe in the days of chivalry, they seem chiefly occupied in repeating verses of their own composition, or selections from the mythological legends of the Hindoos; they chant their verses in a style peculiar to themselves, not unpleasing to a stranger, as the modulation of the voice, and an energetic graceful action, give effect to the poetry; which, like the old ballads in Europe, is either to praise some renowned warrior, commemorate a victory, record a tragical event, or panegyrisé a present object. The Hindoo rajahs and Mahratta chieftains have generally a Bhaut in their family, who attends them on public occasions, and visits of ceremony; during these processions he loudly sounds their praise, and proclaims their titles in hyperbolic and figurative language. Tacitus mentions the historic songs and traditions of the German bards; the Greeks and other ancient nations encouraged them; perhaps Homer himself may be included in a class which, like him, repeat their legendary tales, and are the oral historians of the country.

Although this is the usual occupation of the Bhauts, many of them have another mode of living; they offer themselves as security to the different governments for payment of their revenue, and the good behaviour of the Zemindars, Patels, and public farmers; they also become guarantees for treaties between rival princes, and the performance of bonds by individuals. No security is esteemed so binding or sacred as that of a Bhaut, because, on failure of the obligation, he proceeds to the house of the offending party, and in his presence destroys either himself or one of his family, imprecating the

most dreadful vengeance of the gods on the head of him who had compelled him to shed their blood. This is deemed a dire catastrophe; as the Hindoos are taught to believe that the Bhaut's life, to which a superstitious veneration is attached, over and above their common horror of bloodshed, will be demanded from the aggressor by an offended deity; it is therefore very uncommon for an obligation to be broken where a Bhaut stands security.

For this responsibility the Bhauts receive an annual stipend from the district, village, or individual they guarantee; they sign their names and place of abode to the agreement: but, instead of affixing their seal, as customary among the other tribes, they draw the figure of the catana, or dagger, their usual instrument of death.

This custom of the Bhauts shedding their own blood, or that of their family, has some analogy with many passages in ancient history, especially among those nations who ratified their solemn covenants by a bloody sacrifice. One method was to kill an ox, and, after many religious rites, to distribute it in pieces among their friends; all who eat of it were from that moment connected by a sacred tie, and bound to perform their part of the covenant, whether to revenge an injury, or for any other purpose. Lucian says, "When any one of the ancient Scythians received an injury, and had not the means of avenging himself, he sacrificed an ox, and cut it in pieces, which he caused to be dressed, and publicly exposed; he then spread out the skin of the victim, and sat upon it with his hands tied behind him. All who chose to take a part in the injury which had been done, took up a piece of the ox, and swore to revenge him according to their respective ability." Herod-

otus mentions a circumstance of the same people, still more resembling the public engagements of the Bhauts, on the occasion where the contracting parties cut their arms with a knife, and let the blood run into a bowl of wine; of which all who were present drank, with the most dreadful imprecations against him who should violate the treaty.

The Ayceen Akbery mentions Charuns and Bhauts, both employed in singing hymns of celebration, and reciting genealogies; in repeating martial feats during a battle to animate the troops, and in discovering parables and secret things: every great man in those days had several in his service, both Bhauts and Charuns; the former equalled the latter in poetical talent, and excelled them in chronology.

Although the Bhauts possess landed property, and cultivate it by the tribes employed in agriculture, as a privileged order they are exempted from taxes; and every attempt to levy an assessment is succeeded by the *Tarakaw*, a most horrid mode of murdering themselves and each other: this, from invariable custom, it is absolutely incumbent upon them to do; for, were they voluntarily to submit to any imposition, those of their own tribe in other places would refuse to eat with them, or to intermarry with their family; they therefore prefer a voluntary death to this state of ignominy and excommunication.

Many families of this tribe resided in Nesiad, from whence they travelled, when wanted officially, and were always considered as a most respectable part of the community. As this city had been twice assailed and plundered in the three preceding months, Ragobah's imposition reduced the inhabitants to the greatest distress. The most melancholy

scenes occurred in every quarter, of families delivering up their last mite, and houses robbed of every movable, to answer their proportion of the tax; if insufficient, the wretched owners, stripped of clothes and necessities, were left in nakedness and poverty; or, under pretence of searching for treasures they never possessed, tortures were inflicted with merciless rigor. So common are these executions among the Mohrattas, that our allies thought nothing of the cruelties in Fessad. Britons were not so unconcerned: their generous bosoms glowed with indignation against such wanton oppression; but all remonstrances were vain; Ragobah and his officers, like Gallio of Achaia, "cared for none of those things."

When these cruelties, and the refusal of the Bhauts to pay the tax, were reported in the English camp, the commanding officer sent the brigade-major privately into the town, to convene the principal Bhauts, and assure them, if they discharged their quota quietly, they might rely upon protection, sincerely lamenting the necessity of the measure. The heads of the tribe informed the officer they were able to pay more than was demanded, in any other mode; but if Ragobah persisted in compulsory assessment, they should prefer death to submission.

These humane remonstrances and persuasions proving ineffectual, and Ragobah continuing inexorable, the whole tribe of Bhauts, men, women, and children, repaired to an open space in the city, armed with daggers, and with a loud voice proclaimed a dreadful sacrifice; they once more prayed for an exemption, which being refused, they rushed furiously upon each other; and a considerable number perished before our astonished troops could disarm them. One man, more cool and de-

liberate than the rest, brought his family to the arena before the Durbar; it consisted of two younger brothers, and a beautiful sister, all under eighteen years of age: he first stabbed the unresisting damsel to the heart, instantly plunged the dagger into the breast of one brother, and desperately wounded the other, before he could be prevented; indeed, the whole horrid deed was in a manner instantaneous. He afterwards heard this man boast of having sacrificed his father a few months before, in the glorious cause for which he had now become a fratricide.

Chinese GRATITUDE and GENEROSITY.

From the same work we quote the following anecdote, which, as the author justly observes, "does honor to human nature."—Having occasion to mention a Mr. M., a worthy and respectable gentleman, who, by a sudden reverse of fortune, had been reduced, from a state of affluence, to the greatest necessity, he adds—"A Chinese merchant, to whom he had formerly rendered service, gratefully offered him an immediate loan of ten thousand dollars, which the gentleman accepted, and gave his bond for the amount: this the Chinese immediately threw into the fire, saying, 'When you, my friend, first came to China, I was a poor man; you took me by the hand, and, assisting my honest endeavours, made me rich. Our destiny is now reversed; I see you poor, while I am blessed with affluence.'—The by-standers had snatched the bond from the flames: the gentleman, sensibly affected by such generosity, pressed his Chinese friend to take the security; which he did, and then effectually destroyed it. The disciple of Confucius, beholding the renewed distress it occasioned, said he would

accept of his watch, or any little valuable, as a memorial of their friendship. The gentleman immediately presented his watch: and the Chinese, in return, gave him an old iron seal, saying, "Take this seal; it is one I have long used, and possesses no intrinsic value; but, as you are going to India to look after your outstanding concerns, should fortune further persecute you, draw upon me for any sum of money you may stand in need of; seal it with this signet; sign it with your own hand; and I will pay the money."

Anecdote of POPE CLEMENT XIV.

Dr. Disney, in his "Remarks on the Bishop of Lincoln's Charge," relates the following "anecdote of that mild and amiable man, Ganganelli, while he wore the tiara under the name of Clement XIV.—an anecdote, that does honor to the magnanimity and gentleness of his temper."

In the course of an interview which an English gentleman had with the Pope at Rome, he inquired of the traveller the route he had come; which introduced his mentioning that he had visited Voltaire at Ferney, and, indeed, had charge of a message from that philosopher to his Holiness. If he would be pleased to permit him, he would deliver it in the words in which he had received it. The gentleman said that Voltaire had charged him with his very best respects to his Holiness, and requested, as a great favor, that he would send him the eyes and ears of his inquisitor general. "Ah!" replied the Pope, "the old man has a mind to be pleasant; and, sir, if you return the same way, be pleased to deliver to him my best respects, and assure him, if it had been practicable, I would readily have obliged him: but the inquisitor general of Rome has had neither eyes nor ears since Ganganelli has been Pope."

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Forensic Wit.

(From Mr. F. Wakefield's "Account of Ireland")

In the lamented year 1798, a judge was notorious for his severity to all the prisoners who were tried, and for his gross partiality. One unfortunate wretch, brought before him, had met with some accident, in consequence of which, his jaw-bone on one side had become much enlarged. The judge, ambitious of sporting his wit, could not omit this opportunity, and remarked to the prisoner's counsel, that "his client would have made an excellent lawyer, as he had so much jaw."—"I do not know," replied the facetious barrister, "whether he would have made a good lawyer; but I am sure he would have made a bad judge; for his jaw is all on one side."

Illiterate MAGISTRATES.

Mr. Southey, in his "*Omniana*," mentions that the little town of Norcia, in Italy, had the privilege of making its own laws, and choosing its own magistrates; and so jealous were the people of all priests, that, in order to prevent the possibility of any one obtaining authority among them, one of their laws was, that all men who could read and write should be incapable of bearing a share in their government. Their magistracy, therefore, which consisted of four persons, were called *I quattro Illiterati*, the four illiterates;—and, as a necessary consequence of this singular institution, all causes were examined without writings, and decided orally.—He adds, that this fact is mentioned in a volume of letters concerning the state of Italy, in 1687, written as a supplement to Gilbert Burnet's Travels, p. 189; and that it is noticed by Busching, as a custom existing in his time.

3 X

Account of GENERAL MOREAU.
(With a Portrait.)

THIS accomplished officer was born in the year 1761, at Morlaix, in Lower Brittany. His father was a respectable and respected advocate in that town, a profession, which, it appears, had been followed by the family for generations. Young Moreau was also intended for the law, and, after the usual studies, was sent to the university of Rennes, to take his *degré*. In the year 1788, he was *Précepteur de Droit*, or head of the students in law at Rennes, a body of young men at all times remarkable for their turbulence and public spirit, and over whom he had a well-known and marked influence. In the petty squabbles, which at that period took place between the court of France and the parliament, Moreau was, in consequence, appointed their leader, and styled the General of the Parliament, whose cause was at that time considered as that of public liberty.

In the winter following, however, Moreau acted at the head of his youthful band against that very parliament and the states of Brittany, who were then proceeding, against the orders of the court, and the wishes of the people, in resisting the convocation of the states general of the kingdom; for, even in his early career, Moreau's leading principle appears to have been a sincere love for rational liberty. On those occasions Moreau evinced an equal degree of prudence and courage; and his gentleman-like manners and graceful person added not a little to his popularity.

In January 1790, he acted as president of the confederation of the youth of Brittany assembled at Pontivy; and, on the formation of the national guards, was named commandant of one of the battalions of that province. Moreau had then,

for the first time, an opportunity of embracing permanently a profession so congenial to his feelings; for he had been heard often to declare, that he found nothing but disgust in the study of the law, which he followed merely in compliance with the wishes of his family; and even his father's offer, to give him one half of his business, could not divert him from his favorite pursuits.

His labors, in the new career he had entered, were incessant. His friends say, according to the biographer of his youth, "that he *devoured*, in four months, more military works, treatises, and memoirs, than had been composed in four centuries, and went, in three months, through more military manœuvres and evolutions, than many officers in thirty years."—His battalion was first reviewed in 1790; and the inspecting general, the Count de Thiars de Bissy, notwithstanding the jealousy which the troops of the line then entertained of the national guard, had the candor to acknowledge that "few colonels of the line, with their old corps, could have gratified him with the exhibition of such regularity, discipline, and precision, as were displayed in the evolutions of that battalion of national guards."—"The Count de Thiars has done me much honor," said Moreau, on his return from the review: "but I hope he will live to see me command, not only national guards, but the army of the line."

Moreau, however, did not take the steps which were likely to procure his rapid promotion: he too openly testified his hatred of the measures and principles of the anarchists, who therefore suffered him to remain stationary until 1793, when his battalion was the last to accept the too famous constitution of that year, at a time when hesitation was punished with

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Lady's Magazine.— November, 1813.



"A. H. S."

General Morcau.

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instant death. The Convention, however, were in want of good officers, and, in July, 1793, he was promoted to the rank of general of brigade, by the committee of public safety.

His first action, as a commander, was on the 14th of September, when, with a division of the army of the Moselle, he attacked the Prussian army commanded by the Duke of Brunswick. He was defeated; but the Duke of Brunswick, that excellent judge of military merit, duly praised the conduct of the young general, in his report to the King of Prussia, of the 15th of September, 1793, by saying, that "his able plan of attack was surpassed only by his yet abler dispositions for retreat; and that the corps he commanded was neither dispersed nor dishonored."—Thus this *debüt*, although not ominous, gave an earnest of his future glory.

In the autumn of 1793, Moreau became acquainted with Pichegru, who, having discovered in him those precious germs of military talents which only required the fostering hand of an experienced friend to be matured into excellence, obtained for him the command of a division in the army of the Rhine, to which he had been appointed. Under that able master, Moreau, in a variety of enterprises, in which it is not our intention to follow him, acquired that military experience, and those comprehensive views, of which he afterward so successfully availed himself.

It was in the midst of these successes that the Jacobins of Morlaix sent to the guillotine his aged father, who was considered as the father of the poor. The first resolution of Moreau on hearing the fatal intelligence, was to leave the service of these monsters, and to join the emi-

grants armed to punish their crimes.

He accordingly tendered his resignation to Pichegru, his friend and general. But Pichegru was of a very different opinion. "What do you intend to do?" he asked Moreau.—"To quit the army and France," was the reply. "To quit the army and France!" repeated Pichegru. "Do you not then see the manner in which the emigrants are treated by the foreign powers? I do not accept your resignation. I beg of you, as a friend, to reflect on the step you intend to take. Come to me again tomorrow. It is not thus that you should intend to avenge the death of your father. You must think of acquiring a glory and an importance which may one day put you in a situation to avenge it. I shall soon furnish you with an opportunity of distinguishing yourself."—Moreau came the day after to Pichegru, and told him, that he was convinced by his reasoning, which appears to have influenced the whole of his subsequent conduct.

We shall not follow this commander in his brilliant military career: but we cannot avoid observing, that thrice he had the honor of saving the French armies from impending destruction; and on two of those occasions he acted as a simple volunteer, or in subordinate stations in the army, having been superseded by the accomplices of his father's murderer, who dreaded the just vengeance of a man whom his exploits and moral conduct had raised high in the estimation of the troops and the people. It was on this occasion that a French colonel, now prisoner of war in this country, and then attached to Moreau's army, asked him, when the order of the Directory for superseding him had just been received, "General! will you obey so insult-

ing a mandate?"—"Yes," answered Moreau: "as a general, an officer, or a soldier, Moreau is always ready to serve France."

Such, as we have before observed, was Moreau's leading principle. He has often been heard to declare, "that he never would lead foreign troops into France; that he was the personal enemy of no man, but the determined enemy of all men, whether princes or *Sans-culottes*, who should attempt to tyrannise over his countrymen; and he never would draw his sword, but when he should be convinced that it would be of other use to his fellow-citizens, than solely to leave them the choice of tyrants."

No wonder that such principles, perhaps too openly avowed, joined to the mean jealousy which rankled in the tyrant's breast, should have induced him to contrive his rival's ruin, after having seduced, or sent to perish in unhealthy climes, his principal military adherents. Any man, who has read with attention the trial of Pichegru, Georges, and their friends, must be convinced that Moreau was not privy to the enterprise, and it is known, that, in confidential conversation with his friends in America, he constantly not only denied any previous knowledge of it, but even condemned the plan itself. He used to say, that, to effect a change in France, "the people should wait till the revolutionary springs, together with the men, were worn out:" and he conceived that the auspicious time was at length arrived, when, in the midst of his fond hopes, he received his death-wound before the walls of Dresden, on the 27th of last August.

At the fatal moment of that disaster, he was in the act of giving his opinion on some military measures, while passing with the Russian Emperor in the rear of a Prus-

sian battery, against which two French batteries were playing, the one in front, the other in flank; and Lord Cathcart and Sir Robert Wilson were listening to him; when a cannon-ball struck him in the thigh—almost carried off his leg—and, after passing through his horse, shattered the other leg.—On falling to the ground, he at first uttered a deep groan: but, immediately after the first agony of pain was over, he spoke with the utmost composure, and coolly asked for a segar.

He was carried off the field on a sort of litter hastily made of Cossacks' pikes, and was conveyed, first to a neighbouring cottage, and thence to the Emperor's quarters, where he underwent the amputation of one leg—deliberately smoking his segar during the whole time of the operation.—When informed by the surgeon, that his remaining leg must also be amputated, he calmly answered, that, if he had known this in the first instance, he would have preferred to die. He patiently submitted, however, to the second operation, and, for some days, appeared to be in a fair way of recovery: but, exhausted by a long conference with three or four of the allied generals, he became sick, and hourly grew worse, until Death at length released him from his sufferings on the 2d of September.—His body was embalmed by order of the Russian monarch, and ordered to be conveyed to Petersburg for honorable interment.

At the time of his fall, Moreau enjoyed the confidence of all the old established sovereigns of Europe, whose joint wishes had invited him from America, where he had for some time resided. Louis XVIII. had given him unlimited powers with respect to France—solemnly pledging his word that he would adopt no measures, either of internal or ex-

ternal policy, without consulting him. — On hearing of his death the prince exclaimed, *J'ai perdu ma couronne une seconde fois*.

In our next Number, we shall give some further particulars respecting the deceased general.

Anecdote of FREDERIC III.

THE Marquis D'Argens, as is well known, stood high in the favor of the great Frederic, who never forgot the attachment displayed by him during his distresses in the memorable seven years' war. Having given the marquis permission to pay a visit to his relations in Provence, he was afraid lest the charms of the sun of Provence should prove too powerful for his chamberlain, who was the most shivering of mortals, and that he would not easily be prevailed on to return. The event justified his majesty's suspicions. The king immediately dispatched to the marquis's valet several printed copies of a pretended sentence of condemnation of the writings of the marquis by the Archbishop of Aix, with orders to place one on his master's chimney-piece. This morsel of eloquence produced the desired effect. Terrified by this pretended sentence, he instantly set out for Potsdam, without disclosing to any one the motive for his sudden departure. He travelled through France under an assumed name. At every stage, the valet took care that his master should receive from the landlord a copy of the sentence, as the news of the day, which induced the marquis to make all possible haste to return to a country where the sun, it is true, was not so genial as in Provence, but where there was neither bishops nor episcopal sentences to be dreaded.

'I have lost my crown a second time'

HUMANITY and BRAVERY.

THE following act of bravery and humanity is recorded of a French officer, who was taken prisoner at the surrender of St. Sebastian. — During the heat of the first attempt to storm the town, while the contest was raging in its most furious and deadly form, the French officer saw an English one (belonging to the royals) fall wounded to the ground, exposed to the fiercest fire of the artillery. The French officer's sympathy was excited, and, rushing to the spot through all intervening obstacles, he placed the unfortunate gentleman on his back, and conveyed him safely to the hospital. Lord Wellington, with his accustomed regard for desert, has recommended him to the notice of Government.

Canine AFFECTION.

THREE days after the engagement in the first attempt to storm the town of St. Sebastian, a Newfoundland dog was found by the side of his deceased master, a British officer. On the approach of the French party employed to bury the dead, the faithful animal showed considerable ferocity; but, being pacified at length, he permitted the corpse to be removed, and followed it to the grave. After the surrender, this fact was communicated to General Rey, who instantly adopted the animal, and has brought him to England.

Recipe against INFECTION.

FORTY-six grains of black oxyde of manganese, in coarse powder, are to be put into a small strong glass phial, with an accurately-ground glass stopper, to which two drachm measures of nitric acid of 1.400 specific gravity, and an equal measure of muriatic acid of 1.134. must be

added; replace the stopper, and secure the whole by inclosing it in a strong wooden case, with a good screw-top, which, when fast, shall rest on the stopper so as to keep it in its place. To use it, merely open the phial, with the nose averted, and replace the stopper as soon as the smell is perceived; repeat it, of course, occasionally, as you would any other fumigation. A phial, so prepared, will last, instead of six months, several years; the mixture ought not to occupy more than one third of the bottle. Any chemist can furnish the ingredients. This apparatus destroys all kinds of infection.

POTATOES.

THE potatoe possesses two modes of securing its re-production, the one by producing tuberous roots, the other by the general mode of flowers and seed-vessels. It has been ascertained by the ingenious president of the Horticultural Society, that the plant employs the same fluid in both these operations; and by preventing the consumption of it in either one of these, it will be made to act more strongly in the other. Upon this principle, if a potatoe-plant is carefully deprived of its tubers as soon as they are formed, it will be made infinitely more productive of blossoms and seeds. On the other hand, if its blossoms are constantly picked off, and it is prevented from forming any seed at all, all the fluid which would have been employed in that operation, will be exerted in forming an increased crop of tubers.—It is true, that men who have to attend to the management of hundreds of acres, will hardly condescend to think of potatoe-blossoms; but there are thousands of cottagers, whose scanty pittance may be increased by the simple expedient of employing their children in prevent-

ing their potatoe crop from ever forming a seed-vessel.

The produce of a single potatoe, planted whole, was lately taken up in the garden of Mr. R. Richardson, at Everton Breck, amounting to one hundred and ninety, exclusive of some very small ones not counted. Above one hundred were of full size for the table. This valuable potatoe (early Lymn red) has been in culture for ten years, without any appearance of curl, and may be deemed a distinct species, as it sends out many stems from one eye; this single root produced forty.

POTATOE TOBACCO.

THE College of Medicine of Stockholm have discovered that the leaves of the potatoe-plant, dried in a particular manner, give a tobacco far superior, in point of fragrance, to ordinary tobacco.

Economic Mode of cutting CAULIFLOWERS.

INSTEAD of cutting off the whole head of the cauliflower, leave a part on, of the size of a gooseberry, and all the leaves: second and even third heads will be formed; and thus they may be eaten for two or three months, whereas, at present, by cutting the head completely off, the beds of cauliflowers are gone in two or three weeks.

THE LINE of PROBITY.

THE following thought of Baron Grimm, though by no means new, cannot be too often inculcated. "The line of strict probity is straight; however trifling the first deviation from it may be, this deviation increases at every step; and, when the road happens to be long, the interval is immense between it and the right course. How difficult it then becomes to return to the proper path!"

POETRY.

*Thoughts on AUTUMN.**By Miss SQUIRE*

'Tis past--the gay delightful season's o'er.
 Nature! I grieve to see thy charms decay.
 Ah! could this feeble hand those charms
 restore,
 Soon should'st thou bloom in all the
 pride of May.
 For, sweet to me the modest, humble
 flow'r,
 That rears, 'mid winter's ling'ring snows,
 its head,
 And sweet the mead, by April's genial
 snow'r,
 With brightest green and golden beauty
 spread:
 And sweet, oh! sweet, in May's delightful
 morn,
 To inhale the fragrance of the scented
 thorn,
 And mark the changeful tints, that eastern
 skies adorn.
 And, ah! majestic Summer, who can view,
 With heart unmov'd, the ruthless hand
 of Time
 Fade thy rich green, and steal the vermeil
 hue
 From Flora's gayest train, whose tran-
 sient prime
 Flies, like the brightness of an ev'ning sky,
 When day's life-giving orb withdraws
 his beam?
 So fades youth's vivid glow: then why,
 ah! why
 Lose we, in folly's soul-enslaving dream,
 The golden hours of life? nor heed, how
 soon
 Hope's cherish'd buds, and Fancy's bright-
 est boon,
 Must droop, like vernal sweets, in sum-
 mer's fervid noon?
 Ah! man unthinking, yet of reason proud,
 For thee, alas! no second spring shall
 bloom.
 Hear, then, that awful voice, which calls
 aloud,
 And read, in nature's changeful face,
 thy doom;
 Nor vainly read: but, while the rising blast
 Bends the weak shrub, and strips the
 faded grove,
 Reflect, how soon, by fate's 'rude storms
 o'ercast,
 The prospect, brighten'd by the smiles
 of Love,
 Or Fortune's transient sunshine, from thy
 sight.

May vanish:--so the faithless meteor's
 light

Gives, with uncertain gleams, new horrors
 to the night.

In ev'ry season of the circling year,
 Spring's genial warmth, and summer's
 sunny day,

Autumn's rich reign, and winter's rule
 sovereign,

Ah! who, that loves 'midst rural scenes
 to stray,

Can muse, unmov'd, on folly's thoughtless
 train,

Who, sunk in Pleasure's deep Lethæan
 stream,

Forego the pure delights, the joys, that
 reign

In happier minds, where reason's ra-
 diant beam

Dispels the mists, which error spreads, to
 hide

The path secure, where Virtue, heav'nly
 guide!

Leads her bright vot'ries on, nor turns one
 glance aside.

*INVOCATIONS, Serious and Comic.**By Mr. J. M. LACEY,**Author of "The Farm-House," &c.**(Continued from page 484.)**The absent LOVER'S INVOCATION to his
MISTRESS.*

DEAREST of women! distant far
 From happiness and thee,

I find the pang of absence mar
 Each joy that dwelt with me.

Music has lost its ev'ry charm;

No solace now it brings:

Yet it could sooth each wild alarm,

When you awoke the strings.

Nature no more, with glen or grove,

With bill, or valley'd bow'r,

Can check the thought of her I love,

Or calm the troubled hour:

Yet, dear one! when with thee I've stray'd

In sunshine or in gloom,

I lov'd each scene of sun or shade,

Admir'd each flow'ret's bloom.

Even poetry is hateful now,

Unless it breathe of thee,

Or pour the lover's ardent vow,

The vow of constancy.

Thus absence from a much-lov'd form

Destroys the bosom's peace,

Breathes round the heart a baleful storm,

And bids each pleasure cease.

Yet absence, though 'tis full of grief,
 Gives oft a gentle thought,
 That yields a balm of pure relief,
 A balm from me: cry caught
 Fairest! e'en now across my brain
 A thought of bliss is dri'n;
 It sooths, delights, and heals my pain;
 It breathes of love and heav'n.
 It paints the moments we have known,
 When joy illum'd our eyes;
 Moments, which only love can own,
 Which only love can prize.
 The whisper'd word, the soften'd sigh,
 The kiss almost divine;
 The look that glanc'd from eye to eye,
 In fancy now are mine.
 Thus fancy may an hour beguile,
 But Truth, with brow severe,
 Will soon suppress each growing smile,
 And fill the soul with fear.
 She'll check the painting bosom's glow,
 Will dim the sanguine eye,
 And teach the heated mind to know
 The sad reality.
 Wave then thy wing, oh! tardy Time,
 And swifter be thy flight,
 That I may leave this hated clime,
 Where lingers no delight;
 That I may seek again the shore
 Where beauty met her home;
 To quit its bliss I have no more,
 No more from love to roam.

The TEARS of ELLEN.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

TEAR III.

LIFE has no bliss to make it dear:
 Even Nature's charms now tire me:
 Music is discord to mine ear,
 Whose tones could once inspire me.
 I seek the poet's page in vain;
 I find not ease in reading.
 Oh! where's the balm can sooth love's pain,
 Or heal a heart that's bleeding?
 The fancied joys I once possess'd,
 So dearly, toadly cherish'd—
 Like early flowers on spring's cold breast,
 They, every one, are perish'd!
 Falsehood has tarnish'd love's pure vow:
 My sick'ning soul is weary:
 How then can life delight me now?
 Its day is dark and dreary!

The PRISON.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

(Continued from page 483.)

MANY such cares yon mourner have em-
 ploy'd;
 Many such harvest-homes has he enjoy'd,

For well he was lov'd by all around.—
 Waut ne'er in him a churlish master
 found.—

Ador'd by wife, by children, and by friend,
 His thanks to heav'n, for these, he oft
 would send.

At village church on Sabbath he was seen,
 His chubby off-spring round him, neat and
 clean.

Glad was his heart, with pure and holy
 joy,

There to behold the swains in his employ;
 For preference by him was ever giv'n
 To those who paid their humble vows to

heav'n,
 Nor spent their Sunday in the noisy strife,
 Too often the disgrace of village life,

Where drunkenness and riot fill the day
 By Mercy set apart that man might pry;
 Ale-house profaneness, blasphemy most

foul,
 Instead of humble penitence of soul.

Alas! this good man's lot was most se-
 vere!

My life is blotted by the falling tear —
 Truth must be told, though truth be mix'd
 with pain.—

Soon he was doom'd to quit his native
 place

His crops were spoil'd, or fail'd him in
 his need:

He droop'd, an emblem of the storm-bent
 reed —

His flocks and herds had now no winter
 store:

Sold at great loss, he ne'er could hope for
 more.

Soon, much too soon, alas! his rent was
 due,

Rent, which had e'er been paid with honor
 true

Quite unprepar'd, for time he only pray'd:
 But vain was the request he humbly made.

The man he sued to, knew not Mercy's
 ways:

No soft compassion e'er employ'd his days;
 For now, of all, the farmer he bereft:

Not e'en for infancy a bed was left;
 And, for the debt that still remain'd un-

paid,
 In this sad prison was the sufferer laid;

Where pensive sorrow fills his wretched
 day,

And even hope excludes her cheering ray;
 While, to enlarge the pang that stabs his

peace,
 And mis'ry's gloomy horrors to increase,

He learns that those who bless'd his for-
 mer life,

His darling children and his doting wife,
 Now, in those fields which once they

deem'd their own,

Pluck the foul weed, or pick the straggling
stone!

Much injur'd man! Soon may a kind
release

Restore thee to their arms, and whisper
peace;

For well thou know'st, the God, that made
thee feel,

Can sooth thy sorrows, can thy troubles
heal,

Can bid Joy's smile for thee once more
awake,

And lull the pangs he gave, for mercy's
sake.

But, for the wretch, who basely stole from
thee

Man's last and best companion, liberty,
When well he knew, 'twas but to plant
despair

In the meek breast already fill'd with care;
Who should have known a prison cannot
give

The means to pay a debt, or means to live;
For him, the day will come, when threat-
ning Death

Shall grasp his form, and check his short-
ning breath.

Then, ere the last fell stroke shall end his
life,

You shall appear, your children, and your
wife,

And, to his troubled mind, as ghosts shall
seem,

To scare his life's last gasp, his latest
dream;

And haunt his parting spirit to the tomb,
When Death's stern fiat seals his final
doom!

(*To be continued.*)

To S. F. Esq.

*On receiving from him the Present of a
Hare.*

WHILE the bards of fair Albion are string-
ing their lyres,

Each hero's proud deeds to declare,
From the willows of Haverhill I took
down my harp,

To thank you, kind sir, for a hare.

The bard has a manor, where oft-times he
sports:

But, alas! 'tis all barren and bare:
Parnassus 'tis call'd—where no pheasant
is found,

And which boasts neither partridge nor
hare.

Upon this said manor nine ladies there
dwell,

To young rhimesters transcendently fair:

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But all their caresses, poor bardlings can
tell,

Are worthless, compar'd to a hare.

'Twas kind, my good friend, to replenish
my board:

It gave a new zest to my fare;

For, in times like the present, it seldom
is known

That a poet regales on a hare.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

EPITAPH on an INFANT.

SWEET blossom! doom'd in early life to
fade,

And lie neglected in this gloomy shade.
Yet thou shalt spring again, in beauty rise,
To grace the flow'ry scenes of Paradise.

JOHN WEBB.

The PANTHEON.

*A Prize Poem, recited in the Theatre,
Oxford, 1813.*

PALACE of heav'n! of ev'ry god the fane!
Where rapt Devotion holds her silent
reign!

At once each bosom feels thy strong
control;

Thy grandeur awes, thy beauty wins the
soul.

Thee Gothic rage and warrior pride re-
ver'd;

The spoiler trembled, and the victor fear'd.
Each, in thy dome, his nation's god ador'd,
Here rais'd the suppliant hand, and
dropp'd the sword.

Proud, o'er the wreck of empire swells
the dome,

As, o'er the prostrate world, victorious
Rome.

Sublime the scene: yet softer feelings rise,
Where martyrs sleep, and parted genius
lies.

Ye radiant beams, the sacred spot illum',
And sport in mingled tints o'er Raphael's
tomb*.

In full proportion stands the solid fane,
Fair as sublime, majestically plain.

Mark the bold porch on stately columns
borne,

Whose lofty brows light leafy wreaths
adorn:

Now stretch the view (the brazen gates
expand)—

Pillars around the light pilasters stand.
How teem the riches with celestial life,
Where art exults, and nature yields the
strife!

* Raphael lies buried in the Pantheon.

Soft o'er the pavement blends each varied
huc;
Light springs the dome, and circling fills
the view.
Lo! fancy, kindling at the sight, describes
A mimic world, an emblem of the skies*.
Heav'n's image here the Persian might
adore,
Wont on some mountain's brow his vows
to pour,
Who deems, his God no narrow fane can
own;
The world his temple, highest heav'n his
throne.

Here once in marble frown'd th' aven-
ging Jove:
Here stood the synod of the realms above;
Bright heroes there, enshrin'd among the
gods;
Last the dread pow'rs that rul'd the dark
abodes.
Vain phantoms! chas'd by truth's all-
piercing ray,
Ye fled like spectres from the face of day.
Now through the vaulted roof Hosannas
rise,
And lift the soul in rapture to the skies.

Thus shall the world, as holy bards
foretell,
To one true God the gen'ral chorus swell;
And, when at last yon orbs their course
have run,
When earth shall melt, and darkness
shroud the sun,
Its crystal gates heav'n's temple shall
display,
And light's sole fountain scatter endless
day.
Oh! lead my steps, firm Hope, that ne'er
canst tire,
Ev'n to that temple's gate, and there expire,
As through the desert led the prophet
guide,
Just look'd, just saw the promis'd land,
and died.
There white-robd saints before the
throne shall fall,
One heav'nly dome, one vast Pantheon all.

FRANCIS HAWKINS, *St. John's Coll.*

LAMENTATION,

by Lord JOHN TOWNSHEND,

on the Death of his Daughter Isabella.

Oh! gone for ever! lov'd, lamented child!
So young, so good, so innocent, and mild;
With winning manners, beauty, genius,
sense,

* Dion supposes that the round form of
the Pantheon was designed to represent
the world.

Fond filial love, and sweet benevolence:
The softest, kindest, yet the firmest mind,
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.
Never—oh! never yet a fairer bloom
Of op'ning virtues found an early tomb!
How hard thy trials, how severe thy woes,
She, she alone, thy sorrowing mother,
knows;
Who, three long years, with sad foreboding
heart,
Bankrupt of ev'ry hope from human art,
Still wept, and watch'd—and still to
Heav'n, for aid,
Her fruitless vows with meek devotion
paid.
But thou! pure spirit, fled to endless rest!
Dear child! my heart—dear Bella! thou
art blest.
And, oh! the thought that we again may
meet!
For not another gleam of hope so sweet
Dawns on thy father's breast, with wel-
come ray,
To sooth his grief, and cheer his closing
day.

The FAIRY CUP,

or the LUCK of EDENHALL*.

MARGIN'D by beauteous winding
streams†,
(Fit subjects for poetic themes)
The Musgraves' seat, fair Ed'nall, stands,
And decks the vale its site commands.
Holy Saint Cuthbert, too, had seen,
And lov'd, and bless'd each sylvan scene,
Where to his name a church was rear'd;
And near it, too, a fount appear'd,
Which, since his time, as stories tell,
Has erst been call'd "St. Cuthbert's
Well."

Hence no malignant sprite has'er
The hallow'd precincts ventur'd near:
And, though unguess'd, the secret charm
Its owners kept from ev'ry harm:
For, 'midst the brave and 'midst the fair,
The Musgraves still the foremost are.
Meantime the village gossips said,
When wearied mortals were in bed,
That num'rous lily forms were seen
To gambol on the verdant green:
And all believ'd, and kept away
From breaking in on fairy play:

* Pronounced Ed'nall—the seat of Sir
Philip Musgrave, Baronet, near Penrith,
Cumberland, where the cup or glass is
still carefully preserved—and the tradi-
tionary account is exactly the same, as
here given in the poem.—See History of
Cumberland, vol. i. page 169.

† The Eden and the Emont.



Morning & Evening Dresses

For, long ere twilight's shades were drawn
O'er upland glade or emerald lawn,
Their store of water still they'd bring,
Nor seek, till morn, the sacred spring

Yet, e'en in those far distant days,
Neglects were known.—my story says,
That once, in harvest-season gay,
When labor's toils were lost in play,
Bus'ness in pastime was forgot,
Nor water from the fountain brought.

Then soon approach'd that festive hour,
In Ed'nall hall, where friendship's pow'r
Would round the board, in union rare,
Place hearts sincere, and faces fair.
The lady who the mansion rul'd,
In gentlest courtesy was school'd:
And, when the social groups she join'd,
She pleas'd the eye, she sooth'd the mind;
She show'd to each, she lik'd them well,
And priz'd them more than tongue could
tell—

Of, when her fav'rite page would bring
Her bev'rage from Saint Cuthbert's spring,
She'd drink their health; with smiling air
Name to each knight his lady fair—
Or say, no stronger draught she chose
Than that which in their view arose;
For that, by bounteous Nature giv'n,
It sooth'd her dreams—they led to heav'n.
Each page now felt, as if some spell
Would stop the tale he had to tell:
For all so lov'd their lady gay.

They own'd, they knew not how to say,
Her wonted bev'rage was not there:
Yet none durst to the fount repair

'Tis thus, through superstitious tales,
Proud youth's instinctive courage fails.
Geoffry the grave (for so was nam'd
A butler, for long service fam'd)
Approach'd; and—when the menial train
Were argued with, but all in vain—
Vow'd that no feign'd step should stay—
And forth, by Luna's silv'ry ray,
He bent his slow, yet steady way.

So softly tinted seem'd the view,
That scarce his daily haunts he knew;

But, when he reach'd the spot he sought—
Say—could it be by fancy brought?—
No—it was fact—a group he found,
That danc'd the holy fountain round:
And yet, so gentle was then play,
Fear from his mind was kept at bay

Not so with them.—When fairy pride
The aged Geoffry in it espied,
The grass scarce yielded to their tread,
As from Saint Cuthbert's Well they fled;
But, in their speed, of thought bereft,
With joy he saw, a cup they left:
And soon he plac'd within his vest
That vase which elfin hands had press'd.
'Twas scarce secur'd, before the tribe
Return'd, to try if threat or bribe,
Or angry tones, or language bland,
Could gain the prize from Geoffry's hand.
But vain, it seems, was all their lore;
The valued pledge they touch'd no more;
And, as he homeward bent his way,
A fairy voice was heard to say,
"If that cup either break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Edenhall."

No pea can show the joy'd surprise,
That beam'd in sapient Geoffry's eyes,
As he related how he'd seen
The elfin dance upon the green;
And in his lady's hand he plac'd
That cup, a fairy queen's had grac'd.
'Twas crystal, cut with wondrous care,
And painted too with flow'rets rare.
Strong pledge of fairy faith 't has been,
And at this day may still be seen,
In leathern case with care preserv'd:
And Ed'nall's luck has never swerv'd.

FRENCH TOAST.

THE toast of each Briton, in war's dread
alarms,—
O'er bottle or bowl, is "Success to our
Arms!"—
Attack'd, put to flight, and soon forc'd
from each trench,
"Success to our Legs!" is the toast of the
French.

FASHIONS for DECEMBER.

Morning Half-Dress.—Gown of light
olive-colored cloth, with long sleeves,
made of a moderate walking length; the
bosom rather higher than it has been;
the waist rather short.—A small tippet
handkerchief, to fall loosely over the
breast, to fasten in front with a small
broach.—A scarf of white raw silk, of a
moderate walking length.—A cap com-

posed of French lace and white satin, with
a small wreath of barberries on one side.
—Hair *à la Grecque*, falling off the fore-
head in loose ringlets on the temples,
rather low on the face—turned up behind
in a knot—plain on the sides.—Necklace,
a double row of pearls.—Cross of cornelian.
—Gloves of York tan.—Shoes of black kid
Evening Dress.—A robe of pink crape

made of a moderate walking length, rather higher on the bosom than last month—the waist of a becoming length, with bracer of pink ribbon to correspond with the color of the dress—the skirt rather full—the bosom, shoulders, arms, and feet, ornamented with a frill plaiting of white satin ribbon and crape.—The hair in irregular curls, divided in front, and confined on the top of the head with white beads, blended with a cluster of flowers—a small wreath of variegated flowers on one side.—Necklace, a double row of white satin beads.—Ear rings and bracelets *en suite*.—Gloves of white French kid up to the elbow.—Slippers of white satin, with silver rosettes.—Fan of carved ivory, or frosted crape.

General Observations.—Morning walking dresses are twilled muslin, or thin cloth robes of light olive brown, or pale puce color, made high in the neck, with a scalloped frill plaited very thick—with long sleeves, made not quite so full as usual—the robe plain in front and at the bottom.—Bracer of the same, with a clasp of pearl, or colored stone, corresponding with the dress.—Mantles and pelisses, of willow-green, brown, flame, maroon, or scarlet color, are severally adopted. The mantles are made of various lengths and forms—in general, as before described—with the addition of bindings of fur, in color corresponding with the color of the mantle.—The three-quarter pelisse with trimming of lace—the inside in front lined with white fur—is the general appendage to the carriage costume.—A large coat of Merino cloth, of the wrapping kind, has also made its appearance, with fur trimming. Articles of fur are becoming universal for hats and tippets; and trimmings of fur are very general.—The cottage bonnets of quilted velvet, trimmed in front with Angola fur, are of the most novel

kind, and admirably adapted to the season.—The hair is generally *à la Grecque*, in dishevelled curls, falling negligently off the temples, with a small Flora cap of thread lace, and a wreath of barberries or autumnal flowers on one side.—Half-boots of black kid are generally worn.—Gloves of French kid, of lemon or olive color.

Half-Dresses are generally of twilled muslin. The most prevailing colors are grass-green, ruby, jonquil, and cinnabar brown.—The dress made high on the bosom, with tippet handkerchiefs, or close round the neck, with broad plaited frill—long sleeves, rather tight—the dress plain in front, with occasional tippet of white swansdown fur, or scarf of white silk.—The hair in the same fashion as last month, with cap of thread lace, or white satin, with small sprigs of winter flowers on one side.—Shoes of black kid.—Gloves of York tan.

Evening Dresses are of colored crape, worn over white satin slips—the color of the robe pink, orange, ruby, or jonquil—made of a becoming walking length—a moderate height on the bosom—the waist rather full, with short sleeves trimmed with lace, or white swansdown fur—made plain in front, and free from all other trimming on the bosom.—Bracer of white or colored ribbon, to correspond with the robe.—The hair rather full on the temples, to fall low on the face—rather full on the sides—in waved lines; to turn up behind in a knot, intermixed with a wreath of pearls.—Flowers are very generally introduced.—Colored gems are substituted for the ball-room dress.—Occasional tippets of swansdown or ermine fur.—Slippers of white satin, with silver rosettes.—Gloves of white kid.—Fan of carved ivory, or frosted crape, with festoons of silver spangles.

CHRONICLE.

The King.—*Bulletin of November 6.*—“His Majesty has continued unremittingly under the full influence of his disorder for many months past. He has, since the last report, had a transient increase of it; but this has again subsided into its former state.—His Majesty’s bodily health shows no appearance of decay; and his spirits are generally in a comfortable state.”

Price of Bread.—Quarterly Wheaten Loaf, November 4, fourteen pence—No-

remb. 11, the same—*Novemb. 18*, thirteen pence, farthing—*Novemb. 25*, twelve pence, halfpenny.

[*London, October 25*] The Emperor of Russia was invested with the British Order of the Garter, on the 27th of September, the anniversary of his coronation.

[25] An extensive establishment has recently been formed near Toulouse, in France, for the manufacture of indigo from the woad plant.

[25] The French “Gazette of Health”

reports the case of a woman (aged 76), who, having suffered the amputation of two thirds of her tongue on account of a cancer in it, still speaks intelligibly.

[25] Letters from America announce, that, in June and July, the river Mississippi had risen to an unusual height, and inundated the country on the west side to the distance of sixty-five miles, with the destruction of property, to the amount offrom ten to twenty millions of dollars.

[26] The city of Cassel surrendered to the allies on the 30th of September. King Jerome Bonaparté had made his escape, on occasion of a previous attack upon the place, on the 28th.

[26] The French garrison in Bremen surrendered to Gen. Tottenborn, Oct. 15th.

[26] *Plaster-of-Paris Bread!*—A prosecution has been commenced by the Victualling Board, against a biscuit-baker in the neighbourhood of Deptford, for having mixed plaster of Paris with the flour he used, to the extent of one fifth part.

[27] On Thursday, five connected roofs of a large warehouse in the West India Dock, covering a space of 175 feet by 140, fell with a tremendous crash. The erection was of wrought iron, supported at the extremity of each span by stanchions of the same metal, and covered with very large slates. Fortunately the accident occurred after the men had left work.

[27] *Letter-stealing.*—In consequence of numerous miscarriages of letters containing notes and bills, a search being instituted by the heads of the post-office, John Plumer, a letter-carrier in the Mile-End district, was found to have at his residence about two hundred of those intercepted letters.

[27] The stealing of glasses from gentlemen's carriages is now practised to a very great extent.

[28] *White-Chapel Society for the Education of the Poor.*—The first stone of a building designed for the instruction of 1000 poor children, of this and some neighbouring parishes, was laid yesterday by the Duke of Cambridge.

[29] *Obstructing the Passage.*—Yesterday, at Hutton Garden office, two dustmen were fined, each five shillings, with four shillings costs, for having refused to remove their cart to a very short distance, to make way for the passage of a coach in a narrow part of a street, where their cart stood.

[November 1] The *Inundations* in Germany and the adjacent countries (noticed

in our last Number, page 489) have done prodigious mischief.—In Hungary, the river Waag rose, in the beginning of September, above six feet, burst its banks, inundated the country, and undermined a high mountain, which, suddenly falling into the channel, gave to the stream an irresistible impetus. Upwards of 60 villages were swept away, and above 1200 persons perished.—In Silesia, upwards of 6000 persons lost their lives—in Poland, above 4000.—In the neighbourhood of Widdin, a Turkish corps of 2000 men, occupying a small island in the Danube, were overwhelmed by the flood during their sleep; and not one escaped.

[1] *Runaway Husbands.*—The township of Manchester has advertised rewards for the apprehension of no fewer than forty husbands, who have, within a short period, deserted their wives and children, and left them to depend on parochial support.

[1] *Female Equestrians.*—At the royal buck-hunt, on Friday last, two young ladies, of the name of Stevens, kept up with the hounds, during the whole of the chase, which lasted four hours.

[1] *Light and adulterated Bread.*—On Saturday, at Union Hall, six bakers were convicted of selling bread short of weight, and were fined in the aggregate sum of £65. 1s. 6d.—and five others were fined £5 each, with costs, for having alum and potatoes found on their premises.

[1] *Antique Coffins.*—In trenching a field belonging to the Earl of Haddington, were lately discovered a number of stone coffins (above 500), ranged in rows from north to south, with the heads to the west, and covering an extent of 64 yards in length, and 26 in breadth.

[1] A treaty of alliance and concert, between Austria and Bavaria, was signed on the 8th of October.

[2] Twelve hundred oxen were shipped at Dublin, on Saturday se'nnight, for the use of Lord Wellington's army.

[3] *Incendiary Rat.*—On Saturday, an alarming, though eventually not destructive, conflagration was caused in Hay's Mews, Berkeley-square, by a rat carrying off a lighted candle, and dragging it into a heap of straw.

[3] *Pantheon Theatre.*—Yesterday, at the Westminster adjourned sessions, the conviction against Mr. Cundy, proprietor of that theatre, was affirmed.—See our *Mag. for September*, page 443.

[3] The inclosure of Chartley Forest,

in Leicestershire, is now completed to the extent of 21,000 acres, a considerable portion of which is now under tillage.

[5] *Explosion*.—On Wednesday, a serious alarm was excited in Chelsea and its vicinity by the explosion of a puncheon of rum, containing upwards of 100 gallons, at Mr. Grigg's, the King's Arms, corner of Ranelagh-street, Chelsea. The accident was occasioned by the light of a candle (which Mr. G. had taken into the cellar) communicating to the rum during the time he was drawing a quantity of it off. The shock was so great, as to occasion several other puns in the cellar to burst; and in the lower part of the premises many windows were broken.

[5] *Aeronaut*.—On Monday, Mr. Sadler ascended with a balloon from Nottingham, and descended at Petyorth, about three miles from Stamford—a voyage of forty-four miles, performed in fifty-nine minutes.

[5] Yesterday, the Regent, in person, opened the session of Parliament.

[6] *Crimes*.—Yesterday, at the Old Bailey, seventeen malefactors were sentenced to death—three to transportation for life—three, for fourteen years—thirty-seven for seven years—forty-four to imprisonment for various periods—two to be publicly whipped, and two privately.

[6] *French Cannon*.—Of 1,195 pieces of artillery, which accompanied Bonaparté in his invasion of Russia, 1,131 were in the possession of the Russians on Christmas eve, 1812. These the Emperor Alexander has ordered to be employed in the construction of two lofty pillars, the one at Moscow, the other at Petersburg.

[6] *Steam-Boats*.—Mr. Lewis Bayne, officer of excise at Wick, has invented an ingenious machine, partly intended for the same purpose as the steam-boats now in use, but far superior to them in simplicity and effect. Instead of the wheels used in these boats, which are of no use in a heavy sea, fins or oars, of a peculiar description, have been constructed by Mr. Bayne, which, being at all times wholly under water, are as efficient in a rough as in a smooth sea. The machinery, by which these fins or oars are wrought, is simple, and entirely different from that on the present steam-boats. It can be wrought either by the steam or by the hand, can be shipped or unshipped in a few minutes, and may be fixed on ships or boats of any size or construction.—From a trial made on a fishing-boat, when the machinery was

far from being in its present complete state, it was found, that, although only wrought by one man, the boat to which the machinery was attached, far outstripped one of the same size, wrought by six men.

[6] A machine for splitting leather has been invented by Messrs. Busher and Co. of Kendal, by means of which a tanned hide may be split in five minutes, quite smooth, and to any thickness required.

[8] *Victory of Leipsic*.—After a series of important successes, the allied armies were advancing, by combined movements, against the French grand army concentrated in and about Leipsic; when Bonaparté, on the 18th of October, at sun-rise, drew out his forces, to give them battle in the vicinity of that city. The combat lasted the whole day; and, toward evening, the French, after great loss, were driven back upon the city.—In this sanguinary conflict, it is computed that *five hundred thousand* combatants were engaged, and *two thousand* pieces of artillery, besides the heavy showers of rockets poured upon the enemy by a British rocket-corps, with terrific and destructive effect.—During the engagement, the whole of the Saxon troops, abandoning the cause of Bonaparté, went over in a body to the allies, and took part with them against the French.—Early the next morning, the Emperor Alexander gave orders for an immediate assault: a tremendous conflict ensued: the place was finally carried by storm about an hour after noon; and the enemy fled in the utmost disorder.—Sixteen French generals were captured, with above 15,000 men, 250 pieces of artillery, and 900 ammunition waggons.—Prince Poniatowski and General Lauriston were drowned in their flight: the King of Saxony, with his whole court, were made prisoners; and 25,000 sick and wounded, of the French forces, were abandoned by them in Leipsic.—Bonaparté himself escaped—having precipitately fled from the scene of danger at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

[8] *The War in Servia*.—Three Turkish corps, amounting to 100,000 men, entered Servia during the month of August, and, partly by stratagem, partly by force, succeeded in a short time in over-running the country, and reducing most of the fortresses.—They burned the towns and villages—put the male population to the sword—and, after the worst of treatment, sold the women and children as slaves, to the amount of above 30,000, of whom the

Prince of Bucharest purchased 8000, to increase the population of Wallachia.

[8] On the 10th of September, a British flotilla on Lake Erie, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop, surrendered to the American naval force, after a sharp conflict.

[9] *Plague at Malta.*—Advices from Malta state the number of deaths, from May 6, to August 31, at 3,600, and in the first four days of September, 122—A man was shot on the 18th of August, pursuant to a sentence by the Supreme Tribunal, for having concealed the circumstance of his being infected with the pe-ti-lent-malady: and a proclamation was issued, forbidding, under pain of death, to gather or have in possession any quantity, however small, of the cotton of the present year's growth—as being liable to imbibe and retain the infection.

[10] *Fall of Pampluna*—Dispatches from Lord Wellington announce, that the French garrison in that city surrendered on the 31st of October.

[12] *Lightning*—A house in Brighton, the property of Mr. Marshall, was torn to pieces by the electric fluid on Tuesday morning; and, although Mr. Marshall, and his servant, Mrs. Beeny, were in the premises, they escaped unhurt. A great part of the roof of the house was forced in, the whole of the ceiling demolished, the timbers of the partitions nearly bent double, the head-posts of the bedstead, in which Mrs. Beeny lay, destroyed, and the curtains of the bed burned to a cinder, the casement of the window cast upwards of thirty yards from the premises, the door removed to a considerable distance, and the pavement of the wash-house torn up.

[13] Many *frauds* have lately been committed by fellows in the character of porters from stage or waggon inns, delivering, and demanding payment for, parcels, which, when opened, have been found to consist of bricks, tiles, &c. carefully packed.

[15] *Eating-Houses.*—Yesterday, at the Mansion-house, on an information lodged by a numerous body of tavern and coffee-house keepers, the owner of an eating-house was convicted in the mitigated penalty of £10, for selling porter to his customers, without a licence.

[17] *An Ass*, lately stolen during the night, from a field near the village of Hearn, returned to his master, next morning, with a sail-cloth, a brewing-copper, and a sack, apparently stolen elsewhere.

[18] Advices from America announce

that Gen. Proctor, overpowered by the superior number of the Americans, had found it necessary to retreat from Detroit, along the coast of Lake Ontario, toward Burlington—after having destroyed every thing at Detroit, which could be useful to the enemy.

[18] Advices from Guadalupe and Martinique, of the 13th and 17th of September, state that six armies were in motion in the kingdom of Mexico, to accomplish the revolution in that country. Almost every where in Venezuela, the insurgents had triumphed over their opponents.

[19] *Sale of Places*—Yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench, two persons, parties in a contract for the sale of a place in the Excise, were sentenced to imprisonment—the intended purchaser, for one month—the seller, for six months.

[22] A counter revolution took place in Holland on the 15th inst. The people of Amsterdam rose in a body, and proclaimed the house of Orange. Their example was immediately followed in other towns and cities: the French authorities were dismissed, and a provisional government established, and proclaimed in the name of the Prince of Orange, who has been invited over from England.—Of the French in the country, many excisemen, and others of similar stamp, fell victims to the fury of the populace: the troops retired toward Flanders.

[24] Dispatches from Admiral Fremantle assert that Istria and Croatia have risen against the French, and that all the Adriatic islands have shaken off the Gallic yoke.

[25] A body of nearly 5000 British troops have been ordered to embark immediately for Holland, to assist in completing the counter-revolution.—Two thousand of the number embarked yesterday at Greenwich.

[25] *Battle of Hanau*—Bonaparte, with the remnant of his discomfited army, about 70 or 80,000 men, was, after a series of disastrous rencontres in his flight from Leipsic, completely defeated by the allies at Hanau, on the 30th of October, with the loss of 15,000 killed and wounded, and 15,000 prisoners. He himself fled during the battle, and, with an escort of 10,000 cavalry, escaped to Mentz.—He arrived safe at St. Cloud on the 9th of November, and, on the 15th, had a decree passed by the Senate, for a new conscription of 300,000 men, in addition to the levy of 280,000 recently ordered.

[25] On the 1st inst. the troops of the

allies entered the Hanoverian territory; and, on the 4th, his Britannic Majesty's electoral government was re-established.

[26] On the 5th instant, the head quarters of the allied army were at Frankfort on the Maine. The Emperor Alexander made his public entry into the city on that day—the Emperor of Germany on the day following.

[26] Dispatches from Sir Chas. Wilson, of Novemb 16, announce that the French garrison in Dresden, of near 16,000 men, had surrendered to the allies.

[26] *Lord Wellington*, on the 10th instant, attacked the strong works which the French had spent three months in erecting, at St. Pé, about eight miles from Bayonne. He completely succeeded in forcing their lines on every side—took 1900 prisoners, and 51 pieces of cannon—and compelled the enemy to seek shelter in an entrenched camp in front of the city.

BORN.

[*October 25*] On Friday, of Lady Harriet Drummoud, a daughter.—[26] On the 14th, of Lady Elizabeth McClintock, a daughter.—[27] Wednesday, of the Hon. Mrs. Tenant, Little Aston Hall, a daughter.—[*November 5*] Wednesday, of the lady of the Rev. S. Birch, rector of St Mary Woolnoth, a son.—[6] Friday se'n night, of Lady Milton, a daughter.—[8] Thursday, of the lady of Major General the Hon. Robert Meede, a daughter.—[12] On the 5th, of Mrs. Lockley, Half-moon-street, a son.—[13] Lately, of the lady of Nicholas Kirwan, esq. Woburn-place, Russell-square, a son.—[15] On the 7th, of the lady of Henry Case, esq. Shenstone-house, a daughter.—On the 12th, of the lady of C. S. Collinson, esq. at the Chantry, Suffolk, a daughter.—[17] On the 9th, of the lady of Lieut. Col. Montague Wynyard, at Heavitree, a daughter.—On the 11th, of the lady of Cholmondley Dering, esq. Lockley House, Herts, a daughter.—[19] Yesterday, of the Lady of Sir C. W. Flint, a daughter.—[20] October 15, at Dominica, of the lady of the Hon. James Potter Lockhart, a daughter.

MARRIED.

[*October 27*] On the 22d, the Rev. John Owen, Vicar of Milwick, Staffordshire, to Miss Pugh, of Forest, Denbighshire.—Yesterday, Rear Admiral Lord Henry Paulet, to Miss Maria Ravenscroft, of Portland-place.—[*November 5*] Yesterday, T. Wilkins, esq. of Muswell-hill, to Miss Elizabeth Sheepshanks.—[6] Octob.

12, Captain Hartwell, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, to Henrietta, daughter of the Rev. John Dickson, archdeacon of Down.—Lately, Chas. Trelawney, esq. son of Sir C. Trelawney, bart. to Ann Fanny, daughter of Lord Belfast.—[10] Friday, the Rev. W. Penny, of Fairfield Hall, Yorkshire, to Sophia, daughter of the Bishop of Carlisle.—Yesterday, Richard Mee Raikes, esq. to Miss Jane Thornton, of St. James's Square.—Tuesday, Lieut. Vernon, of the 80th Foot, to Juliana, daughter of the Rev. Geo. Wilson, Vicar of Corbridge, Northumberland.—[13] Thursday, Robert Blake, esq. of Clement's Inn, to Miss Caroline Knappman, of Pimlico.—Yesterday, the Rev. Mr. Plumley, rector of New Windsor, to Miss Buckner, daughter of Admiral Buckner.—Yesterday, Dr. Chapman, of Windsor, to Miss Young, of Datchett.—[15] Saturday, Lord Thurlow, to Miss Mary Catharine Bolton, of Long-Acre.—Saturday, Rear Admiral Frank, to Miss Braddyll, of Cornhead Priory, Lancashire.—[17] On the 9th, John Acton, esq. of Ludlow, to Miss Rebecca Browning, of Purslove Hall, Shropshire.

DECEASED.

[*November 2*] Yesterday, within the Rules of the King's Bench, the Rev. Francis Stone, formerly rector of Cold Norton, in Essex.—[5] Thursday, 28th ult. Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. Richard Birch, of Waddington, Essex.—[10] Lately, Mrs. Betty Johnstone, sister to the late Sir William Pulteney, bart.—On the 29th ult. at Bumbury in Cheshire, the Rev. W. Williams.—[11] On the 8th inst. the Rt. Rev. Dr. Spencer Madan, Bishop of Peterborough.—[12] On the 2d, Walter Graves, esq. of Mickleton, Gloucestershire.—Tuesday, John Round, esq. Colchester.—[13] Wednesday, the lady of the Rev. Edward Hodgson, of Rickmansworth, Herts.—[15] Saturday, Mrs. Hatfield, sister of the late Gen. Hatfield.—On the 9th inst. at the Priory, Chester, Dorothea, wife of John Lewis Boissin, esq.—[16] On the 11th, Margaret, relict of the late James Noyes, esq. of Kennington.—Wednesday, John Haggerston, esq. of Cambridge.—Saturday, the Rev. Joseph Jewett, rector of Weathersfield, Essex.—[17] Tuesday, Lady Hickee, relict of the late Sir J. P. Hickee, bart.—Tuesday, Viscount Dillon.—[18] Yesterday, Sir Thos. Theophilus Metcalfe, bart.—[19] On the 6th, at Presteign, Radnorshire, Mrs. Sarah Ballard.—[20] On Monday, the Countess of Portsmouth.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 44, N^o.12, for December, 1813.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates :

1. PETER the GREAT and the ASSASSINE.
2. Fashionable COSTUME for January.
3. PATTERN for the FRONT of a DRESS, with LAPPELS.

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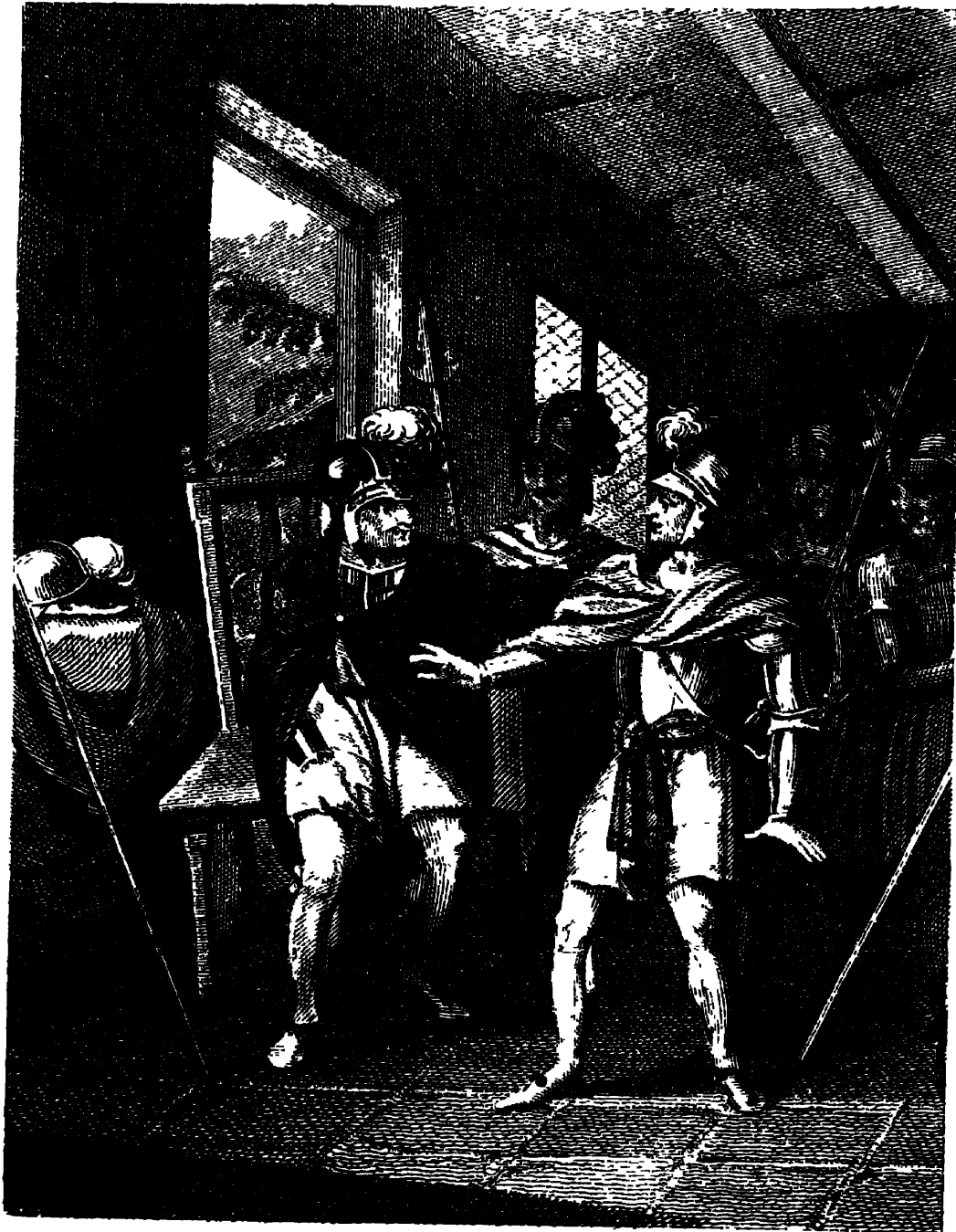
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NOTICES.

The FRONTISPICE to our next Volume—to be given, in addition to the usual number of Plates, in our Magazine for January—will contain the representation of an important and interesting transaction, which took place during the course of the year just elapsed.

The Editor has received, and returns thanks for, the copy of a new publication lately sent to him, from which he intends to present his fair Readers with some interesting extracts.



Peter the Great, seising the Conspirator.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR DECEMBER, 1813.

Anecdotes of **PETER the GREAT.**

(Continued from page 472.)

(With a Plate.)

He was once, in consequence of a mistake, placed in a very perilous situation, from which his uncommon intrepidity enabled him to extricate himself, and to crush, at the same time, by his presence alone, a formidable conspiracy. He received intelligence that two men, (with whose names he was made acquainted) at the head of a set of banditti, had engaged in a plot against him, and had fixed upon carrying it into execution on a Friday at one o'clock, on which day the Czar was expected to dine with some of his friends at one of those country-houses which were built by his order near Petersburg. He wrote immediately to the captain of his guard, ordering him to repair, at eleven o'clock, with some troops, to the house where the conspirators were accustomed to assemble, and surround it. Peter, mistaking the hour, went alone at ten o'clock to the place appointed; and, upon his approach, seeing neither captain nor soldiers, he in his own mind accused the former of great negligence, and hesitated whether or not he should retire; but the uncertainty of events, the mistake or possible infidelity of his officer, the peril of the moment, every thing, in short, concurred to make him resolve upon braving the danger, to which he had unwarily exposed himself. He immediately entered the house where his enemies were concealed, presented himself

in the midst of them, and, after eyeing them steadfastly one after the other, took a chair, and seated himself. The astonished chiefs looked first at each other, and then at Peter, as if doubting what course they should pursue. At length, one of them said, "Is it time?" His companion answered, "No, not yet;" upon which the Czar jumped up, and seising him by the throat, exclaimed, "If this is not the time for you, wretch, it is the time for me to make you suffer the punishment due to your crimes." In an authoritative tone*, he then ordered his companions to seize him: they instantly obeyed; and the conspirator, pale and trembling, suffered himself to be chained without resistance. The same was then done, by his command, to the other chief; after which, the rest, intimidated by his voice and manner, submitted to the same restraint, and delivered themselves up to him. At eleven o'clock the captain arrived, surrounded the house, and, being informed that Peter was there, instantly hastened to him. The severe look of the Czar bespoke his displeasure; but, being shown the order which he had written to the officer, and finding that he himself had forgotten the hour, he acknowledged his mistake. He then delivered into the hands of the soldiers the unresisting criminals, who were

* This reminds us of Marius in the prison at Minturnæ, when, by a look alone, he caused the soldier who had come with the intention of killing him, to drop the sword from his hand, and betake himself to flight.

taken from his presence, and almost all of them punished with death*.
(*To be continued in the Supplement.*)

THE HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(*Continued from page 512.*)

Mr. Middleton, to Philip Sydney, Esq.—In continuation.

The Hermit's Tale.

“It is unnecessary, my dear Middleton, to tell you, that I am a native of this country; and, I dare to say, equally so, to inform you, that the title, by which I am known—of the Laird of Calderwood—is an assumed one. The honorable and ancient name which I inherited from my ancestors, has long been forgotten. At a very early period of life, I was left in possession of a very ample estate; and, nature having given me a warm and sanguine disposition, reason had, with me, little influence over the impetuosity of passion.

“The world smiled upon me: I bade defiance to its frowns, and looked forward with rapture to an approaching union with a woman I adored; when, in an evil hour, I became acquainted with a man who took advantage of my open and credulous temper, to ingratiate himself strongly in my affections: and so powerful was this man’s talent of insinuation and address, that, in a very short time, I had no sentiments, no opinion, but his.

“The commencement of my connexion with this false friend was at that memorable æra, when the unfortunate family of the Stuarts was endeavouring to recover the power which they had justly forfeited by their arbitrary principles. My new

friend would often sound me on this subject: but I was too young, and too much devoted to present enjoyments, to think much on politics or the rights of princes: and, when I did think (which was but seldom) I was perfectly satisfied with a government which protected me in my religion and property. But my friend so artfully managed his subject, that he imperceptibly drew me on to listen to him, and was so very eloquent in favor of divine, hereditary, and indefeasible right, and so pathetically described the miserable condition of a family born to dominion, that I felt my pity excited in favor of fallen majesty.—He saw the impression he had made on my mind, and pursued his advantage with so much address, that he at length entirely gained me over to his opinions.

“But why do I dwell so minutely on a subject, which, even at this distance of time, I cannot think of without the most painful emotions?—To make short then of so bitter a recapitulation of my misfortunes—Governed by that impetuosity which had ever been the leading feature of my character, I made an offer of my fortune and personal service to the Pretender. They were too considerable, not to be gladly accepted. My friend knew that my relatives were strongly attached to the reigning family, and would therefore do every thing in their power to prevent my present purpose. He therefore obliged me to swear inviolable secrecy, with regard to these transactions.

“When I led the woman I loved to the altar, my heart smote me for having concealed from her, whose interest was now going to be so inseparably united with mine, the knowledge of the important concern in which I was engaged. But these precious moments were too replete with joy, for me to suffer any cor-

* The Czar, in this action, recalls to our recollection Cæsar, when he was at the mercy of the pirates, threatening to crucify them, and afterward keeping his word with them.

roding thoughts to interrupt my transports. I had, however, sufficient prudence to secure my wife's fortune (which was considerable, and in money) in the hands of a friend, in whom I could confide; that, in case of any accident happening to me, that might be secreted for her use.

"A few, a very few fleeting days of happiness did I enjoy with my bride, ere I was summoned to prove the strength of my arm in the field of battle. Stern honor called; and I dared not listen to the softer voice of love. I could not bear a parting interview, and therefore tore myself away from all my soul held dear, without giving the least hint of the fatal business I was going upon.

"It is impossible to express my sensations at this time. I strove to drive recollection far away:—I headed my men, and animated them by every exertion in my power. I flew from rank to rank; for my stake was almost as great, as that of the prince I fought for.—Fame, fortune, happiness—all depended on our success. The fate of the day proved decisive: we were totally defeated. I had long been suspected of being a partisan of the defeated party; and, as I did not this day in the least endeavour to secret myself, I was soon known to several in the victorious army, and eagerly pursued.

"I had stationed a servant at some distance, with a remarkably swift-footed horse, which I mounted, and reached the cottage of a faithful vassal, in a state of mind that beggars all description.—I sent for my wife; for I dared not venture to my own house. When she arrived, I flung myself at her feet, and told her the horrid tale of my ruin; and begged of her to return to her friends, and forget a miserable undone wretch.—I mentioned where I had placed her fortune, which was so secured, that no one but herself could touch it.

"But that noble-minded woman was superior to worldly considerations. 'My dear Archibald!' cried she, 'the miserable tale you have told me scarcely affects me, in comparison of the thought of the separation which you propose.—Am I not your wife? Nought but death shall separate us; and, if the misfortunes of this fatal day have not deprived me of your affections, do not again, I beseech you, repeat the hateful proposal; but suffer me to be the companion of your flight.'

"As her determination was firmly fixed, it was in vain that I used every argument, to persuade her to renounce her purpose of sharing with me the dangers and fatigues to which I must be exposed, even if I should be so fortunate as to elude the vigilance of my pursuers.—My faithful domestics had prepared every thing for our flight; and, in disguise, we escaped the search of our enemies, and reached England in safety; and, having found a retired spot, we there rested our weary heads.

"And here reflexion had room to visit me; and it did visit me, with its most bitter stings. The zealous, but unfortunate man, who had, in so short a time, gained such an astonishing influence over me, had perished bravely fighting by my side. My reflexions were the more poignant, as there were no extenuating circumstances to soften the bitterness of my self-reproaches. I had erred, I may say, against conviction. I could not plead principle, or the prejudices of education: on the contrary, I was brought up by those who were devoted to the present government.—In the heyday of youth, with a high relish for the luxurious pleasures of life, I found myself stripped of what would have procured me those enjoyments—rank and fortune.

"Painful, however, as these

thoughts may be supposed to have been, they were nothing, in comparison to what I felt for having reduced my wife to so forlorn a situation. Born and educated amid the most elegant refinements, with a person and manners that would have graced a court, with the utmost ease did she accommodate her mind to the simplicity of a cottage. Not one look of discontent ever clouded the brow of that elevated woman; not one reproachful word ever passed her lips. Her face was always decked with smiles, and her voice modulated in the gentlest and most soothing strains, when she strove to calm my perturbed spirits, and reconcile me to our present condition.—She at last succeeded; and we passed some years in that retirement, which was now grown perfectly agreeable to us; when my wife proving pregnant, a strong predilection made me wish my infant might first see the light in a country which, in my estimation, was superior to every other. My Isabella possessed the same sentiments: but, as I dared not yet venture into Scotland, I confided that beloved woman to the care of the two trusty servants who had accompanied us in our exile; and my faithful friend attended, to receive her, on the borders of the kingdom.

“ We had settled, before we parted, that, if possible, I was soon privately to join her: but, if such a step should prove impracticable, she would, after her delivery, return to me.

“ Such feeling hearts as thine, dear Middleton, can alone have some idea of our feelings in the moment of separation: but I consoled myself with the thought, that this parting was but for a short period, and that we should soon meet again.—It was with inexpressible satisfaction I heard of my spouse's safe arrival at her destined abode: but, when the time

approached when I expected to hear of her safe delivery, my apprehensions were extreme. My soul was alternately agitated by the strongest emotions of hope and fear. At last my man returned, and blessed me with the joyful tidings that I had a son.

“ I turned my eyes to heaven, and offered up a silent ejaculation of thanks for this precious gift. Yet unthought the voice of my servant died away on my ear, when he had delivered this pleasing intelligence. My heart caught the alarm: I laid my hand on his shoulder, with a quickness that made him start—‘ My wife! my Isabella!’ cried I.—He turned away his face from my piercing gaze, and hung his head in silence and dejection.

“ There was no need of words, to tell me I had lost all my soul held dear. I had, however, sufficient composure to draw the dreadful tidings from him.—My adored Isabella lived but to give birth to a son, when her pure spirit flew to join her kindred angels.—Terrified at my frantic grief, my poor faithful fellow flung himself on his knees, bathed my hand with his tears, and besought me to be calm, reminding me of my child. But I heeded him not; and, wild as I was with despair, the affectionate creature dreaded lest I should make an attempt on my own life.

“ At last, nature being quite exhausted, I sunk into a silent apathy—a situation, which, though shocking to surrounding friends, is yet a happy one for the poor sufferer. In short, I was in a state of total insensibility. Deprived at once of every sensation either of pleasure or pain, I had no other instinct than what animates the brute creation: I merely ate and slept when nature required.

“ In this state I continued for a considerable time: every effort to

arouse me from this horrible stupor was tried without effect; when my truly valuable friend, hearing such a deplorable account of me from my man, determined to leave his native country, and visit the wretched exile—in hopes that such a proof of disinterested friendship might awake a ray of feeling in my desolated mind.

“The effect that his sudden and unexpected appearance had upon me, was wonderful. I sprang from my seat with such rapidity, and was seized with such a tremor, that it appeared more like a stroke of electricity, than any thing else I can compare it to; and so violent was the agitation I experienced, that the cold drops of agony chased each other down my face in streams.

“My friend saw that nature was exerting a powerful effort; and, to render the struggle decisive, he threw himself on his knees before me, and, in the most pathetic language he could use, strove to revive my recollection, by calling on the name of my dear departed angel, and lamenting the forlorn situation of my infant son, deprived of the attention of both his parents.

“The conflict was long and severe: but, as my friend had hoped, it proved most favorable. I flung myself by his side, and, bursting into tears, (the first I had shed for many months) I called him by his name.

(To be continued in the Supplement.)

The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.

(Continued from page 515.)

CHAP. 32.

Our dying friends come o’er us, like a cloud,

To damp our brainless ardors, and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wise:

Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death.

.... Shall they languish, shall they die
in vain?

Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hov’ring
shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent soft address,
Their posthumous advice, and dying
prayer?

..... Ah! what is human life?
How like the dial’s tardy moving shade!
Day, after day, slides from us unperceived!
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth;
Too subtle is the movement, to be seen:
Yet soon the hour is up; and we are gone.

Young.

THE observations which Sir William wished to make, he had now ample opportunities for prosecuting. No place was so dear to Frederic, as the apartment of the invalid: for there he was with Julia; and, by exerting his powers to amuse her father, he rendered his company doubly agreeable to her. With anxiety, too, scarcely inferior to her own, he watched even the very eye of the baronet; and, in assisting him to change his posture, and showing every mark of attention that could alleviate his sufferings, he was constantly alert.

“A young man who acts thus, cannot have a bad heart,” remarked Sir William. He now began to talk with Frederic more seriously than before upon his future plans, and soon learned that Frederic had determined to be guided, in the formation of them, by Sir William’s opinion.

While the baronet wished, yet wavered, in his favor, his disorder suddenly flew to his stomach. The cold he had taken upon the eventful night of the fire, prevented the complaint from fixing properly in the extremities: and this alarming attack, which had all along been apprehended, though not immediately fatal, gave a shock to his constitution, which he was thoroughly convinced it could not surmount, and that his dissolution was at no great distance.

Impressed with this idea, he fully

explained to Mr. Herbert the distressing state of his affairs, and that there would not be a portion of quite five hundred pounds each for the younger children; while their mother, far from assisting them by her jointure, he was well aware, would not find it sufficient for herself. He added, that, in such a connexion as he had hoped his Julia would form, he always looked forward to the advantage of the rest of the family; but, if he bestowed her upon Frederic Saint-Villiers, she neither gained much for herself, nor any thing for them.

Mr. Herbert replied, that, even all this being considered, he nevertheless thought their union the best measure that could be adopted for both; and, taking the earliest opportunity of revealing this conference to his friend, advised him to get things settled as soon as possible; assuring him, upon the authority of the medical men, that, though Sir William might linger some time, his release might nevertheless be instantaneous; and that his friends should be prepared to expect it at any time.

The place, procured for Frederic, now produced an income of three hundred per annum; and he was at liberty either to have the duties performed by a deputy, or to transfer the possession on the same terms on which the purchase had been made. This, added to the fortune he had received from his brother, though erroneously attributed to his father's justice, rendered his situation comfortable, if not affluent; and, in his next conference with Sir William, it emboldened him fearlessly to renew his proposal, offering to make any settlement he thought proper upon his daughter, and that her little patrimony should be thrown into the shares of the younger children; that

her home should be theirs; and that, to any system of economy which his Julia might propose, he would readily submit—convinced, that, in her society, he should feel more real happiness, than the lavish expenditure of money had ever been able to afford him.

Sir William was now vanquished.—He knew, that, by one prohibitory word, Julia would be induced to break off all connexion with her lover, and devote herself wholly to the care of a family which he could fearlessly leave in her charge: but what a magnitude of task this was for one single unprotected young woman! and, if she were to remain with a mother who had never valued her as she deserved, a life of perpetual want and uneasiness would be her portion.

Thus circumstanced, and cheered by Frederic's last generous assurances, Sir William at length summoned resolution to give him his daughter. "And, as I prove worthy of the deposit," said the grateful youth on receiving her hand from that of her father, "may the Almighty prosper me in this world, and reward me in the world to come."

Having consented thus far, it now became Sir William's earnest wish, that the marriage should be solemnised as soon as possible. He was desirous to ratify it with his paternal benediction, and anxious that it should be concluded before Lady Monson (whom he had thought proper to send for on his late seizure) should arrive, lest her cavillings upon it should add to Julia's distress, who so deeply felt the impending awful separation, that she acted more in compliance with the desires of her father and lover, than the dictates of her own feelings, in allowing her nuptials to be thus precipitated.

Frederic, believing that a union

with her, was alone sufficient to ensure happiness, yielded to every wish of her soul, except in the single article of delay. There alone he opposed her; and that point, once settled, appeared not to make any difference in the sedulity with which they tried to mitigate the sufferings of an expiring parent.

Lady Monson had always entertained so childish a dread of the sea, that she detested even the sight of it. Nothing, but the cruel appearance of disregard to the wishes Sir William had expressed to see her, could have conquered her aversion to crossing the water; and, when once arrived on the other side, it might have been imagined, from her conversation, that she was the greatest sufferer in the family. It was even several days before she deemed herself sufficiently recovered to converse with Sir William on those subjects which he had thought it beneficial for all parties to have fully explained.

He was so completely prepared to meet his latter end, and had been so relieved by the generous assistance of Mr. Herbert in settling his affairs, and the promises of friendship towards the children, made both by him and his lady, that he could now think of every thing with tranquillity.

Having appointed Mr. Herbert guardian to his son, he settled with that gentleman and Frederic, that the new-married couple should live at the mansion-house, and have it kept up in every respect, as a residence for the future baronet, till he came of age: the children were to remain there, as their home, though any of them that Lady Monson chose, were to be with her in whatever situation she determined to live: for, of late years, so great had been her dislike to Manningdale, she made it her constant declaration, that, if she

ever became her own mistress, her first step would be to quit it.

Without an absolute renunciation of all the sentiments she had been in the habit of uttering, her ladyship could not object to this arrangement: but, throughout the conference, she behaved in the most weak and childish manner, bemoaning her own situation, instead of endeavouring to administer consolation to her husband; and breaking forth into perpetual repinings against the connexion to which Julia's wheedling (she said) had obtained her sick father's consent, instead of promoting the family interests, as she might have done by an alliance with either the Earl of Blenheim, or Mr. Saint-Villiers.

The worthy baronet seemed merely spared for the purpose of putting his affairs into that train of complete regulation which the friendship and assistance of Mr. Herbert and Frederic Saint-Villiers enabled him to do. As far as filial duty and unceasing attention could soften his passage to a better world, every exertion was made; and perhaps no parent was ever more sincerely lamented, than he was by his Julia.

In every endeavour to mitigate the affliction of his wife, and an unremitting assiduity to fulfill the last wishes of her father, the native excellence of Frederic's heart shone conspicuously. He disposed of the place he had so lately procured, and settled at Manningdale. He took upon himself the management of the estate, and attempted, as far as was in his power, to make up to the family the irreparable loss they had sustained. He had once fondly thought that a union with Julia was alone sufficient for felicity: but experience hourly proved the fallacy of supposing that any human attainment could secure that happi-

ness, which rather results from a due regulation of our desires, than from their accomplishment. The very earliest period of his marriage was clouded by the melancholy circumstances which accelerated it. The behaviour of Lady Monson inspired the most complete distaste for her society; and the serious charge he had undertaken, filled his mind with anxiety.

(To be continued.)

Modern Life delineated.
(Continued from page 499.)

WHEN Gertrude reached her chamber, the complicated sensations, arising from disappointment, grief, and amazement at her sister's vicious conduct, were too powerful for her. During the greater part of the night, she indulged the bitterness of anguish: but, when reason resumed its empire over her feelings, she dropped upon her knees, and fervently prayed that the Father of virtue might bless a parent and a brother with fortitude, and convert a sister from the error of her ways.

In the morning, when the family met at breakfast, grief was visible upon every countenance; and assilient solemnity presided over this social meal, which was scarcely interrupted by any sound, except the distant noise of carriage-wheels. The whole of the day passed over in equal gloom; none of the party seeming inclined to make any comments upon the painful occurrences of the preceding night; and not one visitor having come, either to interrupt their reflexions, or promote cheerful conversation.

On the following morning, as soon as the tea-equipage was removed, Mr. Lloyd said, "We must now, my dear Gertrude, seriously think of returning home: this hateful city is dated to compose our spirits."

"I hope you will not leave me yet," said Edward. "After you depart from me, I shall have a frightful void in my heart."

"I know it too well, my son: but I have arranged my plans to mitigate the evil. You have informed me, that the profits, arising from your mercantile concerns, already amount to three thousand pounds. If you continue in the concern, there is a fair prospect of realising a large fortune. But, as you have only one child for it to centre with, I think a moderate fortune will suit quite as well; particularly as you will gain by it a small portion of social enjoyments; for, as to domestic comforts, they are now out of the question. On my return to the country, I will purchase a comfortable estate for you; and, as I am well versed in the science of agriculture, I now mean to become your tutor again. I know that you will be far happier in the Vale among your friends, than in this populous dissipated place, where every thing will remind you of the baseness of a false friend. In my opinion, there is not a greater punishment inflicted upon a virtuous heart, than that of returning in an evening to a gloomy home, harassed in spirits, and fatigued with bodily exertions, and not finding a friend to converse with, or one capable of converting languor into joy.—I hope, Edward, you will now permit us to take the baby into Wales: she will thrive, I trust, under her aunt's protection: and I am certain that no other person will take equal care of her.—We must now endeavour to banish the evils of life from our remembrance; for vice, say children, will prove its own corrector."

Gertrude and Edward attentively listened to their father's discourse; and their own griefs were at the moment erased from their minds, in

viewing his placid countenance, and attending to a plan of life so acceptable to themselves.

"Mrs. Pope," he continued, "is the only person I shall entrust with our views; for it is through her exertions to serve us, that I expect the partnership will speedily be dissolved. No doubt their precipitate departure will soon be known in the world: but far be it from us to blazon the vicious passions of our nearest relatives. They perhaps may yet be restored to the path of virtue; and we shall then be thankful that we have not made their deviation public."

"It is impossible ever to be reconciled to them again," said Edward. "Their unnatural conduct merits contempt and abhorrence. As for Frederic, I would far sooner have doubted the firmness of my own principles, than his attachment to my amiable sister. I was convinced it was fixed on so firm a basis, that it would have continued unalterable to the last moment of his existence: but some evil demon must have possessed his mind, or Frederic Manville never would have erred."

The morning Mr. Lloyd and his daughter separated from Edward, busy fancy seemed to retrace in his mind the occurrences of the preceding week with double force. Painful as his sensations were, his countenance evinced greater misery. In vain he endeavoured to assume a look of resignation: every feature was expressive of the agony he endured: but, when the nurse brought the child into the room, his sorrows seemed to gain a vent. Mr. Lloyd, in mournful silence, stood by the window, contemplating the painful scene, and at that moment regretted that he had expressed a desire to take the child with him into Wales.

Gertrude was the only one capable of exertion: she took the child out

of the nurse's arms. "Look upon this sweet babe," said she; "and think that you have in her a consolation for the loss you have sustained. I hope, Edward, the endearing claim this infant has upon your affections, will impress your mind with a wish to continue in this vale of tears, to promote her happiness: for who is so capable of expanding a daughter's mind, and ennobling her heart, as a sensible affectionate parent?"

Gertrude's endeavours to reason with her brother upon this subject were ineffectual. Grief, when it is fixed in the heart, is not to be softened by the amiable sophistry of a friend. It is time only, and serious reflexion, that can assuage the anguish of disappointed hopes: and, if there are any disappointments in life which particularly excite the sorrows of the soul, they are those which are caused by the perfidy of a wife or a daughter. With fond delight, a father watches over the dawning graces of his darling daughter; and fancy paints, with a rich and glowing pencil, her virtues, and the bliss she will impart to her family and friends. He traces her path through the age of childhood, with fond solicitude—corrects her errors, and encourages the amiable propensities of her heart. He views her understanding ripened, and every personal grace improved; and then beholds her a pattern of conjugal and parental excellence. He observes her animated smile charm her husband and her children; and, in the fulness of his joy, exclaims, "I have received every blessing which this life is capable of affording." The beloved child of his bosom is honored and admired: she irradiates the path of domestic life with her own bright virtue, and leaves to the trifling and the weak, the futile wish to charm the world. What, then, must a father feel, when

he learns that this pleasing picture is destroyed, and is conscious that the conclusion of his own virtuous life must be made miserable by the vile passions of a daughter whom he once thought a pattern of grace and goodness! O ye daughters, who have been reared amid scenes of domestic bliss—ye, who have viewed your parents as the most amiable, exalted beings existing—ye, who have listened with delight to their admonitions—related with an air of pleasing triumph to your brothers and sisters their flattering commendations—or have felt the tear of remorse steal down your cheek when they have had cause to reprove you—can you forget these virtuous emotions, and forsake the path, which they and your own conscience have pointed out, as the only sure road to happiness in this world and the next? can you resolve to bring misery upon those, who have devoted so many years to impart blessings to you? You not only prove your ingratitude to your best benefactors, but deserve the misery and contempt which inevitably ensue. If there is any human being unworthy of our commiseration, it is the woman who abandons her husband, children, and parents, for the indulgence of a false and vitiated fancy. She forsakes every endearing tie in life, to subject herself to scorn and degradation. Even if she escape the insulting reproofs of her companion, or, if he treat her with the utmost kindness, her own disordered fancy converts the slightest neglect into ingratitude. But, in the silence of retirement, bitter indeed are her reflexions. She in vain searches around her gloomy apartment, for some solace from care; the solemn stillness increases the agony of thought. If she open any moral book, she discovers, in every sentence, a severe

reproof: and, if she read one of a lighter cast, it only increases, instead of diminishing the wretchedness of her situation. But, if her fancy turn toward the home which she has for ever abandoned, what are then her sensations? A dejected and miserable husband she beholds leaning over the infant who is deprived of a mother's fostering care, and whose pallid looks declare its neglected state. The other younglings, whose pliant minds are open to receive instruction from a virtuous mother, are placed under the tuition of aliens, who feel not an equal interest in their acquirements. She sees the evils combined with her deviation: but she knows it is not in her power ever to remedy them.

How anxiously do weak mothers desire to see their daughters possessed of beauty! But, if they considered the train of evils which ensue from this fatal gift, they would pray that a moderate share might be their lot.—External beauty, in general, is an excitement to the evil designs of men; though it is nearly certain that a woman of strict modesty never will be insulted with any offers repugnant to that modesty. Her home, her husband, and her children, are a sanctuary from the vicious: and, if her mind be properly engaged when she is in the asylum of domestic peace, it is not any human being, however fascinating his manners may be, that can induce her to deviate from that line of conduct which her heart and reason approve.

When a wife finds her highest joys in the happiness of her family, she neither thinks of admiration, nor of exciting the applause of the gay and the thoughtless. Her heart assures her, that, if there be any bliss in this life, it is from the endearing smiles of her husband, her parents, and her children, it is derived. All

others are transient joys ; but this, she is convinced, is permanent.— Even if sorrows assail her in the domestic walk, she has joys that counterbalance them.— Conscious rectitude supports her steps ; and the hope of a happy immortality enlivens the darkest hour.

But the woman who is a reproach to her own heart—if she has diffused irreparable misery upon her husband, and has entailed disgrace upon her children—is debarred from partaking of those solid comforts which are drawn from innate purity of mind and life. If it were possible to learn the fate of those women who have forsaken their husbands and children, what a catalogue of miseries should we peruse ! Faucy cannot paint the agony of a wife and mother, who has deserted the first of earthly blessings—the affectionate attention of dutiful and amiable children, and the heart-soothing power of leading them to honor in this life, and to happiness in a better world.

Gertrude exerted all her powers to enliven her father's spirits during the four days which they spent on their journey to the Vale. She painted the comforts they should derive from her brother's society, and the pleasure which would ensue from the daily improvement they should discover in the little Gertrude. From every object, she caught a spark of mental fire, to warm her beloved father's bosom : and, if the tender solicitude of any human being had possessed the power to efface the sorrows confined within his heart, Gertrude's affectionate efforts would not have been unavailing.

On the evening of their arrival at Elnarth, every thing around them was a striking contrast to the conclusion of their former journey from town. The rain and hail came down in torrents ; every cottage door and

window was closed ; and not a ray of light was distinguished through the impenetrable gloom. The deep tones of the village bells they distinctly heard ; and their melancholy sound conveyed to their ears a solemn notice of the departure of some acquaintance from this ever-varying scene. “ Every thing,” said Mr. Lloyd, “ is in unison with my present feelings. The darkness of night is spread over our village ; and the melancholy tones of yonder bells are responsive to the sorrows which vibrate in my heart.— It is well, my love, that there is another and a better world.”

Gertrude, incapable of speaking, pressed her father's hand to her lips. He felt the warm tear drop upon it, and exclaimed, “ My dear child ! do not let my words distress you. Endeavour to consider them as a preparation for an event which must some time come to pass. I may, if it be the will of the Almighty, continue in this world some years longer : but I am inclined to think that my time on earth is very limited.—We ought to familiarise our minds to an event which it is not in our power to avoid. It is a want of attention to this important subject, that causes so much misery in the world.—Serious reflexion upon the shortness and extreme uncertainty of human life damps the ardor of improper passions, and creates within our bosoms universal good-will to all the world. It throws a radiant circle of mercy around our path. The more we consider the goodness and mercies of the Almighty, the more are we inclined to forgive our unhappy and fallen friends. We must not, my love, rest satisfied with forgiving their errors, as erring creatures ourselves ; but we must endeavour to recall their steps to virtue.—At the moment when I heard of the deviation of one

whom I fondly loved, I thought it was impossible ever to forgive her, or admit her into my house again: but, if I could now learn what part of the world she is in, I would strain every nerve, to restore her to a proper sense of the wretchedness of her condition.—If I am called from this world before I have an opportunity of accomplishing this wish, I trust, my dearest Gertrude, you will not forget a parent's desires: and, as you love me, you will revere my wishes. I know, the fastidious delicacy of the world objects to the entrance of any female into society who has once deviated; and, in many instances, it is highly proper that it should be scrupulously adhered to: but how many are favorably received in the best societies, whose language and levity of manners are a disgrace to the sex! Though I am far from wishing that a child of mine should claim a privilege which is interdicted to others, I yet hope that a sister will never disclaim her, but endeavour to lead her from the disgraceful path she at present pursues, and teach her, that penitence and a return to virtue can alone render her acceptable to the Father of mercies."

Gertrude, as well as her tears would permit her, fervently assured her father, that his wishes should always be a law to her.

(To be continued in the Supplement.)

— — —
The DUTCH PATRIOTS
of the Sixteenth Century.
(Continued from page 522.)

BOOK 8.

LIKE those multitudinous flocks of vultures, which, attending the march of armies, darken the light of heaven; and with impatient screams call for their gory prey, the powers who preside over the fate of battles fly hovering over the Spanish legions; while, from the upper regions of æther,

the god of war himself observes the progress of those troops whom he had so often before conducted to the field of glory, and whom at this moment he intends to conduct thither again.

With heart-felt complacency he views, advancing in the foremost ranks, those high-spirited Iberians who had grown grey in arms under the conduct of Charles. Released from martial toils, they cultivated the smiling banks of the Tagus formerly renowned for its golden sands, and of the Guadalquivir which rolls its argentstream through orange-groves. The laurel and the olive, flourishing under their culture, covered them with their propitious shade; and the evening of their days was placidly waning under a cloudless sky, when suddenly the brazen voice of the clarion struck their ears, and informed them that Alva, their former chief, was advancing to the combat. Immediately, forgetting the burden of old age, they spontaneously snatched their swords, which hung from the boughs of the peaceful olive.

'Tis they who march in the van, their eyes fixed on those of Alva, who, placed on a lofty eminence, feels his heart expand with proud exultation at the sight of them, while they are equally transported with joy at once more seeing their renowned leader. Their lengthened shadows on the ground represent their portly step, and portray their brandished arms, now grown black with age, and which they have disdained to burnish. Several of their number had fought under Cortez, and laid Mexico in chains: these display a still more haughty air than their associates; and their beaver is loaded with plumes and jewels, the spoils of conquered America.

At the head of these veteran cohorts, march two youthful warriors: the one is Alva's son, Frede-

ric, who, scarcely entered on the martial career, is impatient already to reach the goal—like a mettled steed, who, appearing for the first time on the course, and boiling with incôercible ardor, utters loud neighings, that resound to the distant forests, toward which he rushes with impetuous speed. The other warrior is Aremberg, whose valour, more than once already crowned with victory, is embellished by humanity, which attempers the vivid fire of his eye.

Frederic, compelled to depart before Alva, regrets that he has not seen the heads of Egmont and Horn fall under the executioner's steel: yet he seems to enjoy the dire spectacle in idea, while he reads in his father's eyes the barbarous satisfaction of the tyrant at having sacrificed two such victims.—Aremberg, fearless of exposing himself to the resentment of Alva who has not forgotten his disobedience, refused to appear before the scaffold at the moment of their execution. Scarcely had Love conducted him to the altar of Hymen, when, tearing himself away from the pleasures of their charming bonds, the hero sacrificed every other passion to the love of glory. At the moment of his departure, when his youthful bride girded on his sword, and shed a torrent of tears—

“Cease to weep!” cried he. “My happiness has lasted only a single day: but the voice of duty commands me to fly from thy embraces, and haste to the fields of war: there either victory or a glorious death awaits me. We are going to attack an enemy worthy of our courage: I shall again face him, at a distance from that scaffold, the disgrace of Alva. William has once struck my sword from this hand: and I swear to bring thee”

“What?” said she, pale as death—“the sword of William?”

“The sword,” replied he, “of one of the Nassaus.”

She turned still more pale: but the oath was pronounced.

After these battalions, appear other cohorts, less ancient, but more numerous. Some of them come from the Pyrenees, those immense bulwarks, which extend from the shores of the narrow Mediterranean, to where the boundless Atlantic breaks his waves. These men, simple in their manners, and unaccustomed to the yoke, are astonished to find themselves enrolled under the banners of tyranny, at a distance from their native mountains, which Liberty deigns to honor with her presence. They regret the parturs of their love, their children, their peaceful and happy cottages, their flourishing flocks and herds, their well-known rocks surrounded with deep precipices, and the torrents to whose roar they have been accustomed from their infancy.—Other bands come from Madrid, whose pompous palaces are inhabited by luxury, pride, vice, and superstition, and whose lofty towers aspire to the dominion of both hemispheres. Soria, sprung from the ashes of Numantia—Naiera, flowing with streams of honey—Miranda, whose nectareous wine equals the beverage of the gods—all send their sons to the field. Alva distinguishes those of Amaia, residence of the last king of the Goths, that barbarous horde, who, like a wasteful torrent, swept away philosophy and all the arts, and seem to have again risen from the tomb to re-iterate the same ravages. These are followed by the sons of Pedrazza, the birthplace of Trajan: after them march the warriors of Agreda, where rich flocks of sheep lave their purple fleeces in the argent stream: next follow the youth of Palos, from whose port, Columbus—a warrior at once humane and enlightened, il-

lustrious victim of royal ingratitude—spread his sails to traverse the vast ocean in search of a new world.—At the voice of the blood-thirsty Philip, the men of Cordova were not detained by those enchanting groves where the citron and the orange dazzle the eye with the splendor of gold, and fill the air with sweet perfumes—nor those of Grenada by the voluptuous charms of an abode which softened the ferocious Saracen, who placed his Elysium in heaven over the happy spot.—Murcia and Valencia, rising like superb palaces in the bosom of odoriferous gardens, have also committed the destructive steel to the hands of their sons, who at this moment pass before the eyes of Alva, and whose fierce demeanour bespeaks their lust of carnage. And you, who march next in order, inhabitants of the ruins of Saguntum! instead of deriving a better lesson from the tombs of your gallant progenitors, you are engaged in the service of tyranny, and wish with your own hands to spread more dreadful ruins over the spot where Leiden rears her towers. You also, intractable Catalonian, proud Arragonese, are here impatient to fight for Philip, and display a more martial countenance than the other cohorts: as rivals of your ardor and courage, you have the battalions which have hastened hither from the gloomy forests of Biscay—from the walls of Placentia and Tolosa, the temples of war—and from the rocks of Asturia, where was forged and tempered the steel which humbled the pride of the Saracens.

The Spanish bands are succeeded by the sons of Italy. Under the auspices of Alphonso, these come from the lofty walls of Milan—those have abandoned the happy plains where the broad Po rolls his majestic stream—others have quitted the de-

lightful abode of Naples, which the traveler approaches with slackened pace, that he may the longer indulge his admiration—and from those smiling and fertile plains watered by the Volturno; and by the numerous streams that rush toward the Adriatic and the Mediterranean from the lofty summits of the Apennine, that double amphitheatre of shade, which the sun alternately views with complacency, when he commences his daily round, and when he makes his evening retreat from our hemisphere. If the luxury of the spot has enervated their courage, the aspect of Alva at this moment re-animates it.

But, behold! Braquemont appears—Braquemont, remarkable for the luring terrific glance of his eye. Looking toward Alva, he silently solicits the post of danger for himself and his soldiers hardened on the rocks of Sardinia. After these, march, under the conduct of Romero and Ulloa, the warriors of Sicily: those who were nurtured at the foot of Ætna display the greatest share of intrepidity: their cheeks are embrowned by the sulphureous vapor; and, accustomed from their infancy to the flames and uproar of the volcano, they despise the thunders of war.

Spain! thou hast exhausted thyself of thy noble steeds: those that yet remain in thy plains, as if they regretted their lost companions, and pined for glory, mournfully stray through their pastures, and no longer venture to stem the forming torrent. But here the beholder is uncertain which has the greater claim to his admiration—the fiery courser, or the Spaniard who bends him obedient to his will. At the head of these numerous squadrons, are Vittelli, renowned in war, and whom Philip has obtained from Cosmo duke of Florence—Ferdinand, the

offspring of Alva, but unacknowledged by Hymen, and who wishes to eclipse the glory of Frederic by the laurels which he has determined to reap—Olivera, whose valour is the theme of panegyric throughout Italy, and who made Africa tremble even in her remote deserts. Nevertheless his ambition is not yet sated: on his shield are engraved the exploits of that famous warrior from whom he is descended, and whom Peter invited from France to expel the unconquered Moors: if he can distinguish his courage in the present war, his rivals shall read on his shield his own exploits. Among these chiefs appears Avila, who, from his early youth, was guided in the path of glory by the hand of Alva: Alva is the only warrior with whom he does not pretend to dispute the palm. Under these, Daval, Mendoza, Mondragone, less distinguished by their rank, aspire to equal them in valour. Mondragone! Germany has not yet forgotten the day, when, accompanied by nine warriors alone, you swam across the Elbe, holding your sword in your teeth—and, seizing a number of barks on the opposite shore, conducted them to Charles, in spite of the opposition of the Saxons, whose defeat you thus hastened.

While these warriors repair each to his respective station, Paciotto, whom Philip had requested of the duke of Savoy, and who is well skilled in the defence and overthrow of ramparts, traces around Leiden the fatal lines of circumvallation, at the same time that Serbellone, the terror of every fort that is menaced by his thunders, levels his artillery, and already bids it to pour devastation on the walls. Alva, like a ship at anchor, along whose sides pass the foaming waves as they advance to lash the rocky shore, views with at-

tentive gaze both his own army and the hostile ramparts.

At that moment the ruthless demon of war anxiously contemplated the intrepid Batavians: the valour and constancy of their chief astonish him, and extort from him these words—

“What! the tempest has submerged one of the provinces; and shall not I be able to triumph over the other? I, who can arm myself with a more tremendous element! Is the devouring flame extinguished in my hands? are the bowels of the earth exhausted of their iron stores? I ravage the whole face of the globe: at my command, the rough myriads of the North poured like a deluge over affrighted Europe: my sword is the sceptre of tyrants: to me it belongs to terminate this contest, which fixes the attention of the universe.

“Nassau! Batavians! I admire your valour; and my mind at this moment wavers, doubtful, whether I ought not to crown your efforts with success. You are greater in my eyes, than even Alva and his legions: but, subject to the immutable laws of destiny—faithful to my ancient alliance—observant of my recent oaths—I am bound to support the cause of Tyranny. In opposition to your designs, you shall see me aid her with all my power: yes! you shall see me, to retard at least the effects of your daring attempts, invent thunders of novel kind, should I be forced to visit the dark abodes of hell itself to fabricate them.”

He said, and, soaring high in the realms of air, cast his eyes through the vast distance toward Sicily. At that moment Aëna was spouting forth, with terrific roar, a mingled torrent of glowing rocks, metals, and liquid fire, which kindled the lightning in the incumbent clouds,

and inundated the quaking plains of Sicily with a flaming deluge. At that spectacle, a savage joy dilates the soul of the daemon of war: he exults in the idea that starts up in his mind, and determines to produce a weapon more destructive than any he had ever put into the hands of mortals since the creation of the world—even than those he had invented in latter days, when he taught them to hurl the thunder—a weapon, in short, which shall present a lively image of that tremendous mountain, whose yawning jaws would devour a whole army.

Preceded by ravening Death, he hies to his palace, whose sable doors fly open at his approach. “Ye mortals,” he exclaims, “who are subject to my sway, cease to forge these arms, already too vulgar—too feeble to triumph over the inflexible obstinacy of that nation who are fighting under the banners of Liberty! Let us multiply *Atma*! let brazen globes, wafted on wings of fire, astound and terrify both heaven and earth!”

Obedient to his command, the infernal fires are kindled in gloomy caverns: a torrent of molten brass bursts forth boiling from the immense furnace: his attendants present to it the fatal mould; it rushes into it with frightful hissings: forked lightnings dart through the thick cloud of murky smoke; and the solid earth is shaken to her foundations. On seeing the dreadful engine produced, even the ministers of the daemon shudder with affright. Himself views it with a malignant smile—already, in imagination, hears it thunder, and sees conflagrations, ravages, and death, issue from its bursting womb.

Then calling one of his ministers, “Go,” said the daemon, “and, assuming the human shape, repair to

the tents of Alva. Explain to him the uses of this weapon, the production of my art; and, quickly multiplied by thy diligence, let it insure to the Spanish chief a most brilliant victory. Mine shall be the task of pointing out to Alva the most favorable moment for making trial of these engines in the field of war.”—His orders are immediately executed. (*To be continued in the Supplement.*)

The ADOPTED CHILD.

(*Continued from page 505.*)

THE delicacy of Mrs. Mervil in not naming the title which had been bestowed on her father, was sensibly felt by Marina; and her mother's sufferings were again renewed. The sensation which this recollection revived, entirely conquered those scruples she had recently cherished; and she related, as circumstantially as the lateness of the evening would permit, her mother's history.

“I have hitherto,” continued Marina, “strictly obeyed her dying injunctions, and have never attempted to investigate the contents of that fatal packet, which contains the story of her sufferings; neither have I the least curiosity to open it. On the contrary, I feel a kind of instinctive horror at the idea of beholding my father portrayed in characters which can only excite abhorrence.—Alas! my dear madam! with what anguish do I trace a resemblance so unfavorable to him, in the Earl of Daruley! Dare I flatter myself that the man who has proved insensible to the feelings of fraternal regard, will ever do that justice which I solicit, to an object who has long ceased to molest him with her sorrows—whose angelic spirit, mild even in injury, never heaved a repining sigh?”

“Although,” interrupted Mrs. Mervil “the marquis has proved obdurate as a brother, there are few

minds, my dear Miss Cavendish, which are callous to the claims of nature. Let us therefore hope that your filial exertions will be crowned with success. Be not discouraged. Time may have softened his heart. The discovery which you have made, does not surprise me: and I acknowledge, that, when I heard you were his niece, I imagined you had a nearer claim to his protection; for, upon our first arrival in England, it was rumored that the marquis had been privately married—that his father disapproved the connexion; in consequence of which he had disowned its legality, and deserted the lady; and, either to gratify his own ambition, or the old earl's humour, had married the present marchioness, to whose person I am totally a stranger."

"Various," replied Marina, "are the reports concerning her: but all agree in confirming the idea of her being a lofty dame of quality."

The reflexion of the moon on the darkened shades of the forest, which Marina now but faintly discerned through the lattice of woodbines which environed each window of Mrs. Mervil's humble retreat, reminded her of the necessity of returning home. But at an earlier hour than usual, the next evening, she set out from the Lodge; and, ordering Jeanette to follow her, she entered that path in the wood, which first presented to her view young Mervil. As she approached the well-remembered tree, she perceived, with surprise, the evident alteration it had undergone. The rude bank, which had before adorned its sides, was now removed: it was surrounded by a seat of more elegant structure: the grass which immediately environed it, was of a beautiful verdure; and the sweet-scented honey-suckle crept in clusters round its aged trunk.

—This spot was endeared to Marina, from having been the scene of introduction to a family whose virtues she revered—whose injuries she feelingly lamented; and, as she sat revolving in her mind the resolution she had adopted of endeavouring, whenever an opportunity might occur, to restore them to those honors which her father so cruelly withheld, it enhanced the value of that pursuit which was the constant subject of her thoughts. She flattered herself, that, if he yielded to her supplications in behalf of her mother, she should be able to prevail upon him to be uniformly just.—The tremendous obstacles, which had before arisen, were now surmounted by the sanguine spirit of youth, and served only to give additional energy to her determinations.—The airy phantom of fancy presented to her delighted view the happiness which she should derive from such a reconciliation.—To behold young Mervil the favorite of her father, was the summit of her wishes:—but she had never fathomed the intricate mazes of an ambitious heart: she had no conception of that depravity which can be insensible to the merit of virtue.—To see, and not acknowledge, the worth of the Mervils, was, with her, impossible: and, as she arose with increased animation to bend her steps toward the cottage, she saw a paper lying on the grass. She took it up, and read the following lines—

"This tree, that near the riv'let's pleasing
 s'ene,
Than pines or myrtles, sweeter scents
 the gale,
Whose boughs, for ever gay, for ever green,
Nor droop in summer, nor in winter fail,
Bears her dear name, whose beauties fill
 my heart,
From whom no change can force me to
 depart."

These were followed by a few more lines, which were not legible. The

part which was so, she read several times: but, as she was a stranger to the hand-writing, she put the paper into her pocket, intending to ask Frances if it belonged to her: but the more interesting conversation of Mrs. Mervil soon obliterated the design; and she was rising to take her leave without having once remembered it, when Tudway most unexpectedly entered, with his whole appearance so changed, his countenance so dejected, that the heart of Mrs. Mervil instantly presaged that some disaster had befallen her son.

"For pity's sake," she eagerly cried, "what is the matter? how is William? where is he?"

"Be not alarmed, my dear madam," said Tudway: "he is well. The misfortune which my countenance has announced, relates solely to myself. My impetuosity has at length met the chastisement it merited, and received a lesson, engraven in characters which can never be erased.—I saw your son safe on board; and, immediately mounting my horse, I rode with such speed, that I reached the passage in an hour: the wind was rough, and the people told me that the boat could not cross with safety. Impatient of contradiction, I cursed the fellows for idiots, and bid them instantly to hoist the signal, offering at the same time a very liberal reward to any one who would defy the danger, which they represented as inevitable.—The repetition of the signal induced two desperate boatmen to put off. While I stood eagerly watching on the banks, impudently boasting of my success, I beheld the boat tossed to and fro by the sudden squalls which arose. Still I ridiculed the fears of those who surrounded me: but, oh God! what were my sensations, when I beheld those two unfortunate men dashed

overboard by the violence of the wind!—The boat for a moment disappeared with them: it arose again; but, alas! the poor fellows sunk, to rise no more." Here Tudway's feelings would not suffer him to proceed. He precipitately quitted the room, and left Mrs. Mervil and Marina to comment on the mixture of good and evil, which continually appeared blended in his character.

Marina's apprehensions, lest he should again insist on attending her, made her take a hasty leave. The evening was uncommonly beautiful: not a cloud sullied the pure azure of the firmament: not a breeze agitated the leaves of the forest. On the one side, the sun withdrew his dazzling beams, while the moon, slowly rising on the other, shed her silver rays on the surface of the water. As they slowly descended the cliffs, Jeanette descanted on the generosity of Tudway to the boatmen's families; and, having exhausted her stock of eloquence in delineating those virtues which ever found a warm advocate in the breast of honest Jeanette, she depicted, in the glowing colors of her own imagination, the ardor and constancy of his passion; and, though no title preceded his name, she conceived that his immense wealth, and many excellent qualifications, more than compensated for the want of a tinsel appendage, which but too frequently only renders the folly of the wearer more conspicuous.

"What," continued Jeanette, "can have steeled your heart to merit like his? I am sure, as Miss Fanny says, one would think it almost an impossibility to behold him with indifference.—I wish you had heard her speak of him this evening. I never saw her in such spirits. She made me go with her to see the tree which she has had decorated in

honor of him and her brother.— ‘Here,’ said the artless prattler, ‘in their younger days, they used to delight in amusing their Fanny: and now, that the gravity of years renders me superior to such childish sports, here has my dear brother devoted whole hours to my improvement.—This tree has ever been our favorite retreat. I have consecrated it to friendship, and at last prevailed on my mother to let me ornament it in this manner. But it was with difficulty I prevailed: for she always contends, that nature, even in its wildest state, can never receive any additional beauty from the decorations of art: and every appearance, which she imagines does not exactly correspond with the rustic simplicity of our habitation, she uniformly disapproves.—However, that delight, which she feels in giving her children pleasure, has made me in this instance the conqueror; and to-morrow evening, as Tudway is come, we shall surprise Miss Cavendish with tea under my favorite shade.—But do you know, my dear Jeannette, I am in great tribulation. I have lost a song which Mr. Tudway gave me, that I would not have lost for the world. He will plague me to death’

Here Marina interrupted Jeannette, by telling her that she had fortunately found it, and would not fail to return it the next evening.

Jeannette was again proceeding in her detail of Frances’s conversation, when her attention was suddenly diverted by an appearance, which immediately hastened them into the house.

When the Marquis of Ormville parted with Mrs. Montague, whatever were his protestations to that lady respecting his intention of introducing Marina to the marchioness, it was certainly his determination never to fulfill them. Having once

secured the safety of her person, in a solitude where no intrusive eye could trace her, he joined the marchioness at Spa, with that happy *nonchalance* which ever distinguished his appearance whenever he approached her.—The marchioness was too well accustomed to his polite indifference, to feel its effects; and, with equal indifference, but more *hauteur*, expressed her surprise at his coming unattended.—“I thought,” said this proud dame, with an imperious sneer, “that my Lord Macduff would have swelled your lordship’s train.—I know you are inseparable companions.—a perfect Py-lades and Orestes.”

“His lordship,” replied the marquis carelessly, “will do himself the honor of kissing your ladyship’s hand in a few days.”

“Kissing my hand!” exclaimed the marchioness indignantly. “I admire his Caledonian assurance.—You forget the immensity of space between us. Though your lordship may be disposed to obliterate the remembrance of the vassalage of his ancestors, Lady Almeria Bulstrode can never forget that his grandfather bowed submission even to our castle walls; and the cringing habit has descended, with his purchased honors, to his favorite successor, whose neck bends by native instinct at the approach of every superior.”

The sarcasms of the marchioness, which were as endless as her family titles, were happily interrupted by the entrance of Lady Bell Aston.

(*To be continued in the Supplement.*)

Anecdotes of GENERAL MOREAU.

IN addition to the brief account of that distinguished general given in our last Number, some further particulars will not be unacceptable to our fair readers.

On the 30th of August, after he

had undergone the painful process of amputation, he wrote the following letter to his lady, residing in the vicinity of London—

“ My dear Love *,

“ At the battle of Dresden, three days since, I had both my legs carried off by a cannon-ball. [That scoundrel Bonaparté, is always fortunate.] Amputation has been performed on me as well as possible.—Although the army has made a retrograde movement, it is not at all in consequence of defeat, but on account of its scattered state, and for the purpose of drawing near to General Blücher.—Excuse this vile scrawl.—I love and embrace you with all my heart.—I direct Rapatel to finish.

“ V. M.”

We omit Rapatel's continuation of the letter, and proceed to observe that the general died, as already related, on the 2d of September, and, in his death, displayed a fortitude and resignation corresponding with the whole tenor of his life. When his surgeon informed him of the hopelessness of his situation, he dictated a letter to the Emperor Alexander, in which he fervently expressed his grateful sense of the kindness he had received from that monarch. But, even at this awful moment, the promotion of the sacred cause in which he had embarked, was uppermost in his mind; and, after communicating

* “ Ma chère Amie — A la bataille de Dresde, il y a trois jours, j'ai eu les deux jambes emportées d'un boulet de canon.— [Ce coquin Bonaparté est toujours heureux.] On m'a fait l'amputation aussi bien que possible. Quoique l'armée ait fait un mouvement retrograde, ce n'est nullement par revers, mais par déconus, et pour se rapprocher du Général Blücher.—Excuse mon griffonnage.—Je t'aime et t'embrasse de tout mon cœur.—Je charge Rapatel de finir.

“ V. M.”

the hopes he entertained of its success, and some remarks on its further prosecution, he expired without a groan.

In America, where he had fixed his residence after he had incurred the enmity of Bonaparté—happening to engage in conversation on European affairs with a gentleman, his fellow traveller in a stage-coach—that gentleman, highly pleased with the general's manners and candor, ventured to ask him what he really thought of the military abilities of Napoleon, and whether he himself, with equal force and equal advantages, would be a match for him.—His reply was ready and frank.—He said, “ he thought he could beat him in one battle; but that, in a succession of engagements, Bonaparté's manoeuvres were so perfectly *unique* and unintelligible to any but himself, and the resources of his mind altogether so extraordinary, that he [General Moreau] should lose the game in the long run*.”

The following anecdote is related by a gentleman who was present on the occasion which gave rise to it.—General Moreau, being at table with the Crown Prince of Sweden, was asked, “ How he could reconcile himself to taking up arms against his own country?” to which question he emphatically replied—“ 'Tis true, I once had a country: that country has been taken from me; and I am now preparing to regain, by arms, [*reconquérir*] that country, which is the place of my nativity, and which has been wrested from me by an usurper.”

* The general's own original expression—“ lose the game at *vingt-un*”—contains a happy *équivoque*, alluding to that well-known game, which might be called, in plain English, the game of “ *Twenty-one*.”

The Mendicant Dog.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

I HAVE been a good deal interested, within these few days, by a circumstance, which, though trifling, adds another trait of sagacity to the character of the dog. A large dog, apparently of the bull breed, but old, and very much diseased, was observed in Clement's Inn. He had taken his station by the side of the principal thoroughfare leading into Clare Market, where he stood, with the most pitiful looks, as if he waited the charitable boons of the passengers.

His appearance soon attracted notice; and, as there is nothing too trifling to collect a crowd in London, a small one soon gathered round him, which continued for some hours. Many, who had been to market for eatables, fed him with part of what they had purchased, while others actually sent to purchase food for him. At length, when this new beggar had been sufficiently supplied, he slowly departed.

The next morning, nearly at the same hour, he again made his appearance, and took his old station. Again a crowd gathered round him, interested by his pity-asking looks and pensive posture, which exceeded every thing I had ever seen of that sort in a dog; and there are but few, who have not witnessed the expression of feelings in a canine countenance, which seemed to be the result of sense, and not of instinct. — The poor old fellow, having obtained his usual rewards, departed as before.

For several days he continued his attendance, nearly at the same hour, and evidently for the same purpose; in which he never was disappointed; for the humanity of the by-standers quite kept pace with any expecta-

tions the poor animal might have formed.

Had this creature only appeared once or twice in the way he did, I would not have troubled you or your readers with these remarks: but the regular recurrence of his visits showed so much of design, that I could not but think it worthy of notice. His appearance immediately caused a comparison between himself and those numberless wretched objects, our fellow creatures, who may be seen at almost every corner in this crowded metropolis, and who, by their very looks, carry the feelings of pity, terror, or disgust, to the hearts of the beholders. — If there were as little of imposture in these beings as in the case of the poor dog, then might charity go open-handed, and relieve them; but, alas! the very reverse is the fact.

The mendicant dog has now for some time discontinued his visits; whether the hand of Death has stopped his ailments and his wants together, or any other cause has operated to prevent his coming, I know not. — I am, sir, yours, &c.

J. M. L.

The BEAUTY of MODESTY.

How delightful is modesty in woman! compared with it, beauty and accomplishments are as nothing: the one may attract, and the other dazzle, for a while: but, if once boldness stain the snowy robe of modesty, beauty becomes deformity, and accomplishments valueless. — How often do we meet with men who are perpetually boasting of their triumphs over the fair sex, and whose language would go high to convince some people that modesty in woman was scarcely to be met with. To say nothing of the utter contemptibility of such characters, they must

be either men who are guilty of the grossest falsehoods, or their acquaintance with the female sex must have been but trifling; and that confined to the most unworthy part of it.

Let any one of this tribe of boasters be placed in company with a really modest woman, and his vauntings will be found as vain and as baseless as his heart is black. The rudeness of a stranger is to modesty so completely hateful, that the boldest veteran in the school of infamy shall shrink abashed before it. One steady glance from the eye of virtue—one mild but determined tone of reproof from the lip of modesty—is sufficient to scatter all the forces of vice, however daring. And how debased from the superior rank, which man ought to hold, does such a being appear in such a situation!—Oh! may woman ever triumph so, when, by making modesty and virtue the inmates of her bosom, she deserves the admiration and protection of mankind.

More than once has it been my lot to meet a beautiful woman in company, on whom every eye has been turned with rapture and delight. I have fondly pictured to myself, how like a divinity she looked, and have been busied in appropriating to her a character bordering upon heavenly, when a coarse expression, or something similar, has fallen from her, which showed that her mind was not the throne of pure and undivided modesty. In an instant the gay frost-work which imagination was forming, melted and disappeared before the sun of truth; while her features no longer charmed, but sunk into plainness and deformity.

As the want of modesty makes beauty thus loathed, so does the possession of it make plainness admired. We meet a female whose face attracts not, nay perhaps rather repels:

we feel, in consequence, none of that warm and immediate attachment which personal beauty is so apt to create, but which is often destroyed as rapidly as formed. We meet this female often: her character gradually develops itself: we first esteem, and finally love her.

Such is, and such should be, the reward of modesty and virtue.—Modesty is a charm which cannot fail; and, when allied with good temper, it is the dearest blessing that man can meet with in woman. Indeed, I do not think it possible that a thoroughly modest woman can be a passionate one; for violent passion would appear to me a breach of modesty, as it is scarcely possible for ill-temper, when violently excited, to express itself without using language that modesty would avoid to utter.

Such were the ideas of Fitzgerald, when he addressed the following stanzas to a lady on mental beauty.

“The charms which blooming beauty
shows
From faces heav’nly fair,
We to the lily and the rose,
With semblance apt, compare—
With semblance apt: for ah! how soon,
How soon they all decay!
The lily droops; the rose is gone;
And beauty fades away.
But, when bright virtue shines confess’d,
With sweet discretion join’d;
When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
And wisdom guides the mind;
When charms like these, dear maid, conspire
Thy person to approve,
They kindle gen’rous, chaste desire,
And everlasting love.
Beyond the reach of time or fate
These graces shall endure;
Still, like the passion they create,
Eternal, constant, pure.”

Oh! woman! dearest consoler of our lives! still make modesty thy best good on earth; deem it, next to religion, thy greatest duty: consider it as more ornamental than

beauty, and above all price; and, oh! never forget, that, without modesty, a female is the most abject being that the earth can produce; and, with it, nearer to an angel than any being the earth has upon it. J. M. L.

—
An OLD BACHELOR'S DAY in
NOVEMBER.
—

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

I HAVE a friend, an old bachelor, who is remarkable for his strange antipathy to the month of November, which he calls an hereditary failing among Englishmen. Now, as I feel none of his hereditary qualms, and am not ('thank Heaven) quite so nervous as he, I have often endeavoured to laugh him out of his prejudice, but to no purpose.—His name is Gregory Gloomy; and he is in the constant habit of keeping a journal. Meeting with an old one which he dropped by accident, I shall not think any apology necessary for quoting from it the details of one day in November; as, if he should meet with it in your publication, it may at least have the effect of lessening his attachment to his hereditary failing, which appears to sour every event of his life. I am, sir, yours, &c.

A constant READER.

“ *November 20, 181—*

“ Let me haste to deposit another dismal day of wretchedness in this journal of misery. Surely, never was there a man so wretched as myself—Eight o'clock in the morning, descended from my room to the parlour, where that plague, Nelly, had been dabbing the hearth, which was not quite dry; the fire all smoke and smother; not an atom of clear red to be seen; no breakfast-things set out, kettle not near boiling. Certainly they contrive all this on pur-

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pose. Determined to go to the neighbouring coffee-house to breakfast, just to vex them at home—The cat got in my way, as I was descending the stairs; kicked her before me for her pains. Stopped a few minutes, to give Nelly a lecture, as I passed the kitchen-door; she upon the half grin all the time. In bouncing out at the street-door, broke my shin over a pail left there by my next door neighbour's careless housemaid: pain excessive; would not return for shame, so bore it as well as I could, and hastened to the coffee-house. — Nine o'clock — not used, seemingly, to such early customers; worse here than at home: no waiter to be seen; a carrot-headed wench, who was strewing red sand over the wet floor, told me I could not have breakfast for half an hour.—My hereditary failing would not allow me to wait; so I flung out again, thinking to breakfast with my old friend, Ned Discount, and his wife. Just as I reached his door, was splashed by a brewer's dray from top to toe. While wiping this off, the door was opened by the old porter, who told me it was washing-day; that the family had breakfasted more than an hour, and his master had been gone out half an hour; but that he would, if I pleased, call Mrs. Discount, who was in the laundry helping the maids.—Could not think of such a thing.—Clock now struck ten; more than a mile home: not a hackney coach to be seen; all owing to this miserable month of November.—Obliged to walk home at last; got back at half past ten. Not expected back; fire in the parlour quite out; boiling water all gone; kitchen fire occupied by a large saucepan. Had half a mind to go to bed again, but determined to have breakfast and a fire in the parlour got immediately; in the mean time intended to read

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Joe Miller; not to be found high or low; cursed in my heart the whole race of jesters, and retired to my room to look at my broken shin; very bad, stocking adhering to it; no brandy in the house; obliged to bathe it with English gin; perished with cold before I left my room again; half past eleven before I could get breakfast; absolutely famished for want of it.—No fire fit to make toast; nothing in the house for a relish with the bread and butter, not even a red herring; water smoky, butter turnipy, bread three days old; no milk, no sugar in the house, but moist, which I detest: Nelly could not go out for any thing, as the dinner, which was already down, would be spoiled if she did. All owing to this shocking November!—Made the best breakfast I could; had not quite done till half past twelve; changed my dirty clothes.—One o'clock struck. Nelly announced dinner; could not conceive how it happened to be ready so soon; forgot that I ordered it so yesterday, having an appointment at two. Favorite dinner too, a fine leg of mutton, which had been hung for three weeks: no appetite; could not eat half an ounce.—Hurried off to my appointment, and, in my hurry, forgot my great coat; met three or four acquaintances, all of the button-holding sort, who would not let me go till they had told me all the news, and they all told me the same.—These hindrances made me too late for my friend; he had been gone five minutes; missed a speculation by this, which would have produced me a hundred pounds. Am very sure, too, that I have caught a dreadful cold for want of my great coat.—What a terrible month November is!—Popped into Tom's coffee-house, for a glass of punch: but, before it was well placed on the table, threw

it down by an unlucky turn of my elbow—at once breaking the glass and spilling the liquor; paid for punch and glass, but did not choose to make another attempt, so went home without.—Found at home two old ladies and a deaf gentleman, who had come to tea with me; wished them most cordially at —, but could not turn them out. Obligated to put the best face I could upon it, but could see very well I was behaving very oddly.—Nelly pert, as usual; waited a long while for the muffin-man; got tea at last.—All wrong, as is constantly the case in this tremendous month.—Had to wait ten minutes, after the first cup was poured out, for the muffins; lectured Nelly, who did not seem to care three pins about me, but muttered, all the way down stairs, something about old bachelors, and better places. Thought the evening never would have been over; tired to death with listening to the old ladies, and talking to the deaf gentleman. Very glad when they went at eight o'clock.—Sat down to write my journal; shall go to bed directly without any supper, and earnestly hope I may not be tempted to hang myself in my garters: for really it is hardly possible to live through this melancholy month of November."

On CALUMNY.

By Mr. WEBB.

"There is a lust in some, no chain can tame;
Of loudly publishing their neighbour's
shame.

On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die."

THE lines I have chosen for my motto, contain a position, the truth of which no judicious observer of human nature will for a moment question. The propensity there is in the tongue, "that delightful engine of our thoughts," to calumniate our neighbour, has been expiated

upon, and reprobated, by the moralist, the poet, and the divine. No station of life is elevated above the reach of calumny; the golden eminence of a throne, as well as the humble cot, is exposed to her envenomed shafts.—I have somewhere read, that a custom prevails in Turkey, of painting those houses black, whose tenants are in the habit of scandalising their neighbours. Happy Britain, where no such rigid observances are enforced! whose inhabitants can deal in slander with impunity!—where detraction may empty her phials, without incurring the odium of doing penance in sables!—Should such a stern enactment take place here, many a fair structure, whose well-proportioned front, and imposing attitude, “shames the meanness of that lowly shed” of which I am the proprietor, would (like too many modern mourners) wear the superficial garb of woe; and the white-washed cottage, that spots the rural hamlet, and affords a bright contrast to the green scenery that surrounds it, would appear like a widow in her weeds.

It ought to be a matter of consolation to those who suffer from the strokes of unmerited calumny, that the best of characters—examples of public and private virtue, and ornaments of human nature—have writhed under its scourge, and have long felt its baneful effects.—Not the well-earned laurel that shades the victor’s brow, the courtly honors which reward the statesman, nor the unfading chaplet that adorns the poet, can shield them from the darts of scandal.—Virtue’s robe of innocence, and religion’s sacred vestments, are alike penetrable to its barbed shafts.

“No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure ‘scape: Back-wounding calumny

The whitest virtue strikes. What king
so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous
tongue?” *Shakspeare.*

Beauty, though a much coveted, is a precarious possession—fragile in its texture, transient in its tenure, and ever subject to the withering blights of envy, and the destructive blasts of slander.—Oft has the lovely fair one, with virtue as uncontaminated as the mountain snow, been the sport of malicious slanderers, “till with her tainted name the winds grew sick.” A calumniated beauty, addressing herself to the “Guardian,” (No. 85) thus gives vent to her feelings—“Is there no way to be cleared of these malicious calumnies? What is beauty worth, that makes the possessor thus unhappy? Why was nature so lavish of her gifts to me, as to make her kindness prove a cruelty? They tell me my shape is delicate, my eyes sparkling, my lips I know not what, my cheeks, forsooth, adorned with a just mixture of the rose and lily; but I wish this face was barely not disagreeable, this voice harsh and unharmonious, these limbs only not deformed: and then, perhaps, I might live easy and unmolested, and neither raise love and admiration in the men, nor scandal, and hatred in the women.”

With what avidity does the ear drink in the tale of the frailties and misfortunes of a fellow creature! and, instead of sympathising with the unfortunate, and pouring the balm of consolation into the wounded mind, the censorious world, by unfounded insinuations, oblique hints, and dark surmises, will add ten-fold poignancy to its sorrows.—Nay, oft-times, even unavoidable mishaps, such as no circumsppection could avert, no prudential attention counteract, are magnified into crimes; and the feel-

ings of the poor unoffending victim are cruelly lacerated.

These observations bring to my mind an affecting occurrence, which took place, a few years since, in my native vale. In a truly enviable situation, resided a young farmer, and the wife of his bosom. But few modern couples felt a stronger attachment to each other, or enjoyed more real felicity in the conjugal state; until some invidious wretch spread an unfounded report, to the disparagement of the wife's character. Fatal was the effect it produced on the injured fair one's mind, the violent agitation of which disordered her intellects: a fever ensued; and she died in an awful state of mental distraction, leaving a disconsolate husband to mourn his blasted hopes, and to execrate the vile author of that diabolical calumny. I shall conclude this essay, with another melancholy tale, which my Muse shall recite in verse.

[* * *We have transferred the tale in question to our Poetic Department, where our readers will find it under the title of "The Victim of Calumny."*]

Modern FRENCH MANNERS.

(From Col. Pinckney's "Travels.")

ARRIVED at Paris in 1808, and residing in the house of Mr. Younge, the American secretary of legation, Col. Pinckney says—

Mr. Younge informed me that he expected a very large party in the evening, chiefly French; and, as his lady herself was a French woman, and had arranged her domestic establishment accordingly, I felt some curiosity.

About eight, or nearer nine, Mr. Younge and myself, with two or three other of the dinner company, were summoned up to the 'drawing-room. The summons itself had something

peculiar. The doors of the parlour, which were folding; were thrown open, and two female attendants, dressed like Vestals, and holding torches of white wax, summoned us by a low curtsy, and preceded us up the great staircase to the doors of the ante-chamber, where they made another salutation, and took their station on each side. The ante-chamber was filled with servants, who were seated on benches fixed to the wall, but who did not rise on our entry. Some of them were even playing at cards, others at domino; and all of them seemed perfectly at their ease. The ante-chamber opened by an arched door-way into a handsome room, lighted by a chandelier of the most brilliant cut glass; the pannels of the room were very tastily painted, and the glasses on each side very large, and in magnificent frames. The further extremity of this room opened by folding doors into the principal 'drawing-room, where the company were collected. It was brilliantly lighted, as well by patent lamps, as by a chandelier in the middle. The furniture had a resemblance to what I had seen in fashionable houses in England. The carpet was of red baize, with a Turkish border, and figured in the middle like a Harlequin's jacket. The principal novelty was a blue ribbon, which divided the room, lengthwise; the one side of it being for the dancers, the other for the card-players. The ribbon was supported, at proper distances, by white staves, similar to those of the court ushers.

The ball had little to distinguish it from the balls of England and America, except that the ladies danced with infinitely more skill, and therefore with more grace. The fashionable French dancing is exactly that of our operas. They are all *figurantes*, and care not what they exhibit, so

they exhibit their skill. I could not but figure to myself the confusion of an English girl, were she even present at a French assembly. Yet so powerful is habit, that not only did the ladies seem insensible, but even the gentlemen, such as did not dance, regarded them with indifference.

Cotillons and waltzes were the only dances this evening. The waltzes were danced in couples, twenty or thirty at a time. The measure was quick, and all the parties seemed animated. I cannot say that I saw any thing indecorous in the embraces of the ladies and their partners, except in the mere act itself; but the waltz will never become a current fashion in England or America.

The division of the 'drawing-room, set apart for the card-players, served rather as a promenade for the company who did not dance: they here ranged themselves in a line along the ribbon, and criticised the several dancers. Some of these spectators seemed most egregious fops. One of them, with the exception of his linen, was dressed completely in purple silk or satin, and another in a rose-colored silk coat, with white satin waistcoat and breeches, and white silk stockings. The greater part of the ladies were dressed in fancy habits, from the antique. Some were Sphinxes, some Vestals, some Dians, half-a-dozen Minervas, and a score of Junos and Cleopatras. One girl was pointed out to me, as being perfectly *à l'Anglaise*. Her hair, perfectly undressed, was combed off her forehead, and hung down her back in its full length behind. She reminded me only of a school-boy playing without his hat.

We were summoned to the supper-table about three in the morning. The repast was a perfect English dinner. Soup, fish, poultry, and ragouts, succeeded each other in al-

most endless variety. A fruit-basket was served round by the servants, together with the bread-basket; and a small case of *liqueurs* was placed at every third plate. Some of these were contained in glass figures of Cupids, in which case, in order to get at the *liqueur*, it was necessary to break off a small globule affixed to the breast of the figure. The French confectioners are more ingenious than delicate in these contrivances; but the French ladies seem better pleased with such conceits, in proportion to their intelligible references. Some of these naked Cupids, which were perfect in all their parts, were handed from the gentlemen to the ladies, and from the ladies to each other, and as freely examined and criticised, as if they had been paintings of birds. The gentlemen, upon their parts, were equally as facetious upon the naked Venuses; and a swan affixed to a Leda was the happy source of innumerable pleasant questions and answers. Every thing, in a word, is tolerated, which can in any way be passed into an *équivoque*. Their conversation, in this respect, resembles their dress:—no matter how thin the covering may be, so that there be one.

So much for a French assembly, or fashionable rout; which certainly excels an English one in elegance and fancy, as much as it falls short of it in substantial mirth. The French, it must be confessed, infinitely excel every other nation in all things connected with spectacle; and, more or less, this spectacle pervades all their parties. They dance, they converse, they sing, for exhibition, and as if they were upon the stage. Their conversation, therefore, has frequently more wit than interest, and their dancing more vanity than mirth. They seem in both respects to want that happy

carelessness, which pleases by being pleased. A French woman is a *figurante* even in her chit-chat.

DUTCH COSTUME.

MEN of distinction, profession, and indeed most citizens in Holland, wear the old-fashioned three-cocked hats, wigs with an immense quantity of powder and pomatum, long-skirted coats, frequently without collars, so as to expose the buckled stock behind, and the old long-flapped waistcoats. The dress, in general, forms a striking contrast with that we are in the habit of seeing in England, and in some instances is carried to a laughable extreme; for instance, in the person of an elderly man, who wears a long satin waistcoat of green, with lappels, large flapped pockets, with silver buttons, an immense embroidered satin cloak, no collar, stockings with clocks of a different color, high shoes with large silver buckles, a cocked hat, the right hand holding a cane, while the left supports a large Dutch pipe. Such a character I have observed parading the streets with a gait as solemn and dignified, and indeed the whole contour as important, as if he was a man of distinguished rank and authority; and, on inquiry, have ascertained he was some mechanic of the town.

The dress of the Dutch peasantry is curious, and highly unbecoming. At first sight, we imagined the women wore hoops, but were afterwards apprised that this appearance arose from the quantity of petticoats and stuffing they are in the habit of wearing. A linen cap closely fitting the head, without any border, is a prevalent fashion: those they fasten on each temple by a golden ornament or clasp, something resembling an ear-ring; and, as they never suffer the hair to appear outside the edges of the cap, it has an awkward ap-

pearance, as their faces are in general so round and plump. A coarse straw hat, with leaves of an extraordinary breadth, is the only covering they wear abroad in the coldest weather.

A fustian jacket with large buttons, and without a collar, and hats with uncommonly broad leaves, form the most remarkable part of the male peasants' dress. They, in general wear a broad belt round the waist, with a large silver buckle in front, and uniformly wear the knees of the breeches unbuttoned. (*Hargrove's "Account of the Islands of Walcheren and South Beveland."*)

HOSPITAL for ANIMALS.

THE Banian hospital at Surat (says Mr. Forbes, in his "*Oriental Memoirs*") is a most remarkable institution; it consists of a large plat of ground, enclosed with high walls; divided into several courts, or wards, for the accommodation of animals in sickness: they are attended with the tenderest care, and find a peaceful asylum for the infirmities of age. When an animal breaks a limb, or is otherwise disabled from serving his master, he carries him to the hospital; and, indifferent to what nation or cast the owner may belong, the patient is never refused admittance. If he recover, he cannot be reclaimed, but must remain in the hospital for life, subject to the duty of drawing water for those pensioners debilitated by age or disease from procuring it for themselves. At my visit, the hospital contained horses, mules, oxen, sheep, goats, monkeys, poultry, pigeons, and a variety of birds; with an aged tortoise, who was known to have been there for seventy-five years. The extraordinary ward was that appropriated to rats, mice, bugs, and other noxious vermin: the overseers of the hospital frequently hire beggars from the

streets, for a stipulated sum, to pass a night among the fleas, lice, and bugs, on the express condition of suffering them to enjoy their feast without molestation.

The Banian hospital in Surat has several dependent endowments without the walls, for such invalids and convalescents to whom pasturage and country air may be recommended; and especially for the maintenance of the goats purchased from slaughter on the anniversary of the Mahomedan festival, when so many of those animals are devoted to destruction.

CANCER in the BREAST.

THE late Surgeon Howard, in his "Practical Observations on Cancer," has, among a variety of cases, recorded the following.

A lady between fifty and sixty, the wife of a surgeon, of a melancholic temperament, lusty, using little exercise, and living luxuriously, felt pain, and perceived a small degree of hardness in one breast. The whole breast was taken off within a fortnight after it was first noticed. Upon examination after removal, there was neither extravasation nor glandular induration, but a thickening and a hardness of what seemed to me more like condensed diseased cellular membrane, than any thing else to which I could compare it. The axillary glands were not affected, nor was the tumor of great size: and it was perfectly movable.

If in this case the indurated part only had been removed, without taking away the whole of the mamma, I should not have wondered at a relapse; but when the operator went clearly beyond the apparent extent of the disease, in every direction; when he dissected the whole from the pectoral muscle, so as to leave the fibres of that muscle bare, and that too at an early period of the

disease: I say, when all these circumstances were considered, it was matter of astonishment to me, that the unfortunate sufferer did not obtain a cure! But the fact was otherwise.

Upon this statement, a writer in the "Critical Review" makes the following remarks—This last case ought to be printed in every newspaper and periodical journal in the kingdom, for the sake of the instructive lesson it so feelingly teaches. If the doctrine, inculcated by the operating surgeons, that cancer is a disease local in its origin, were true, the surprise and disappointment of Mr. Howard, that this poor lady did not obtain a cure, would have been justly founded. If, however, the very opposite of this be really true, that cancer is in its origin strictly constitutional, and that the appearance of a cancerous tumor is to be taken as an index of a sinking constitution, it would be truly surprising if the extirpation of the tumor could be of any real service, or suspend the arm of Death for an hour. This lady lived luxuriously.

Immodicis brevis est ætas, et rara senectus.*

Can cutting off a breast counteract the effect of luxurious living? The proposition is too absurd to merit a serious refutation. We think that the obvious inference from the last case is, that the practice of excision is bad and indefensible.

Traits of ICELANDIC CHARACTER.

(From Sir George Stewart Mackenzie's "Travels in the Island of Iceland.")

BEING of quiet and harmless dispositions; having nothing to rouse them into a state of activity, but the necessity of providing means of sub-

* Persons addicted to excess are short-lived, and rarely attain to an advanced age. EDITOR.

sistence for the winter season; nothing to inspire emulation; no object of ambition; the Icelanders may be said merely to live. But they possess innate good qualities, which, independently of the consciousness of their former importance, have preserved their general character as an amiable community. They have indeed become negligent with respect to the cleanliness of their persons and dwellings; but they deserve a high place in the scale of morality and religion. The example of the Danes has done very material injury to the moral character of those with whom they have constant intercourse; but, beyond the precincts of Reikiavik, the people are found possessed of their pristine worth and simplicity. To religious duties they are strictly attentive; and though the clergy are not in general raised above the level of the peasantry in any respect but in their sacred office, yet they have been able to preserve the regard due to those who are considered as peculiarly the servants of the Supreme Being.

To say that crimes are rare, is perhaps a slight compliment to people who have few temptations to commit them. Except at Reikiavik, vice is hardly known; and even there, when we reflect on the loose lives of the Danes, it is astonishing how little progress it has made among the natives.

To the laws of hospitality they are particularly attentive. If they give little, it is because they have little to give. To measure their disposition by their power of bestowing, would be a very unjust estimate.

The history of the Icelanders points out sufficient reasons for the decline of activity and enterprise. In pronouncing upon their character, therefore, some caution is necessary. Travellers, when they find themselves

obliged to submit to privations before unknown to them, when they experience a deficiency of alacrity in supplying their wants, and a great degree of indifference in the behaviour of the people among whom they sojourn, are too apt to form a hasty and partial judgement of their character. Some of the occurrences I experienced in Iceland might have entitled me to speak unfavorably of the inhabitants, had I been disposed to judge of them inconsiderately. But when I recollected what the Icelanders once were; when I saw the depressed state of this poor, but highly respectable people; and perceived that they still retained that mild spirit (once, too, an independent and an enterprising one) which taught them to regulate their affairs with prudence, and to live together in the utmost harmony, I could not help admiring their patience and contentment.

“ Yet still, e'en here, content can spread
a charm,

Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm:
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts
though small,

He sees his little lot, the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his hard-earn'd scanty
meal;

But, calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.”

I trust, that in these pages enough will be found to excite compassion in every British breast, for the calamitous situation of an innocent and amiable people, at that critical period when oppression or neglect may overwhelm them in misery. The distracted state of Europe will not, I trust, be considered as a reason that Britain should disregard their wants, or withhold relief. Iceland requires no sacrifice of blood nor treasure. Though very rarely a complaint was uttered, I

sometimes heard the wishes of the people expressed in the relation of an ancient prophecy delivered in these terms—"When the Danes shall have stripped off our shirts, the English will clothe us anew."

PERSIAN WOMEN.

MR. Morier, who visited Persia in 1809, as secretary to the embassy from this country, thus communicates, in his "Travels," the information he received from a Persian minister respecting the condition of the Persian women.

I desired him to tell me the principal occupations of the women in the harem. He complied: "they sew, embroider, and spin; they make their own clothes; and my wife even used to make mine; besides that, they superintend all the domestic concerns of the house; they keep an account of the daily expenses; distribute provisions to the servants; pay their wages; settle all disputes between them; manage the concerns of the stable; see that the horses have their corn; and, in short, have the care of all the disbursements of the house. The king's mother had more business than can be described. She had the control of all her son's harems, which might consist altogether of more than a thousand women; and you may well conceive the trouble which they could give."

When I suggested the difficulty of a woman transacting so many occupations, without seeing any other men than her husband, and asked how she could settle any business but that of the harem itself? and how she could succeed even in that without seeing the men servants? He replied, that, "in the households of Persia, there is always an officer, called a nazir, with whom the wife daily arranges all that relates to the male part of the establishment, to

whom she pays the wages of the others; and who is accountable to her."

As a necessary preparation for the duties which thus devolve upon them, the women of Persia learn to read and write; as children they are sent to school with the boys, and when too old to be permitted to go unveiled, their education is finished at home by female mollahs, who attend them for the purpose. They do not, however, like European women, learn music and dancing; these arts are taught to slaves only, who practise them for the amusement of their owners; and the wives never sing or dance, except, perhaps, at the wedding of a brother or a sister.

The king has this right over all the women of his realm, that they must appear unveiled before him.

Remarkable AFRICAN TRIBE.

FROM the sixth Report of the Directors of the African Institution, we extract the following particulars, communicated by a former governor of Sierra Leone, respecting the Kroomen, a tribe of people, inhabiting a small district of the Grain Coast of Africa, between Cape Mount and Cape Palmas, of whom a considerable number are employed, as free voluntary laborers, in the settlement of Sierra Leone, about 350 miles distant from their own country.

They wear no clothes, except a small piece of East India cloth wrapped round their loins; but they are fond of obtaining hats and old woollen jackets, which they are allowed to wear in their own country in the rainy season. A few wear European clothing, while at Sierra Leone. They are extremely sensible of the cold during the rainy season, but never appear to suffer from the heat.

In their expenditure, they are most rigid economists: a little tobacco is the only luxury which they allow

themselves. In every other respect, they are contented with the barest necessities. They are allowed nothing more for their subsistence, than two pounds of red rice a day, (which makes only from one pound and a half to one pound and three quarters, when clean and fit for use); and of this they will sell half, when rice is dear. Though extremely fond of rum when given to them, I believe that they never buy it. I speak generally; for some will never drink it, though offered to them. Their clothing I have spoken of already: probably it does not cost them ten shillings in a year. The residue of their gains is converted carefully into such goods as are most valuable in their own country. In eighteen months, or two years, a sufficient stock having been collected, the Krooman returns home with his wealth. A certain portion is given to the head men of the town; all his relations and friends partake of his bounty, if there be but a leaf of tobacco for each; his mother, if living, has a handsome present. All this is done in order "to get him a good name:" what remains, is delivered to his father "to buy him a wife." One so liberal does not long want a partner: the father obtains a wife for him; and, after a few months of ease and indulgence, he sets off afresh for Sierra Leone, or some of the factories on the coast, to get more money. By this time, he is proud of being acquainted with "white man's fashion;" and takes with him some raw inexperienced youngster, whom he initiates into his own profession, taking no small portion of the wages of the *élève* for his trouble. In due time, his coffers are replenished; he returns home; confirms his former character for liberality; and gives the residue of his wealth to his father to "get him another wife." In this way he proceeds, perhaps for ten or

twelve years, or more, increasing the number of his wives, and establishing a great character among his countrymen; but scarcely a particle of his earnings is at any time applied to his own use.

The submission of Kroomen to their superiors is carried so far, that, when one of these commits a theft, for instance, the rest will run every hazard arising from judicial perjury, and resist every temptation of reward, rather than reveal it: and if there be no other mode of saving their superior from disgrace and punishment, they will take the crime on themselves, and suffer its penalty. Many facts of this kind occurred at Sierra Leone. Among themselves, theft is punished by whipping. The punishment of adultery is by fine. Murder may be punished with death, but it may also be always atoned for by a pecuniary fine. Witchcraft is always punished capitally, but I know only one instance of it. Among Kroomen no offence is punished with slavery; nor is any Krooman permitted to be sold on any account whatsoever. While the slave-trade lasted, they were notoriously in the habit of kidnapping and selling the "Bushmen" who came down to the coast for the purposes of trade; whom also, in their capacity of factors, they were in the regular practice of defrauding to a considerable amount.

Every thing I have observed in the Kroomen tends to convince me that they are very sensible to honor and dishonor; yet I almost doubt whether they have any notion of crimes distinct from the notion of injuries. Theft is certainly not discreditable among them: their principal people are more than suspected of making their inferiors practise it, and sharing the gain. The inferior will often confess it when really innocent, and will readily bear the

punishment, in order to conceal the true criminal. Two Kroomen had been severely punished for theft at Sierra Leone, and were banished from the settlement: of course, they were penniless. I asked another Krooman what their fathers would say to them: "Oh! their fathers will curse (i. e. abuse) them too much."—"What will they say to them?"—"You fools," they will say, "here have you been all this time to white-man's country; and now, when you come home, you bring nothing back."—If trust be reposed in them, I think they seldom betray it. I recollect, when I first knew them, that their character for honesty stood very high; but this was owing, I think, to the very different manner in which they were then employed.

Witchcraft they dread, and of course abhor: I believe it is the only offence which is unpardonable. They have the same implicit faith in fetishes or amulets, as other heathen tribes: and the same belief of the agency of invisible powers, under the direction of particular men. I believe it is very much by their pretensions to supernatural powers that the head men keep up their influence. Junbo boasts of having two fetishes made expressly to operate on Europeans: one enables him to gain the favor of white men in general: the other guards him from the "palavers" which individuals might occasionally bring against him. The favor he suddenly obtained after having been banished from the colony, doubtless, confirmed his countrymen in their belief of the efficacy of these charms. Nor are they without a real effect, through their power over the imagination. Jack, a Krooman, who was a domestic of mine till I paid my last visit to England, had disregarded the nightly watch which the governor had required all the inhabitants to keep in their turn;

and the head Kroomen called on him to pay his fines. He suspected that they deceived him grossly in the amount, and refused to pay. He was right; they had charged him nearly double what the officer of the watch had directed them to demand. They were vexed, however, that he had dared to oppose them; and uttered, I believe, some obscure intimations of revenge. Jack, ere long, found himself indisposed, and believed that some of these head men had bewitched him; and, although he had no severe or even distinct illness that I could learn, yet he pined away, became feeble and languid, and had always some pain or uneasiness to complain of. At length, he determined to return to his own country: "for his brother there was a greater witch than any of the head men here; and he would soon make a fetish that would be too strong for theirs." To the Kroo country he went: and, having confidence that he was un-bewitched, he recovered of course.

The state of the Kroomen in respect to intellectual improvement may be considered as stationary; and, from what has been already said, it seems hardly possible it should be progressive. It is universally admitted, that if a Krooman were to learn to read and write, he would be put to death immediately. Distinction, respect, power, among his countrymen, as soon as age permits it, are the objects of every Krooman; he is trained up in the habit of looking forward to these as to all that is honorable or desirable; his life is spent in seeking them by the only means which the customs of his country allow: when possessed of them, every exertion is used to train others in the same principles, in order that he may keep and enjoy what he has acquired with so much labor.

INDIAN ANECDOTE.

(From Mr. Forbes's "Oriental Memoirs.")

SOME Mahomedans, walking through a village where a family of Rajhpoots resided, approached their house, and accidentally looked into a room where an elderly woman was eating. They intended no insult; they saw her at her meal, and immediately retired; but this accident occasioned a disgrace on the Rajhpoot's lady, for which, on her part, there could be no expiation. She at that time lived with her grandson, a fine young man, who was absent when the Mahomedans committed their trespass. On his return home, she related the circumstance, and her determination not to survive it; she therefore entreated him instantly to put her to death; a step she had only deferred that she might fall by his hand. The youth's affection and good sense induced him to remonstrate with his venerable parent, whom he endeavoured to dissuade from her purpose, by alleging that none but her own family knew of the disgrace; the very men who were the innocent cause of it being unconscious of the offence. Persevering, however, in her resolution, but unable to persuade either her grandson, or any other person, to perform the sacrifice, she calmly waited until he next went from home, and then beat her head against the wall, with dreadful violence. On his return, he found his venerable parent in this agonising and shocking state! She again entreated he would finish the sacrifice, and release her from her misery: he then stabbed her to the heart. By the English laws he was secured as a murderer, sent to Bombay for trial, and confined in the common prison until the ensuing sessions. The grand-jury found a bill for murder: the petty jury, composed half of European and half natives, found him guilty; and the judge's condemned him to death. The Rajhpoots in general have a noble mien and dignified character; their high cast is stamped in their countenance: this young man possessed them all. I saw him receive his sentence, not only with composure, but with a mingled look of disdain and delight, not easy to describe. Unconscious of the crime laid to his charge, he said he had nothing to accuse himself of, but disobedience to his parent, by permitting humanity and filial affection to supersede his duty, and the honor of his caste; that life was no longer desirable; nor, if acquitted by the English laws, would he survive the ignominy of

having been confined with European culprits, and criminals of the lowest castes, with whom he had been compelled to eat, and associate in a common prison; acts so contrary to every thing which he esteemed right and honorable, that the sooner he was transferred to another state of existence, the better. However inclined the government might be to clemency, it would evidently have been fruitless; the noble Rajhpoot would not survive the disgrace; and the sentence of the law was executed, in the hope it might prevent others from following his example.

SICILIAN PRIDE.

To carry a parcel (says the late Dr. Irvine, in his "Letters on Sicily") is what none but the very outcasts of the creation will submit to. If I send my servant for any little article, he always hires a ragged boy to carry it for him; and he would rather pay for this himself, than degrade his dignity by such an exertion of his muscles. The ragged boys themselves seem sensible of the degradation of their office. A gentleman of my acquaintance, being seized one evening with a longing desire for a red herring, sallied forth, and procured the object of his wish at an English store, and committed it to a Sicilian boy to carry. The boy, aware of the disgrace of carrying any thing, and thinking a herring a particularly mean burden, put a stick through its tail, and then, holding it at arm's length, marched in the rear of his employer, to the great amusement of the beholders.

*Remains of VOLTAIRE**(Continued from page 456.)*

STRENGTH and weakness produce a sort of equilibrium in the world. If there were only force, there would be nothing but fighting; but God bestowed weakness also: thus, the world is composed of asses that carry, and men who load.

It may be said of a man who obscures the state of a question, that he resembles a fish which muddies the water, when in fear of being caught; or Cacus, who vomited smoke, when Hercules attempted to strangle him.

Man is not born wicked: all infants are innocent; all young persons are full of confidence, and prodigal of friendship; married persons love their children; pity is in the hearts of all.

Solitude is horrible, without the power of exercising the faculties of the soul.

(To be continued)

POETRY.

STANZAS, written on SHAKSPEARE
CLIFF, *Dover*

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

HIGHER on thy brow I sit, and think of him
Whose never-fading name thou bear'st
sublime.
That name no lapse of time can render dim;
For, oh! that name shall triumph over
time!

Each year steals somewhat from thy fearful
height:

Another age may ask where thou hast
stood;
Worn and destroy'd by tempests in their
flight,
Which dash against thy sides the briny
flood.

Ev'n thou, immortal Shakspeare's magic
page
Shall give to Fancy's eye thy giant form,
Lifting its front against the ocean's rage,
And braving all the horrors of the storm.

Even thou, though all thy atoms shall be
fed,
Though, where thou stood'st, may be a
sandy shore,
Though all who ever saw thee shall be
dead,
Genius shall find thee still in Shak-
speare's lore;

Shall stand with sightless Glo'ster, on thy
brink;
Shall hear young Edgar's wild de-
scriptive tale;
With him, the shudd'ring sight shall lowly
sink,

And fearful Fancy dread that it may fail.
The crows, in midway air that flit their
way;
The samphire-gatherer, clinging to thy
side;
The lesson'd fishermen who seek the bay,
Where surges, seen, not heard, denote
the tide;

The distant bark, the scarce-distinguish'd
buoy;
And all the scene, that Shakspeare's
pencil drew,
Fancy shall trace again, with fond employ,
And Genius own the magic picture true!

Thy "sister hills," for whom no hand of
fame
Has twin'd a classic wreath of fadeless
bloom,
On whom no Shakspeare has bestow'd a
name,

Will sink, like thee, beneath time's cer-
tain doom;

But not, like thee, to after ages known—
No voice shall question where it was
they stood;
Sea-weeds and sands shall mark the spot
alone,
Now dry, now cover'd by the rising
flood.

Sonnets to the MOON

By Miss SQUIRE.

1.

HAIL, beauteous orb! whose silv'ry-lustre
throws,
O'er nature's face, a softly soothing
charm;
That can, awhile, subdue each rude
alarm,
And lull the troubled spirit to repose.
Oh! how I love, at midnight's silent hour,
When, lock'd in the embrace of balmy
sleep,
Even anguish for awhile forgets to weep,
And Fancy, o'er the mind, her sov'reign
pow'r
Uncheck'd maintains!—oh! how I love
to gaze
On thy chaste orb, and mark thy glau-
cing beam,
As on the lucid breast of yonder stream
It sheds its trembling lustre, or displays
The varied charms, that deck the scene
so fair,
And still the dark forebodings of despair

2

Regent of night! I love thy placid reign
Thy modest light, to contemplation dear,
E'en now can charm; though wintry
blasts sever
Chill, like the frigid glances of disdain,
The houseless wanderer, whose fearful
eye
Thy beam directs across the desious
wild
To the lorn shed, where pale misfor-
tune's child
May creep unheeded, and responsive sigh
To the rude winds, that through the
shatter'd door
Find easy entrance, and affright repose.
Which, while it lulls the sense of
lighter woes,
Leaves mis'ry's heir unheeded to deplore
His fate severe, and weep unseen, till day
Chase thy pale light, and dubious forms
away.

Poetic CURLS.

*Addressed to a Lady, to whom the Author
gave a Quantity of rough manuscript
Poetry, to curl her Hair.*

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

MY varied verses, honor'd now,
In fragments nod around thy brow,
And from it int'rest borrow.
Each holds a curl of silken hair,
Which shall give grace to thee, my fair,
When let at large to-morrow.
That bunch on high, whose mighty twirl
Bespeaks a most bewitching curl,
An epic sure has on it;
And that, whose place is just below,
Has wreath'd within a graceful flow,
Now hid by gentle sonnet.
That o'er your forehead bending down,
As if to watch each smile and frown,
Is twist'd in heroics;
And that, which trembles o'er your eye,
Is twin'd in song, where love's fond sigh
Is breath'd too warm for Stoics.
That, o'er your temple drooping low,
Some ditty twines, where weeping woe
Repeats its tale of anguish;
And that, which even now looks vain,
Has round it some coquettish strain,
Where eyes are taught to languish.
Till now, I've studied most the heart,
Nor deign'd to give each minor part
A close poetic gleanings;
But now I find—oh! foolish churl!—
That lovely woman's ev'ry curl
Has in it much of meaning.
Lavater read each wondrous line,
That marks "the human face divine;"
Thus inmost thoughts revealing.
Be mine a nobler, mightier deed,
Be mine, in ladies' curls to read
Each lady's love-fraught feeling.

The TEARS of ELLER.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

TEAR IV.

How chang'd the feelings of my breast,
From what they lately were!
Love, joy, and peace, then made me blest:
Now mis'ry gives despair.
It seems a wild, deceptions dream,
Which fills the sleeping eye:—
That love is fled, I scarce can deem
A dark reality!
Yet 'tis too true!—the joys are fled,
That fill'd love's fond endeavour;—
Gone, like the mem'ry of the dead!
Gone!—and, alas! for ever!—

Edward, there was a happy hour,
When all your love was mine:
And, long as life shall give its pow'r,
This heart must still be thine!

The PRISON.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

(Continued from page 533.)

Now mark yon countenance, where in-
nate guile
Speaks in each feature, lurks in ey'ry smile,
Where guilty leers employ the downcast
eye,
As conscience whispers, "Justice may be
nigh."
No common villain he: his cursed art
Has deeply wounded many an upright
heart;
And, could th' imperfect law exert such
right,
His prison should be far from day's fair
light,
Where worst of felons curse the fatter's
pow'r,
That chains them fast from Riot's phren-
sied hour.
For he, by swindling, that great bane of
trade,
Years past, his hated livelihood has made;
Perverting talents Heav'n had bid him
share,
To make his plunder'd victim feel despair;
Talents, which, us'd in virtue's honor'd
ways,
With competence might now have bless'd
his days.
But, mark the strange perversity of man!
By these he chose to guide each fraudulent
plan;
Us'd them for others' hurt, to shame
unknown,
Destroy'd their peace, and but perplex'd
his own.
Still, in each deed of villanous deceit
He oft employ'd, some honest man to
cheat,
'Twas ever plann'd, that, when dis-
cov'ry came,
Blighting the tradesman's hope, and
wounding fame,
His frauds should only take a debt's
false name.
Thus he escap'd, while, for less crimeful
deeds,
Some victim, not so artful, often bleeds,
Yielding a forfeit life to law's stern pow'r;
While he, successful, shar'd the vice-
crown'd hour.
'Tis hard to think, that, when by careful
ways,

The tradesman hopes to bles life's latter days,
 Such fiends should rob his ev'ry hour of rest,
 And fix despair deep rankling in his breast,
 Mar all his hopes, destroy his heart's best peace,
 And give each gloomy grief a sad increase :
 For soon he finds, that, where he hop'd to gain,
 His goods are lost, his time employ'd in vain;
 And all the recompense he now can find,
 To sooth the woe that damps his troubled mind,
 Is to arrest the plund'ring son of shame,
 And taint a prison with his hated name
 There he remains, without a wish to pay,
 And spends, in idle games, his idler day,
 Till some too-friendly chance the wretch restores,
 To bring sad penury to others' doors.
 Now, thanks to modern law's discerning pow'r,
 When mercy gives, to sooth the debtor's hour,
 An act of grace, or general release,
 Restoring numbers to content and peace,
 This baleful swindler shares not its mild sway,
 But still is doom'd to drear confinement's day.
 That this is just, not one can dare deny;
 Or, had the law condemn'd such fiends to die,
 E'en Pity's self the doom could scarcely blame,
 Of villains who make fraud their constant aim.
 Emblem of ancient fabled monsters they;
 Who strove to make the wanderer their prey,
 By mocking human screams of dire distress,
 Which bade the pitying trav'ler onward press,
 With hope to rescue (and the thought had charms)
 Some trembling female from a ruffian's arms.
 Forward he flew, while horrors thicken'd round,
 Each mountain-echo giving back the sound.
 Thickets oppos'd in vain his friendly flight:
 Vain were the howlings of the stormy night;
 Vain the wide river's turbid-rolling wave;
 For sweet humanity had whisper'd "Save!"
 Soon was the cry of sorrow heard no more:
 The forest echo'd with a monster's roar:
 Appall'd the wand'rer paus'd; Death hover'd nigh;

And, ere his lips could form the pray'r-fraught sigh,
 Deep in his heart he felt the monster's fang,
 And quickly groan'd away his life's last pang.

(To be continued.)

INVOCATIONS, *serious and comic.*

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

(Continued from page 532.)

The SOLDIER'S INVOCATION to his SWORD.

BRIGHT weapon! Honor's sacred guard;
 The soldier's dearest, best reward;
 Still be thou drawn in deeds of fame,
 And win for me a deathless name:
 For never yet did woman's tear,
 Or Age's saddest shriek of fear,
 Or Infancy's uplifted cry,
 Or famish'd Want's distressing sigh,
 Wait on the deeds which thou hast done,
 Or dim the laurels I have won!
 Still wast thou drawn in noble cause;
 Still gleam'd on high for injur'd laws,
 For ruin'd realms, for man's best rights—
 For these we sought the fiercest fights.
 'Gainst Tyranny's oppressive sway,
 That darken'd Liberty's bright day,
 That spread its devastating tide,
 In whelming flood, on ev'ry side,
 And threaten'd—so its vaults were hurl'd—
 To subjugate a groaning world;
 'Gainst these 'twas mine thy form to raise,
 Which seem'd with meteor beam to blaze.
 Heav'n's own approval bless'd the cause
 Of mourning man, of ruin'd laws:
 And we have seen the tyrant's pow'r,
 Which knew not once a threat'ning hour,
 Escape his grasp, and melt away,
 Like ice-drops in the noontide ray;
 Have seen his friends—so made by force—
 Desert him in his murderous course,
 Glad once again to hail the beam
 Of liberty, till now a dream;
 Have seen his boasted warlike art,
 That once made vet'ran warriors start,
 Sink, like the braggart's thund'ring tone,
 Which, when man frowns, becomes a moan;
 Have mark'd his fearful, recreant flight,
 Like some lone plund'rer of the night,
 Whom conscience urges swift away,
 To shun the beams of coming day.
 This we have seen: and Europe now
 Rises with bright, unclouded brow.
 One impulse binds the mighty plan;
 One impulse thrills from man to man;
 One impulse in each bosom burns;—
 And each the base oppressor spurns.
 Come then, my sword! we'll seek again
 The battle's roar, th' ensanguin'd plain.

For still must War, with blighting breath,
 Urge on the dreadful work of death;
 And urge it on with double force,
 To check the mischief at its source;
 Must seek the tiger in his den,
 The scourge of morals and of men;
 Must bind him down with iron chain,
 Nor leave him pow'r to rise again!
 Still, still unchang'd his purpose burns;
 Still ev'ry thought of good he spurs;
 Still the black poison fills his veins,
 And from defeat fresh venom gains.
 Come then, my sword, to deeds of fame!
 We heed not now mild Mercy's claim.
 But, ah! be witness, heav'nly pow'rs!
 Though on each brow destruction fours,
 For peace we fight—no partial peace—
 A general and a wide release
 From all the horrors war has giv'n!—
 For aid in this, we look to heav'n.
 Nations on nations pour the cry:
 Kingdoms with kingdoms gladly fly
 To aid a cause so just, so good,
 And shed, for this, their bravest blood.
 Come then, my sword! and on thy blade
 Be this good motto deep insaid,
 "We fight for injur'd man's release!
 For honest fame, and lasting peace!"

The VICTIM of CALUMNY.

AMID yon woody hamlet, stands a cot
 Embosom'd in the foliage of tall trees;
 Upon whose straw-bound roof, by time
 decay'd,
 (O'er which the blast of winter oft has
 rav'd)
 The moss its verdant covering has spread,
 And lifts its tiny blooms; while, under-
 neath,
 Along the sordid front a woodbine climbs,
 And overhangs a little rustic seat.
 There Anna with a widow'd parent led
 A cottage life, far from those modish scenes,
 Where fashion's vot'ries, clad in silken vest,
 In all the colors of the rainbow shine
 In happy solitude this fair recluse
 Pass'd the mild morn of youth, and knew
 no care,
 Save when upon her mother's faded form
 She mark'd th' effects of time, and inly
 sigh'd.
 She lov'd her parent, and with dutious zeal
 Smooth'd the declivity of nature's hill,
 And kindly sooth'd the captious breast
 of age.
 While thus engag'd, how soft her minutes
 flew!
 Soft as the gossamer rides the Zephyr's
 wing
 On summer's vernal eve What bliss au-
 preme!

Blest state! too blissfully serene, to last!
 Ah! not unlike that mild deceitful calm,
 Ere mad tornadoes shake the western
 world,

And strew its shores with wrecks!—But
 to my tale—

Attracted by fair Anna's blushing charms,
 Two village youths a rival flame confess'd;
 And each with lively ardor press'd his suit.
 Prompted by love, this interesting nymph
 Shed a propitious smile on William's vows,
 And frown'd repulsive on the other swain.
 The lass-lorn youth felt no romantic flame:
 He hid his woes in no enshrouding shade,
 Nor lay reclin'd beside the rippling brook.
 Of sterner mind was he. Alas! that love
 Should, unrequited, turn to deadliest hate!
 The lover sought revenge, that sure re-
 source

Of little minds, and summon'd to his aid
 Black Calumny, than which a fouler fiend
 Is seldom known to haunt the human
 breast.

Foild in his hopes, he dropp'd the hint
 oblique,

In secret whisp'rings spread the slan-
 d'rous tale;

Resolv'd to rob her of her mind's sweet
 peace,

And mar her spotless fame. At length
 her health,

Unable to sustain the shock, declin'd;
 And woe Consumption, from "her baleful
 sponge,

Dropp'd its green poison on the springs
 of life*."

Vain were a lover's tears, a mother's
 pray'rs:

She sunk into the dreary cell of death,
 The hapless victim of vile Calumny.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB

The POET

*Addressed to a Friend, on his expressing
 a Wish for the Possession of
 Poetic Talent.*

Oh! envy not the Muse's child,
 His ardent soul, his feelings wild;
 Nor wish, that, from the trembling wire,
 Your hand could draw poetic fire.

His is no pleasing task indeed,
 Whose lips attune the Doric reed.
 E'en should he gain the heights of fame,
 The fondest wish his heart can frame—

His sweetest notes but round him bring
 Dark Envy, with her venom'd sting,
 And haughty Scorn, that rudely smiles
 Contemptuous on his minstrel wiles.

* Ogilvie.

And he was mark'd for Passion's son,
When first the wild harp's dulcet tone
Caught his young ear, and bade him try
The soothing pow'rs of minstrelsy.

His is the heart that's wont to feel
Deep int'rest in another's weal:
With joy at others' joy he glows,
And sheds the tear at others' woes.

Hence form'd to taste the highest bliss,
Affection's warmest pulse is his.
If Beauty's charms his bosom move,
A minstrel's is no common love.

And should his darling hopes be cross'd,
He roves, by hurrying passion toss'd—
His noble mind to ruin hurl'd—
A maniac in a scornful world.

Then envy not the Muse's child,
His ardent soul, his feelings wild;
Nor wish, that, from the trembling wire,
Your hand could draw poetic fire.

Address

To the Author of the preceding Lines.

'Twas cruel, in so sweet a lay,
The Muse, that prompted, to betray,
To weave a wreath so passing fair,
Then say, destruction harbour'd there.

Ah! sure, in ev'ry speaking line,
Delight, perfidious bard, was thine:
And, luring, oft thy fancy hung,
Enraptur'd, o'er the lay she sung.

Spare but the minstrel's tuneful lyre,
And quench not his celestial fire:
Though 'reft of ev'ry joy beside,
His springs of bliss are well supplied.

Nor need he court the sordid race,
Whose loudest plaudits were disgrace,
While dearly cherish'd is his name
By those, whose praise alone is fame.

Though Passion, with ecstatic thrill,
Ere long, around his yielding will
May softly bind her rosy chain,
Tis Passion guiltless of a stain.

'Tis not the sensual, low delight,
That shrinks, abash'd, from human sight,
Nor dark Seduction's selfish wile,
Where ruin lurks beneath a smile;

But virtuous love his bosom fires,
Which heavenly Beauty first inspires—
'That love, which next delights to find
Its temple in the charmer's mind.

And, while to his expanded heart
Another's joy shall joy impart,
A mournful pleasure he may know
In pity for another's woe.

Who, that the minstrel's rapture shares,
Would fear to meet the minstrel's cares?

VOL. II

If e'er my soul to fame aspire,
Such fame be mine, as waits the lyre.

Then never, in so sweet a lay,
Let bard, henceforth, his Muse betray,
Nor weave a wreath so passing fair,
And say, destruction harbours there.

*Stanzas, composed on visiting the Tomb
of CUNNINGHAM, the Pastoral Poet,
in St. John's Church-yard,
Newcastle upon Tyne.*

By W. C.

Sweet bard! while here, with fond respect,
From lands remote I bend my way—
Dear victim of the world's neglect,
Accept a stranger's pensive lay.

How oft, in childhood, have I sought
The oak-crow'd hill, the wild-wood
shade,

Where stretch'd along, in tender thought,
Thy verse my truant hours delay'd.

Thy artless and melodious strain
Enamour'd Sympathy awoke;
In numbers taught me to complain;
And bade me first the Muse invoke.

Far from the city's pride retir'd,
Unheeding of delusive Fame,
Thy gentle bosom ne'er aspir'd
Beyond a sylvan poet's name.

Lo! minstrel of the village race!
Amid a mute, admiring throng,
Each nameless charm, each native grace,
Thy fancy wove into her song.

The hours that gild the orient Morn,
And kindle Noon's oppressive rays,
And Evening's shadowy brow adorn,
With inspiration crown'd thy lays.

The Queen of night, by twilight pale,
On mountain-heath and pathless wild,
By haunted stream and lonely vale,
On thee, in radiant visions, smil'd.

Content, that brightens ev'ry scene,
Was wont her favorite to beguile,
Till Disappointment strode between,
And robb'd thee of her sweetest smile.

Pale shroud, and sainted bard, adieu!
I go to stem the wintry wave:
Yet oft, at eve, shall memory view
The sun-beam lingering on thy grave.

To a beautiful LADY, elegantly dressed.

Adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barbarous skill:

'Tis just like poisoning a dart,
Too apt, before, to kill

4 E

A modern RAPE of the LOCK.

HAPPY the *friseur*, who in Delia's hair,
 With licens'd fingers, uncontrol'd may
 rove;
 And happy in his death the dancing bear,
 Who died, to make pomatum for my love.
 Last night, as o'er the page of Love's de-
 spair
 My Delia bent, deliciously to grieve,
 I stood a treach'rous lo't'rer by her chair,
 And drew the fatal scissors from my
 sleeve.
 And would that at that instant o'er my
 thread
 The shears of Atropos had open'd then;
 And, as I rest the lock from Delia's head,
 Had cut me sudden from the sons of men.
 She heard the scissors that fair lock divide;
 And, while my heart with transport
 panted big,
 She cast a Fury frown on me, and cried,

"You stupid puppy! you have spoil'd
 my wig."

The INCONSTANT.

THOU'RT fair indeed; thou'rt passing fair,
 In form, as well as face.
 Each dulcet tone of thine is rare;
 Each step of thine is grace.
 You seem'd an angel once to me,
 With angel charms thus blest.
 I could have lov'd, have worshipp'd thee,
 Had love been in thy breast.
 But, ah! 'twas cold as mountain snow—
 Harsh truth, alas! to tell!
 Nor pity's mild, nor love's warm glow,
 Illum'd us dreary cell.
 Farewell! be happy, if you can;
 May misery reach thee never;
 Farewell!—though ruin wait my plan,
 We part, and part for ever!

J. M. LACEY.

FASHIONS for JANUARY.

Evening Dress.—A round robe of fine Georgian cloth, of bright orange color, made long and full; with bodice of pink satin, made low on the bosom and shoulders; with bracer of pink ribbon, to correspond with the bodice.—Full long sleeves of Georgian cloth, of the color of the robe.—Tippet of swansdown or martin fur.—The hair in full disheveled curls on the front, to fall low on the temples, and turned up behind in a small knot—a wreath of flowers on the top—a loose ringlet on one side.—Slippers of orange-colored velvet, with rosettes of silver.—Gloves of lemon-colored kid.—Ear-rings of pearl.—Necklace, a triple gold chain, confused in front with amber-colored gems.

Morning Walking-Dress.—A white cambric robe with long sleeves—stomacher-front, and ruff round the neck.—A pelisse of bright brown, made like the robe, full in the skirt, with wrapper-front at the bosom, and a falling collar—trimmed at the wrists, down the front, and at the feet, with seal-fur trimming about three inches wide.—Cap of seal-fur *à la Russe*, scalp crown, turn-up poke front.—The hair *à la Grecque*, to fall full on the temples, with a sprig of autumnal flowers in front.—Half-boots of black kid.—Gloves of olive-colored kid.—Ear-rings of amber.—Necklace of black beads.

General Observations.—To commence

with the *Carriage Costume*—the pelisse and mantle of orange, brown, or tawny-colored cloth, trimmed with seal-skin fur, made large and full (the pelisse ornamented with buttons *à la militaire*, and trimmed down the front, at the feet, and wrists, with seal-skin fur) are generally adopted, worn over high morning dresses of white or figured muslin.—Caps of seal-fur, in shape as fancy may direct—the most general in request is the cap *à la Russe*, as described in our morning walking-dress—or the cap George Boyer, which is made square on the crown, and rather more shallow in the front, with a small feather on one side, of color to correspond.—Half-boots of black kid, bound round the top and down the front with fur.—Scarfs or shawls are an occasional appendage to this order.—Head-dress *à la Grecque*, falling full on the temples in large disheveled curls.—Necklace and ear-rings of pearl, or white satin beads.—Gloves of lemon or olive-colored kid.

Half-Dresses are morning robes of fine kerseymere cloth, orange, brown, or blue color.—Gowns of figured muslin, with high ruff and stomacher-front—full long sleeves.—Cap of worked muslin, with a wreath of autumnal flowers in the front.—Hair *à la Grecque*, falling loosely off the forehead in large curls.—Ear-rings and necklace of satin beads.—Tippet of swansdown fur, or an occasional shawl of



Modelled by

Evening Dress.

maroon-colored silk.—Gloves of York tan.—Shoes of black kid, or colored velvet, to correspond with the dress.

Evening Dresses are robes of bright orange, amber, or orange-brown colored Georgian cloth, bound with swansdown fur at the bosom, wrists, and feet—the robe made full and long—bodiee of the same, or of colored satin—sleeves full.—Bright orange dresses of crape worn over white satin slips, with bodice of the same.—Short Cuffs on sleeves looped up in the centre, and ornamented with a full plaiting of lace, as are the bosom and shoulders, with a triple plaiting of the same round the feet—the skirt made full, as is the whole of the robe, to fall in large folds over the satin slip—the bodice made

rather higher than last month, plaited in horizontal waves across.—Tippet of swansdown or ermine.—An occasional large silk scarf or shawl of crimson silk.—Ear-rings of diamonds.—Necklace, a single row of pearls, or satin beads—a small elastic chain of gold, from which is suspended a brilliant of diamonds.—Bracelets of pearl, with diamond studs.—Head-dress *à la Crecque*, falling off the forehead in large curls, to come low on the temples—plain on the sides—to turn up behind in a small knot, from which is suspended one or two small loose ringlets.—Flowers generally decorate the hair.—Gloves of French kid, to fall just below the elbow.—Slippers of white or colored satin.—Indian fan of carved ivory

CHRONICLE.

His Majesty.—*Bulletin of December 4.*—“The King’s disorder continues undiminished: but his Majesty’s bodily health is good; and he has passed the last month in tranquillity and comfort.”

Price of Bread.—Quatern wheaten loaf, *December 2*, twelve pence, halfpenny—*Decemb. 9*, eleven pence—*Decemb. 16*, and *23*, the same.

[*London, Nov. 23*] Yesterday, in the Court of King’s Bench, * * * Roberts, an officer of the Customs at Falmouth, was sentenced to twelve months’ imprisonment, for returning false accounts.

[*26*] Yesterday, at Carlton House, the Regent received a deputation from the Emperor of Russia, and was invested by them with the insignia of the three Russian orders of St. Andrew, Alexander Newsky, and St. Anne.

[*27*] The Swedish Bulletin asserts that Bonaparté himself, on the road to Erfurt, in his hasty flight from Leipsic, gave orders for blowing up above 600 powder-waggons.

[*30*] The Diet of the confederate Cantons of Switzerland, by a public act, of November 20, announced their determination to assert their liberty, independence, and neutrality.

[*30*] On Sunday, the 11th instant, a drummer of the West Kent militia, preached a sermon to a numerous and respectable congregation, in the Independent meeting-house at Haverhill.

[*December 1*] The Emperor Alexander,

having lately assembled the captive Polish generals at Leipsic, informed them that the allied powers had determined to liberate all the Polish prisoners in their hands, on condition of their not again serving against the allies. Under this condition they were all dismissed.—At Gotha, the Poles still remaining with Bonaparté, about 3000 in number, sent their generals to inform him of their determination to quit his army.—He prevailed on them to remain with him one week longer, at the expiration of which they went over to the allies.

[*1*] *Berlin, November 11*—From the commencement of hostilities, to the 8th of November inclusive, there have passed through Berlin alone, 975 officers, from the rank of general of division to that of lieutenant, and 42,462 privates, as prisoners of war. From the 4th of April to the 26th of October, there have been taken, by the allied army in general, 129,162 prisoners.—and 801 pieces of artillery, together with 2900 ammunition-waggons, have been taken or rendered useless.

[*3*] *Public-house Pots*—It was yesterday decided, at the Middlesex sessions, that magistrates have no authority to punish publicans for sending out beer in their own pots.

[*5*] *Letter-stealing.*—Yesterday, John Plamer, the letter-carrier, mentioned in our last Number, was capitally convicted of intercepting a letter containing a bill of exchange.

[6] *The Prince of Orange*, accompanied by Lord Clancarty, landed at Scheveling from a British man-of-war, on the 30th ult. amid the loud acclamations of a numerous concourse of people. He immediately proceeded to the Hague, where he received the congratulations of the public authorities.—The Brille having declared in his favor, the French commandant was arrested, and conveyed in boats to The Hague, with *three tons of gold*, of which he had plundered the inhabitants.—The French minister of finance in Holland was also sent prisoner to The Hague, and a still greater sum of money retaken from him.

[6] *Slave-Trade*.—By the ship *Thais*, lately arrived from Sierra Leone, we learn that this diabolical traffic is still extensively carried on under the Portuguese and Spanish flags.—In June last, the *Thais* destroyed the last remaining factory for this traffic (at Masuredo), supported by British subjects. The proprietors of this establishment, John Bostock and Thomas McQuin, were brought home in the *Thais*, sentenced, under the late Slave-Trade Felony Act, to be transported for fourteen years.—The *Thais* landed 40 of her crew, commanded by Lieutenant Wilkins, to accomplish this act of humanity. The factors resisted, killed one man; and another was drowned, when advancing to the assault. There were about 230 slaves in the factory, who were released. The *Thais* captured several vessels on the coast with slaves on board, under Portuguese and Spanish flags. One of the vessels presented a shocking instance of this horrible trade; she was a smack of 183 tons burden, bound to Brasil, with 375 slaves on board: and it appeared, when the *Thais* took possession, that three of them had died from actual suffocation!

[6] *Libel*.—On the 29th of November, Mr. John Magee, proprietor of the "*Dublin Evening Post*," found guilty of a libel on the Duke of Richmond, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, a fine of five hundred pounds, and to give securities for keeping the peace for seven years.

[7] The Prince of Orange made his solemn entry into Amsterdam on the 1st instant, amidst the universal acclamations of the people, by whom he was saluted as William the 1st, "*Sovereign Prince of the Netherlands*;" which title was announced to the public in a proclamation by the National Government at Amsterdam, the same day.

[7] The town of Woerden, occupied by

a French officer and about 25 men, surrendered, on the 23d of November, to about 250 of the national guard from The Hague. Next morning it was surprised and stormed by a very numerous body of French, who committed the most shocking barbarities—murdering men, women, and children, even infants at the breast—and wantonly indulging in every imaginable species of devastation; after which, they silently stole away during the night of the 27th.

[8] The two strong batteries at Cuxhaven surrendered to the Russian troops and British squadron, on the 30th of November.

[8] *Newgate*.—The Grand Jury of the City of London, having, last week, visited that prison, have stated in their Report, that the part allotted to debtors, and calculated to contain only 160, now contains not fewer than 340—the part for felons and convicts, not intended for more than 370, contains 479—the part for women, calculated for not more than 60, contains 120, each of whom is confined to a space of *fifteen inches*, or even less, as many of the number are obliged to keep their children with them, for want of a home.

[8] *Young Robbers*.—Yesterday, at the Old Bailey, three boys, the eldest not seventeen, were capitally convicted of burglarious house-breaking.

[8] *Taxes*.—An official account, laid before the House of Commons, and printed, states the amount of the net produce of the permanent taxes in Great Britain, for the year ending the 25th of October, 1812, at £38,743,428. 16s. 8½d.; and for the year ending the 25th of October, 1813, at £37,833,366 12s. 1¼d. being a deficiency of about £900,000. The same account states the total amount of the net produce of the war-taxes, for the year ending the 25th of January, 1812, at £21,822,532. 14s. 10½d.; and for the year ending the 25th Octob. 1813, at £22,740,568. 4s. 0½d. being an increase of about the amount of the deficiency in the permanent taxes. Thus the net produce of the whole of the taxes in Great Britain, for the year ending the 25th of October, exceeds *sixty millions*.

[9] *Frankfort, November 20*.—All the princes composing the Confederation of the Rhine have renounced it, and have repaired to this city, to give the Emperors and the King of Prussia assurances of their devotion to the cause of Germany.

[9] In our last Number, (Novemb. 26) on the authority of dispatches from Sir

Charles Stewart [not Wilson], we announced the surrender of Dresden to the allies.—It since appears, that a capitulation had been demanded and acceded to, by which the garrison were to return to France, and be exchanged, man for man. But this condition was not ratified by the commander in chief of the allies; and the French general, the Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, having refused the offer made to him of replacing him and his army in the same situation in which it had been at the time of capitulating, he and his whole force, amounting to above 35,000 men, were made prisoners of war, and marched into Bohemia.

[9] The bench of magistrates at Leicester have finally decided, by a recent conviction, that the eldest son of a clergyman, though a justice of the peace, is not "the heir apparent of an esquire, or a person of higher degree," and therefore not qualified under any statute to kill or hunt for game.

[9] *Crimes*.—Yesterday, at the close of the Old Bailey sessions, twelve criminals were sentenced to death—three to transportation for fourteen years—fifteen, for seven years—thirty-four to imprisonment for various periods—two to be publicly whipped, and seven privately.

[10] Dispatches from Lord Clancarty announce, that, in the night of the 5th last the French evacuated Helvoetsluys, which was immediately occupied by the Dutch troops;—and that the whole of North Holland, except the Heider, was free from the French.

[11] The Queen of Sicily (who, in consequence of the revolution in her kingdom, had been obliged to quit the island) having repaired to Constantinople under the name of the Countess Castellamare, was received with great honors by the Turkish government, and, after a residence of 43 days in that capital, set out for Odessa on the 25th of October.

[12] The French garrison in Trieste, besieged by a combined British and Austrian force, agreed, on the 29th of October, to capitulate, and surrendered on the 8th of November.

[13] In the London Gazette of Saturday, it has been notified that the blockade of the ports of the United Provinces is raised, and that the ships of that nation will be freely admitted into British ports.

[13] Early on Saturday morning, a fire broke out in King Street, Southwark, which totally destroyed 15 or 16 houses, and materially injured many others.

[14] *Pestilential Wind*.—On the 23d of August, a caravan of 2000 persons, on their route from Mecca to Aleppo, having nearly traversed the great Arabian Desert, and already approached its border, were overtaken by the pestilential blast, which occasionally prevails in that region; and all perished on the spot, with the exception of about 20 individuals, who owed their safety to the swiftness of their remedies.

[14] *Inundation*.—Intelligence from Bombay announces, that, on the 27th of December, 1812, the river Neerbudda, swollen by continual rains during the three preceding days, overflowed its banks, and swept away 42 villages. Many thousands of men, women, and children, lost their lives by that calamitous event, which has deprived the survivors of shelter, food, and raiment.

[15] Letters from the United Provinces state, that the whole country seems stripped of the male population in the flower of youth and vigor of strength; the conscription having dragged away all the males between the ages of fifteen and fifty, so that few are to be seen, except those in the extremes of youth or age, and many of the latter in mourning for their sons who have fallen victims to the ambition of Bonaparté.

[15] *Typhus Tolls*.—Yesterday, at Queen Square office, a receiver of tolls at the Kensington bar was fined £5, for having taken a toll to which he was not entitled.

[17] A gentleman, who has just arrived from Holland, declares that it was the intention of the French authorities in that country to have cut the sluices and dykes, and to have inundated the whole of it, prior to the entrance of the allies; but that their purpose was disappointed by the low tides and the prevalence of the easterly winds: the water being thereby rendered insufficient for the accomplishment of their design.

[17] The great seal (*Phoca barbata*) has lately been observed on the northern shores of our island, in considerable numbers: an animal of this kind, nearly as large as a cow, was lately taken at the Fern island, on the coast of Northumberland, and has been presented by Lord Percy to the museum of Mr. Bullock, in Piccadilly, by whom these animals were discovered last year in their breeding-places, in some remote uninhabited islands, about ten leagues to the west of the Orkneys.

[17] Yesterday morning, a fire broke out on the premises of a tallow-melter, in Chick Lane, near Holborn Hill, which entirely consumed the same, together with three adjoining houses.

[17] There are now in Chester castle eight boys; three convicted of house-breaking; two for trial, for picking pockets to a large amount, and three charged with privately stealing in shops: their united ages amount to 96 years—average 12.

[17] *Stag-Hunt*.—On Wednesday, a pack of fox-hounds, presented to the Regent by the Duke of Richmond, were taken out, to be blooded to their new game. A stag, whose leg had been dislocated for the occasion, was turned out before them; and the poor animal, though lame, ran an hour and three quarters, before he was taken.

[18] *Rotterdam, December 1*.—Dispatches from the Russian general Benken-dorf announce the capture of Breda by the Russian troops.

[18] On Saturday last, the Irish Catholic Board voted to Mr. O'Connell a service of plate, of the value of 1000 guineas.

[20] *Ale and Porter*.—A reduction of 10s. in the barrel of ale, and 5s. in that of amber, took place on Friday. Several of the brewers also sent a notice to the publicans of their intention immediately to reduce the price of porter.

[20] A singular and unexpected occurrence took place last week among the French prisoners of war confined on board the *Sanson* prison-ship in the Medway. Since the news of the reverses which have been sustained by Bonaparté has been communicated to them, two parties have gradually arisen among them, who have been occasionally arguing against each other; the one party assert the propriety and legality of placing the Bourbons on the throne of their ancestors, while the other contend for the dynasty of Bonaparté. From argument, they proceeded to threats and blows—till at last the two parties arranged themselves in order of battle, and commenced a desperate conflict, which terminated in the defeat of Bonaparté's adherents. Nearly 600 men and officers, who took part in the affray, have been put in close confinement.

[20] *Intemperance*.—On Monday, a collar-maker, named West, residing in the Seven Dials, drank, for a wager of 20s. three pints of gin (24 glasses) in twelve hours. Afterwards, to show how little the liquor had overcome him, he swallow-

ed a glass of brandy—walked home from the public-house, and went to bed. The same night, he was taken extremely ill; and, though medical advice was procured, he expired on Thursday of an inflammation in the bowels.

[20] *Melancholy Accident*.—Wednesday proved one of the most suddenly severe frosts ever remembered at Bath; the mercury, in Fahrenheit's thermometer, having sunk so low as 16. The Kennet and Avon canal, near the city, soon became frozen over, and on that day several skaters ventured on the surface of the basin; and we are sorry to state, that three youths unhappily fell sacrifices to this temerity—a son of General Sir W. Cunningham, a young gentleman who had just finished his education, and was on the point of accepting a desirable situation in the East India service; a son of Dr. Briggs, of Worcester, who was on a visit at Sir William's; and Felix Mogg (an apprentice of Mr. Harrison, of Union Passage), son of — Mogg, esq. of Wincanton. The youngest of the three, Master Briggs, fell in first, and his companion, in endeavouring to rescue him, shared the same fate. Anxious to render assistance to the unfortunate young gentlemen, the third youth hastened to the fatal spot—the fragile surface again gave way, and he also sunk, never again to rise alive!

[21] Yesterday, both Houses of Parliament adjourned to the first of March.

[21] A young woman, servant to Mr. Williams, of Camberwell, died on Wednesday last, in consequence of having been bitten by a cat, which she was chastising for some act of misconduct. The appearance, exhibited by the poor girl, was exactly similar to that perceptible in cases of the hydrophobia.

[22] *Canada*.—Official dispatches from Montréal announce, that a British force, of about 450 regulars, retreating under the command of Gen. Proctor, (as mentioned in our last Number, p. 539) were attacked, on the 5th of October, by a much superior number of Americans, near the Mohavian village on the river Thames, and were obliged to disperse.—Gen. Proctor afterwards collected about 200 of his scattered men, with whom he effected his retreat to Burlington Heights.—The same dispatches add, that, on the 26th of October, an American force, under General Hampton, of seven thousand five hundred foot and four hundred horse, with ten field-pieces, was repulsed by about three hundred Canadian militia, on the banks of the

Chateaugay river, on the borders of Lower Canada, and compelled to retreat from the province.

[23] On Tuesday, being St. Thomas's day, the society of Antelopeans, held at the Antelope, White-hart-yard, Drury-lane, distributed their annual donation of bread to the neighbouring poor, to the amount of 762 quartern loaves.

[24] *Overtures of Peace* have been made by the allied powers to Bonaparte, who, in his speech to the legislative body, on Sunday the 19th of December, says—“Negotiations have been entered into with the Allied Powers. I have adhered to the preliminary basis which they have presented. I had then the hope, that, before the opening of this session, a congress would have been assembled at Mannheim: but new delays, which are not imputable to France, have delayed that moment, which the wishes of the world eagerly call for.”

[25] November 12, a furious hurricane raged at Halifax in Nova Scotia, by which above a hundred vessels were either destroyed or materially injured.

[25] *Sacrilege*.—A few nights since, the whole of the communion plate, to a large amount, belonging to the parish church of Granborough, in Warwickshire, was stolen from the house of Mr. Calloway.

[25] Yesterday, the Princess Charlotte received the rite of confirmation from the hand of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the private chapel at Windsor.

[26] Articles of capitulation, for the surrender of Dantzick, were signed on the 29th of November: but the Russian Emperor refused to ratify them, and ordered the siege to be continued, until the garrison should surrender as prisoners of war.

BORN.

[November 23] On the 19th, of the lady of J. Price Vickery, esq. Cole-House, Devonshire, a son.—Yesterday, of the lady of Thomas Somers Cocks, esq. Park-Place, a daughter.—[24] Yesterday, of the lady of W. P. Sartorius, esq. Weymouth-street, a son.—[27] Thursday, of the lady of W. Stanley Clarke, esq. Leatherhead, a son.—Thursday, of the lady of Stephen Gaselee, esq. Guilford-street, a daughter.—[December 1] Lately, of the Countess of Rosen, a daughter.—Lately, of the lady of James Temple Bowdoin, esq. a daughter.—[2] Tuesday, of the lady of A. Trevor, esq. Devonshire-street, a still-born child.—Yesterday, of the lady of James Alexander, esq. M. P. a daughter.—[3] Sunday, of Mrs. C. Beauchamp, a son.—

[4] Thursday, of the lady of John Plummer, esq. Streatham Common, a daughter.—[13] On the 7th, of the lady of John Lyon, esq. Hetton House, Durham, a daughter.—Friday, of Mrs. Henry Wheatley, Hampton Court, a son.—[16] Tuesday, of the lady of Rowland Stephenson, esq. Furley Hill, Reading, a son.—[18] On the 15th, of the Lady of Sir Thomas Stanley, bart. a daughter.—[21] On the 15th, of the lady of Robert Foster Grant, esq. Bury-street, St. James's, a son.—Saturday, of the lady of Col. Bunbury, a son.

MARRIED.

[November 23] Yesterday, Lord Berrisdale, to Miss Leigh.—[24] Monday, John Sleight, esq. of Richmond, to Miss Mary Sweet.—[25] Monday, Lieut. Frederick Vekstead, R. N. to Miss Emilia Sophia Bristow.—[29] Lately, John Ferryman, esq. to Miss F. Rice.—[December 2] Wednesday, the Rev. Robert Corry, of Russell-street, to Miss Louisa Harinar.—[4] Thursday, Thomas Owen, esq. of Ferry Hall, Staffordshire, to Miss Charlotte Eaton.—[8] Friday, Alexander Castle, esq. of the India Company's service, to Miss Martha Duncan.—[9] On the 4th, Thomas Trew, esq. to Miss Susannah Vercoe.—[10] On the 8th, P. B. Stretch, esq. to Mrs. Yorke.—[11] Thursday, Thos. Elghy Aubrey, esq. to Miss Wright.—[13] Saturday, the Marquis of Huntley, to Miss Brodie.—[14] Saturday, Henry Parke, esq. of Chelsea, to Miss Ann Barker.—[15] Yesterday, Thomas Bewes, esq. of Beaumont, Devonshire, to Miss Eliza Davies.—[16] Friday, Mr. C. W. Hoold, of Hampton, to Miss Eliza Wood.—Yesterday, William Bell, esq. of the India Company's service, to Miss Henrietta Pell.—[20] On Saturday, John Whitbread, esq. of Edmonton, to Miss Louisa Morrison.—Thursday, Lieut. Col. Mallet, of the 56th, to Miss Pamela Symonds.

DIED.

[November 22] On the 9th, Viscount Dillon.—On the 17th, Alice, relict of J. Trafford, esq. of Crofton Hall, Lancashire.—Saturday, George Jomacour, esq. M. P.—[24] On the 10th, Mrs. Oliver, Hans-place.—On the 16th, W. Franklin, esq. formerly Governor of New Jersey.—Friday Cassand, Lady Hawke.—[27] Monday, Mrs. Hester Smith, of Ashted, Surrey.—Tuesday, Viscountess Clifden.—[28] Friday, Lady Harriet Gill.—[30] Sunday, Rev. Samuel Palmer, of Hackney.—[December 3] Tuesday, John Curtis, esq. formerly M. P. for Wells.—Wednesday, the Lady of Sir Martin Browne

Folkes, bart.—[6] Sunday, Bradford Wilmer, M. D. of Coventry.—Saturday, the lady of W. Harris, esq. Exeter.—Lately, the relict of Sir B. Wrey, bart.—[7] Saturday, John Gregory, esq. of Chelsea.—[8] On the 4th, John Samuel Farnaby, esq. of St. John's College, Cambridge.—[13] Friday, the lady of Major Grove.—[14] Friday, the Lady of Lord Chas. Bentinck.—Friday, the lady of Walter Fawkes, esq. of Farnley-Hall, Yorkshire.—Saturday, the lady of H. Bolton, esq. of Thornecroft, Surrey.—[15] On the 10th, Mrs. Wallace, Golden-square.—[16] Wednesday, James Hooper, esq. of Chelsea.—[17] Yesterday, William Bosville, esq. Welbeck-street.—[18] On the 11th, the lady of the Rev. James Bicheno.—[20] On the 15th, Alexander Annesley, esq. Hyde Hall, Herts.

*Books lately published.**Miscellaneous.*

Letters from the Mediterranean. By Edward Chaquiere. £1. 8s.

Narrative of a Tour (in 1667) to La Grande Chartreuse. 8s.

Life of Cardinal Ximenes. By the Rev. B. Barrett. 9s.

Essay on the Study and Composition of Biography. By James Field Staunfield. 10s. 6d.

Statement of Facts, relative to the supposed Abstinence of Anne Moore, of Tutbury. By the Rev. L. Richmond. 3s. 6d.

Observations on Works of Fiction. 4s.

Second Part of the Letters of Mrs. Montague. 14s.

Treatise on Human Happiness. By the late W. Stevens, D. D. 7s.

Tales of the Dead. 9s.

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APPENDIX.

Saving of Fuel.—As fuel is a very expensive article in house-keeping, and, with the poor, one of the principal necessities of life, a correspondent recommends to the inhabitants of the metropolis the practice of the people in Wales. In that part of Wales where he was a short time a resident, the people took a certain quantity of coals (there called *culm*) and an equal quantity of river mud, which they intermixed until they were thoroughly incorporated. This mass was afterwards formed into balls, about twice the size of a hen's egg, which, when dry, were ready to be put into the fire-grate. After laying a layer of wood or turf, these balls were piled upon each other, and fire put to them. In this state, this composition becomes highly inflammable, and makes a strong durable fire, which throws out, when the balls are red-hot, a most intense heat. By this practice, the fuel is not only doubled in quantity, but will last twice as long as coal alone. There is another advantage, that the refuse coal-dust answers best, as it may be more intimately intermixed and incorporated with the mud.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

SUPPLEMENT

to Vol. 44, for the Year 1813.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. PORTRAIT of MISS SMITH.
2. PATTERNS for BORDERS.

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LONDON:

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where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

A CHRONOLOGIC SUMMARY of *memorable Occurrences in the year 1813, will be given in our Number for January.*

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1813.

Modern LIFE delineated.

(Continued from page 554.)

Mr. Lloyd found, that the home, which he had so anxiously wished to regain, had not the power of restoring him to peace. His heart was corroded by the bitterest anguish.—His children's innocence and virtues had beguiled his heart of every care. In them he had hoarded up treasures for this life. But the pleasing illusion was now dispelled from his bosom. Emma's guilt crushed all his joys, and cruelly embittered the closing scene of life. He attempted in vain to impute her errors to the weakness of her nature: in every line she had penned, his confused fancy traced the image of a faithless and a corrupt heart.

Gertrude's presence always soothed the anguish of his feelings: but it was merely a transient gleam of happiness; for, the moment she was absent from his sight, busy memory again reverted to those evils which had subdued his noble manly soul; and the Lethæan charm he had fancied his home contained, proved an excitement to his griefs. Retirement is suited to a mind perfectly at ease: but it plants a thousand daggers in that reflecting mind which has the vicious passions of a daughter to contemplate.

The influence which grief and extreme agitation had upon Mr. Lloyd's feelings, so completely overpowered him, that, in five weeks after his return to the Vale, a fever for a few days bereft him of that reason which had been so much impaired by his daughter's misconduct. During four

days, no kind ray of light gave even a temporary return to the invaluable blessing. Gertrude watched incessantly by his bed-side—one moment joyfully indulging the hope of her beloved father's returning health, and, the next, despairing that she should ever be blessed with his society again.

A few hours previous to his dissolution, Gertrude experienced the felicity of seeing him restored to reason: and in so calm a state did he appear, that she was firmly persuaded it was the forerunner of every blessing to herself.—She was kneeling by his bed-side, when she heard her father faintly exclaim, “Gertrude, my only comfort! are you here?”

For a moment she was motionless with joy and surprise: but, when she beheld her father's re-animated countenance, she exclaimed, “Father of mercies! I thank thee!” and then rising, pressed her father's burning hand to her lips. “Oh my dear father! you do not know the unutterable joy of this moment. I hope now you will soon be restored to me. I cannot tell you what I have suffered during your illness, or the delight I now experience.”

Mr. Lloyd smiled most affectionately upon her; but, for an hour or two after his restoration, felt incapable of uttering more than monosyllables.—A quarter of an hour before his dissolution, he seemed renovated with new life and strength to express his wishes to his darling child. “For the last twelve months,” said he, “my health has gradually declined:

but I was unwilling to destroy your happiness by mentioning it to you; though I am conscious, my love, that the late struggle of contending passions within my bosom has anticipated the hour of my death.—Do not weep, my love! I have endeavoured frequently to impress upon your mind the necessity of resignation to the divine will; and it is now that you must profit from the lesson I have inculcated.—In the ordinary course of nature, I could not have continued many years longer with you. At present I feel prepared for the last awful change; and, if the spirits of departed friends are permitted to watch over the objects they have loved in this world, the guardian spirit of your father will hover over your path. But, if this be not the case, still remember, my dearest Gertrude, that you are not deprived of the protecting care of that almighty Father, whose eyes incessantly watch over the beings he has formed.—My worthy friend, Mrs. Pope, I am convinced, will be to you every thing but a parent; and soon you will have the society of your amiable brother.—Many duties you will have to fulfill after our separation: you must befriend our poor neighbours—become a parent to the little Gertrude—and, if ever it be in your power, speak peace to your sister's heart. Whatever situation she is in, if you can reclaim her from evil, do not spare either time or attention to effect it. But I feel exhausted—push up my pillow, my love.—That will do.”

Gertrude now saw a great and awful change in her father's countenance—dropped on her knees by his bed-side, and devoutly prayed that he might be restored to her.

“I feel, my love,” said he, faintly, “that I have not long to look upon you—do not then hide your

face from me. This weeping, my love, will rob my heart of all its fortitude. Why should you grieve, that I am leaving the dregs of life embittered with misery, to enjoy immortal bliss?—Tell Emma, when you see her, that I leave her my parting blessing. But you, my beloved Gertrude! what can I leave you?” A faint smile irradiated his countenance, while he ejaculated with fervor, “Virtue I leave to my Gertrude; and virtue I take with me to the throne of grace.”

Gertrude placed her arm under his head, and fixed her eyes steadfastly upon his face—saw him in a very few moments close his eyes—and heard the last sigh escape from his bosom. She continued in the room near an hour stupefied with excessive grief—her eyes still bent upon the being she had revered and loved more than all the world. Her old faithful nurse endeavoured in vain to persuade her to retire to her own room: she remained insensible to her words, and to all the world, till at length a flood of tears relieved her bursting heart.

The day after Mr. Lloyd's decease, Mrs. Pope arrived. She found Gertrude so absorbed in grief, and so lost to every thing around her, that any attempt to mitigate it was unavailing. But, on the morning of his funeral, Mrs. Pope took hold of her arm, and led her toward the window. “Look, my child,” said she, “at those humble mourners. They have lost a benefactor and a friend; and it is in your kindness they must hope to find a counter-part of your father's goodness.”

The tears rolled copiously down Gertrude's cheeks: but she returned to her chair, incapable of making any reply to her worthy friend.

When hope kindly beams through the soul, we think that the blessings

of life never will depart from us: but, when the death of an invaluable friend erases this flattering sentiment from our bosom, the world and all its interests lose their pleasing power of charming our senses; and we feel for some time careless of every thing around us. The every-day transactions of life pass before our eyes without exciting emotions either of pleasure or of pain.

When Mrs. Pope desired Gertrude to observe the melancholy group of mourning friends assembled round the house to conduct the remains of her beloved father to the grave, her mind at that moment was so engrossed by her own grief, that she felt not for the woes of others. The death of her father seemed to have bereft her of every joy in life; and, though reason in every other occurrence had subdued her sorrows, it seemed, in this instance, deprived of its healing powers.

Three weeks elapsed after her father's death; and her affliction appeared not in the least mollified. Mrs. Pope affectionately attempted to reason with her on her injustice to herself and others. "My love, are you not taxing the Almighty with injustice, in giving way to this excessive grief? I think, I once heard you make this observation—that the being who does not act up to what the Scriptures dictate, evinces a total disregard of him who gave them for our counsel and our guide through life. We are commanded to bear the burden of worldly afflictions with humility; and we are likewise commanded not to 'mourn as those without hope.' Though we may be deprived of it in this world, it ought to be our ultimate aim to prepare our minds for that state, where every hope is fulfilled, and where the brightness of the Divinity fills the soul with perfect bliss. Only

think, my love, if your father's life had been protracted ten or twenty years longer, what the consequences would have been. Every hour would have been embittered with the painful idea of Emma's miserable state: for, to the heart of a parent, there is not any anguish so insupportable as the loss of a daughter's innocence, and the painful conviction that she has lost the respect of society, and the approbation of her God. If our children are unfortunate in their worldly concerns, we can offer them either our assistance or our advice. Our tears we can mingle with theirs; and we feel a dawn of hope amidst the scene of sorrow. And even if fate compels us to watch over the bed of sickness, or close the dying eyes of the child of our affections, we feel in that awful moment a degree of sacred composure; and our thoughts pass from the gloomy chamber of death, to a state of perpetual happiness, where we behold the spirit of a virtuous child in possession of joys that never can be embittered.—I will not reverse the scene: for it is too painful, even in thought, to visit the death-bed of a vicious and impenitent daughter. If you ever become a parent, my love, you will acknowledge that bounteous Heaven has not a greater bliss to bestow, than the mental prosperity of the being you have nourished and loved. But, if intemperate passions gain an ascendancy over her heart, and induce her to forsake her family and her home, it is not in this world that a parent can find rest. The tenderness of relatives, and the enlightened conversation of friends, may, at intervals, soften the affliction: but it never can efface it from the too faithful record of memory.—Your father's last letter to me will show you the inefficacy of soothing friendship in a cause so fraught with anguish; and

I trust it will prove a mean of reconciling your mind to his death. It is unnecessary to add, that every thing in this life is liable to change. It is therefore a proof of our acquiescence to the decrees of our best parent to submit patiently to every appointment directed by infinite and unerring Wisdom.—Read your father's letter, my love; and learn to view this life as a state preparatory to a better."

"My dear friend,

"By this comprehensive title I address you; for I am well convinced you deserve it in its fullest extent: and, in opening my heart for your inspection, I feel that I only do justice to your excellence, and secure to my daughter an invaluable friend, when my earthly remains are inclosed within the silent tomb. You know that the complaint with which I have ten years been troubled, has baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians; though I imagine it has now lost its power of acting upon my frame. But, while I am exempt from bodily pain, I feel my mental faculties more acutely tortured; and the obligations I have to my amiable Gertrude, deprive me in a great measure of her sympathising friendship. A father's anguish shall never increase her sorrows. But I fear my dissolution will greatly add to her misery. Oh! my friend! in that hour of distress, prove her comforter. Is not that friendship merely nominal, which with-holds a proper confidence? These are your own words. But it is merely nominal, if it flies from the house of mourning, or declines the painful office of teaching resignation to a broken spirit."

"In the smiling hours of worldly happiness, professions of friendship are implicitly believed. Its harmonious accents seem the genuine strain

of pure, disinterested feeling; though it is only in the overflowings of sorrow that its virtues are realised. It is then that the well-disciplined and amiable heart gives a brightness to the chamber of death, and generously forsakes its own joys, to comfort a mourning survivor.

"Believe me, my friend, an approaching dissolution has not any terrors for me. I view death as a welcome friend, and the grave as a peaceful asylum for a broken heart; but, when I think of those I am to leave behind, my heart is wrung with unutterable anguish. The virtues of one daughter chain my affections to this world; and the unfortunate deviation of the other, whom I equally loved, convinces me that I have much to expiate upon her account. I would endure the greatest bodily agony, if I could recall her to virtue; for it is to my false indulgence that her errors may be imputed. I am now persuaded that the kindest motives for our actions do not justify a breach of any moral law: and, however the sophistry of man may sanction our conduct, if the sacred monitor within our bosoms condemn it, we are culpable, and deserve the severest punishment for attending to the counsels of erring mortals, when we have the sacred law of conscience to restrict our actions. However distressing it is to our feelings to appear cruel to our children, yet, if their future happiness depends upon it, we are more than cruel, if we do not resist their solicitations, and the weak dictates of our own hearts."

"If I had resisted the impression made by Emma's mournful countenance, and, as a good father, inspired her with noble motives for self-control, the current of her ideas would have been turned into a different channel; and, instead of mourning

her imprudent conduct, I might have blessed her, as the most affectionate and amiable of children.

“ My friend, you do not know what I feel at this moment. I said that death was void of terror to my heart: but I must recall the rash expression. It is eternity that is replete with comfort: but the hour of my death, I fear, will be the most bitter I have ever experienced. When I give my last blessing to my beloved Gertrude, and anxiously look around the apartment for another daughter to bless, what will struggling nature then endure? Oh! may the idea at that moment be extinct in my bosom, that I leave my misguided child a prey to misery and disgrace!—I cannot proceed: my head burns with a raging fever.—May you, my best friend, never experience my sufferings.”

Gertrude read the letter with trembling emotions, and, the moment she had concluded it, exclaimed, “ My dear Mrs. Pope! I am prepared to acquiesce in all your wishes. I will accompany you home any day you please. I feel that I have impiously murmured at the wisdom of that Being who has in his goodness taken my beloved father from evil, to endless bliss.”

The first sound which struck Gertrude’s ear on her arrival at Mrs. Pope’s house, was that of the harp. To her great astonishment and vexation, she was introduced into a room crowded with a gay party dancing. Gertrude immediately regretted that she had quitted her own quiet home, to enter into a society so discordant with her feelings. She looked reproachfully at Mrs. Pope: but her friend was so much occupied in attending to her daughters’ visitors, that she did not observe Gertrude’s anxiety and vexation.

It immediately occurred to Ger-

trude that it was a preconcerted scheme; and, though she condemned the plan, she could not avoid paying a just tribute of gratitude to the kindness of the motive. But the gay party passed and repassed before her eyes, without attracting her attention: and, though every thing around her seemed calculated to inspire cheerfulness, her mind continued overcast with the darkest gloom. In short, the first glimpse of joy that broke in upon her, was when the gay party separated for the night.

A mistaken kindness had led Mrs. Pope to have her house thus filled with visitors—and visitors little qualified to sooth Gertrude’s sorrow; since pleasure seemed the only object they had to engage their thoughts.

For five weeks was Gertrude obliged to mix daily with such society; and to her the days appeared the most tedious and irksome that ever she had spent in her whole life. No wonder, then, that she longed to return to the quiet solitude of her rural retreat, and could not be prevailed on, by the most pressing solicitations of Mrs. Pope, to continue with her a month or two longer. She urged the necessity of returning to her little charge; and this plea was, however reluctantly, admitted by the kind-hearted Mrs. Pope, as a sufficient apology for her hasty departure.

(To be continued.)

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 547.)

Mr. Middleton, to Philip Sydney, Esq.—In continuation.

Sequel of the Hermit’s Tale.

“ NOTHING could exceed the joy of my noble-minded friend, or that of my true and faithful servant, when they saw returning reason illumine my darkened mind.—I was soon perfectly recovered, and found that the

utmost care and attention had been bestowed on my child, and that my friend had proved, in every sense of the word, a father to him. The calls of nature pleaded powerfully in my breast: I longed to press the dear boy to my heart; and, as so long a time had elapsed since the fatal affair that banished me from my country, and malevolence and cruelty seemed to have subsided—nought now remaining in the minds of the people but compassion for the unhappy sufferers—my friend thought I might safely accompany him back to Scotland.—I did accompany him, and had the inexpressible happiness of embracing the darling pledge my Isabella had left me.

“ My friend had no children: he therefore adopted my son, and gave him his name, so that I had the pleasure of knowing, that, although my imprudence had robbed my boy of his patrimony, he would be amply provided for by the generosity of the best of men.

“ Thus I lived, happy as I could be, after the severe losses I had sustained, and saw my son improve in every virtue.—As I lived with my friend, and passed for a relative of his, and as it was far from where I had once made so splendid a figure, no inquiries were made of who or what I was.

“ My respectable friend had considerable concerns in the East Indies, which required his personal attendance: but he deferred going over till my son's education was completed, as he wished to take him with him. He asked my consent to take my boy from me. I could not refuse, though I acceded to this proposal with an aching heart. Setting aside the advantages that might accrue to my son from this voyage, gratitude naturally suggested, that, as he had been reared with so much care and atten-

tion, by his liberal benefactor, to an age in which he might reasonably expect some attention and service from him, I could not with propriety refuse my consent. These considerations were superior to every idea of my own comfort or accommodation. I therefore, with apparent cheerfulness, took my leave of the two beings most dear to me, and who alone connected me with this world.

“ My long exile had inured me to solitude; and I was so habituated to it, that it was with reluctance I sometimes consented to associate with a few of my friend's most intimate companions. It may be supposed, then, that, after I had parted with these beloved friends, I had still less inclination to mix with the world. I continued, however, to live at my friend's house, not only for the convenience of receiving letters from my son, but to manage some business which his protector had left to my charge, thinking it might amuse my mind.

“ I heard, as often as possible, from my son, and was happy to hear that he and his patron were perfectly well, and that their affairs were in a very prosperous train; but it was with regret I understood they would not be able to return so soon as they had intended when they quitted Scotland.

“ Thus time rolled on, when I received intelligence from the Indies, of a most melancholy nature.—My son informed me, that, when every thing was nearly settled to their wish, and they were congratulating themselves on the hope of soon seeing me, the arm of Death had, in these sanguine moments, deprived him of his more than father. He was seized with a malignant fever, which, at its first appearance, was pronounced to be mortal. He made his will, naming my son his executor and sole

heir; and expired with the heroism of a man and a Christian.

“ Thus died one of the most exalted characters that ever adorned human nature. My son further informed me, that, in about eighteen months, he hoped to share with me the grief which our mutual loss must naturally excite in my bosom. Great indeed was my loss, and sad my mourning for him.

“ I waited impatiently till the time arrived when I was to expect to see my son: but, alas! my eyes were never more blessed with that cheering sight: these aged arms shall never again embrace that beloved object.—Instead of my child, I received the heart-rending intelligence, that, just as he was going to set sail, he fell a victim to the same disease which had proved so fatal to his benefactor.

“ This letter was written by a young man whom my friend had taken out with him in the capacity of a clerk; and he concluded by saying that he should return to me as soon as possible, with the effects and papers belonging to his deceased masters.

“ Overpowered by these accumulated misfortunes, I was sinking beneath them; when it pleased Heaven to raise me up another friend to sooth and support me in this hour of trial—a Mr. Gordon, a gentleman of distinction in the Highlands, with whom I had become acquainted since my residence with my deceased friend, and who had often warmly pressed me to pay him a visit at his seat near Inverness.

“ This humane man no sooner heard of my distressed condition, than he flew to me on the wings of friendship, and, with the most delicate and refined humanity, endeavoured to alleviate my sorrows. He made me go with him to his house,

together with my two trusty domestics, who had so long been my faithful companions.—Here I continued till my mind became a little composed, when I was determined to spend the rest of my days in close retirement.—Mr. Gordon endeavoured to dissuade me from my purpose: but, when he found my resolution too firmly fixed to be removed, and that it was with evident pain I attended to his arguments, he forbore to say any thing further to me on the subject.

“ My friend's lands were very extensive: among them were several beautiful spots; particularly one in this valley, which I prevailed on Mr. Gordon to sell to me. Here I built this cottage; and, as I had still a considerable sum of money remaining of my Isabella's fortune, this faithful friend took charge of it; and, having furnished my cottage with every necessary which I wanted, I retired to this beloved spot, accompanied by the two attendants who had grown grey in my service, and who would not have quitted me for the wealth of worlds.

“ The seclusion of a man who had mixed so little with the world as I had done for many years, passed, as I wished, without observation; and I saw nobody but Mr. Gordon, who took care of all my worldly concerns. Here I devoted myself to moderate exercise, reading, and the contemplation of heaven, where rested all my treasure, and to which sacred asylum I look forward with the eagerness of a traveler, long weary of his journey; and here, with a most grateful heart, do I pay my humble thanks to that omnipotent Being; who bade peace once more to dwell in a mind long harrowed by affliction.—A kind of complacent joy now fills my heart; and I look forward with a serene pleasure to that hour when my spirit will be

permitted to join those that once were most dear to me, when on earth.

"I had not been long settled in my beloved retreat, when Death again raised his arm, and deprived me of my only surviving friend. Mr. Gordon left but one child, a daughter, then an infant, to inherit his immense possessions. He left her to the care of her mother, and a maternal uncle, who resides in England; and me also he joined in the trust: though, from my unacquaintance with the manners of the world, I could be of little service in directing the education of a young heiress.

"It was my friend's particular desire that his daughter should not go to England, till she was eighteen years of age. This was, most probably, his chief reason for nominating me one of the guardians, in the hope that I would see his dying injunctions fulfilled, as he apprehended, from Mrs. Gordon's known partiality for her brother, that she would be tempted to take her child over to him sooner than he wished. My young charge is now in France; and, as her education is nearly completed, I shall soon expect her return.

"On the death of my friend, it became necessary to look out for some person in whom I could confide, to manage my little concerns. Your host, the worthy M'Leod, appeared to me to be an eligible person: and he has proved, in every respect, faithful and trusty to me.

"I have now, my dear Middleton, brought my tale to a conclusion; and I think the recital of the incidents of my life well calculated to enforce this lesson—that we ought seriously and maturely to deliberate, ere we engage in any measure which may materially contribute to the happiness or misery of our future lives.

"You may, perhaps, wish to

know if I never received a more particular account relative to the death of my son. The young man I mentioned, never arrived in Scotland: he perished, as I suppose, either by the malady that had taken from me my poor boy and his patron, or on his voyage.—I was too deeply immersed in grief to make any further inquiries, or to interest myself about my son's effects, as the wealth of the Indies could now, alas! afford me no satisfaction. I, therefore, quietly let my friend's heir at law take possession of his property; this peaceful spot, and the means of satisfying the simple wants of nature, being all that I could enjoy."

Thus ends the tale of the Laird of Calderwood. Poor old man! his comforts in this world have been but few: it shall be my study to make the evening of his days peaceful and easy; and with this long story I will conclude this voluminous epistle. If it reaches you in one of those foggy mornings so peculiar to your part of our island, when I well know the denseness of the atmosphere, together with your cynical disposition, often oppresses you with spleen and care—should this long scroll, I say, reach you at such a time, it may possibly beguile an hour of languor.

Sydney, dear Sydney! how goes the gay world? for, though you do not associate much with it, you are not unacquainted with the tittle-tattle of the day. With respect to myself, Miss Lenox can never be forgotten. I need not her portrait, to remember her: to my mind's eye I can delineate her lovely features with greater exactness than the most skilful painter could do. Her idea accompanies me to the retreat of the Laird of Calderwood, and never quits me, even when I am scrambling over the bleak moor with my unpolished Highlanders.

Farewell, Sydney ! farewell ! Do not think unkindly of me because I cannot be every thing you wish.—
Yours for ever, E. MIDDLETON.

(*To be continued.*)

The DUTCH PATRIOTS
of the Sixteenth Century.
(*Continued from page 558.*)

MEANWHILE Aremberg, unable to repress the martial ardor that glows in his bosom, hastes to Alva's pavilion, where the principal chiefs are assembled.

"Alva!" says he, "I find it difficult to restrain the impatient valour of our veteran cohorts: those gallant warriors are heard to murmur aloud: instead of slowly attacking these ramparts, though certainly a worthy object for the display of their courage, they wish to engage William, his brethren, and the troops which accompany them. They say that the Spanish fleet, happy in braving the dangers which it has to encounter, and perhaps terminating the war by a single engagement, will acquire greater glory than the army of Alva. While I participate their ardor, my resentment of a personal affront concurs also in prompting me to approach you. The banks of Meuse witnessed my disgrace: at the moment when I was about to triumph over Adolphus, William struck my sword from my hand. We were separated by the thronging crowd; and on that occasion they conquered. But I promised to them—(of what consequence, whether my words reached their ears or not?)—I promised to myself, that I would again meet them on another theatre. Hitherto fate has prevented the performance of my promise:—in the battles to which they are now rushing, one of our warriors may, by stretching them on the plain, snatch from my hand an illustrious victory; and will not Wil-

liam then be said to have disarmed me for ever?

"Alva! if you regard my glory,—and perhaps, without too great presumption, I may be permitted to add, the glory of Spain—suffer me to challenge to single combat either Adolphus, or Lewis, or William—yes, warriors! William himself!—is William invincible?—This combat will allay the impatient ardor of our cohorts: my triumph will afford them a happy presage of the victory which they are to gain, as soon as the barrier is thrown open for the exertion of their valour; and whoever, in future ages the most remote, shall pass by this place, will say—'There fell one of the Nassaus under the sword of Aremberg.'"

Vitelli, Avila, Ferdinand, and all the other chiefs, start up, inflamed with jealousy, and prepared to dispute with him the honor of such a combat.—Alva, with stern severity on his brow, thus replied—

"Aremberg! it well befits a warrior to feel his bosom inflamed with courage: but he ought also to know how and when to bridle his impetuosity. A sufficient number of exploits have already emblazoned your renown, which will yet acquire new accessions of glory. William cannot tarnish their splendor; and neither envy nor daring audacity can diminish the lustre of the Spanish fame. Sparing of the blood of our friends, I shall continue to shed that of our enemies with the sword in the fields of war, and with the axe of justice on those scaffolds erected for criminals, whose conduct you have dared to defend, by refusing, in contempt of my orders, to assist at the spectacle. Learn to obey: I prohibit you to think of the combat you propose: your success would not subdue the Batavian; whereas your defeat (I am pleased to see you blush at the expression) would be less dis-

graceful to yourself, than fatal to Spain."

Aremberg retires full of indignation.—"What!" says he—"shall Aremberg tamely bear the affront he has received?—So Alva commands!—Happy those days of yore, when valour was unrestrained! when the warrior, without waiting till chance should present one of his enemies before him, went to seek the most formidable in distant countries, and traced out for himself the path to glory! when he was master of his own sword, and fought whenever he chose to fight!—But Aremberg dares to conquer: Alva loves glory: he will not be jealous of mine: he will himself applaud me. Besides, have I not sworn to my bride? does she not expect from my hand the sword of one of the Nassaus?"

Agitated by the tumult of these conflicting ideas, he no longer hears the voice of Alva, but as a distant whisper.—Thus a tree, assailed by two torrents rushing in opposite directions, and shaken to its roots, bends alternately on this side and on that—totters—requires now but a single shock to overturn it—when one of the torrents strikes it with its foamy waves—tears it up from its bed, and whirls it along to the deep abyss.

William, on board his vessel, sat in council with the principal chiefs of the army, deliberating on the means of introducing new succours into Leiden, now surrounded by a numerous host of enemies; when suddenly a Spanish herald arrives, whose demeanour announces fearless confidence.

"One of our most illustrious warriors," says he, "who cannot, in Alva's camp, brook the delay of the combat to which he aspires; has privately sent me to you. He will repair to the neighbouring shore, if

one of the Nassaus is willing to make trial of courage with him. You recognise him—the name of Aremberg is not unknown to you. He will make his appearance, armed with a formidable sword, to avenge an insult, which he has sworn to expiate in the blood of the hero who shall oppose him in the lists."

At these words, all the Nassaus start up, even the young Maurice, who in such a moment forgets his age. "In me, behold his opponent," exclaims Lewis—when Adolphus, interrupting him, "To me this contest belongs: we have already begun it; and, though he has not named me, 'tis me that Aremberg expects. Were Lewis to take my place, my enemy would say, 'Adolphus is happy in having brothers: the one rescues him from death in the heat of battle; the other terminates the deadly strife.'—Lewis! thy courage conducts thee to certain glory: do not snatch that which is due to me: or, if I am doomed to fall—for, without fearing, I am well acquainted with, the valour of Aremberg—let the Batavians still reckon thee among the number of their remaining defenders."

Hereupon William addresses the herald—"Return," says he, "to the warrior who sent thee: tell him that every individual here is eager to meet him in the lists, and that I alone restrain their impetuosity. The Batavian blood must not be shed, except for the service of our country; and the proposed combat cannot decide her fate. Let Aremberg patiently await the course of events: perhaps he may soon see a field opened before him, where he will find occasion for his utmost courage."

The herald withdraws, and returns to the Spanish camp.

As soon as Phœbus, after his diurnal round, has laved his panting

steeds in the western main, William selects the flower of his warriors, and, leaving under the command of Boisot a part of his fleet to elude the vigilance of the enemy's squadron, he sails with a small but formidable band toward the walls of Leiden. He soon approaches the shore, treads the strand, and, like a deep stream which flows in silence, urges forward his hasty march. The chiefs who are to second him in the important enterprise he has in contemplation, boldly take their stations at the head of the troops intrusted to their command. If these battalions are inferior in number to the Spanish legions, their courage, and their ardent zeal for the cause in which they are engaged, inspire them with more than mortal strength.

By the early dawn of approaching morn, Arenberg is the first to descri the Batavian banners. Impatient for the combat, he eagerly rushes forward to reconnoitre those troops, in the hope of finding among them one of William's brothers—a hope, which is soon realised, when, at the head of the advancing cohorts, he sees their standard waving in the wind, which displays the favorite motto of the Nassaus—"All for our country."

Aurora was now beginning to purple the eastern horizon, when Adolphus and his gallant band attacked the cohort commanded by Arenberg. Arenberg meets the shock with impetuous valour: like the lightning which rends on every side a dark mass of clouds, that warrior, rushing in various directions, opens himself every-where a passage through the ranks by the terror of his sword—with eager eye seeks Adolphus—and loudly calls on him by name. "Adolphus!" he cries—"Adolphus! thy courage, no doubt, urges thee forward to meet me. Advance

to engage me in spite of William's prohibition, as I shall engage thee in spite of the prohibition of Alva." Scarcely has he spoken, when Adolphus appears in his sight. The warring hosts, notwithstanding the rage by which they are animated, suspend the martial strife, and fix their eyes on those youthful heroes, whose fate they seem to regard as a presage of that which awaits the two armies.

"Illustrious warrior!" says Arenberg, "that thou may'st encounter me with an ardor equal to mine, learn that I have bound myself by a solemn oath to carry thy sword to my youthful bride. Let an oath also animate thee to victory.—If thou fall under my steel, I will not suffer any outrage to be offered to thy remains: but thou shalt receive the rites of honorable sepulture, either from my hand or from those of thy brother: I will pull down any scaffold that may be erected for the ignominious exposure of thy head, even though it should be instantly re-erected for my own execution; and I will fight in defence of thy tomb, with equal zeal as I now intend to fight against thee.—If thou be victorious, suffer not hatred to supersede the established laws of humanity, of justice, and of honor."

"And I," answered Adolphus—"I swear to my country—the chief, the strongest tie by which a patriot can be bound—that I will this day prove myself worthy to undertake her defence. When I pronounce this oath in thy presence, I think I equal thee in generosity. I accept the terms which thou proposest, and congratulate myself on meeting an adversary who merits my esteem. Before yon sun has performed his daily round, a brother or a bride will shed tears."

He said; and, shielded with their bucklers, they cross their swords:

the Spaniard and the Batavian boil with equal rage: valour and dexterity aim and ward off repeated strokes. Aremberg is eager to sustain his former renown, and determined not to appear in Alva's presence, unless crowned with the laurels of victory. Adolphus, stimulated by equal thirst of fame, burns to signalise one of his first and most illustrious combats, and recollects that he is brother to William. The Spaniard is practised in the perils of war: the Batavian resembles a young lion that has not yet exhaled his juvenile rage.

Victory hovered over the combatants with uncertain wing. The goddess held in her hand a laurel wreath, and seemed inclined to place it now on the head of Aremberg, now on the temples of Adolphus: again she let it hang suspended between them; as if to crown them both; when suddenly the sword of Adolphus, whether through the defect of its temper or the interference of some superior power, flew in shivers, and strewed the ground with its glittering fragments. At the sight, pale horror freezes the blood of the Batavians; and the young warrior, now defenceless, expects instant death. But Aremberg, cool and collected, exclaims—"Take another weapon: blind chance is not to be the arbiter of this contest."

Adolphus casts on his enemy a look of grateful acknowledgement, and, receiving a sword from the hand of one of his friends, recommences the combat with diminished ardor against so generous an adversary. The circumstance does not escape the penetrating eye of Aremberg, who, on the other hand, becomes less urgent in his attacks. Lately stimulated by equal animosity, they are now equally mollified,

and seem to have drawn their swords only for a mutual display of dexterity.

Meanwhile the shrill clang of trumpets assails the ear of Aremberg, and he sees Alva advancing. At the same instant his warm fancy represents to him his bride conjuring him not to yield the victory. "Yes!" he exclaims—"thou shalt receive the sword of my adversary!--Adolphus! stand on thy guard!" At these words the lightning flashed from his eyes; and suddenly their swords, whirled in rapid vibrations, like the quivering tongues of serpents, seem to be multiplied in number, and in their rude collisions emit sparks of fire. Apprehensive of being separated by the combatants who on either side crowd to the spot to drench the dust with blood—and having barely time for a few more blows—they redouble their ardor. Aremberg! 'twas thy good fortune to seize a favorable moment; and the blood of Adolphus stains thy glowing steel.—He totters:—at that instant William arrives, beholds his brother feebly grasping the sword in his trembling hand, and ready to fall at the feet of his assailant.—"Adolphus!" he exclaims in the accent of grief and reproach: when, lo! as if a celestial voice had echoed from the clouds, the heart of the youthful warrior is instantly re-animated; and, for a few moments, he repels the cold hand of Death. Concentring all his strength in one mighty effort, he plunges his sword into the bosom of Aremberg—falls on the plain—and Aremberg falls by his side.

Thus stretched in the dust, and sharing the honors of a victory which neither could exclusively obtain, they view each other with an eye of satisfaction; and, as two torrents, after a furious struggle which made

the forests and the mountains tremble, unite their confluent waves, and proceed with steady tranquil course to mingle their waters with the ocean—the two warriors mingle in one stream their flowing blood—close their eyes at the same moment—and at the same moment breathe forth their souls, which soar together to the celestial abodes.

(To be continued.)

The ADOPTED CHILD.

(Continued from page 561.)

LADY Bell's greeting was consonant with the established mode of modern friendship:—as soon as she had, with breathless haste, expressed the superlative happiness she felt at finding the marchioness at home, she turned to the marquis, with peculiar softness, and requested that he would indulge her with an account of Manby's gala.—“I am dying,” said she, “to hear all about it. How did the sweet Lady Delafonte look? Quite charming, no doubt.—Was Mrs. Montague's pet there? Did that votary of Apollo, the elegant Bellarmine, chant any episodes to the little divinity? Oh! tell me all! I have just five minutes to spare: and I shall be *ennuïée* the whole day, if your lordship does not speedily gratify me.”

Lady Bell forgot that the multiplicity of her questions required more time to answer than she could possibly devote: and, not conceiving her ladyship had any particular interest in his reply, the marquis summed up the whole by saying that the entertainment was magnificent.

“*Magnifique!* Ah! I did not doubt it: but, pray, was that offspring of a plum, the odious grocer's son, dangling, as usual, after Miss Cavendish?”

The marquis was disconcerted: the marchioness's brow contracted

at the idea of a plebeian; and, without giving the marquis time to reply, she expressed her astonishment at Sir William Manby's impropriety in inviting so mean a personage to his house.

“As to that,” said Lady Bell, blushing, “young Tudway is most elegantly accomplished: he is the friend of Bellarmine, has an immense fortune, and lives in brilliant style. His ponies are the sweetest things in nature: and the illiberal distinctions of birth are, in this enlightened age, totally done away.”

“You are mistaken, madam,” answered the marchioness, haughtily. “The fallacious arguments of the levelers will never be sanctioned by the approbation of nobility. Distinctions are necessary. Were the system of these bold invaders to be encouraged, anarchy and confusion, in all societies, would be the endless consequence.—Sabordination is requisite.—Man was made subservient to man, for wise and laudable purposes.”

“Your ladyship, then,” said Lady Bell ironically, “has no idea of the delightful unity of mind—the parity of sentiment—the”

“Delusion all!” said the marchioness—“a jargon unintelligible even to the minds of those who utter it, and which will be found destructive in its operation.”

“Well! be it so,” replied Lady Bell—“I am not disposed to argue the point.—And now, my dear marquis, tell me But, I forgot that Lady Blandise is most impatiently waiting for me: I shall tell her the gala was divine.—Adieu, my dear marchioness.”—Saying these words, away she tripped, leaving the marquis to the enjoyment of what he most detested—a *tête-à-tête* with his lady.

A few days brought my Lord Macduff to Spa.—He was in reality,

as the marchioness had intimated, the favorite friend and companion of her lord: but the bond of amity which united them, was composed of none of those ingredients which formed the faithful friendship of that ancient pair, to whom she had so injudiciously compared them. Ambition on the one side, and interest on the other, cemented an intimacy, which the breath of policy could dissolve in an instant. It was like the morning vapor, which the rays of the sun speedily chases away.

Lord Macduff possessed a thorough knowledge of the various intricate windings in the road to preferment; having well profited by the lessons of his father, who was the illegitimate son of the uncle of Lady Almeria Bulstrode, and who had himself trodden that slippery and dangerous road with such uncommon success, that, in the course of a few years, he attained the summit of his wishes. The subtilty of his genius, which could assimilate itself to every taste, had recommended him to the notice of the marquis's father, whose recommendation was his passport to the great metropolis. The sphere he now moved in afforded ample space for the exercise of his genius: he was tutor to the son of a wealthy nobleman; and the soil which he cultivated, yielded a plentiful harvest.—His patron's liberality exceeded even his most sanguine expectations; and, in a few years, he became the joyful possessor of a title, which sunk a name that he had long wished consigned to the shades of oblivion.—His title was his introduction to the daughter of a rich commoner, and the present lord was the first and only fruit of their union.—Lady Macduff did not long enjoy her dear-bought honors; she died in the second year of her marriage, of an epidemic fever.

Under so able an instructor, it is not to be wondered at, that the young Macduff became an early adept in the science of deception. Vain, conceited, ignorant, and brutal, he was, when a boy, the detestation of his companions, and the scourge of his father's domestics. To torture every unoffending animal that did not immediately obey those commands which reason never designed they should comprehend—to forge tales of falsehood, and promote eternal discord—were the sole propensities of his early youth. As he advanced in years, that science, in which he was so able a proficient, taught him the necessity of concealing, as much as possible, these odious traits in his disposition.—Behold him therefore, at the age of twenty-four, returned from his travels, in the estimation of the world a worthy character. Every avenue to his heart was carefully closed; and no one could boast of ever having been admitted to a participation of its secrets. Every sentiment he uttered was clothed in borrowed language, and never reflected the least glimmering of light by which his hearers could trace their way to the deep recesses of a mind enveloped by darkness and obscurity. Had his actions been guarded with equal skill, the most penetrating observer could never have discerned what, at this period of his arrival at Spa, he literally was.

He was now in his forty-fifth year, and had been, almost twenty years, the possessor of his father's Gothic abbey.—While his conduct in public was plausibly specious, he privately indulged in intemperate excesses, which required greater pecuniary resources than his hereditary income could furnish. The deficiency, however, was supplied by his skill and success in gaming: for to that art

he devoted the greatest part of his time. At hazard, billiards, and on the turf at Newmarket, he was the most fortunate of men; and he had recently evinced his skill in piquet, by extracting from the marquis (who was by no means a match for him) very inconvenient sums, which he was now come to Spa for the benevolent purpose of losing again, because, at this juncture, he found the countenance of the marquis essentially necessary to his consequence.

Had the marquis traversed the globe in search of an humble parasite, he could not have found one more devoted and abject than Lord Macduff; for those vices and foibles, for which the more independent part of mankind despised and execrated him, were flattered and applauded by his accommodating lordship.

The marchioness could not forget the obscurity of his gentility: and this ancestral defect was, in her estimation, rendered still more glaring and odious by the knowledge which she had acquired of his private irregularities.—In her presence, he was sure always to feel the meanness of his origin: he had sought, by the most profound veneration, to remove her prejudices, and conciliate her favor: but the marchioness's pride was not of that kind which could be either flattered by submission or subdued by argument: it was an inherent principle, which had grown with her strength; and, as it had placed its foundation on virtue, so virtuous actions could alone remove her invincible antipathy to a mean extraction.

Lord Macduff had been more than a month at Spa, before he found it convenient to suffer the marquis to take his promised revenge. At last the evening arrived, which he had devoted to that purpose; and the marquis was, in the moment of exultation, eagerly anticipating the cer-

tainty of conquest, when Mr. Tudway was most unseasonably announced. In consequence of this unfortunate interruption, the visible but intangible victory of the marquis eluded his grasp for ever.

The fine figure and graceful address of young Tudway, as he politely apologised for the abruptness of his intrusion, drew a smile of gracious condescension from Lord Macduff; and, while he recapitulated his intelligence of Miss Cavendish's being under the protection of the marquis, his discerning lordship marked the perturbation reluctantly expressed in the countenance of his noble friend, as he denied having any knowledge of the lady. Tudway said he had received his information from undoubted authority, and then entered into so animated a description of Marina's beauty and merit, as sufficiently apologised, in the mind of Lord Macduff, for the deep interest he took in her discovery.

The marquis coldly replied, that, from whatever quarter he had received his information, he was most egregiously misinformed; and Tudway, unable to obtain any other answer, was obliged to take his leave—secretly execrating that duplicity which conveyed so cruel a disappointment to his hopes.

As the door closed on young Tudway, Lord Macduff cast his penetrating eyes upon the marquis, and beheld the inward struggle of his soul. To extort a confession which was perhaps humiliating, was a delicate task: but the feelings of Lord Macduff were more than equal to the trial.—“Your lordship has seen that interesting beauty,” said he with a cautious smile. “Has this young lover been a flattering painter? or is the fair original equal to his highly-varnished portrait?”

“She excels it,” said the mar-

quis: but he seemed disposed to drop the conversation; for a silence of some moments ensued.

The curiosity of Lord Macduff was now more than ever excited; and it was not to be so easily repelled.—“With what confidence,” he continued, “the peremptory gentleman asserted that she was under your protection!”—This insinuation exceeded his most sanguine wishes. “Concealments are injurious to friendship;” and the marquis, with this preface, disburdened himself of a secret which had long been very troublesome; and Lord Macduff, he thought, might instruct him how to dispose of Marina. The whole story, save only the legitimacy of her birth, and where he had concealed her, was therefore told to his lordship, whose praises for his benevolent care of his own offspring instantly followed the prolix detail; and the most fervent protestations of secrecy and fidelity immediately succeeded: he “would reflect on the most eligible mode of providing for her; and his dear and noble friend should be informed of the result of his cogitation.” And now he gently reverted to their unfinished game, which as the story he had just heard rendered it more expedient for him to win, his generous intentions were delayed till a more convenient opportunity.—The marquis lost considerably; and Lord Macduff entreated that he would appropriate an early day for taking his revenge.—The day soon arrived; but the promised revenge was further off than ever. What was at first mere *badinage*, became now a serious game; and the marquis’s losses were of sufficient magnitude to make him not only look serious, but feel greatly alarmed.

“I am positively, my lord marquis,” said his considerate opponent, “for the first time in my life, grieved

at my success. I have frequently lost my mother’s jewels, and the family plate, though fortunate enough to win them back again. Suppose, that, for our next stake, we play for your lovely daughter?—If I win her, your lordship’s debt shall be canceled: if I lose her, it only remains as it is.”

The marquis started. It was a proposition so extraordinary, so singular, that even the remembrance of his immense debt was for a moment superseded by the value of the stake, which his wary and subtle friend proposed as an equivalent.—“My daughter!” he echoed, as he gazed with astonishment at his lordship.

The look with which the latter felt himself measured, only more fully convinced him of the value of the conquest. “Yes!” he replied, immediately comprehending the extent of the marquis’s meaning—“your daughter, my lord! and your faithful Macduff will think himself highly honored by her acceptance of the title of Macduff.—It is true, I have never hitherto bestowed a thought on marriage: but so lovely a creature, and your lordship’s daughter, would subdue even the most inveterate prejudice to that formidable state.”

What passed in the marquis’s mind at this moment, it would be difficult to determine: whatever it was, he certainly concluded that fifty thousand pounds was an enormous sum, and accordingly consented to play for his own daughter; and Lord Macduff won the game!

From this moment, the lovely Marica, matchless in purity as in beauty, was destined to be the wife of that Caledonian Machiavel: but he was obliged to restrain the impatience of his nature, and yield to the inflexible resolution of the marquis, who had determined not to introduce him till the period arrived for paying his

customary visit at Belvoir. In the mean time he endeavoured, by an increase of attention, and gentle obscure hints, to prepare the marchioness for the discovery of this new-found daughter.

The marchioness received his cautious innuendoes with more benignity than he had expected; and he was on the eve of gratifying her high-raised expectations, when a letter from his trusty confidante, Mrs. Brown, retarded the execution of his well-formed scheme. The intelligence it conveyed was of so alarming a nature, that he immediately communicated to the transported Macduff his intention of setting off that very evening for Belvoir.—For this sudden departure, he alleged, as an excuse to the marchioness, some political business, which indispensably required his immediate presence in London.

(To be continued.)

The Miser.

A Fragment.

CAN the pencil of the painter, or the fancy of the poet, picture a more contemptible object than a miser? I saw, just now, a man who well merits that appellation. Famine, as Shakspeare observes, was in his face, and beggary upon his back. As he passed, he gave me a suspicious glance. Cold distrust and anxious solicitude appeared in every feature. This hapless wretch, though possessed of thousands, denies himself the comfortable necessities of life—cannot relish them: the cruel idea of what they cost would mar his peace, and spoil his appetite. His avaricious pursuits have so wholly engrossed his mind, that he is a stranger to the interesting satisfactions of social intercourse. Friendship, without which, life is an unsocial scene indeed, has no charms for him; and he has long

discarded love from his bosom, because the gentle deity refused to tip his arrows with gold. We'll attend the sordid muckworm—at least in idea—to his miserable abode; where no tender helpmate fondly welcomes him with the smile of complacency, no lisping prattlers, with engaging officiousness, draw his chair to the dear fire-side, nor earnestly contend who shall bear his hat away. Instead of these endearments, which oft have blunted the dart of misfortune, and soothed the breast wounded by base ingratitude, there appears an antique female, whose squalid visage and grotesque form might lead an attentive observer to exclaim, like Banquo, in Macbeth,

“Who is this,
That looks not like an habitant o’ th’ earth,
Yet still is on’t?”

But still mark that disciple of Plutus—her penurious master. Sedulously attached to the arts of parsimony and accumulation, the day moves cheerless, and Sol sinks unheeded in the western ocean. Night befriends him not: sleep, that balm of nature, sheds but partially her opiate dews on him.—The ship-boy on the mast can enjoy sweet rest: the centinel, worn out with watchings, can repose on his arms: but the miser is denied a full enjoyment of this refreshing relaxation. While the peasant is sunk in downy slumbers, the wakeful eye of this son of Mammon is rarely closed. Care keeps watch on his eye-lids, and “murders sleep.” Oft he quits his couch, and visits the capacious chest which contains his treasure, to see if the “glittering seeds of care” are safe.—Again he reclines his head on his pillow, invoking the gentle power of sleep to be propitious, and srew his poppies over him. Should Somnus hear his petition, his fancy never enters “the paradise of happy

dreams; but frightful visions of midnight robbers terrify his imagination, till the shades of night retire, and morn unbars the gates of light.

Should he take a retrospective glance on the past, what comfort or consolation can he gather thence? He has never soothed with kind attention misfortune's way-worn child: no helpless orphan has, by him, been lifted up into life: no widow's heart, through his instrumentality, has sung for joy: but—unhappy reverse! perhaps conscience, that troublesome inmate, will hint, that the victim of adversity has been crushed by the weight of his unfeeling hand; that he has wronged the fatherless, and robbed her who had lost her affectionate protector.

What are his present joys?—His heart never bounds at the grateful reflexion that he has been lessening the aggregate of human misery, rousing to action the depressed and nerveless mind, or brightening with a smile the face lately watered with the unavailing tear.

If he look to the future, what a gloomy perspective? He is hastening, as fast as revolving seasons can perform their periodic revolutions, to that awful crisis, when he must bid an everlasting adieu to the idol of his adoration—his beloved gold; and must appear at the tribunal of an omnipotent Judge, where the misuse of riches must be accounted for, and will be severely punished.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

The CLOSE of the YEAR.

"In groundless hope and causeless fear,
Unhappy man, behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom!"

Dr. Johnson.

ANOTHER year is drawing to a close; another lapse of time is added to our age, and bids us again look

round us, and recollect its occurrences. Relatives, friends, neighbours, and enemies, have alike dropped into the grave; and, with them, are buried the love, the regard, the good wishes, and the hatred, which they may have excited in our breasts. It is now a season of the year, when

"No more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flow'r of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

"The lingering hours prolong the night;
Usurping darkness shares the day;
Her mists restrain the force of light;
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway."

These gloomy moments cannot fail to remind man that his life is but a season; that infancy is its spring, youth its summer, manhood its autumn, and age its winter; and reason tells him, that, beyond that winter, no earthly spring awaits him:—

"Man's second spring is heav'n."

Such a recollection should teach us to be humble, should calm all the violent emotions of our breasts, and inspire us with a determination to begin the new year with new hearts, and new feelings of gratitude to the almighty Disposer of events, for permitting us to remain a little longer here, that we may the better prepare ourselves for an hereafter. Let us remember, that

"Procrastination is the thief of time:
Year, after year, it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene."

Young.

So valuable is time! yet it is sported with, as is the gossamer by the Zephyr of summer. Too often, we improve not by the important events that are daily occurring: we see our friends depart, but fondly hope the gaunt destroyer is far from ourselves; for a short time, we deeply feel for their loss; but we soon forget to grieve; and,

"As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,"
so do the wounds of our hearts often
close; and the fear of approaching
death is subdued. Yet methinks
'tis happy for us that it is so: most
minds would be too weak for a con-
stant contemplation on the grim de-
stroyer: the gloom it would occasion,
must unfit them for the active and
social intercourse so necessary in this
sublunary scene. But still let us
watch with eagle eye the departure
of time, so that, when the awful hour
arrives, (for

"Death will come when it will come")
we may be free from that shudder-
ing dread of the future, which awaits
the exit of the guilty soul. And this
calmness of mind is only to be gained
by improving time as it passes.

"Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all that makes archangel's
smile.

Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A pow'r ethereal, only not ador'd!

Moments seize.
Hear'n's on their wing. A moment we
may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy."

Young.

The fate of humble men is inter-
esting to the humble; and every year
is full of strange occurrences in hum-
ble life: but the year, now depart-
ing, has been big with the fate of
empires: it has seen more in its rap-
id flight than many preceding years
have witnessed. In its beginning it
beheld Tyranny, untaught by the
misfortunes which its own bad pas-
sions had then drawn down upon it,
sending forth armies to crush the
liberties of the surrounding nations;
and all good men were full of fears,
lest it should succeed; but that om-
niscient Ruler of the universe, who
had for years suffered the tyrant to
spread terror and dismay before him,
has crumbled, in the progress of one

short year, his power away; has
snatched groaning man from his
grasp, and given the mandate for
liberty's return.

Never again may we have to say
with Ogilvie,

"Oh! tell, why, wrapp'd in grandeur's
floating robe,
Vice mounts her throne; while trembling
at the bar
Stands Innocence appall'd! Tell, why the
haud
Of strutting Impudence, unlicens'd, grasps
The palm of Worth, and with indignant
brow
Looks down, while meek-ey'd Modesty,
dismay'd,
Muffles her cheek in crimson, and retires,
'To blush in silence? why thy purple ear,
High-plum'd Ambition, bathes its rolling
wheels
In blood, and o'er pale Virtue's streaming
corse
Rapid and madd'ning springs: to reach the
goal?"

December 10.

J. M. LACEY.

The VALUE of LIFE.

AN accurate appreciation of life,
a just sense of the value of that ex-
istence with which we are endowed,
is requisite for every human being;
and yet how few of us know any thing
respecting it! how few even attempt
the attainment of such a knowledge!
Every one, however, who reasons
rightly, feels that he is interested in
forming an estimation of himself, and
hardly wishes with more anxiety for
a proper enjoyment of life, than to
attain a proper knowledge of its
worth: and truly such a knowledge
would contribute more to the spend-
ing of a happy existence, than almost
any thing else.

In how different colors has life
been painted by different men, who
have written on it! In every age,
and in almost every clime, have been
found men, who have, according to
the feelings of their own minds, de-
picted life as a voyage of misery, or
as a journey of pleasure and delight.

Nor have there been wanting numerous advocates for both parties:—the melancholy man would follow the impulse of his own gloomy imagination, and, in perusing the lucubrations of the morose philosopher, give him his hearty assent; while, on the other hand, the gay and cheerful-minded man, in reading the effusions of the writer whose mind was in unison with his own, would as certainly and as cordially follow his opinions. Too often men consult their passions, and not their reason, in judging of life; and thus, according to the gay or gloomy mood they happen to be in, pronounce it either a state of misery, or of joy.

The passions, in every circumstance of life, have too great a share: but the author of our being, in giving us feelings which would enliven or depress the mind, never intended that they should be superior to that first and best of his gifts to man—reason. This should control the passions, when they appear to be guiding us into the regions of excess. The passions are like a fire, which, when properly kept under, is of the greatest utility; but, if once suffered to obtain the mastery, spreads terror and desolation in its course. But, alas! to possess passions, and to govern those passions, is almost impossible; or to form a just judgement of the value of life, while under the influence of our feelings; and where is the man, who is not at times more or less under their domination, and frequently when he least thinks so? Seldom, if ever, are we so free from feeling, as to be able to reason accurately respecting ourselves; and, when we feel deeply, we are still less in a condition so to reason. In attempting it, we should not set that value on life, which its real advantages and disadvantages would dictate; but should infallibly either

exalt it much, very much, above its true value, in consequence of some present emotion of delight; or, on the contrary, reduce it as much below its true standard, owing to the depression occasioned by some recent occurrence which has given us pain.

When a man sits down to write on the subject under consideration, it is more than probable, that, in the very outset, he deceives himself; and sends forth a production calculated to deceive others also: for, if we trace diligently, we shall find that almost all who have so written, have, in giving what they called a description of human life, been in reality giving to the world a picture of their own sensations at the time of writing; and, consequently, as their passions differed at the time, so will their opinions be found to differ; and, in perusing such works, it will be quite necessary to steer a middle course, and neither yield too much to the gloom of one writer nor to the gaiety of another: but to look upon their opinions, if violent, as the extremes of argument each way, and endeavour to find the just medium between them.

If we were to judge from the tenor of the works of writers on this subject, the dark would be deemed the more prevalent color of human life: but this decision would prove erroneous: indeed it would be an unfair judgement; for I am confidently of opinion that the happiest men seldom think of amusing the world with a description of their delightful sensations: they are so perfectly satisfied in the enjoyment of their happiness, that they think of little beyond it; whereas the son of misery, who has not perhaps a friend to console him in the world, left alone to the bitterness and poignancy of his own feelings, has at least a solita-

ry pleasure in pouring them forth in writing. Sorrow is predominant in his soul; and his writings insensibly take a tinge from it: he describes human nature in picturing his own sufferings; and we mostly find that affliction gives to language a sublimity of expression with which joy is unacquainted. To this circumstance it is that we are indebted for the number of excellent and superior writers who have employed their pens on serious subjects.

To conclude this essay, I will quote a few lines from an anonymous author, who, in speaking of how a judgement of human life is to be formed, says, "We must divest ourselves of partiality to the present moment, in order to be in a state to judge of the past; and, if we would form any tolerably adequate idea of the whole, so far as our particular experience will permit, before us. It is from the balancing of its pleasures against its pains in the general account, that we are to determine what we have found it: but, when we have done this, we are far from knowing what it truly is. We see it not in its own form, but in that into which our passions have distorted it: we have opportunity, now the hurry and intemperance of those passions is over, to reflect how they misguided us, and perverted its due course, we can now submit to the determination of reason, what ought to have been our conduct under the several circumstances; and the same reason will inform us, what would have been the consequences, if those passions had been less predominant at the several periods. We are to judge from this which might have happened, not from that which has, what title life claims to our approbation, or distaste; and it is from this ideal repre-

sentation only, that we can arrive at a knowledge of its true value."

J. M. LACEY.

Thoughts on PRIDE.

"Be deaf, O man! to the insinuations of pride. It is the poisonous weed of the heart, that suffers not a flower of beauty or fragrance to bloom near it."

Dr. Wolcot.

WHAT a baneful thing is pride, when once it has obtained the absolute dominion of the heart! Not only does it inflict its punishments on those who are poor and wretched, and consequently subjected in a great measure to "the proud man's contumely, the rich man's scorn;" but its inflictions are almost as severe, nay more so in many instances, if not in most, upon the possessors of it. It renders their own hearts more miserable, than it does those of the poor beings upon whom they frown. Like Haman, whose character we find in Scripture, who, though placed upon the very pinnacle of worldly greatness, found his pride so deeply wounded by one dignified spirit which would not humble itself before him—though the possessor of that spirit was a man so very far his inferior, as to be otherwise infinitely beneath his notice—that, when the poor despised Mordecai did him no homage, he was driven, after a recapitulation of all his greatness and his glory, to confess, in the bitterness of his wounded pride, "yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate." This is a strong lesson for proud men. In speaking of pride, however, I would not be understood as censuring that proper and decent pride which every man should feel, and which should keep him from mingling with infamous characters; which should teach him to

be above doing a bad action; and which, in short, should make him—what every man ought to be—just and honorable. The pride I would censure, is that, which, swollen by the adventitious circumstances of wealth or worldly greatness, spurs from before its lordly footstool every being whom it considers as an inferior, however worth may recommend, or sufferings plead for him. Such pride as this is quite unallied to that nobler species above named; and, although so full of seeming dignity, it would, for the advancement of its worldly glory, stoop to acts of meanness and degradation, provided that the world were unacquainted with them, which a just and honorable man would blush and shudder at.

“Of all the causes which conspire to
blind
Man’s erring judgement, and misguide the
mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias
rule,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful
pride:
For, as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell’d
with wind.
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our
defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud
away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself: but, your defects to
know,
Make use of ev’ry friend, and ev’ry foe.”

Pope.

How just is the last idea of Pope in the preceding lines! To know ourselves properly, we ought indeed to “make use of every friend and every foe.” The flattery of some friends is as likely to be false, as the censure of our foes; and pride of every sort most greedily feeds on flattery. The man who oppresses all

around him, will have flatterers who will paint his deeds in an amiable light. The devastator of nations—he who has waded through blood, to an eminence of fearful height—he, too, will have flatterers, to sound forth his actions of infamy to the ends of the world, as deeds of glory unparalleled, of goodness unrivaled. And is not pride, fierce and ungovernable pride, the instigator of such men to perpetrate such deeds?

But, alas! how little do we know our own hearts! There are at this moment thousands of men, and tens of thousands, who, with feelings of abhorrence, shrink from the perusal of the horrors committed by infuriate pride; but who, nevertheless, if they had been tempted by a course of unhallowed prosperity as the doers of such deeds have been, would have sinned like them. They have gone on in a low and limited sphere of life, where the violent passions which they possess have never been called into play; or, if they have ever felt an impulse to exert them, their humble situation, and the fear of consequences, have checked the impulse in its very birth. Myriads of men have passed through life in this way, without having their characters properly appreciated. True it is, that, mingled with these myriads, have been numerous men, who would have been both great and good, had their lot in life called them to situations where they might have had an opportunity and the means of displaying their good qualities.

Let us then keep a strict watch on our own hearts: let us repress the first risings of pride—recollecting that the progress of every vice is gradual, and pride is one of the worst. Never did it happen that a man became completely the slave of any bad passion all at once; we become acquainted with vice by de-

grees, till at last, if the mind be not strong and well guarded, the subtle poison is spread completely over the soul.

J. M. LACEY.

Anecdotes of PETER the GREAT.

(Continued from page 544.)

PETER had already reigned many years, when he was seised, at the age of fifteen, with a disorder which threatened his life. A deputation was sent to him, to entreat a pardon for nine criminals condemned to suffer death, in order that, according to custom, they might pray for the preservation of his life. At this request, the Czar, apparently dying, looked round, and said to the magistrates who had been deputed to him, "What do you ask of me? If I were to spare the lives of wretches who have trampled under foot all laws, both human and divine, I should myself commit a crime, and should, in my own eyes, be unworthy of again beholding the light of day; on the contrary, I hope to merit the divine mercy by performing an act of justice; and I order you to depart immediately, and cause the sentence of death to be executed on those nine criminals."

The Czar was in Sweden, besieging Narva: wide breaches had been made in the walls: the ramparts were thrown down: the besieged, though pressed on all sides, and without hope of succour, still refused to surrender. Peter gave orders for the assault.—Horn, the commander of the place, at last hoisted the white flag: but it was too late: the Russians, already masters of the ramparts, rushed into the town, and were putting every one to the sword. Blood was flowing in every quarter. Peter saw, and wished to stop, these massacres; he commanded; he threatened; but in vain: he was obliged to fall upon his own soldiers,

to put a stop to their ferocity: and at last he restored them to order. When Horn, the commander of the place, was brought before him, he went up to him, with his naked sword in his hand, and gave him a box on the ear. "Why, wretch," said he, "did you hoist your flag so late? was it that your wives and children might be massacred? Look at this sword; it is not with the blood of the Swedes that it is stained, but with that of my own soldiers; you have reduced me to this cruel extremity, to save your life and the lives of your fellow-citizens."

Polbajaroff, one of his *valets de chambre*, being jealous of his wife, resolved to revenge himself upon her. He pretended, one day, in presence of the emperor, to pity her very much, complaining that she was dreadfully afflicted with the tooth-ache. The Czar, who liked nothing better than an opportunity of displaying his skill, said to him, "Come along, lead me to your wife, I will soon cure her: I will pull out her tooth for her*." As soon as the Czar was conducted to her, he made her open her mouth, and asked her which tooth gave her pain. "None," answered she.—"Sire," replied Polbajaroff, "that is her way; as soon as any one attempts to relieve her by pulling out her tooth, she declares she feels no pain. Look, sire, there is the bad tooth." The Czar desired him to hold his wife's head, took out his pincers, and having forcibly opened her mouth, fitted the instrument on the tooth, and drew it out. Some days afterwards, the Czar was informed that the young woman

* The ruling passion of this monarch was an attachment to all the useful arts, especially navigation, building, turning, and surgery. He was a phlebotomist, drew teeth, tapped for the dropsy, and performed several other surgical operations.

had not had the tooth-ache; and that the tooth he had extracted was perfectly sound; and learning that it was a trick of her husband's, punished him with a severe beating.

(*To be continued.*)

Picture of MESSINA.

(*From Dr. Irvine's "Letters on Sicily."*)

MESSINA is now a city of considerable size, and is said to contain nearly 100,000 inhabitants. Since the arrival of the English, it has increased very much, and is daily growing larger. Buildings go on, on every side; notwithstanding which, houses are very scarce. Before our troops garrisoned this place, the scene was altogether different: many houses were unoccupied, and consequently no new ones were erecting; but the influx of English capital has done wonders. Inhabitants flock now from every part of Sicily: commerce flourishes to as great an extent as it can under a system singularly oppressive and absurd; and a general air of prosperity pervades Messina. Yet a stranger is greatly disappointed on his entrance. The streets are narrow, dirty, and inconvenient; and the houses so ill fitted up, as to appear to us extremely shabby. A foot pavement, or a path even for passengers, is no-where to be seen; and the only exit for the water which falls in rain, or is thrown from the houses, is along a hollow in the middle of the street. The streets are paved with large flat stones, kept, for the most part, in very bad repair; so that the stream, which flows in the wet season along the middle, is occasionally diverted partially from its course, and collects most picturesquely into lakes, little to the accommodation of pedestrians.

The ground-floor of the houses is universally occupied by shops. Among all the princes, dukes, and

barons, that swarm in Messina, I hardly know one whose house forms an exception to this observation. The Duke of Bel Viso possesses a "*palazzo*"—as every decent habitation is here called—that stands in the square of the Annuntiata. It has a large entrance and staircase in front, by which he ascends to what we call the first floor. Below this are the shops of several blacksmiths, who exercise their Cyclopean art at hours very untimely for my habits; for, while I lived in the neighbourhood, which I did for a short time after my arrival here, I could never sleep after five in the morning. Besides these sons of Vulcan, a cook's shop and a furniture-broker's display their attractive wares to ornament this ducal mansion; sundry old washerwomen complete the picture by hanging their ropes to the palace, on which are suspended all sorts of clean, half-clean, and dirty linen, in every variety you can imagine.

These shops have little resemblance to ours: a small room, with a large arched entry from the street, without glass or doors, or front wall, forms the whole premises. A close apartment would be insufferable in hot weather; and they have learned to bear what cold their climate is not exempt from; or to banish it, by brasiers of burning charcoal. The shops are of all sorts: no trade is carried on out of them. A tailor's shop is full of men busy at their occupation; the disciples of St. Crispin are employed with the awl and last; every tradesman seems resolved to display the extent and the mystery of his trade to the public eye; in consideration of which, he charges higher than a Jew, and cheats you worse than a Chinese. Most of the shops are extremely shabby, dirty, and mean-looking. In some appear the remnants of better

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Miss Smith?

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days—drawers and ornaments, where some trace of gilding and decoration may yet be discerned by dint of minute inspection: a very few are fitted up in a neater style. None look better than those of apothecaries: their pots and bottles display an orderly arrangement and brilliancy of color; and a brass figure of Justice, with a bandeau over her eyes, is rarely wanting, which suspends a balance, that seems to assure the unhappy victim of disease or credulity, that, if he be poisoned, it shall at least be with fair weight.

*Account of Miss SMITH.
(With a Portrait.)*

THE fair heroine, whose portrait embellishes our present Number, commenced her theatric career at a very early period of life. Her juvenile efforts were marked with the most flattering predictions of her future advancement; and we find her, at the age of seventeen, stamped as a first-rate actress, in the opinion of that acknowledged master of the art, the late Tate Wilkinson, esq. patentee of the Theatres Royal at York, Hull, and Leeds, to whose discernment the public are indebted for her continuance in the profession. Under his fostering care she was directed to the path which subsequently led her to fame and fortune. At this period she received from the Bath proprietors a most pressing invitation, with the first salary. Here she also succeeded to her warmest wishes, and was visited by many families of the first rank and character, who resorted to that fashionable city. Her transcendent merit immediately reached the ears of the London managers; and, with the advice and permission of her worthy friends, John Palmer, esq. and Mr. Dimond, she accepted the liberal proposals made to her by Mr. Harris. Her first appearance on

the London boards was in the month of October, 1803: but the character, chosen for her *début*, was not of her own selection, nor, from the nature of the part, could she display the energies of her capacious mind:—yet, under this unfavorable circumstance, she was honored with the most flattering applause; and the recital of Collins's ode of *The Passions* (exclusively her own) convinced her auditors that she was fully equal to fill the void, which was expected in the retirement of the reigning daughter of Melpomenè, then anticipated by the public.—That event not taking place, it was needless to have “two Richmonds in the field;” and, at the expiration of her three years' engagement, she received a *carte blanche* from the patentee of the Dublin Theatre; and tears became the fashion of that enlightened city. Her *Isabella*, *Jane Shore*, *Mrs. Beverly*—in short, the whole range of heroines, over which the melancholy queen presides, drew crowded and brilliant audiences.—In Ireland she continued nearly four years, with increase of fame and profit, and then returned to Covent Garden Theatre, where her reception fully justified her pretensions; and she was hailed with an enthusiasm which gratified the most sanguine expectations of her friends. Her benefit was crowded with the first rank, talent, fashion, and beauty, and was by far the most productive house of the season.—At the opening of New Drury, we find her enrolled in the *corps dramatique* of that superb temple of the Muses, as the first actress in the tragic department. The reasons which caused her secession from Covent Garden, we are not acquainted with: but the writer of this article well knows the high respect she entertains for the patentees of that well-conducted seat of entertainment,

and has repeatedly heard her express her gratitude for the kindness she received, while under their banners.—What has occurred in her new situation, is so recently before the public, that to dilate on every minute circumstance is unnecessary: but we should do an act of great injustice to the individual whose memoirs we now give, did we not notice her readings from Milton, and other celebrated authors, at the Oratorios last season. Here was a new field for the display of her talents; and the admiration and plaudits of crowded audiences crowned the exertions of this highly-gifted young lady, who stands unrivaled in public opinion, as the first tragic actress of the day. We cannot conclude this article, without recording the honor Miss Smith received in a command from the queen, to read before her Majesty, the princesses, and court, at Frogmore; on which occasion she displayed talent of so superior an order, as to call forth the warmest approbation of the royal party; and the queen presented her with a most valuable ornament, as a token of the satisfaction she had afforded during the evening. We have now to express our best wishes, that she may long continue an ornament to the arduous profession she has embraced, the delight of the public, and happy in the highly distinguished and numerous domestic circles who honor her with their patronage.

AN INDIAN WIDOW.

THE affecting case of a Hindoo widow is thus communicated by Sir Charles Malet to Mr. Forbes, author of the "Oriental Memoirs."

An extraordinary incident happened this day. A sepoy of my guard, of the Mahratta or Columbee tribe, died; his wife immediately declared herself a *suttee*; that is, re-

solved to devote herself to the flames with his body: she accordingly assumed the yellow garment, the turban, the mirror, and all other insignia usual on such occasions. When informed of her resolution, I desired the officer of the guard, Capt. H——, to endeavour to divert the *suttee* from her intention, and, in case of failure, to acquaint me with the result. He soon communicated his despair of success; and I desired her to be brought to me.

I found her a healthy young woman, about twenty-two years of age, in a state of mind firmly resolved on sacrificing herself with her dead husband, whom she incessantly and impassionately invoked, with every endearing expression. The scene was singular and affecting; I scarce knew how to commence the difficult task of soothing grief so poignant, or of diverting a resolution founded on despair. In the course of my endeavours, I found the poor *suttee* had no relations at Poonah; her father and mother lived in her native village, at some distance. I discovered likewise that her husband's death had exposed her to the dread of absolute distress. The first subject furnished a strong counteracting power to the passionate grief that possessed her mind, and by proper application awakened a new sensation; which, followed up, produced a flood of tears, the first symptom of relaxation from determined grief; such as must have been the despairing sorrow of Niobe! A counteracting passion being thus excited, the dread of distress was soothed by assurances, properly introduced, of maintenance in the means of devoting her future life to the discharge of religious ceremonies at the shrine of her household gods, in honor of her husband's memory; which would be more grateful to the gods, and acceptable to him,

than sacrificing herself on his funeral pile.

After these and a variety of other arguments, which occupied nearly three hours, in the course whereof gentle restraint was sometimes imposed on occasional fits of passion and anguish, she was at length persuaded to suspend her fatal purpose, until the arrival of her parents; to whom a messenger was dispatched in her presence with a letter, and money for the expenses of their journey to the capital. The Hindoos attach the merit of the most sublime and holy heroism to this self-devotion; but the resolution, once suspended, is seldom resumed, and was not in the present instance.

I am sorry to remark, that I really believe the Hindoo spectators were rather grieved and mortified, than pleased at our success in saving this poor creature from the flames.

Conjugal Affection.

THE following memorable instance of conjugal attachment we give on the authority of Mr. Forbes, above mentioned.

The English were at war with the Marawars, a people inhabiting a mountainous country in the southern part of the peninsula. A considerable force from Madras was sent against them, who with great difficulty obtained a conquest. The obstacles chiefly arose from the wildness of the country, and the almost inaccessible fortresses to which the Marawars retreated, in the midst of thick forests and morasses. The Rajah was killed in defending his last castle, whither he had retired with his family and treasure. He expired in the arms of his wife, who immediately ordered one of the guards, as he valued his master's honor, to stab her to the heart before the fortress surrendered. The soldier obeyed; and the English

found the unfortunate pair clasped in a last embrace. The commanding officer caused them to be burned on the same funeral pile, agreeably to the custom of their cast.

Anecdotes of Dogs.

DOGS, says Mr. Southey, in his "*Omniana*," have a sense of time, so as to count the days of the week. My grandfather had one, who trudged two miles every Saturday to market, to cater for himself in the shambles. I know another more extraordinary and well-authenticated example: a dog, which had belonged to an Irishman, and was sold by him in England, would never touch a morsel of food upon a Friday. This dog never forsook the sick bed of his last master, and, when he was dead, refused to eat, and died also.

Mr. Southey adds, that a dog of his acquaintance, having met in the street a female of his own species, that had lost her master, and was on the point of becoming a mother, conducted her home with him, put her in possession of his kennel, and regularly carried his food to her during her confinement.

OPPRESSION of TENANTS in IRELAND.

(From Mr. Wakefield's "*Account of Ireland*.")

WHILE in Kildare, during the spring of the year 1805, a gentleman, with whom I am in habits of intimacy, and on whose strict veracity I can place full reliance, communicated to me the following circumstance, which, had it been a solitary instance, I should have suppressed; but, as a hundred of the same kind might be produced, it ought to be made known.

My friend, being about to go to England, was desired by one of his

neighbours to wait upon a gentleman in London, to request the renewal of the lease of a farm. The gentleman received him with much politeness; and, after some conversation on the business, referred him to the agent who resided on the estate. On application to the agent, he immediately said, "You must give so much *per annum*, as the rent; and it will be necessary, likewise, that you should make me a present of £500.—I have been offered £300 already."

As a companion to the above, I shall relate a circumstance nearly of the same kind.—The late Duke of Leinster, upon the appointment of a new agent for his estate, borrowed of him £20,000. The agent, who was a man of character, being desirous to have it understood whether or not he was to follow the usual custom, and to receive presents from the tenants, asked his employer in what manner he should act. His Grace replied, "Get all you can."

Many agents have sons, or other relations, settled as shopkeepers on some part of the estate to which they belong; and a tenant, unless he choose to run the risk of incurring the displeasure of these harpies, cannot purchase a yard of tape or a pound of cheese in any other place. Nay, I have known agents, when they had no relations to provide for in this manner, dispose of a shop to a stranger, and exact from him a percentage on all his profits.

One estate in the north, which came under my observation, yielded to the English landlord £8000 *per annum*, and to the agent £2000, independently of the patronage which the latter obtained, to the benefit of his family and dependents. I know another instance, where the leases of an estate of £10,000 *per annum* being expired, the agent, on the renewal, exacted a year's rent from each

tenant, by way of "*lease-money*," and thus put at once into his pocket £10 000.

I do not, however, wish it to be supposed, that I mean to include in one general character all those agents who are intrusted with the management of estates in Ireland. I know that in that country there are many most respectable agents; honorable men, who would as little take a bribe from the hands of a tenant, as they would pilfer a guinea from a banker's drawer. I observed less of that meanness among the non-resident agents, than among those who live in the mansion of an absentee.

A French CHATEAU.

COL. PINCKNEY, the American tourist, from whom our fair readers have already derived occasional entertainment through the medium of our pages, gives the following description of a French *chateau*, or country mansion.

In the ordinary construction of a French chateau, there is a greater consumption of wood than brick, and no sparing of ground. It is usually a rambling building, with a body, wings, and again wings upon those wings; and flanked on each side with a pigeon-house, stables, and barns; the pigeon-house being on the right, and the barns and stables on the left. The decorations are infinitely beneath contempt; painted weathercocks and copper turrets, and even the paint apparently as ancient as the chateau. The windows are numerous: but, even in the best chateau, there is strange neglect as to the broken glass: sometimes they are left as broken, but more frequently patched with paper, or colored silk, or even stuffed with linen. The upper tier of windows, even in front of the house, is usually ornamented with the clothes of the family

hanging out to dry—a piece of slovenliness and ill-taste, for which there can assuredly be no excuse in the country, where there is surely room enough for this part of the household business. Upon the whole, the appearance of a French chateau, in the old style, resembles one of those deserted houses which are sometimes seen in England, where the plaster has been peeled, or is peeling, off, and where every boy that passes throws his stone at the windows.

The pleasure-grounds, attached to the chateau, very exactly correspond with its style. The chateau is usually built in the worst possible site of the whole estate: it generally stands in some meadow or lawn, and precisely in that part of it which is the natural drain of the whole, and where, if there were no house, there would necessarily be a horse-pond. A grand avenue, planted on each side with noble trees, leads up to the house, but is usually so overgrown with moss and weeds, as to convey a most uncomfortable feeling of cold, dampness, and desolation. The grass of the lawn is equally foul; and every thing of dirt and rubbish is collected under the windows in front. The gardens behind are in the same execrable state, gravel walks, over-run with moss and weeds; flower-beds, ornamented with statues of leaden Floras, painted Mercurys, and Dians with milk-pails. Every yard almost salutes you with some similar absurdity. The hedges are shaped into peacocks, and not unfrequently into ladies and gentlemen dancing a minuet. Pillars of cypress, and pyramids of yew, terminate almost every walk; and, if there is a hollow in the garden, it is formed into a muddy pond, in which half a dozen nymphs in stone are about to plunge. The ill taste of these statues is not the worst: they are grossly indecent: nothing is reserved; nothing is con-

cealed; and yet the master of the house will not hesitate to exhibit these to his female visitors; and, what is worse, his female visitors will look at them with a pleasant smile. Once for all, there is no such thing as decency, as it is understood in other kingdoms, to be found in France. Nature is the fashion of the day; and, according to French philosophy, the passions are the best index to what is natural. With a very few exceptions, the French women act up to this doctrine, and are as natural as any one could wish them.

Curious French Custom.

THE French ladies are fond of habiting themselves as harvesters; they frequently visit the farmers thus, *incog.* and hire themselves for the dairy. Though the farmer knows them, it is the established custom that he should favor the sport by pretending ignorance, and treating them in every respect as if they were what they seemed. (*Col. Pinckney.*)

The Use of TIME.

(*From Mrs More's "Christian Morals."*)

THEY will never make a right use of time who turn it over to chance, who live without any definite scheme for its employment, or any fixed object for its end. Such desultory beginnings will be carried away by every trifle that strikes the senses, or any whim that seizes the imagination. They who live without any ultimate point in view, can have no regular process in the steps which lead to it.

In our use of time, we frequently practise a delusion, which cheats us of no inconsiderable portion of its actual enjoyment. The *now* escapes us while we are settling future points, not only of business, of ease, or of pleasure, but of benevolence, of generosity, of piety. These imaginary points, to which we impatiently stretch forward in idea, we fix at suc-

cessive but distant intervals, endeavouring, by the rapid march of a hurrying imagination, to annihilate the intervening spaces. One great evil of reckoning too absolutely on marked periods, which may never arrive, is, that, by this absorption of the mind, we neglect present duties, in the anticipation of events, not only remote, but uncertain. Even if the anticipated period does arrive, it is not always applied to the purpose to which it was pledged; and the event which was to feel the full weight of our interference and commanding influence, when it has taken place, sinks into the undistinguished mass of time and circumstances. The point which we once thought, if it ever could be attained, would supply abundant matter, not only for present duty or pleasure, but for delightful retrospection, loses itself, as we mingle with it, in the common heap of forgotten things; and, as we recede from it, merges in the dim obscure of faded recollections. Having arrived at the era, instead of seising on that *present*, so impatiently desired while it was *future*, we again send our imagination out to fresh distances, in search of fresh deceptions. While we are pushing it on to objects still more remote, the large uncalculated spaces of comfort and peace, or of languor and discontent, which fill the chasm, and which we scarcely think worth taking into the account, make up far the greater part of life.—All this would be only foolish, and would hardly deserve a harsher name, if these large uncultivated wastes, these barren interstices, these neglected subdivisions, had not all of them imperious demands of their own, if they were not to be as rigorously accounted for, as the vivid spots and shining prospects, which promise so much and produce so little.—Let us not, then, compute time by particular periods or signal events

Let us not content ourselves with putting our festal days only into the calendar, but remember, that, from the hour when reason begins to operate, to the hour in which it shall be extinguished, every particle of time is valuable; that no day can be insignificant, when every day is to be accounted for.

PIN-MONEY.

MR. Brady, in his "*Clavis Calendaria*," enumerating various circumstances and practices connected with the first of January, has the following remark—

Among other presents, formerly common at this season of the year, may be noticed pins, which, when first introduced about the beginning of the sixteenth century, were found so extremely neat in comparison with the wooden skewers before in use, as to make them truly acceptable to the ladies, however trifling such friendly offerings might now appear. From these donations, pin-money became a familiar expression for small presents in general; and, from the like cause, that term is now sometimes used for the settlements made on females, either through a necessary caution of their parents or guardians, or the justice of their consorts.

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(Continued from page 576.)

RICHIEU was not the author of the project for humbling the house of Austria: Henry the Fourth began it: half Europe, fired with jealousy, concurred. There was perhaps not so grand an effort of genius displayed by the cardinal in seeking the abasement of those who gave him umbrage, and in uniting with their enemies, as there was in granting a subsidy of a million a month to the Swedes.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

The COTTAGE of CONTENT.

HARK! how November's tempest roars,
And shakes the windows and the doors
That shield our humble cot.

Emma! the storm we need not dread,
While peace and virtue guard our bed,
And sweet content 's our lot.

Our roof is low: the tempest's roar
Will lightly sweep its smoke away,

Nor harm our cot's plain form
Dearest! we'll sink to balmey rest,
My cares all pillow'd on thy breast,
Unmindful of the storm.

But, should the tempest's louder breath
Awake us, dear, to thoughts of death;

With conscience light as feather,
Clasp'd closer in each other's arms,
We'll wait its worst, its last alarms,
And live or die together.

J. M. LACEY.

The PRISON.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

(Continued from page 578.)

THE various shapes, that Ruin's form
assumes,

To lead poor suffering man to prison
gloom,

Form a sad contemplation for the mind,
That can in each event a moral find.

The man that now appears, with features
steep,

Came to distress from a litigious turn
By birth a gentleman, with fortune blest,
His moments might have pass'd in quiet
rest;

But, curs'd with litigation's ceaseless
pow'r,

He ne'er has known a single quiet hour.
Did he owe money?—He would never pay,
Till tedious law had fix'd the certain day;
Whose ling'ring course, he almost ever
found,

Made him pay *forty shillings in the pound!*
Was money due to him?—He would con-
trive—

Some way to make his thankful lawyer
thrive;

Or, if disputes with neighbours e'er
arose—

• (And 'twas too common—for he made them
foes)—

Some slight encroachments, some word
spoke in haste,

A right of commonage upon the waste,
Improper rubbish thrown upon the road,
Or trespass made too near his proud
abode;

Of no accommodation he would hear—

Till lengthen'd law-suits made each case
quite clear.

Thus he went on in litigation's course,
O'er deep destruction the too certain source,
Till sleeping friendship turn'd itself to
hate,

And not one sigh bewail'd his bitter fate,
When ghastly Penury, with giant stride,
Approach'd his dome, and check'd his
towering pride

And, when to prison led, no friend was
nigh,

With pitying tear-drops trembling in his
eye;

Not one he had, his parting hand to
press—

Nor soft adieu, to make his anguish less.

(To be continued.)

The TEARS of EILEEN.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

TEAR V.

MAIDEN! is thy kind heart tender?

Guard it from destroying man:

Yield it not in soft surrender:—

Treachery fills his fraudulent plan:

Treachery fills his fondest sighing;

Treachery fills his sweetest kiss.

Maiden! far from man be flying,

If your bosom hopes for bliss!

Maiden! I have felt love's power,

Felt its pleasures, and its woes:

Maiden! shun love's tempting bower:

Thorns surround the fairest rose!

Maiden! check thy smile a minute;

Yield a sigh for love and mine:

Pity has a balm in it:—

Maiden! I would sigh for thee!

INVOCATIONS, *Serious and Comic.*

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

(Continued from page 579.)

*Invocation to a COOK-MAID, on seeing
her untie the Covering of a Pickle-Jar,
which was formed of the Remains of a
white Kid Glove.*

Oh! gentle cock! if call'd or Jane or Molly,
A moment pause: that cov'ring let me
view:—

Truly it makes my heart quite melancholy,
To see what uses gloves may be brought
to!

Molly—for so I'll call you—think as I do,
That leather, once, (you see it is white
kid)

Was fair and soft, as any that Queen Dido
Wore, when Eneas woo'd—if e'er he

It may have been, when some young lady
married,

Part of a pair which to a friend she gave;
Glad to the heart she had no longer tarried,
To maiden sent no more a hateful slave.

A wedding dinner, Molly, I delight in.

Poets, good cook, much oftner write
than eat;

And I love eating better much than writ-
ting;

Therefore a wedding dinner is a treat.

Molly, I beg your pardon for digressing,
And only say of dinners, by the way,
Eating them is much pleasanter than
dressing:

You, of assent, with looks that speak
dismay.

Now for the glove again—What think you,
Molly?

It may have grac'd my Lord Mayor's
crowded ball,

Which moralists may name a scene of folly;
But I that scene by no such title call.

Think, gentle Molly, how a youthful lover
Presses his fair one's hand with kid
cas'd o'er

Thus he delights himself, and helps the
glover;

Soils the white gloves, which can be
worn no more.

Or they may just do once, to tea invited,
Where more is often talk'd of than is
true,

Till cards appear: then is the group de-
lighted:

But this, good cook, affects nor me nor
you.

Our heads are not for whist, quadrille,
cassino:

Cooking, and writing verse, are simple
things;

And better 'tis, for aught that you or I
know,

We meddle not with knaves, or queens,
or kings.

Then, Molly, comes their doom! cast off,
forgotten,

Kick'd up and down, or thrown with
rags most vile,

Where lie the clean and dirty, sound and
rotten,

Till pickling-time, and summer hours
shall smile.

Then may the glove some useful pickle
cover,

Forgotten all its former splendid hours;
Press'd but by thee, sweet cook, (and not
by lover)

Who know'st of pickled cabbage well
the pow'rs.

Molly, I've kept thee long: perchance the
mutton

Burns at the fire, while thus I hinder
thee:

But then thy master is no angry glutton
Tell him the truth, and lay it all to me.

EPITAPH

*On a young Man, who, after having drank
to Excess, left his Companions, and was
found dead under a Blackberry Thorn.*

— *By Mr. JOHN WEBB, Haverhill.*

STRANGER, attend!—No monitor severe
Invites thee to peruse this record here
With kindly motive were these verses
pen'd,

To warn each trisler of his latter end.

Art thou no trisler? Dost thou never stray
With devious step from fair discretion's
way?

Yet still attend, and drop the feeling tear;
Heave the deep sigh, and gather wisdom
here.

That sacred plant, which loves an adverse
soil,

Reclines and fades where mirth imparts
her smile;

Midst sorrow's sombre vale delights to
bloom,

But most affects these precincts of the
tomb.

Here rests a youth, who, ere meridian
prime,

Descended timeless to the grave's cold
clime.

Too prone the rules of temp'rance to trans-
gress,

He fell, alas! a victim to excess.

One fatal eve, he left a mother's care—

Soft scene of social comfort—to repair

To village inn, and join'd a festive throng,
Quaff'd the full glass, and sang his loyal

song.

When reason bow'd to wine's imperious
pow'r,

He stagger'd forth at midnight's spectred
hour,

And sunk in sleep beneath a berried thorn,
To wake no more—till a dread judgement-
morn.

Taught by his fall, ye volatile and gay,
Who rove, unchecked, in ruin's flow'ry

way,

Oh! shun intoxication—baneful state!

Nor dare to rush where thousands find
their fate.

*The Blind FIDDLER's Address.**By Mr. JOHN WEBB, Haverhill.*

YE, who are blest with vision—who can view,
 At one broad glance, the ample bend of heav'n,
 And the green plains of earth—whose optic nerves
 Can feast on rural prospects—fir-crown'd hill,
 And lowly vale, emboss'd with golden flow'rs,
 And spotted by white flocks and lowing herds,
 That crop the gay luxuriance—once, like you,
 I scan'd each beauteous and each wondrous scene,
 Which vast creation to the eye presents.
 In spring's glad hour, I rang'd th' enamel'd meads,
 Hail'd the fair blooms that deck'd the breast of May;
 Climb'd the projecting precipice, and gaz'd
 With awful rapture on the dread profound
 That yawn'd beneath. Oft, too, at night's lone hour,
 With philosophic tube, I strove to ken
 Yon globes of light that circled o'er my head;
 View'd pallid Cynthia, silver-vested queen,
 And Mars with fiery visage, Jupiter,
 Whose state imperial claims his shining guards,
 And frigid Saturn, whose enormous belt
 Could circle many a petty world like this.
 I was a happy youth:—a swain more blest
 Ne'er trod that rural spot, my native vale.
 There dwelt the maiden of my earliest choice,
 The gentle Mary. Not the rose, that opens
 Its crimson bosom to the skies of June,
 Blushes so lovely, nor that Vestal flow'r,
 The snow-white lily, ere was half so fair.
 Though graceful was her form, her cultur'd mind
 Attractive charms display'd: a modest mien,
 A dignified simplicity, was hers,
 Which gave to ev'ry charm a double grace.
 "Oh! she was all that painting can express,
 Or youthful poets fancy when they love!"
 A neat til'd cot was mine—the happy fruit
 Of frugal care, and honest industry.
 A small parterre, adorn'd with fairest flow'rs,

Grac'd the sweet scene.—No marble fountains there
 Spouted their crystal treasures to the skies:
 No rustic temples rear'd their stucco'd fronts—
 No verdant labyrinth, no leafy shades,
 Where statues breath'd, or seem'd to breathe in stone.
 Yet there I rear'd a honeysuckle bow'r;
 And Mary oft, beneath its flow'ry roof,
 Sat by my side. Thus blest, supremely blest,
 We sigh'd "and look'd unutterable things."
 Oft, too, we spent the white-wing'd leisure hour
 In fair improving studies. I possess'd
 An humble bookcase, where I fondly plac'd
 The deathless works of Albion's laurel'd bards.
 There Milton found a place, whose heav'n-form'd Muse
 Soar'd to empyrean heights on daring wing,
 And sang the wars of heav'n. Immortal Shakspeare,
 The tuneful Pope, and Dryden, too, was there.—
 I must be brief—I could prolong my tale—
 A tale of sorrow—but I shall forbear
 To trifle with my feelings, and your time.
 Mine was a state of bliss! the cherub Hope
 Her bright illusions shed around the scene;
 And little Cupids cast aside their darts,
 To strew with flow'rs the path to Hymen's fane.
 One summer-eve, what time the mower's scythe
 Laid prostrate many a flow'r, and Zephyrs bland
 Were culling fragrance from the tedded hay,
 I walk'd to breathe the pure salubrious breeze,
 And hail reposing nature. All was hush'd—
 The blackbird's requiem and the wood-dove's coo.
 Sweet scene! When, lo! a dark portentous cloud,
 Big with tremendous tempests, rose behind
 A neighbouring hill. Dire was the lightning's flash,
 And elemental roar. Creation shook,
 Or seem'd to shake, with terror at the sound.
 Affrighted Echo sought her mossy cave,
 Nor dar'd to imitate the dreadful din.
 Alarm'd, I fled for safety to an oak,

Whose giant arms, extending, seem'd t' invite
My trembling feet to seek for shelter there.

But ah! I was unconscious, that the tree
Possess'd attractive influence, to draw
The subtle fluid. Soon its knotted trunk—
That, many a century, had stood the shock

Of warring Boreas—was the fated mark
Of the dread bolt of heav'n. Struck to
the ground,

I lay a blasted victim: yet the stroke
Was temper'd with mild mercy.
For, though the visual ray was quenched
in night,

The vital spark, that animates the frame,
Was not extinct. Alas! by my sad fate,
Deeply distressed, the mistress of my heart
Fell a drear prey to grief. A fever's rage
With kindling flashes crimson'd o'er her
face:

A deadly pale succeeded; and that form,
Where beauty erst display'd her witching
charms,

And youth in bright perfection blossom'd
fair,

Sunk to the cold unsocial realm of death.
I will not paint my feelings, or attempt
To picture my distress: it mock'd descrip-
tion

O'erwhelm'd by fate, a blamable neglect
Soon wasted what was gain'd by years of
thrift;

And I was left—blind and without a friend,
Save honest Tray, and this poor instru-
ment,

The dear companions of my happier
hours—

To wander through a world of woe, and
crave

An humble pittance, as you see me now.

Pastoral ADDRESS to Miss B—.

By Mr. C. J. WEBB, Haverhill.

ALAS! what avail the green mountains,
The valleys, or landscapes, to me?
I'm dead to all comfort and pleasure:
And all is occasion'd by thee.

Till of late, what rare bliss I experienc'd!
All my prospects were blooming and
gay.

Joy pinion'd each swift passing moment,
That bore the bright season away.

No cloud ere obstructed my sunshine;
No thick gloomy shadows of care;
No passion molested my bosom;
For all was tranquillity there.

When morn clad in crimson appeared,
I led my white charge to the plain;
Echo mock'd as I whistled my ditty,
Or sung a soft pastoral strain.

When the sun had attain'd his bright ze-
nith,
I sought the sweet woodbine's cool
shade;

To the grove's plumed minstrels respon-
sive
My pipe softly breathing I play'd.

But ah! how revers'd is my fortune!
One sweet piercing glance from thine
eye

Stirr'd up in my breast strange emotions
And Cupid his arrow let fly.

Dear maiden, Oh! grant my petition.
Assume the fond title of wife:
Partake of my sorrows and pleasures,
And be my blest partner for life.

Good COUNSELS.

[***An anonymous writer has brought forward this little piece as an original production of Chaucer, and found among some old MSS.—Whoever was the author, the lines are worthy of perusal.*]

FLEE from the crowd, and be to virtue
true,

Content with what thou hast, though it
be small:

To board brings hate:—nor lofty things
pursue:

He who climbs high, endangers many a
fall.

Envy's a shade that ever waits on Fame,
And oft the sun, that raises it, will hide.
Trace not in life a vast expansive scheme,
But be thy wishes to thy state allied.

Be mild to others, to thyself severe—
So Truth shall shield thee, or from hurt
or fear.

Think not of bending all things to thy will,
Nor vainly hope that Fortune shall be-
friend;

Inconstant she; but be thou constant still,
Whate'er betide, unto an honest end.

Yet needless dangers never madly brave,
Kick not thy naked foot against a nail;
Or from Experience the solution crave,
If well and pitcher strive, which shall
prevail.

Be in thy cause, as in thy neighbour's,
clear—

So Truth shall shield thee, or from hurt
or fear.

Whatever happens, happy in thy mind
 Be thou; nor at thy lot in life repine;
 He 'scapes all ill, whose bosom is re-
 sign'd:
 Nor way nor weather shall be always
 fine.
 Beside, thy home's not here; a journey
 this;
 A pilgrim thou; then hie thee on thy
 way;
 Look up to God, intent on heav'nly bliss:
 Take what the road affords, and praises
 pay.
 Shun brutal lusts, and seek the soul's high
 sphere:
 So Truth shall shield thee, or from hurt
 or fear.

Sonnet to HOPE.

From "Miscellaneous Poems," by Miss
 Emma Lyon, Daughter of the Rev. S.
 Lyon.

[*"We cannot forbear to invite the at-
 tention of our fair readers to a disclo-
 sure made by the ingenious authoress,
 that the publication of those poems "is
 the only mean in her power of contribu-
 ting to the support of a large family, the
 objects of her tenderest solicitude."*]

REMAIN, thou deceiver! still deep in my
 breast:
 Thy anchor I view as the anchor of
 peace.
 To thee my heart flies, when by sorrows
 oppress'd,
 And bids, with a smile, the rude tempest
 to cease.
 For thou, sweetest Siren! canst banish the
 tear:—
 If once the eye catches a glimpse of thy
 morn,
 Forgetful how sorrow has clouded the
 year,
 I laugh at each care, and I trample each
 thorn.
 Then fix thy abode in my bosom, and smile:
 Oh! blot the sad aspect of life's future
 day!
 'Tis thou, canst support me; 'tis thou, canst
 beguile;
 'Tis thou, canst illumine my path, as I
 stray.
 Sweet Hope! thy fair anchor my emblem
 shall be:
 My soul shall repose, though deluded, in
 thee.

GOOD NATURE, and ILL-TEMPER.

Good nature puts each heart at ease,
 And softens pain and sorrow.

Even ugliness itself, to please,
 From that a charm can borrow;

While beauty, like an April day,
 Is clouded in a minute;
 And, through ill-temper, fades away,
 Without one comfort in it.

Of all the curses known below,
 The worst, and much too common,
 Are those which from ill-temper flow,
 Especially in woman.

Ill-temper, to suspicion join'd,
 Is mother of all evil;
 And, where an angel man should find,
 He meets the very devil.

Ill-temper made poor Abel fall
 A victim to his brother:
 Ill-temper deadens nature's call,
 And sours the fondest mother.

A woman's of the softer mould,
 To smooth man's rugged nature;
 But, when she's jealous, loud, and bold,
 No reason guides the creature.

The fiercest vixen, if she dare
 With man to cope or wrestle,
 Should in remembrance always bear,
 That she's the weaker vessel.

Then cease, ye fair, mankind to vex,
 Or prove yourselves unruly;
 And, though their questions may perplex,
 Be meek, and answer coolly.

DEATH.

WHEN I am lull'd in Death's long sleep,
 As soon perhaps these eyes may be,
 How very few will turn to weep,
 Or cast one sorrowing thought on me!
 Soon is the debt of outward mourning paid.
 Soon springs the poppy 'neath the cypress
 shade.

The winds, which hurtle o'er my grave,
 May breathe the faint echoings of a sigh;
 Around my turf the flow'rs that wave,
 May shed their dew-drops where I lie.
 The plaintive bird, who waits upon the
 spring,
 May swell my requiem chant, and nightly
 sing.

But hush'd for ever, 'neath the clay
 Are the fond words by friendship
 spoken:
 And dim to me is heav'n's own ray:
 The holy spell of love is broken.
 I have not now the one who by my side
 Would pour the tender tear, which never
 can be dried.

Mysterious state! I once had fear'd
 To tempt thine unacquainted shade,

The couch where no man's voice is heard,
The cell no living steps invade!
I once had wish'd youth's op'ning scenes
to try,
Not unknown live, nor unregarded die!

I did not wish this head should bow
So soon a nameless tomb beneath.—
The myrtle wreath is wither'd now:
What care I for the laurel wreath?
Come, thou dread Pow'r, that ever tread'st
more near:
Come when thou wilt, I hail thee without
fear!

*ZELIDA, and the faded ROSE-BUSH, which
grew near her Tomb.*

*(By the late Miss CAROLINE SYMMONS
—written in her eleventh Year.)*

The Sister speaks.

I GAZ'D on the rose-bush, and heav'd a sad
sigh,
And my eyelid was gemm'd with a tear;
Oh! let me, I cried, by my Zelida lie,
For all that I value sleeps here.

Her sweetness, simplicity, virtue, and
charms,
Could with nought but a seraph's com-
pare.

Ah! now, since my Zelida's torn from my
arms,

There is nothing I love but despair.

This rose-bush once flourish'd, and sweet-
en'd the air;

Like its blossom, all lovely, she grew:
The scent of her breath, as its fragrance,
was rare,
And her cheeks were more fresh than
its hue.

She planted, she lov'd it, she dew'd its gay
head,

And its bloom ev'ry rival defied;
But, alas! what was beauty or virtue, soon
fled—

In spring they both blossom'd and died.
And now for my bosom this life has no
charms:

I feel all its troubles and care:
For since my dear Zelida's rent from my
arms,
There is nothing I love but despair.

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